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THE AVE MARIA

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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On a Picture of the Virgin Mother.

BY ALAN BRODRICK, M. A.

I.

A VAULT of jacinth, gemmed with crystal sheen,
O'ercanopied the shrine and altar-light
Where stood a Priest in majesty serene,
Vested in snowy folds of virgin white;
Around His brows there ran the thorny seam,
In His side gaped the spear-wound's crimson gleam.

II.

The Mother feels that hand upon her brow,
One long-lost voice again thrills in her ear;
The great Absolver turns to sweetness now
The Mother's grief and the Apostles' fear;
Silent she sinks before the pierced feet,
While heaven and earth in mute abasement meet.

III.

Lifting her up, He kissed His Mother's face;
And from the multitudes a murmur rose,
As when the swallows sail the summer space,
Amid the woods the breath of twilight flows,—
Her drooping head lay on that dazzling breast,
And all the Mother's life was lapt in rest!

The Price of Redemption.

BY THE REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

MOTHER CHURCH desires us to have the greatest possible devotion to the Precious Blood of Our Lord. And, oh, why not! For a moment let us try to argue that we ought not to have gratitude, that we ought not to have devotion, that we ought not to have love for that adorable Blood.

I am stopped,—I have tried to think of some reason that would give me the liberty of not thanking, of not loving, of not worshiping the Precious Blood. I should only shame myself before you if I told you the one and sole reason: it is founded on my own laziness, on my own unwillingness to act nobly. Everything in me that is manful tells me that I ought to be grateful. What I know from revelation and from reason tells me that on this earth or in the heavens above I had and have no better friend. In that sweeping assertion I may include, in a sense, God Himself; for the Father would not forgive and restore me were it not for the Precious Blood,—that is, taking His eternal decrees, as they stand, into account.

If gratitude, even human gratitude, be a noble virtue, if it can be taken as an indication that there is always a something noble in the heart where it exists; and if I wish to stand well in your estimation, in my own, in the estimation of the angels and the elect in heaven, I must desire, at least, to have gratitude to the Precious Blood. And I am ashamed to admit that I have it not,—at any rate, not so much as I ought. But now I pray Almighty God to increase that devotion in my heart; and I declare and attest that it would be the most enviable fate that could happen to me or to any Christian if the last drop of our blood were given for the Lord Jesus, as the last drop of His was given for us.

O good Lord! I say that, but it is only with my lips. If the test came—ah, then, how I should shrink! Believe me not, therefore, O crucified Lord! I am a hypocrite and the truth is not in me; for "every man is a liar." But the holy martyrs—think what blessed reward shall await them in heaven! We do not say—God keep us from ever saying or even thinking it—that "they died, and their departure was misery and their going away from us utter destruction." But we are cowards and are afraid even to pray for the grace that supported them. "In the sight of men they suffered torments and their hope was full of immortality; afflicted in a few things, they were full rewarded in many. God tried them and found them worthy of Himself. They trusted in Him, they were faithful to His love, and they shall rest in Him; for grace and peace is to His elect."

Now, if I can not find any reason to excuse me from being grateful to the Precious Blood—that is, while I believe the Divine Lord shed it for me, and that it saved me; that it was the money, as it were, that purchased me; the sacred body was the purse that contained the money; and when the purse was opened, then the money was taken out and paid for me: "redemption" means buying back again,—if, I repeat, I can not find any reason to extricate myself, but am bound by the golden manacles of gratitude, by everything within my heart or soul that is noble and exalted, to be grateful to the Precious Blood, how can I refuse to love the Precious Blood when it had loved me, and when especially it *first* loved me!

Listen to St. Paul, that vehement preacher of the Precious Blood: "For why did Christ, when as yet we were weak, according to the time, die for the ungodly? For scarce for a just man will one die; yet perhaps for a good man some one would venture to die. But God commendeth His charity toward us. [How?] Because when as yet we were sinners, according to the time, Christ died for us."*

Most of us think it a great hardship to be obliged to love an enemy; and to flesh and blood it is, perhaps, the hardest saying in all the Bible: "Love your enemies." It is much easier to hear: "If any man will be My disciple, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow Me." At any rate, there are hundreds and thousands, both of men and women, who have been canonized for denying themselves, taking up their cross and following Christ; whereas we have but one saint—John Gualbert—who was canonized for forgiving and loving his enemy.

"For a good man some one would venture to die." But no one, in that assumption, will die for a bad man. And yet we were "weak,"—that is sinners; that is, in the eyes of God, bad; and when we were so Christ died for us. A corpse, a corrupting corpse, "four days in the grave," like Lazarus, is not in our eyes so bad as "the sinner," "the weak," "the ungodly," are in the eyes of Almighty God.

Which of us would die for the corpse, the rotting corpse of an enemy? "But God commendeth His charity toward us"; that is He shows us by some great proof how ardent and generous was His love to us. What proof does He give? You or I say, "Look what I did for that man!" and we recount what we did, showing how great was our kindness; and thus we recommend our generosity. But how does God recommend His love for us? By stating the simple though overwhelming fact that "when as yet we were sinners Christ died for us."

Let me apply that blessed saying to myself. Let me for the time being put

* Rom., v, 6–9.

all others out of consideration, as if they did not exist, and suppose that there was no one else to be redeemed except myself. 'God commendeth His charity to me,' who am but a poor wretch; 'because when as yet I was a sinner Christ shed His blood' to the last drop for me. And after that will it be said that I ought not to love Him? "If any man," again cries out the vehement Apostle,—"if any man will not love the Lord Jesus Christ let him be anathema." And should I not deserve it? O God, I beseech Thee, in Thy pity, listen to me! I do see that I ought to love the Precious Blood; I do wish to love the Precious Blood; and I do beg of Thee, in Thy great mercy, to give me love for the Precious Blood.

Without question, then, we ought to love and we ought to be grateful to the Precious Blood. There is no escaping these two things: we can not free or emancipate ourselves. We are slaves: we are bound; we are bondsmen of gratitude, bondsmen of love; "for the charity of Christ presseth us."

Now, if we are compelled by the charity of Christ to love and to be grateful to His Precious Blood, there remains for us but to convince ourselves that we ought to adore the Precious Blood. We adore only God. "I am the Lord thy God; thou shalt not have strange gods before Me." Or, as Our Lord said: "Thou shalt adore the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve." How, then, adore what is not God?—for the Precious Blood is not God. The Precious Blood has not lasted from eternity; it was not the Precious Blood that created the world.

A priest is ordained; a sacred character is bestowed on him and power is given him. Power is not given to his body, but to his soul. And yet the body, because it belongs to him, and because it is part of the man who has received this sacred character, has its privileges, its immunities. His hands are privileged to hold the body of Christ and the chalice of salvation,—which a layman can not do. The body of the priest has received immunity: it can not wilfully or maliciously be struck or wounded. And the Church did but give voice to the conscience of Christendom when it hedged round his person—the person of him who ministers to the Most High at the altar—with all the ecclesiastical threats and penalties that Christ, in giving it the keys of heaven, entrusted to it. Lay-Christendom pronounces the wilful and malicious wounding of the minister of God a sacrilege; the councils of Holy Church declare the offender excommunicated. Now, why does the Church and the conscience of men guard the body of the priest, when it is not the body but the soul that has been "endued with power from on high"? Because body and soul form one person, and one person only.

When God the Son, the Second Divine Person, left the bosom of the Father and descended on earth to become man (of course, God the Son *did not leave* and *did not descend;* for, as God, He was everywhere, and had therefore no need to leave and to descend; but that is the way we picture it to ourselves), He took flesh and blood, in an adorable manner, in the bosom of Holy Mary. Up to that moment He was but a divine person—God the Son. He had no flesh and blood and no soul, as we have. At the instant of the Incarnation He took flesh and blood in Mary's immaculate womb; and thus He united flesh and blood and human soul, and made them one person with Himself. That is the hypostatic union.

When we die our body goes down to the grave, and there decays, crumbles into dust; our soul goes into "the house of our eternity." There no

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longer form one person. At the day of judgment God will call our body from the grave; it will rise and will come to be united to our soul. Henceforward body and soul will be again but one person; and the same honor or the same degradation will be shown to body and soul for all eternity.

We understand, then, that all the parts composing one person receive an equal honor or degradation—a like punishment and a like reward. The union of body, blood, soul and divinity in the person of our Divine Lord is something that can neither be fully explained nor fully understood; however, what is said, as well as what God places before our reason or our sight, gives a clue *toward* understanding it.

God the Son before becoming man was entitled to divine adoration. He lost nothing of that title by becoming man; but, on the contrary, He, in His infinite power and mercy, raised up the flesh and blood of our humanity, united it to Him, and made it partner with Him of that divine adoration which was His birthright from all eternity. The more we ponder on that, the more we are filled with wonder at the divine condescension, and with all but ecstatic joy at the dazzling glory and more than angelic exaltation vouchsafed to our humanity. In the opinion of many holy men, and of Suarez among the rest, it was this very exaltation of humanity that formed the trial of the angels. They were shown this condescension in the divine plan; they were called upon to behold this exaltation of the human nature, and the trumpets of heaven called out: "Let His angels adore Him!" They refused, and were drawn into the bottomless pit.

If they had no other reason than that the Divinity stooped down and raised up poor humanity, I could see why the elect of God and "the many multitudes in heaven" should exclaim: "Alleluia! Salvation and honor and glory to our God! For the Lord our God, the Omnipotent, hath reigned. Let us be glad and rejoice and give glory to Him; *for the marriage of the Lamb is come!*" But there are other reasons.

"That mode, or manner, of redemption is more suitable in proportion as it contains more things that are expedient to the end to be attained," says Suarez. "But by this mode whereby man was redeemed through the passion of Christ many things concur which are pertinent to the salvation of man, over and above his redemption from sin.

"(1) By this man knows how greatly God loves him; and man is thereby stirred up to love God, in which the perfection of man's salvation rests. As the Apostle says: 'God commendeth His charity to us, since when we were sinners Christ died for us.'

"(2) Because by this God gave us an example of obedience, humility, constancy, justice, and all the other virtues displayed in the passion of Christ, and which are necessary to our salvation. Hence St. Peter says: 'Christ suffered for us; leaving us an example, that we might follow His footsteps.'

"(3) Because by this manner of redemption Christ not only freed man from sin, but merited for him justifying grace here and eternal glory hereafter.

"(4) Because by this a greater necessity was put upon man to preserve himself free from sin, when he remembers that he has been redeemed from sin by the blood of Christ, according to the words of the Apostle: 'You have been bought with a great price.'

"(5) Because this manner redounds greatly to the dignity of man. Inasmuch as it was as man he had been deceived and overcome by the devil, so it should be man who would conquer the devil; and as man incurred death, so man,

by dying, should vanquish death. Thus the Apostle again says: 'Thanks be to God, who gave us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!'"

As Cardinal Newman observes: "It became Him who is higher than the highest to show that even humility, if it dare be said, was in the number of His attributes, by taking Adam's nature upon Himself, and manifesting Himself to men and angels in it.... And see, my brethren, when you complain that we men are cut off from God,—see that He has done more for you than He has done for those 'who are greater in strength and power.' The angels surpass us in their original nature: they are immortal spirits and we are subject to death; they have been given larger measures of God's grace, and they serve in His heaven and are blessed by the vision of His face; yet 'He took not on Him the care of angels.' He turned aside from the eldest born of creation: He chose the younger. He chose him in whom an immortal spirit was united to a frail and perishable body. He turned aside to him whom an irritable, wayward, dim-sighted and passionate nature rendered less worthy of His love,—He turned to him; He made 'the first last, and the last first'; He raised the needy from the earth, lifted the poor out of the mire, and bade angels bow down in adoration to a material form; for it was His own."

The Church, desiring to encourage devotion to the Precious Blood, grants large indulgences to prayers said in its honor. The number of distinct sheddings of the Precious Blood is seven: the circumcision, the agony in the garden, the scourging, the crowning with thorns, the carriage of the cross, the crucifixion, and the opening of the sacred side.

A chaplet—which, it appears, need not be blessed—is formed of seven mysteries, "on each of which," says the Raccolta, "except the last, we are to say five *Paters* and one *Gloria;* on the last, three *Paters* and one *Gloria;* thus making up the entire number of thirty-three, in remembrance of the thirty-three years during which the Precious Blood of Jesus was enclosed in His veins. Pope Pius VII. [the patient, uncomplaining prisoner of the indomitable Napoleon], in order to inflame the devout heart with devotion to the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ, granted an indulgence of seven years and seven quarantines, once a day, to all who shall say the chaplet in honor of the Precious Blood; also an indulgence of one hundred days every time they say: 'Eternal Father, I offer Thee the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ in satisfaction for my sins and for the wants of Holy church.'"

There is one point on which we must briefly dwell: What became of the Precious Blood that was shed during the passion? Every drop of the Precious Blood was adorable. Every drop as it oozed through His sacred body in the garden and rested on His garments was adorable. We not alone uncover our heads with reverence, but we bend our knees in adoration. O Precious Blood shed in the passion and now in the Holy Communion, we adore thee!

If we stood at the pillar, if we were present at the crowning with thorns, if we trod the streets of Jerusalem, we were as near to the Precious Blood as if we stood beside the priest at the altar. And if priests passed along the way, with the chalices they had just consecrated, and, by God's order, poured their sacred contents on the dusty ground, we might have an idea of the lavish blood-shedding of Good Friday; of the awful sacrilege of the unhappy people—"His blood be upon us!"—and of the "mercy and plentiful redemption" of the Lord.

Now, there is no doubt that the

Blessed Virgin, with the same adoration wherewith she adored the Divine Child in the stable of Bethlehem, adored every drop of this most Precious Blood so lavishly scattered along the way. As she was at Bethlehem the appointed representative of all creation, to welcome and worship the Creator entering into the work of His hands; and as her welcome and worship not only represented but surpassed the worship of angels and of men; so now, on Good Friday, Mary was the appointed and ministerial representative of all creation, to welcome and worship the Precious Blood entering into its divinely decreed birthright of suffering; and she, in her capacity as representative, but still higher in her individual capacity, with that mysterious and unimaginable dignity and power of soul to which God had, by progressive graces, exalted her, worshiped the Precious Blood with a worship to which angels and men could not attain, and which therefore they could not have offered.

What, then, became of the Precious Blood? It is the beautiful tradition of the Church that Holy Mary was the first to practise the devotion of the Way of the Cross. That pious exercise is beautiful in its thought and blessed in its remembrance of the divine sufferings. It is sacred in that, like a mother teaching her child to walk, it takes the Christian by the hand and leads him in the footsteps of Jesus. It is thrice blessed to think that it is from Holy Mary we have this devotion of the Way of the Cross. But on Good Friday evening, on Saturday, and on Sunday morning before the Resurrection, there was adoration to be made; and the work of adoration lay alongside this dolorous but blessed remembrance. The real work consisted in worshiping the drops of the Precious Blood that lay on the ground, scattered and trampled on, from Gethsemane to Calvary. Some of the saints have seen that the tears shed by Our Lady in her Dolors were tears of blood. Now, if ever human eyes shed tears of blood, it may well be when the eyes were the eyes of a mother and when they looked on the sprinkled and trampled blood of a murdered son, and that son was God.

If it be allowable to use the expression of St. Ambrose to the saintly mother of St. Augustine, "Go! the child of such tears can not perish," we might in the same strain make answer too: "The blood worshiped with such tears can not perish." And, thank God! it did not perish. The Holy Mother and hosts of angels kept watch over the drops of the Precious Blood more closely and covetously than the guards watched His tomb. We do not read that the Apostles or the holy women did so; as yet it may be that they did not know. "O foolish and hard of heart, ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and so enter into His glory!"

When the appointed moment came, then—as God will on the last day, in the twinkling of an eye, gather from the four winds the myriad dust of the myriad hosts of men at the sound of the trumpet,—on Easter morning, at the appointed time, God gathered from tree root and earth clod in the garden, from whip and scourge and crown of thorns, from floor and ceiling and wall, from street-way and hill-path, from soldier's sandal and executioner's hand, every drop of the Precious Blood, and brought it to dwell in the New Jerusalem, the glorified body of the Redeemer.

(Conclusion next week.)

It is necessary to learn with great care the sacred doctrines of the faith which Peter taught, and to show forth good works corresponding to that faith.

—*Venerable Bede.*

Dr. Martin's Wife.

I.—Friendly Gossips.

"GOOD-EVENING, Miss Bridget!"

"'Miss Bridget,' indeed! Now, haven't I often told you not to call me that?"

"Well, Miss Malone, then!"—with the accent on the first syllable.

"Sure, you can't say it right, Peter. None of my friends would know me by that. Can't you call me 'Bridget,' as everybody else does?"

"In my country they would take it amiss to be so free."

Bridget laughed merrily.

"With such an old woman as myself, Peter! Sure yours must be a queer country; though I've been told them Germans is mostly polite."

"Germans! I'm not a German. How often must I explain it to you?"

"Oh, yes, yes, I remember!" answered Bridget innocently, but with a twinkle in her eye which the twilight hid from her interlocutor, who stood on the outside of the kitchen, with his head thrust into the bull's-eye window by the side of the range, where she stood, busily engaged with her pots and pans. "Anyway, 'tis the French they calls polite, I believe; though ye all seem alike to me,—all foreigners."

"Foreigners!" exclaimed the old man, not a little amused. "And what are you—if I may ask, please?"

Bridget smiled.

"I! You wouldn't be calling *me* a foreigner! Sure I'm an Irishwoman, as you well know. *I* didn't have to learn the language of the country when I came over, like yourself. You can't call *me* a foreigner, Peter!"

"Well, Irish or English,—it's all the same, isn't it?"

"Indeed it isn't!" responded the old woman, tossing her head. "We have a language of our own, we Irish; but the English grafted theirs upon us when they came over with Cromwell."

"Ah! so you don't like it that I say the same thing to you, Bridget, as you tell me about my own country. French am I, and French I shall always be. So speaks every true Alsatian."

"And what's that, Peter? Is it some society you belong to? I hope it's not forbidden by the Church, and that it's no secret society, my good man."

"Society!" exclaimed Peter. "It is my country. I am of Alsace."

"All-sass! Indeed, then, 'tis very little of that I've ever heard from your lips, my decent man. I thought it was from France you hailed but a while ago. I was sure of it."

"But you will not understand," said Peter. "It is my country, Alsace. It is between France and Germany. Always the Germans conquer, but always we remain French, we Alsatians."

"Well, well, now!" muttered Bridget, holding aloft the basting-spoon and regarding the grizzled head and rugged features attentively. "'Tis pretty much the same way as with ourselves, no doubt; pretty much the same. Well, I'll remember after this, Peter: I'll never forget that you came from that country with the queer-sounding name."

"Oh, that is all right!" said Peter. "It doesn't matter, anyway. That is a good smell—of your dinner."

"And why shouldn't it be? I'd like to know who is more deserving or who needs a good dinner more than the Doctor of an evening when he comes home from his rounds?"

"That is very true. He is a fine man, the Doctor."

"There's none finer," observed the old woman, advancing a step or two nearer the window. "And herself is a worthy companion for him."

"Such a strong man, too!" continued

Peter. "But the lady and the little boy seem delicate."

"They're not so healthy altogether as the Doctor."

"So it is with women and children," said the old man.

"It's a little late this evening," the woman went on. "I'm thinking the Doctor went in to town this afternoon. That's the mischief of it,—the dinner is apt to spoil on me."

"You have lived a long time with the Doctor's family,—eh, Bridget?"

"Thirty-five years," was the reply. "I came to America with his father and mother before he was born. When his father, the old Doctor, died, I remained with the widow. Then she married again. The second husband had been married before as well. He had a little girl five years older than our boy. My, but the girl tyrannized over him from the first! She was so bad that I left on account of it. I was vexed that the mistress didn't take up more for her own child. I was away three months; and those were the unhappiest three months of my life, Peter. But the good mistress came for me at last, and I went back to her. The second husband didn't live more than five years; and when *he* died there was the three of them in the house—Miss Camilla and *my* lady and her boy. A kind, good step-mother she was; though the girl never valued her."

"And where is the girl now?"

"Married these ten years. She was a beautiful girl, and she married an ugly old banker for his money. 'Twas a blessed day the house was rid of her. Master Desmond was away in Germany studying medicine when she married. His poor mother died whilst he was gone, and I kept up the house till he came back."

"You kept up the house! Were they so poor, then?"

"Well, well! what an oaf of a man! I meant by what I said that I stayed in the house and took care of it. When he came home he took his own place among the doctors, I can tell you. He invented something about the throat that made a great fuss at the time amongst them—"

"Something about the throat? How could that be—to improve on the work of God's hands?" interrupted Peter, resting his unshaven chin gravely on the little window-sill.

"Oh, but you're the stupid man!" said Bridget, impatiently. "'Twas some cure for the throat I meant. They had him in at all the operations; and when Miss Camilla seen how fine he was getting along, she was for giving him more countenance. But that didn't last long. She was for making a grand marriage for him: had the girl picked out and all,—a half-Jewess with lots of money. But Master Desmond wouldn't hear to it; he had already made his choice. And then there was a grand rumpus; and that ended the friendship forever, no doubt."

"But Madame your mistress, she is so very nice, and a perfect lady."

"She is that, a lady born,—one of the rale ould stock. Her mother was one of the Galway Blakes. I needn't say any more than that."

Although Peter had not the slightest idea of the status of the Galway Blakes, he made no doubt but that they were highly respectable, and nodded his head affirmatively as to a self-evident truth.

"'Twas a great hardship on the Doctor to come down here to live, I think," resumed Bridget. "But the mistress and the boy were not very strong, and he thought it best. He's doing better and better every day in the neighborhood, only 'tis hard on him having to go up to the city so often."

"Sure!" replied Peter. "Hereabouts

are many country-seats of the rich, and already he has been called in to several of them. Still, it is only in the summer they stay in the country. Think you, Bridget, the Doctor stays all the year round?"

"I think he does, Peter. The place agrees so fine with the mistress and the little Master Maurice."

"That will be good for all. Everyone has love for him; he is so kind. And I am one who knows. It was to my family he came first. You see these hands, Bridget,—you see these hands?"

"Faith I do! And strong and hardy they are," said Bridget.

"Well, to his service they will always be given. I defy any one to show me his equal either as a doctor or in kindness. I don't think any one else would have been able to break the terrible fever that was killing my little boy a couple of weeks after you arrived in Edgevale."

"Yes, I heard something about it, but I never got the story rightly," answered Bridget, who never wearied of listening to the praises of her beloved "Master Desmond." "Tell me about it, Peter. But you're old to have such a small child as that one I see you with at church every Sunday."

"It's my daughter's boy. She is a widow; my wife died some time ago."

"Ah, that is too bad! And so your daughter makes her home with you?"

"Yes. Since her husband died she lives with me. Ah, that boy, Bridget!—he is the light of our hearts."

"I well believe it. He is a fine boy," said Bridget, thinking of the pride and glory of her own life, little Maurice.

"Yet when the Doctor came that first day he was almost in the last agony. Think of it: old Dr. Jones on a drunken spree, and coming in such a condition to look at our little Louis! The next day he does not come, and when I seek him the housekeeper says he is sick. Right well I know what is the matter with him. Then I go home, and my daughter say: 'Father, why not call in the new physician in the Red House?' But the women all cry out: 'He is too young. You do not know anything about him.' I am undecided, and my daughter say: 'Perhaps it is better not.' But when I see that child tossing and raving on his bed, I rush out of the house, and in five moments I am here. You remember? That is the first time I have seen you, Bridget?"

"I do indeed. You were our first caller, Peter. And I mind well that the Doctor got up from the table to go."

"God bless him!" said the old man, fervently. "Ah, he came not a moment too soon! Would you believe it?—the women were already arranging about the grave-clothes when he arrived."

"And what did the Doctor do?"

"First he cleared the room. They were all talking and some were crying. My daughter was near crazy. Only one woman did he leave in the sick-room besides our two selves; that was old Mrs. Branagan. She kept cool cloths on the boy's head while the others were talking. Then he opened wide the windows and the doors, to let in light and air, he said, and for ventilating the hot place. Next he gave some medicine in a spoon, and again in fifteen minutes, and so for an hour. To my daughter also he gave medicine, and soon she was asleep in the big chair,—for out of the room she would not go. At the end of an hour the boy, too, was asleep. From that time he grew better. Twice a day for a week came the Doctor: in the morning before going to the city; in the evening on his way home, straight from the station, without dinner. Ah! I can never forget it, Bridget,—never!"

Bridget smiled, proud of her master, radiant with joy at this apotheosis.

"Do you think there is any garden

on which I can bestow hereafter exactly the same care as on this?" continued the old man. "Of course I am a faithful workman: for twenty years I have had my hands full with gardening, and always give satisfaction; but into my work in this garden, Bridget, I put love and gratitude. And could flowers grow better anywhere, I ask of you?"

"Indeed they could not, Peter!" said his listener, warmly. "Our garden is the delight of the mistress' heart. And she does so love flowers!"

"It will be still more beautiful later on," said Peter. "I have slipped in, here and there, rare cuttings, which will show for themselves after a while."

"I'll engage they will," said Bridget. "I'll engage it beats the whole place when you've been at it a little longer. For my part, I don't know one flower from another, barring a rose or a geranium and those beautiful white lilies; but I have an eye for color, all the same; and I tell you, Peter, you've done fine work on the place. But 'tis the vegetable garden that's *my* glory, though. There's not a morning I'm not in it at six, weeding and tending it."

"And right well you do, Bridget!" said Peter. "Have you cooked any of them fine peas yet?"

"I've a mess on the stove this minute—the first," said Bridget. "It's afraid I am that the master is going to be late to-night. The dinner will be spoiled if he doesn't come very soon now. I hate an overdone roast."

"How can he come before his train?" queried Peter. "It is not yet time."

"It seems long since I began to get things under way," answered Bridget. "What o'clock is it? Do you know?"

"Ten minutes of seven," said the old man, glancing at an immense silver watch which he drew from his pocket. "My supper will be ready too, Bridget; so now I will bid you good-evening."

He gathered up his gardening tools, which lay on the ground beside him, and prepared to depart.

"Wait a bit!" said Bridget, crossing the room and lifting the lid from a large stone jar which stood on a broad shelf in a cool corner. "Here's a few cookies for the boy. Our own little fellow is very fond of them."

Wrapping them in a piece of paper, she passed them through the window.

"Many thanks!" said the old man, slipping them into his blouse pocket. "Where is the child who does not like cookies? Hark! there is the whistle of the train. The Doctor will be here in five minutes. I see Madame and the boy already hurrying to meet him. Good-night, and good appetite to all!"

"Good-night, Peter!" returned Bridget, hurrying away from the window to attend to her beloved roast. For the next few moments she busied herself with preparations for the dinner; and then, at the sound of voices in the distance, she threw open the kitchen door to catch a glimpse of the happy group coming across the field-path from the station. It was a sight she never denied herself, the crowning joy of her busy day, — that charming picture of father, mother, and son, as they came slowly up from the station. Dr. Martin, tall, straight, handsome and intellectual, with the carriage of an athlete, and the open, fearless countenance of a true man; his wife, small, dark and fragile, but charmingly pretty and womanly; the four-year-old boy, with the blonde complexion of his father and the dark eyes of his mother, riding proudly on the broad shoulder, on which he rested with the utmost confidence and the keenest delight, as he waved his little cap to the smiling Bridget, shouting:

"Papa has come! papa has come!"

(To be continued.)

The Shepherd Boy.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY M. E. M.

ON flowery meads the lambs are springing,
In the green woods the birds are singing;
Deep in the thyme wild bees are humming,
Low in the grass the crickets strumming;
The leaves flutter down through the shady wood,—
A boy stands alone in the solitude.

On his light staff the child is leaning:
Naught for him has a joyous meaning;
To the song of the birds he does not listen,
Nor see the ripples pearl and glisten
On the face of the brook this fair spring day:
His heart and thoughts are far away.

Across the sky soft clouds are fleeting,
Close to his feet a lamb is bleating;
Sadly he watches it, full heart throbbing,—
Prone on the grass the boy is sobbing.
Far in the west ring out the chimes:
How like the music of olden times!

And still the baby lambs are skipping
Over the meadow, gaily tripping;
Close to its dam now one is lying;
Ah! will that mother, too, be dying?
Sadly the shepherd turns away,
But the little lambs keep on at play.

Out of the Crucible.

BY FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

The Emperor's Dream.

IT is Christmas Eve in the year 1811, and since ten o'clock Napoleon has been working in his cabinet in the palace of the Tuileries. The large room is almost in total obscurity. Here and there vaguely glimmer out of the shadows some gilded objects—the frame of an invisible picture, two lions' heads that ornament the arms of an easy-chair, the heavy tassels of a curtain. Under their metal shades, the wax-candles of two candelabra illumine only a large table, encumbered with atlases and heavy registers bound in green morocco and marked with the *N* and the crown.

For about two hours the master has been at work; and over maps and the charts of the situation of his armies he inclines his formidable forehead, crossed by a black lock; his forehead heavy with thoughts,—heavy as the world whose conquest he is meditating. The open atlas presents a map of Asia; and the Emperor's hand—nervous, womanly and beautiful—slowly seeks with the index finger a route away down there, through Persia, on toward Hindustan. Yes, the Indies! By land? Why not? His navy is vanquished and destroyed: the conqueror has but that one road to take, under the palms of fabulous forests, followed by his eagles, whose gold glistens among the steel of the bayonets. Thus he will strike England at her very heart,—that is to say, in her colonial empire, in her treasure!

He already possesses the greatness of Cæsar and Charlemagne: he desires that of Alexander. He dreams of this without any misgiving whatever. He already knows the Orient and has left behind him there an immortal legend. The Nile saw him one day, a thin general with long hair, mounted on a dromedary. On the shores of the Ganges it will require Porus' elephant to carry the heavy Emperor in the grey "redingote." He knows how to excite nations and how to fanaticize them. Down there he will command soldiers with bronzed faces in turbans of white muslin; he will see mixed with his staff rajahs covered with precious stones; and he will interrogate concerning his destiny the monstrous idols that lift their ten arms above their diamond-studded mitres,—seeing that not long ago in Egypt the granite, flat-nosed Sphinx, before which he remained lost in thought, both hands leaning on his crooked sabre, did not reveal to him its secrets. Emperor of Europe! Sultan of Asia! These alone are the titles that

shall be engraved on his mausoleum.

There is an obstacle: Russia the immense! But as he has not been able to win the changeable friendship of Alexander, he will conquer him. And the small hand of the Emperor turns with avidity the heavy green volumes—the lists which tell him to a man the effectiveness of the enormous army that is already grouped near the Niemen. Yes, he will conquer the autocrat of the North and carry away the Czar as his vassal, followed by the hordes of his savage cavaliers to the complete conquest of the Orient.

Emperor of Europe! Sultan of Asia! The task is above neither his desire nor his genius. And when it is founded, his vast empire shall not run the risk of being some day divided among his lieutenants, like that of the Macedonian. Since the twentieth day of last March Napoleon has had a son, an heir to his glory and power; and the Emperor's lips open to a beautiful smile at the thought of the child who sleeps so near him in the silent palace—

But suddenly he raises his head with a movement of surprise. In the cabinet so well secluded from all sound, where the thick curtains are lowered, whence comes this strange and deep murmur? It would seem as though the big golden bees embroidered on the silk of the hangings had begun to buzz. The Emperor listens with more attention, and easily distinguishes the vibrations of a bell.

"Ah, yes!—Christmas—the bells for the Midnight Mass!"

In truth, they are the bells of Paris celebrating the birth of Jesus,—those bells that Bonaparte replaced in their towers and belfries when, as a pacifying consul, he reconciled so many enemies in France. How many times have they not been rung in his honor for the glorious *Te Deum!* And how, some nine months before, had they pealed with all their power the day of the birth of the King of Rome,—memorable date, in which Heaven, in granting a son to the hero, seemed almost to connive with him in recognizing the legitimacy of his task and to promise its duration!

And yet to-night, just as joyous and just as triumphant as for Austerlitz or Wagram, the bells are ringing in the clear cold night for the lowly Child, the supposed son of the carpenter, born on the straw of a stable so long, long ago, while mysterious voices chanted in the starry spaces of the firmament: "Glory to God and peace upon earth!"

The Emperor listens to the Christmas bells. He dreams—he recalls his own obscure childhood; the Midnight Mass celebrated by his uncle the archdeacon in the cathedral at Ajaccio, followed by the return of the numerous family to the old home, witness of so much poverty endured with such pride; and the matronly beauty of his mother presiding over the frugal *réveillon*, at which they regaled themselves with chestnuts. His noble son—the son of the victorious Emperor and of the fair Archduchess of Austria—shall never know such misery: he shall become master of the world.

Outside, through the crisp, icy air, the Christmas bells are still ringing. At the gate of the Tuileries the guard, in his fur cap, walking up and down at a furious pace in front of the sentry-box to warm his feet, recalls perhaps at this moment a prayer or a hymn that he learned by heart when a child, in his native village, on his mother's knees; and smiles with tenderness under his rough *mustachios* at the thought of the Infant Jesus in His cradle.

The Emperor does not hear the pious voice of the bells: he thinks only of his child, and is seized with an irresistible longing to see him. He rises and claps his hands. A hidden door under the

tapestry is at once opened, and Roustan appears. At a sign from his master, he seizes a candlestick; and, lighted by the faithful Mameluke through the deserted corridors, the Emperor goes straight to the little king's apartment, enters it, with a gesture dismisses the nurse and other women, and stands beside the cradle of this wonderful new-born child.

The King of Rome sleeps profoundly. Amid the whiteness of linen and laces, that are crossed by the decoration of the Grand Cordon de la Légion d'Honneur, are the delicate face with closed eyes half buried in the pillow, and one small, chubby hand. Over all this candor and purity and innocence that compose a child in its cradle, a wide scarlet ribbon of watered silk is thrown like a bloody stream, — like the river of blood that will be shed in the hope that the head still so frail shall one day wear the heaviest crown; and that the little hand, now as delicate and pretty as a flower, shall seize later on a whole sheath of sceptres.

Napoleon gazes at his child. He is thinking—and never did human pride more delightfully caress human heart—that the high dignitaries of his court, that his generals still more illustrious than Homer's heroes, that his ministers and senators bedizened with gold, bow down before this cradle with a tremor of respect; and that the very renegade Jacobins, who now wear the imperial livery, would hardly dare aspire to the honor of kissing that childish hand.

The Emperor dreams; while in the noise of the bells that are ringing for Midnight Mass, he seems to hear the cadenced march of his troops, — that rolling of drums down there on the frozen roads of Germany and Poland. Intoxicated with paternal ambition, more than ever he dreams of the Grand Army and of the conquest of Russia and the Indies; and he swears to himself that he shall leave to his heir all the thrones of the Old Continent. He has already given him the city of Saint Peter as his rattle; the new-born shall soon have among his toys other holy cities.

Alas! why are not the women of France more prolific? Why has not the invincible leader under his orders one million, two million soldiers? It is the entire universe, the globe of the world, that he would place in those small hands! And he dreams on, deaf to the voice of the holy bells, without a thought for Him to whom the greatest empire of the world is but as an ant-hill. He dreams on, without seeing in the future his immense army buried in the snows of the Beresina; without seeing the last trophy of his eagles cut down by the English grape-shot with the sacred battalion of Waterloo; without seeing the rock in the midst of the ocean where await him the tortures of Prometheus; and, above all, without seeing in the park of Schönbrunn, under an autumn sky, that pale and sad young man with the sign of an Austrian decoration on his white uniform, who coughs as he walks through the dead leaves.

And whilst the Emperor follows out his monstrous chimera, pictures the reign of his son and of the successors of his son over the whole universe, and imagines himself after a lapse of time and of history as having become a fabulous myth, a new Mars, a solar god triumphing in the midst of the zodiac of his twelve marshals,—the bells are ringing on triumphantly, joyously, madly, in honor of the little Child born in Bethlehem, who conquered the world eighteen hundred years before, not with blood and victories, but with the word of peace and love which shall reign over all souls world without end.

DECEMBER 23, 1897.

(To be continued.)

A Crown of Fire.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

I.

"For God placed me like a dial
In the open ground with power,
And my heart had for its trial
All the sun and all the shower."

IT was more than five hours since I had started from Euston, but I was not in the least tired; everything seemed so new and almost strange to me after my long absence abroad. Even a solitary lunch in Manchester and subsequent drive through the big city were not without interest, because both the one and the other seemed to accentuate the pleasant feeling of emancipation which had been mine for the past forty-eight hours. Now my education was finished; those years of study in the sunny old gabled house at Marienkirche were ended, "like a tale that is told"; and I was going to a new home and a new life in England.

At nineteen, with youth, health, and a liberal share of this world's goods, the prospect was full of delightful possibilities. I had been far from unhappy in Germany; still, each day and nearly each hour of the day had been full of strenuous intellectual labor. Mental cultivation, mental development, the unremitting aim at high mental attainment,—these and such as these were the only subjects deemed worthy of serious consideration by the learned Herr Professor and his equally learned wife.

I, not unnaturally, and quite unconsciously, took my tone from them. I grew to despise mediocrity as much as they, and really worked with almost feverish energy to reach the exalted standard they unfailingly set before me. Still, the strain was great, and it was with a feeling of agreeable anticipation that I contemplated the coming change of circumstances and environment.

I knew little of my guardian, General Netherby, save the fact that he had been my father's dearest friend, and that he belonged to one of the oldest Catholic families in the northwest of England, where he lived in an ancient, historic house, called Netherby Hall. I also knew that he was a widower of many years' standing; that his son was a captain in the Royal Horse Artillery; and that his niece presided over his household.

It was to the latter that my thoughts kept continually recurring, as I leaned back in a comfortable corner, with the rhythmic throbbing of the train in my ears, and before my eyes flying fields and woodland—bare, solemn moors and distant blue hills. "How shall I like Lady Elizabeth? How will she like me?" were the questions that surged perpetually through my mind. I knew she was the daughter of the Earl of Ansdell, General Netherby's eldest brother. I pictured her stiff, unapproachable, a rigid follower of accepted customs; and I shivered.

The fact that she and my guardian were Catholics and that I was about to become a member of a strictly Catholic household disturbed me not in the least. I had been brought up with a sublime indifference to creed,—an indifference which my education had materially increased. The old faith appealed to me both for its intrinsic beauty and reasonableness, and also because it had been my mother's; yet I had passed from childhood into girlhood with no set form of belief—or, rather, as I have just said, superior to all beliefs.

Presently the train slackened speed. I hastily looked at my watch and found I was approaching my destination. Standing on the platform I descried a gentleman rather below middle height, but very upright, greyhaired, greymustached, and handsome; by his side stood a lady, also handsome and extremely young-looking; though if this

was Lady Elizabeth, I knew she must be considerably over thirty. She was dressed in a serviceable tweed coat and skirt; the latter, leather-bound and remarkably short, displayed a pair of slender feet, encased in the thickest of thick boots, surmounted by gaiters; while both hat and gloves seemed to have been chosen more with a view to use than elegance.

"There she is, Uncle John!" I heard her exclaim, in a singularly rich and musical voice. The next moment she was holding both my hands in hers. "You are Veronica; I felt sure of it the instant I caught sight of you!" she went on, stooping to kiss me with such warm-hearted, frank sincerity that it brought a most real sense of home-coming to my lonely heart. "I'm certain we are going to be the best of good friends."

"You are very kind!" I replied, moved from my usual reserve. "I have been hoping as I came along that you would like me—"

"*Like* you! Why, my dear girl, there's no 'possible, probable shadow of doubt' about the matter. *Of course* I shall like you. We are delighted to have you; are we not, Uncle John?"

General Netherby turned to me with the kindest and most charming smile imaginable.

"Veronica knows," he said, "that we are more than pleased to welcome her. Come, my dear child! Smithson will see after your belongings."

About two hours later, when I was dressed for dinner and resting in a deep, cosy chair before the fire in my bedroom—a room which I told myself could not possibly be surpassed for prettiness and comfort,—I heard a quick, light step in the corridor, followed by a gentle knock.

"I have come for a little chat," said Lady Elizabeth's voice. "Now, why did you get up?"—as I sprang to open the door. "I am sorry I came, if you are going to be ceremonious. Well"—seating herself and glancing round,—"have you all you want? I superintended the arrangements myself, but—"

"There is no 'but'! It is simply perfect!" I cried, enthusiastically.

She looked pleased, and I longed for some appropriate words in which to thank her. How kind they both were to me! How fully and freely they admitted me into the charmed circle of their home,—I who was practically a stranger to them! The thought filled me with a gratitude I could not express.

"O Lady Elizabeth," I exclaimed at last, "I wish I could tell you how much I feel your goodness!"

"Don't attempt it," she answered. "And it is not a question of *goodness:* this is your own home. Do you know, Veronica"—with a searching glance and a sudden change of tone,—"you're very pretty,—extremely pretty, if I may be allowed to say so? And the fact gives me unqualified satisfaction. I like grace and daintiness, and yours is essentially an interesting type. I see you have thought; and what is better, reflected. I can't endure mindless women, with no ideas beyond dress and domesticity. Still, a touch of the 'eternal feminine' is indispensable, and you have that touch, I am thankful to notice, despite your advanced education. Uncle John will be delighted; he and I get on perfectly, but he doesn't admire my style." And she laughed amusedly.

I sat silent, unable to find any suitable remark, but more and more drawn to this uncommon—and to me—singularly attractive woman.

"Yes," she resumed, after a slight pause, "Uncle John and I are the very best of friends. He has been more than good to me ever since I came to live here, soon after Aunt Adelaide's death. He missed her terribly; and I—well, my

home was not what it had been, so I did not particularly regret leaving it, especially when I discovered that I could really be some comfort to my uncle in his loneliness and grief. As to yourself, I feel sure you will soon get into your own niche in the household; and if you find Netherby as pleasant a place as I do, I can wish you no happier life. Then we are not always alone. Hugh—however, on second thoughts, I don't think I will say anything about Hugh; I want you to form an unprejudiced opinion, and perhaps my judgment is slightly biassed."

"Oh, but do tell me!" I began, eagerly.

"Not to-night, my sweet child. There's the gong, and Uncle John is punctual to a fault."

II.

"From the place I stood in, floated
Back the covert dim and close,
And the open ground was coated
Carpet-smooth with grass and moss;
And the bluebell's purple presence
Signed it worthily across."

Lady Elizabeth's prediction that I should soon fall into harmony with my new surroundings was speedily fulfilled. In truth, I often felt astonished to notice how quickly and how completely my interests, my hopes, and my happiness had become centred in the home which it seemed difficult now to realize had been mine for only a few short weeks.

Life at Netherby, if not eventful, was never dull, and utterly free from narrowness. I, fresh from an atmosphere where intellect reigned supreme, had been prepared to find this Catholic household in the depth of the country sadly behind the age. I rapidly discovered my mistake. All that was best in literature—the latest work on science, history, or art—made its way to the Hall, together with the first magazines and the novel of the day.

I could scarcely conceal my surprise. Indeed I fear some expression of it must have been visible on my face; for Lady Elizabeth said, laughingly, one afternoon when I exclaimed joyfully at the sight of a book I had been longing to read:

"You seem surprised as well as pleased, Veronica mine! Did you imagine that, because we dwell 'remote from men,' we should be content to take the rustic murmur of our own limited existences 'for the great wave that echoes round the world'?"

I hastily repudiated the suggestion; yet the fact remained that my guardian and his niece were constantly giving me cause to alter or even to discard many preconceived notions of themselves as well as of their religion, which proximity proved to me to be quite untenable. My course of training, whatever else its shortcomings, had taught me to consider broad-mindedness and openness to conviction essential qualities in every rational being. I was compelled, therefore, to change my point of view.

That religion should be the motive power of daily life, giving secret yet none the less positive significance to every word and action, dignifying the commonplace round of daily duties and daily recreations, had always seemed to me an impossible if beautiful chimera,—a rainbow-tinted fancy, which I, at least, had certainly never expected to see translated into fact. Nevertheless, I could not doubt the evidence of my own senses; and the strong faith and simple, unostentatious piety I descried in those around me, called forth my sincerest admiration. Sometimes even, when I knelt in the dim, rich light of the beautiful chapel, while the notes of the *O Salutaris* seemed to blend in some subtle, indefinable way with the soft fragrance of the incense-laden air, I wished that I, too, could believe.

After I had been at Netherby about five weeks, I begged Lady Elizabeth to resign her post of organist in my favor. I knew, from casual words she had let

fall, that she found it rather difficult. My musical education had been extensive and thorough; I passionately loved the grand Mass music, and I was, moreover, delighted to have discovered something in which I could really be of use to her. How well I recollect the day I proposed it! It was a perfect morning toward the end of May,—a morning I was destined, though I little guessed it at the time, to remember with vivid distinctness my whole life long.

Uncle John—my guardian had asked me to call him so, and the title already rose easily to my lips,—Uncle John and I were taking our after-breakfast stroll together, when he reverted to the subject of the organ, which Lady Elizabeth and I had just been discussing.

"Veronica," he said, "don't let your desire to help Elizabeth lead you to undertake a task that would be painful to your feelings. Believe me, my dear child, glad as I should be to see you one with us in faith, I would not, on any account, have you do violence to your most sacred feelings."

"Thank you, Uncle John!" I answered. "It is very kind of you; but I assure you you need have no scruple. I don't possess any convictions, and I can't honestly lay claim to a single prejudice."

He did not reply; but as he regarded me with grave, almost sad affection, I felt a keen pang of something like regret. This good, brave soldier, this courteous, loyal gentleman, would, I well knew, have fearlessly laid down his life for the religion he professed. Long years of stern devotion to duty, of noble service in his chosen calling, of wide and varied experience, had left him with the simple, unquestioning faith of a child; while I, at nineteen, possessed the critical, unsatisfied, agnostic spirit of those with whom my lot had been cast.

We walked on for some distance in silence; we were traversing a portion of the park I had not previously seen, and presently our path led us into the loveliest little glade imaginable. Tall trees sheltered it on every side; graceful ferns grew high in shady corners; the fair, lawn-like space round which the widespreading branches of beech, elm, ancient thorn, and golden-blossomed laburnum, gathered protectingly, was carpeted with greenest moss, out of which rose a profusion of exquisite lilies of the valley, their pure white bells swinging daintily in the breeze. But this was not all. In the very centre of the sweet nook I descried a tiny well of water; curly fern-fronds and swaying grasses overhung its grey stone rim; and above stood a beautifully sculptured marble statue of the Virgin Mother holding her Divine Child in her arms.

A cry of surprised admiration broke from my lips, and I darted eagerly forward; there was something strangely fascinating and poetic—something which appealed strongly to my æsthetic taste and idea of the fitness of things—in that slender, gracious, silent form dominating the peaceful scene.

The General came to my side and stood a moment, bareheaded. Then he said, in a voice that showed complete comprehension of my mood:

"I thought you would like this spot, Veronica. Indeed, I felt so sure of it that I put off bringing you till I could give myself the pleasure of showing you the scene in its fullest perfection. The well is called 'The Maiden's Well.' It is one of the ancient holy springs, many of which may still be found in Ireland; and tradition says that many a petition offered here has been granted. Of course, in times gone by Catholics from far and near used to make their way hither, particularly during May—the Month of Mary; and even at the present day those who know of its existence are free to come and pray.

But, no doubt, to you the custom savors somewhat of superstition."

"Far from it!" I cried. "O Uncle John, it is all too simple and too sweet for words! I only wish I could feel as you feel, believe as you believe, hope as you hope; but I can not, and I can not pretend to. I am without hope—without God in the world; and though my heart, rebelling against the utter barrenness of its empty creed, yearns toward the old truths, my reason is not convinced."

"'Wait,'" he quoted,—"'wait; my faith is large in time, and that which shapes it to some perfect end.'"

"Time will never make me a Catholic, Uncle," I said. "My disbelief is too deep-rooted: it has grown up with me—or, rather, it seems inherent in me."

"Wait," he said again. "Be patient, and remember that 'reason can never show itself more reasonable than when it leaves off reasoning on things above reason.'"

He turned away, and I reluctantly prepared to follow him.

Countless bird-voices were pouring forth a torrent of melody; innumerable soft twitterings and flutterings sounded pleasantly out of the green gloom; the sky was blue and clear; the whispering leaves wove a delicate tracery of gold and emerald upon the mossy ground.

"What a perfect, what a hallowed spot!" I said, involuntarily. "Thank you a thousand times for bringing me, Uncle John! I shall often—" But the sentence died away unfinished on my lips; for at that moment some one whistling on the farther side of the glade arrested my attention.

Distinct, flute-like, every note true, every intricate variation and rippling cadenza perfect in its thrilling pathos, came the dear, familiar strains of "Home, Sweet Home!" I had heard whistlers who had carried their accomplishment to the point of a fine art, yet never one like this; and as I stood wondering, listening, a young man appeared. Rather tall, with a slight, well-knit figure that evinced activity and manly grace in every line; a thin, bronzed face; dark brown hair and mustache; blue eyes and a charming smile,—such was the personality that met my gaze.

"Hugh!" exclaimed Uncle John, in delight. "My dear boy, where have you dropped from? This is a pleasant surprise. Veronica, let me introduce my son. Hugh, this is Miss Vivian."

"Of whom I have heard so much that I seem to know her already," Captain Netherby said, in a singularly pleasant voice. He had the General's graceful courtesy, combined with a simple, frank friendliness that was very agreeable to me, accustomed as I had been to the more elaborate politeness of my foreign acquaintances. I caught myself childishly picturing him in his uniform, and at once decided that he could not by any possibility have been anything but a soldier and a gunner.

I had rather dreaded his coming. Netherby was fond of singing his praises. The servants at the Hall—from the humblest stable-boy to Poulton, the awe-inspiring elderly butler; and Mrs. Gregson, the housekeeper, in her rustling black silk,—all adored him; and I had grown—unreasonably enough, I confess—to imagine that his presence would somehow mar the perfect harmony of our lives. I now secretly made haste to acknowledge my mistake.

"Come, dear!" said Uncle John, and we turned our faces homeward once more; but I noticed that before we left the glade Hugh Netherby also stood bareheaded for a moment beside the well, as his father had done. The little action, so free from self-consciousness, impressed me profoundly. A young officer, at the very end of this sceptical nineteenth century, unashamed to confess

his faith in the full light of day! Truly the spectacle was an unexpected one.

About an hour later I went to my room, and, leaning my elbows on the wide window-sill, looked out across the sunlit park, where the thorn trees were white with tufts of "rosy-tinted snow," and the tall elms and giant oaks wore their early summer freshness. Suddenly, as I stood wrapt in contemplation of the scene which had already become so familiar and so dear, a voice exclaimed:

"Well, what do you think of her?"

"My dear Elizabeth, you know I never profess to be a judge of feminine charms; but, if you must have an opinion, I think her extremely like a picture by Burne-Jones."

"O Hugh, how tiresome you are! Why *will* you not give me a straightforward answer? Veronica—"

I started back with burning cheeks, only just aware that I was the subject under discussion. Flying from the window, I snatched up a scientific work and tried to absorb myself in its contents; but those detached fragments of the cousins' conversation still rang in my ears. "A picture by Burne-Jones!" I repeated; and then, alone though I was, blushed again. "Where is all my boasted philosophy," I asked myself, in angry disdain, "if the words of a total stranger can thrill me with such foolish satisfaction?"

(Conclusion next week.)

The Rose-Bush and the Rose.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

"AH! too soon thou must decay:
Born this hour, at eve to close.
Pity thus to fade away!"
Said the Bush unto the Rose.

"Speak not thus," the flower said;
"Sweetness, beauty, I have given
While I lived"; then bowed her head
Meekly 'neath the twilight heaven.

The Tragedy of Grosse Isle.

BY W. F. P. STOCKLEY.

ON Grosse Isle in the St. Lawrence river, below Quebec, there are as many Irish emigrants buried—some six thousand—as Miss Sadlier has spoken of near Montreal. These also died of the ship-fever in what to us is "*the* famine," notwithstanding to-day's and yesterday's awful desolation at the other end of the world.

A priest is not long dead who was called to Holy Orders slightly before canonical age, in order to minister on Grosse Isle to the afflicted countrymen of his fathers. This was the Reverend James McDevitt, for nearly fifty years priest of Fredericton, New Brunswick.

"Come and see what is to be done," the French-speaking priest said to the young missionary on his arrival at that place, so fit to sadden any man, and—shall we add?—to madden one who felt himself Irish. In the sheds he saw the old and the young, the dying and the dead, while he passed among a flock from abandoned Ireland. Young girls were there in dying misery, agony—not despair; for the priest, and an *Irish* priest, was among them.

"Wonderful," he said, "their faith, their love of religion! They seemed always peaceful and resigned once they received the ministrations of a priest. They always seemed willing to die then; and they died most happy deaths."

What a thought! What a rending of the veil that hides the real from us, and keeps us fancying that the material is more than the mere shell it is! What a seeing into the life of things by these simplest of souls! What a foresight of the final judgment on the world and its ways! And what a foretaste surely of the glory of the true light!

"As they came up on the decks out of

the fetid parts below, they would die, many of them, almost at once; overcome in their fainting wretchedness by the fresh, natural air they could not stand. There was just time to anoint them on the ship, or when laid in rows on the shore. But they would praise God for all, once they saw the priest's soutane."

Would it not now soften any heart living to think of those dear hearts? Non-Catholics among them used to ask to die in the open profession of the faith. No one was on the island, Father McDevitt said, but the priests and the doctors, together with the very few who could be got to carry the dying and the dead. Men would not come, not even at the pay offered of twenty-five dollars daily.

The danger was great, as the young priest himself had to prove. "I sat down one day outside our house, feeling I could go no longer. Propped up against a tree stump, the other priest found me, gave me some remedy, and said I should be all right. That is the last I remembered for seven weeks. They took me to Quebec, and the nuns nursed me and saved my life."

In some such words the old priest of Fredericton, who spoke little of himself, told of what touched the inmost heart, perhaps more than any of us knew, of one who shrugged the shoulders of old age at this mad world, but who loved the poor and who loved Ireland—both with a fierce love within, shall we say? Let those answer, if there be any such, who as despisers of the poor or as defamers of Ireland ever dared approach this priest when young or when old.

The child was father of the man. For when a boy he was on hand as the regular champion, we are told, to pound any heir militant of anti-Catholicism; which same was a thriving, dull-eyed family in St. John, New Brunswick. It is sixty or seventy years since.

A Mighty Change and a Great Opportunity.

ONE hundred years ago Catholics in the United States were few and scattered, poor and uneducated; without resources, without influence, without consideration. If at that time any one had prophesied the triumphs and conquests that would be achieved by American Catholics before the close of the century, he would have been regarded as a dreamer. The world has witnessed no change in modern times more wondrous than this one wrought in our own country. Many persons are still living who can recall the persecution formerly endured by Catholics living in New England,—how they were forced to abandon their homes and flee to what was then the Far West, in order to escape the refined and sometimes fierce cruelty of their neighbors and fellow-citizens. To be a Catholic then was to be an object of suspicion, hatred, and contempt. And now! A few weeks ago when a mission to non-Catholics was to be given in one of the towns of Massachusetts, the announcement of it was made from the pulpits of all the Protestant churches in the place. What mighty changes this single action represents!

The time has come when non-Catholics of all classes are willing to hear what the Church has to say for herself. It is sometimes asserted that the changed attitude toward Catholics on the part of the American people is due to religious indifference, and that if Catholics are no longer persecuted it is because they are no longer feared. A nation indifferent to the growth of Mormonism could hardly be expected to take account of the spread of the Catholic Church.

Both of these contentions are false. There is much evidence to show that, in spite of appearances, our countrymen

are deeply religious. There was never a time when spiritual realities were more earnestly sought, or when those outside the Church were so willing to co-operate with her members in worthy enterprises for the prevention of sin and misery and poverty. It is not true that the nation has grown indifferent to the cause of morality. Witness the efforts that are being made on all sides to promote temperance, to suppress immoral literature, to correct the abuses of the theatre, and to do away with political corruption. Public sentiment was strong enough to prevent a Mormon from taking a seat in the House of Representatives; and the would-be Congressman has since been convicted of polygamy and sentenced like a common criminal, in spite of all that was done to "whitewash" and to protect him. Some time ago, in an article on the Menace of Mormonism, we suggested that the President be petitioned to appoint a committee of women to investigate the condition of the sex in Utah, and to report to the people through official channels and the press. The suggestion has been taken up by a prominent and public-spirited Catholic, and we are informed that there will be no end of signatures. It is a campaign year, and the petition will be sure to get a hearing; for politicians, even though they might be indifferent about the matter themselves, know that the public conscience is still sensitive and touchable. No, it is not true that the American people are indifferent to moral evils,—that crimes against society are winked at by the government and the public.

In view of the mighty change that has been effected in our own status and in the attitude of non-Catholics toward the Church, it can not be too frequently and too earnestly insisted upon that the faithful of America are under special obligations not only to know their religion, so as to be able to give a reason for the faith that is in them, but to familiarize themselves with the stumbling-blocks in the way of thousands of their countrymen who are earnestly groping after truth, looking everywhere for light and love and example. "If we would spread the faith," says Bishop Spalding in his admirable Roman discourse, "we must go forth into the world where men think and act; we must be prepared to meet all adversaries and to make reply to all objections. We must think before we can think alike. We must strive to understand those who differ from us; for agreement is possible only when we understand one another. If it be a Christian's duty to have sympathy with men in their sins and miseries, can it be right to refuse sympathy to those who are in error? Are we not all weak rather than wicked, ignorant and blind rather than perverse? Let us draw closer together; let us believe in the good-will of the most, which is the essential good. If we are Catholic, shall we not first of all be Catholic in our love, in our readiness to accept all truth, and to do good to all men?"

Not alone to His Apostles and their successors did Christ say, "You are the salt of the earth." All God's faithful children are called upon to be the preservers and exemplars of Christian principles and Christian morals,—to spread "the good odor of Christ." To do this we must become familiar with His teachings and imbibe His spirit, which is the spirit of meekness and mercy and love. "Too long," says the Bishop of Peoria in the same sermon from which we have quoted,—"too long have we all, Catholics and Protestants alike, busied ourselves with disputations about the meaning of texts, while we have drifted away from the all-tender, the all-loving Heart of Christ. We have

been too eager to make the Scriptures a pretext for argument and contention, and have forgotten the love by which alone men may know that we are the followers of Him who died for all."

The mighty change that has come over the United States as regards religion is unquestionably for the better, and to Catholics it affords a great opportunity to spread the light of God's word. With St. Paul, let us rejoice that 'a great door is opened to us in the Lord'; and let us recognize the responsibility which the opportunity brings with it.

Notes and Remarks.

The Bishop of Kansas City takes a hopeful view of the educational question, and assigns strong reasons for thinking that it has already begun to settle itself. Catholics are not alone in contending that religion should never have been banished from the school-room. The number of private schools established by sectarians is proof that the necessity of religious instruction for the young is beginning to be generally recognized. As Bishop Glennon said in an eloquent address delivered at the Commencement exercises of the University of Notre Dame, "education has to do with the children, with the home; and child and home are still dear to the people. False theories and misguided patriotism may for the time being drive the people to the adoption of unfortunate issues; but home returning, their children's future, their life, will soon claim their first care and most loyal service. For this reason if for no other, do I feel that no form of education that militates against the life of the child will long have the approval of the people. The state, the nation, may have claims—may assert its rights; but state and nation are no more than the parents have made them; nor can their ethics or exigencies demand of a parent that he should sacrifice the life of either the body or soul of his child. That form of education, therefore, that is best for the child is the one that must eventually meet the parents' approval and support,—must in the long run meet the approval and support of the nation itself; and that is, without a shadow of doubt, religious education.

"The idea of banishing God from the world is not as popular as it used to be. The wild and reckless philosophy that taught scientific atheism is discredited; and the great heart of humanity, true to itself, now asserts the truth of God. The consolation of our closing century is that the thought wave is again set toward God. May we not hope, then, that a return to saner and more Christian views in regard to all life's duties and obligations may also bring wiser and more Christian considerations into the great field of education?"

Seventy-seven martyrs, who were put to death for the faith in China, Cochin-China and Tonquin during the years between 1798 and 1856, were recently beatified together. The "process" had been begun under Gregory XVI., was continued under Pius IX., and was advanced to a happy conclusion by the Holy Father gloriously reigning. Of the new *Beati*, 14 (of whom 4 were bishops and 10 priests) were Europeans, and 63 (of whom 29 were priests and 34 laymen) were natives. Of the lay martyrs, one was a captain of the royal guard, two at least were physicians, and several were soldiers. Indeed the army and navy have been well represented in recent beatifications. On June 10, for instance, the title of Blessed was conferred on a Carmelite, Father Dionysius of the Nativity, known to the world as Pierre Berthelot, who served in

the French and Dutch navies, and took part in the battle of Malacca in 1629. He is set down in one account as "pilot and cosmographer to the Portuguese King." Even after entering the Carmelite Order he was called out of the novitiate to assist the Portuguese in defending Goa against the Dutch. During the engagement he wore his friar's garb, and, crucifix in hand, exhorted the men to bravery. On the same day Father Redemptus of the Cross, who as a young man had fought under the Portuguese flag in India, was beatified. Both of these fighting saints suffered martyrdom. Thus it is clear that the atmosphere of the camp is not necessarily fatal to piety. Some of the most profoundly religious and fervent men we have ever known were officers or privates in our own army and navy.

Catholics may have a "pull" in our public schools, as our critics declare, but the Jews certainly have most of the "push." Here are two sentences from the New York *Sun* that ought to be read very carefully: "Of the 640 girls who passed successfully the examinations for admission to the Normal College this month, the majority were Jews. Of about 800 graduates from the public schools admitted to the free city college for boys, the vast majority also are of the Jewish race, the proportionate number of other races being even smaller than among the girls admitted to the Normal College." Here again the Jew proves his supremacy as a financier. First, no child ever earns more than a few hundred dollars in the shops during the years when he ought to be at school; secondly, the child who receives an education is enabled thereby to earn as much money in a day as the uneducated man does in a week; thirdly, in the nature of things, the man who works with his hands must forever be the slave of the man who works with his head. In view of these facts, is it too hard a saying that many parents sell their children into servitude for a few hundred dollars? The Jew is often hounded and persecuted for the very qualities of foresight and thrift that ought to bring him credit and honor.

The coming of the Cuban teachers who are to spend the summer at Harvard is awaited by the University people with mixed emotion. There will be much complacency in explaining to the swarthy West Indian that our institutions of learning are so highly endowed, and that we have the longest railroads, the biggest sausage factories, the highest sky-scrapers, and the best equipped breweries in the world; but of that "civilization" that was to be our chief import into Cuba the exhibit will not be impressive. President Eliot has publicly admitted that our colonial visitors may be shocked by the manners and morals of Young America. "The youth of Cambridge will have to be restrained during their visit," he observed, dryly. And Mr. Frank B. Sanborn is quoted as saying that the Harvard experiment "is awaited with some anxiety by those who know the Spanish and Cuban character, and their superiority in manners to the ruder and more conscientious Yankee."

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It will require all the courtesy of the Spaniard, by the way, to keep his eyebrows decently lowered on reading the epithet here applied to the Yankee. It is still very fresh in his mind that a number of conscientious Yankees went down from Washington to Havana to instruct the Cubans in the American way of administering a government post-office system. The exact amount of money with which they absconded is not

known, but it was large enough to teach the people of the island that in the bright lexicon of American politics the expression, "Turn the rascals out," generally means "Turn a different set of rascals in." The old Spanish masters may have been extortioners, but their methods seem to have been preferable to those of the conscientious Yankee. Captain O'Farrell, a friend of the Administration, recently made a point which is likely to produce a strong impression on Southern voters. "Didn't we rob and plunder our own countrymen in the South during the 'carpet-bag régime'? And after we had robbed and beggared the whites, we then plundered our wards the Negroes, and looted the Freedman's Bank. This is no reflection on the honesty of the American people in general. It only shows that we can not govern honestly, even at home, by military rule; and how can we expect to do it abroad in our foreign colonies, and over a people whom we despise as a subject race?"

The saying "By their fruits you shall know them" is not supposed to be a familiar one to heathens; nevertheless, they frequently act upon it, and their judgments can be keen. Bipin Chandra Pal, the Hindoo scholar who lately visited England and our own country, remarked that he found Christian people too practised in grabbing other people's land to make him regret that he was not a Christian himself. When the plague scare struck the Chinese quarter in San Francisco, and the mission-workers closed their missions and took to their heels, the Chinamen did not hesitate to say that Christianity seemed to be a fair-weather kind of religion. "As soon as trouble came upon us and we were in danger of the plague, the missionaries deserted us and ran off with the rest." It is no use to preach one kind of Christianity to the heathen and practise another kind. A great many enlightened people confound civilization and clothing and commerce with Christianization, but the benighted heathen betrays a mysterious discernment in matters of the spirit.

The Rev. J. K. Shields, pastor of the Joyce Methodist Church, Chicago, has requested the women of his flock to remove their hats during service. St. Paul forbids women to enter the church with uncovered heads, it is true; but he says nothing about places of entertainment. Hence we think women are justified in retaining their headgear in theatres and the generality of meeting-houses. The Saint and the preacher, therefore, are not necessarily at variance this time; and it is a great thing to have Paul, as the brethren call him, on one's side. We may add that we are constrained to express our admiration for the tact by which Dr. Shields secured compliance with his request. "I think a woman looks better without a hat," said Brother Shields; and, lo! a whole congregation was hatless.

The Boer war excites little interest in India, we are informed. In the Central Provinces especially, campaigns in South Africa seem of slight importance in view of the awful ravages wrought by the famine. War is terrible enough, but famine has added horrors. A correspondent of *The Englishman*, describing the distress in Rajputana, says:

The sights I saw will haunt me my life through. Two women—one lying in the middle of the road, the other about fifteen feet farther off, on the side of the road—had died during the night; the one on the road untouched, the jackals busy at the other. A little farther on lay a young man, on whom the crows had begun. Another poor woman was calling for water. There was a native serai close by, where I sent Gopal to bring

me some chapattis. I made one of the women who was carrying water from the well give me some in a broken chatty, and I gave it to the dying woman. I believe she would have gone on drinking it until she died if I had not stopped her—or, rather, if I had not stopped giving it to her; for she was beyond the power of helping herself. When Gopal returned with the chapattis I gave them to the woman; but she had not the strength to break them up for herself, so I broke one up and gave it to her. She tried to eat it, but could not. She shook her head, and then feebly put out her hands—such fleshless, emaciated hands!—and touched my feet. The serai keeper told me that this woman had been lying there for four days.

I visited the orphanage last Sunday, and there saw some six hundred children picked up from all over the place and brought in. I think the sight of all these little skeletons was worse even than the relief camp. The pleasurable feature in this case, and what reflects the greatest credit on the management of the place, is to notice the condition of those children who were brought in some six weeks or two months ago; they are positively fat as compared with the poor little waifs that have been brought in within the last few days. Looking at the emaciated condition in which the children are brought in, I was surprised to see from the returns the small number of deaths,—only seven in fourteen days.

It is a notable fact that "that terrible doctrine of Infallibility" which Dr. Mivart found so impossible appeals to the agnostic Mr. Mallock as the divinest, the most logically inevitable, of the Christian dogmas. As to the case of Galileo, which the lamented English scientist harped on so incessantly during his decline, it is now ascertained that Dr. Mivart once publicly quoted Huxley as saying that in the contest between Galileo and the cardinals, "the cardinals had vastly the better of the argument,"—so unsatisfying was the astronomer's presentation of his theory. Of course the case of Galileo in no way involves infallibility; but in presence of the great wave of fault-finding that is sweeping over the world it may be well to say that disobedience to ecclesiastical authority is a sin, as truly as heresy is. And the fact that Congregations or Popes acting not *ex-cathedra may* have made a serious mistake once or twice or even four times, in two thousand years is a slim excuse for disloyalty or disobedience.

Despite the ruling of the Board of Education forbidding a sermon and religious services in connection with commencement in our public schools, the closing exercises of the high school at Austin, a suburb of Chicago, were held in a Methodist conventicle, the sermon being delivered by a Congregational clergyman, Dr. Demorest. Neither the graduates nor the preacher nor the school people nor anybody else took pains to conceal the fact that open defiance of the School Board was intended. "The people ought to rule!" declared Brother Demorest. That, by the way, is the first principle of Protestant philosophy. And the second is like unto this: "We are the people." Meanwhile down in Washington, D. C., they are taking the bread out of the mouths of little children and turning homeless people into the streets because this government can't have anything to do with sectarianism.

The State of Ohio has produced many distinguished men, but very few of them are better known outside of their own country, or will be remembered longer, than J. A. MacGahan, whose pen—a pen of might—effected the liberation of Bulgaria. He is buried at New Lexington, Ohio, and a movement is now on foot to erect a monument over his grave. There will be none to dispute his claim to this honor. Among grateful Bulgarians his memory is in benediction. An annual Requiem Mass on the anniversary of his death (June 9, 1878) is celebrated in the cathedral of Tirnova. MacGahan was a devout Catholic, and the initials J. A. stand for Januarius Aloysius.



Hail Mary!

BY R. O. K.

HAIL, O Mary! full of grace!
Spotless Lily of our race!

God in thee hath found a rest;
Thou hast hid Him in thy breast;
And thy Fruit is Jesus blest.

Gracious power thou hast, O Queen!
God's own Mother thou hast been.
Help us now, and when we'll be
In our dread extremity.

To the Father glory be,
And the Son eternally,
Equally the God of love,—
Glory to the Three above;

As it was, ere yet begun
All the ages that have run;
As it will, when time is o'er
And the ages roll no more!

The Story of St. Francis.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

I.



IN the latter part of the twelfth century a wealthy cloth merchant, by the name of Pietro Bernardone, lived in a picturesque city that slept upon a hillside in the heart of beautiful Italy. Mountains were all about it; the sky was blue, the valleys green and fertile. The grandeur of the Alpine land was there without its severe climate. The pine and the olive tree grew peacefully side by side. The city in which Pietro dwelt was called Assisi; the district, Umbria.

The social position of a cloth merchant was at that time very different from that of the shopkeeper in Europe to-day. In fact, the man who was a successful seller of cloth and silk was almost a minor nobleman. These merchants were always making long journeys,—going to fairs where silken robes and costly bales of cloth were spread out for selection; taking their wares to castle and palace; comparing, exchanging, and gaining a wide knowledge of business and the world, as well as snug sums to take home to their families.

It was during a prolonged visit to the southern part of France that the young merchant, Pietro, met a maiden named Pica, whom he wedded and bore away to the terraced town on the Umbrian hillside. We know that she was by birth a gentlewoman; but we know little besides, except that she was good and pious, and the mother of the little child whom the world calls St. Francis of Assisi.

When he was born Pietro was absent on one of his trading tours in France, but when he heard the good news he lost no time in getting home. The baby was baptized before his arrival. The young mother had an especial devotion to St. John; and, without waiting to know what Pietro would say, or being sure that he would be glad if she had her own way, she had the child christened Giovanni. When Pietro arrived he said, "I shall call him Francis,"—whether out of loving compliment to his French wife or from affection for the country in which he had been travelling, we do not know. Pietro thought he had invented the name of Francis; and so, perhaps, he had. "Little did the obscure cloth merchant think," says one who gives Pietro this credit, "that the name of

his invention would be invoked by the Church and borne by kings."

From the very day of his baptism wonderful events clustered about the little Francis, and the first took place very soon. As he was borne from the church a stranger appeared and begged to be allowed to take the baby in his arms. This request startled the nurse, or godmother, or whoever was carrying him; and at first she refused. But the kind face and evident sincerity of the unknown suppliant won her confidence, and she handed him the infant. The man made the Sign of the Cross upon the tiny shoulders and said: "Take care of him. He will be a wonderful servant of God." Then the stranger vanished.

II.

Without the especial protection of Heaven, which we believe was ever accorded to the little Francis, he might have been a spoiled child. He was so winning that no one could refuse him anything, and Pica was the most kind-hearted of mothers. Added to this was the wealth which made it easy to give him every luxury. But Pica seems to have had good sense as well as a tender heart, and she knew that her boy needed a stronger guiding hand than her soft little palm. So she early put him in charge of the priests of St. George. They taught him Latin and what we call belles-lettres, also Christian Doctrine; and when he was at home with his mother she told him stories of court and palace, and taught him sympathy and to love beauty and to keep a glad heart. If some thought her too full of happiness they did not know that her very light-heartedness made her the better fitted to be the mother of a saint who always possessed what has been called "the grace of joy." The world has been a happier place because of the glad spirit of that dark-eyed boy.

Francis was not an especially bright scholar: some even thought him a little dull at his books. The love of nature was even then strong within him. A butterfly crossing his path, a bird singing in a wood, a flower in the meadow, a rabbit hurrying up the hillside, would turn his thoughts away from the Latin verbs, and often make the patient priests a bit discouraged. They did not know that he was to teach the world what no printed books could contain.

The father, too, seems to have thought that it would be as well to take him from school; for at fourteen he left his teachers and began to help Pietro sell cloth to the people of Assisi. He seems to have been an actual partner, though only a boy. It is hard to think of him in the narrow, sordid life which he, without experience, entered into so gladly. Even that dull work was, we are sure, glorified by his enthusiasm and cheerfulness; and many customers were drawn to the shop of Pietro by the courteous charm of the new partner.

But in that very charm there was a grave danger. Francis was sought and praised by old and young. It was the day of "courts of love," of troubadours and tournaments; in one word, of chivalry. The gay songs of those who lived for earthly love and beauty and pleasure resounded all through Italy. We can not wonder that the merry heart of the young cloth merchant turned from the yard-stick and the counter, or what in those days corresponded to them. In the *fêtes* of Assisi he was the acknowledged leader. His money went to all who asked for it. His voice rang out above the others as he and his followers roamed about the streets, laughing and jesting; none had such costly and beautiful garments as this fortunate youth, none such rare jewels.

The neighbors commented as neighbors will. "Your son lives like a prince," they said to Pica. And she answered:

"Some day he will live like a son of God." Was she thinking, perhaps, of the stranger's prophecy? We can not tell.

Though gay, he was ever clean-hearted and upright. Surely no serious harm could come to the sweet soul of him who was destined to bear the marks of his Lord's Passion on his own hands and feet. His townspeople felt this, not knowing why. They believed in him as much as they loved him, and called him "The flower of Assisi." Francis accepted this homage gladly, for he was but a boy. "The flower of Assisi" was thankful for the sunshine. Life was a sweet dream; but at the end of every dream there is an awakening, and one day he awoke.

(To be continued.)

Myles' Mischief.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

IX.—A Sail, and what Followed.

When the boat had reached the side of the little vessel which was to convey them down the bay, the oarsmen salaamed to the boys and pointed upward. With their aid, the two lads were presently on the deck, and were invited by another silent gesture to take a seat upon a pile of bags in the stern.

They began to look about them. It was an ordinary vessel,—just such as they had often seen unloading a cargo of oysters or other fish at the ship. The odor which met their nostrils, mingled with that of tar, suggested that it had itself been used for some such purpose. The Eastern galleys, the silken sails of their imagination, faded before the stern realities of the coarsest of canvas, the rudest of planks. One more man, besides those who had accompanied the boys, sat motionless at the tiller. He never so much as glanced at the newcomers. They were left entirely to their own resources. Not a word was spoken by any of the three who manned the vessel.

This was rather depressing, though it was clear that they knew no English; and the odor of fish became so very perceptible that once or twice it occurred to Myles that life on a whaler might not, after all, be an unmixed delight. He said nothing of this to Ben, who looked rather disconsolate. But some clouds which had obscured the horizon gradually melted away before a very flood of sunshine. A stiff breeze blowing up from the bay full in their faces was invigorating, especially when it began to be accompanied by dashes of spray.

The spirits of the two companions began to rise; their talk grew animated; they felt that it was a joy to be alive and out upon the water on such a day. They marked the Brooklyn shore, bristling with spires, disappearing in its southern extremity of Bay Ridge. The salt air and the salt spray became more evident every moment. The waves showed silver tops; and one side of the vessel was elevated to a considerable angle above the other, which was a crowning delight to Myles, who began to "Hurrah!" lustily; while the quieter Ben showed his gratification by the light in his eye and the flush on his cheek. With eager finger Myles pointed out the familiar landmarks on the southerly shore of New York, as if they had been objects of unprecedented interest; and called out their names with the joy of one who travels in recognizable but still novel surroundings.

The Staten Island boat was just setting out from the pier, and could be seen at some distance,—not one of those floating palaces which now bear the names of commercial magnates, but an old-timer, plain and substantial. This particular one was *The Westfield*, which was afterward blown into the air by

a long-forgotten catastrophe. Myles recognized it with a shout that must have caused the impassive foreigners about him to wonder.

Governor's Island, with its fort and barracks, next attracted the attention of both lads; after which they began to strain their eyes toward Staten Island, lying as a green jewel on the face of the waters. In the bay there was as yet no statue of Liberty, bearing its great symbolic torch; and the Brooklyn Bridge belonged at that time to those airy structures known as "castles in Spain."

The boat sailed on and on, the breeze blowing fresher and the waves rising higher. When they were nearing Sandy Hook Ben cried out to Myles that a vessel was in sight. It was certainly not a man-of-war, nor was it an ocean liner. Even to the boys' inexperience that much was evident. It was large and massive, dark in color save for a flaming red smokestack, and foreign in construction. Myles and Ben, with a curious throbbing at their hearts, knew that this strange craft was the object of their destination. It was a thrilling moment. They were doing a rash, a daring act in trusting themselves on board of a strange ship and in the power of this unknown man. And the full realization of their imprudence came to them just then very strongly; but it only seemed to give color and life to the adventure.

Yet it never occurred to Myles that his father would have been seriously displeased at such an act of folly; for the boy was, in general, very obedient. His father being absent so much, he had got into a habit of following his own judgment in many respects. The father had, as far as lay in his power, instilled sterling principles in his son. His own integrity and self-reliance, with a modest and unassuming but sincere piety, were a good groundwork for building up a useful and honorable career. They had answered in the father, and he felt every confidence that they would suffice for Myles. He did not, therefore, question him too closely about his doings. He knew almost to a nicety the kind of company that Myles kept. He was aware, too, that ever since his First Communion the boy had approached the Holy Table monthly; and whenever Mr. Macartney was at home he knelt there beside his son. Myles was, moreover, under the safe care of the Christian Brothers all the week long; and served Mass and belonged to a Boy's Sodality at St. Teresa's Church, which occupied a certain part of every Sunday.

As to the dangers that might befall, Mr. Macartney knew from his own sturdy youth that such things were almost inevitable; so that in matters indifferent he let Myles get into a way of judging for himself. Just now the father was far off in Mexico, and Myles never thought for an instant in what light Mr. Macartney might view the present expedition. Ben was, on the other hand, the son of a widow and complete ruler of the household. He could easily have convinced her that this adventure was a most laudable and praiseworthy one in the interests of knowledge.

So there was no real obstacle to prevent the two lads from boarding that mysterious vessel and becoming acquainted with the wonders it would reveal. It is an era in the life of almost every boy when he first sets foot on the deck of a large vessel. A new world of masts and spars, of machinery, of saloons and cabins, is opened to him. At every turn there is something new to be explored; and the impression is intensified if it be a vessel which has touched at far-distant ports and sailed in unfamiliar seas.

There was nothing at first sight

specially remarkable in this ship. It was scrupulously clean. It had very much the air of an ordinary merchant-vessel, though to experienced eyes there were many points of difference. To the young seekers after knowledge it was in very truth a wonderland. They walked about inspecting it, completely absorbed in their investigations.

A light touch upon Myles' shoulder caused him to turn. One of the men who had lately been their companion on the yacht stood salaaming and motioning for the boys to follow him. This they did, descending the companion ladder, as they thought to the captain's cabin. A drapery of rich stuff and of gorgeous color hung over a doorway, at which their guide stood still. He raised this curtain and signed for them to enter. They did so. There was a slight sound, the nature of which they could hardly tell. But when Myles, finding that they were alone, stepped to the threshold, with some uneasiness, to give, if possible, a message to the sailor, he found that a sliding panel had closed and they were shut in securely. There was, in fact, no handle, no lock, no indication at all of the presence of a door. A feeling of intense dread came into the minds of both lads as they stood close together, scarcely daring to move.

It was some time before they ventured to look around them. All was silent, save for a strange, croaking sound which now and then reached their ears. The light was very dim, so that coming in from the outer glare of sunshine they could scarcely see anything. Gradually, however, they began to discern objects and to perceive that the apartment was a mass of color, saved from gaudiness only by the richness of its appointments. Rugs, draperies, chairs, divans displayed flaming scarlet, ruddy gold, royal purple, ultramarine blue, subdued with innumerable and indeterminable shades with which they were mingled. The rich velvet of the rugs was surpassed only by the softness of the silken, brocaded hangings. The boys had never seen anything of the kind before, and it served to increase the vague terror which was stealing over them. What if the Turk had played them false and was bent on carrying them away to some distant land?

At first their alarm had something almost pleasurable in it. Why, this was far more exciting than any of the sea-tales they had ever read! They were actually on board a real ship which had sailed to every port in the world; they were in the power of an unknown man, perhaps a pirate. Only yesterday, at that same hour, the boys had been in class reciting; and the teacher had complimented Myles on his improved behaviour and the conspicuous absence of his usual mischief. And he had gone home and eaten bread and molasses. But—now it was thrilling, it was most mysterious! The thought occurred to him that the bread and molasses would be exceedingly welcome just then, but he put it from him.

Every moment the boys expected that their mysterious acquaintance would appear, and, having shown them his wonderful things, offer them something to eat and send them home. But the moments, which began to seem like hours to the lads, wore away; that fearful, sinister silence remained unbroken; and they were securely imprisoned in that floating dungeon, with, perhaps, some awful fate before them. Very soon their pleasurable excitement and their vague alarm gave place to a dull despair. Yes, they had been trapped, deceived and betrayed by that miserable traitor, the captain of this ship!

(To be continued.)

With Authors and Publishers.

—A volume of poems, by the author of "My New Curate," is announced by Messrs. Marlier, Callanan & Co, of Boston. Those who have read Father Sheehan's "Canticle of the Magnificat" will know what to expect in "Cithara Mea," which is the title chosen for the forthcoming volume. The publishers promise to produce a very handsome book.

—Among the many treasures of the Bodleian Library at Oxford are: a copy of the Gospels which was brought by St. Augustine to England; and a Greek and Latin parallel copy of St. Matthew's Gospel, which was in the possession of St. Bede. The largest manuscript in the library one man could not carry; the smallest is a seventeenth-century book of private prayer, about one inch square only, written in shorthand and strongly bound.

—The annual book production of Germany is said to be as large as that of England, France and the United States taken together. But the making of many books, unfortunately, does not produce a bookish people; and—worse still!—the making of so many weak books tends to divert men's minds from the classics. The printing-press, like any other good thing, may be abused; and in the long run the intemperate use of printers' ink may work greater harm to a people than the intemperate use of whiskey.

—We congratulate the Cranbrook Society, of Detroit, Mich., on the first number of a monthly publication issued under its auspices, bearing the title "Cranbrook Papers." It contains several articles of unusual merit and interest, besides a number of clever verses. As a specimen of artistic printing and bookmaking, "Cranbrook Papers" deserves unqualified praise. It is a delight even to turn the pages of this publication, with its fair type, illuminated letters, and other embellishments. The society from which it emanates has our best wishes for a long and prosperous career.

—One reason which the Chinese assign for their opposition to foreigners is the corruption of native morals. This may be sarcastic on the part of the Celestial, or it may be sincere to some extent. If the Knownothings in China are at all concerned about morality, they are probably of opinion that they have enough to do to regulate the morals of their own people. It is due to the Chinese government to state that it makes laudable efforts to suppress vicious literature. In the northern provinces, at least, any one who is found guilty of publishing an immoral book receives one hundred strokes of the rod and is then sent into exile; and persons selling such publications receive the same number of strokes. A repetition of the offence is not common.

—Mrs. Craigie has completed "Robert Orange," the sequel to "The School for Saints." We entertain the hope that the sequel will excite new interest in the first novel, which has not enjoyed its due meed of popularity. The Rev. Mr. Sheldon's books, which literally sell by the million among Protestants, if taken together would not be worth a single chapter of "The School for Saints." It is saddening to know that because the book is a plea for the Catholic life and is written by a convert—even though a convert whom Protestant critics delight in praising as a consummate artist,—"The School for Saints" has failed of the large public it so well deserves.

—One of the best papers read at the annual conference of the Catholic Truth Society in England was a persuasive plea for the Apostolate of the Press, by the Rt. Rev. Abbot Snow, O. S. B. We hope to see it in pamphlet form for general circulation. The peculiar scope of a magazine prevents us from sharing certain good things of this sort with our readers; however, we must make room for a few earnest paragraphs of Abbot Snow's paper. We quote from the London *Catholic Times:*

> Catholic writers have the opportunity of explaining the Catholic aspect of any subject that comes uppermost: they can reply to adverse criticism, they can correct error and misrepresentation,—indeed, editors do not seem averse to printing a Catholic article on any Catholic subject, provided that it reaches the literary standard required by the periodical. They find that these articles, if clearly expressed and temperately worded, do command the attention of readers who welcome them, and financial considerations are a specific solvent for prejudice. Their interest is the success of their periodical: and it is an encouragement to know that there are readers sufficient to warrant the insertion of articles in favor of Catholics or in explanation of Catholic teaching. The breaking down of the old bigotry and prejudice and the free intercourse of Catholics with their fellow-citizens in every class of society necessarily introduces topics in ordinary conversation that are connected with religion or morality, where information is sought about Catholic teaching.
>
> If we are anxious for the spread of the faith and that the intermingling of Catholics with others may be productive of good, it is of the highest importance that Catholics should be able to enlighten their neighbors and to lay down distinctly and correctly the teaching of the Church. The inquiry is made in good faith, amicably, and simply for information; and it is one of those occasions when a Catholic is bound to account for the faith that is in him. The inquiry and the willingness to

hear may be a grace that God offers; a heavy responsibility attaches to the Catholic if he is unable to answer the difficulty of his friend, or does it in such a halting, blundering fashion as to leave a worse impression than evasion or simple silence. A clear and unobtrusive exposition of Catholic doctrine is always attractive, for it is the truth: and coming casually, without aggression, in ordinary conversation, the effect is the greater. No layman or cleric can, on the spur of the moment, meet every question that arises concerning Scripture, doctrine, morality, Catholic practice, history, liturgy, science and the rest; but he should be able to find a solution of the difficulty in the Catholic press.

Here, then, is another mission for the Catholic press: to provide materials for solving questions that come to the surface in the ordinary intercourse of social life; to present in an accessible and popular form the pith of learned treatises, and to gather together accurate information on the various topics that suggest objections to the minds of Protestants; so that Catholics may have a storehouse from which they may obtain sufficient knowledge to rebut charges, solve difficulties, and supply explanations. The importance of the work should not be underestimated: it may lead to many conversions; the knowledge of an easy source from which to draw information would give confidence to Catholics and raise them in the esteem of those around them.

It is greatly to be regretted that American Catholics do not meet in annual congress to discuss such living issues as are taken up at the conferences of the Catholic Truth Society. The solidarity obtained from such meetings, to say nothing of the zeal and interest aroused, would be invaluable.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Christian Philosophy — God. *Rev. John T. Driscoll, S. T. L.* $1.25, *net.*

St. Jerome. *Father Largent.* $1.

Arden Massiter. *Dr. William Barry.* $1.50.

The Heiress of Cronenstein. *Countess Hahn-Hahn.* $1.25.

The Nursing Sister. $1.25.

Jack Hildreth on the Nile. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.

The Redemption of David Corson. *Charles Frederic Goss.* $1.50.

Holy Mass: A Morning Paradise. *Very Rev. R. O. Kennedy.* 5 cts.

Giovanni Baptista de Rossi. *Very Rev. T. J. Shahan, D. D.* 20 cts.

Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire. *Samuel Dill, M. A.* $2.

Ecclesiastical Dictionary. *Rev. John Thein.* $5, *net.*

The Spirit of the Third Order of St. Francis. *Father Peter Baptist, O. F. M.* $1, *net.*

The Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau. *Mary Frances Drew.* 60 cts., *net.*

St. Francis of Sales. *A. De Margerie.* $1.

A Book of Spiritual Instruction. *Blosius.* 75 cts., *net.*

The People of Our Parish. *Lelia Hardin Bugg.* $1.

A Month's Meditations. *Cardinal Wiseman.* $1.10, *net.*

The Duchess of York's Page. *Mrs. William Maude.* 70 cts., *net.*

Essays, Educational and Historic. *A Member of the Order of Mercy.* $1.25, *net.*

Episodes of Catholic History. $1.

Meditations for Retreats. *St. Francis de Sales.* 75 cts., *net.*

The Acts and Decrees of the Synod of Jerusalem. *J. N. W. B. Robertson.* $1.60.

An Old Family. *Monsignor Seton.* $3.50.

The Catholic Creed; or, What do Catholics Believe? *Very Rev. Father J. Procter, S. T. L.* $1, *net.*

Leaves from St. Augustine. *Mary H. Allies.* $1.35, *net.*

Vespers and Compline. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* $1, *net.*

The Life of Father Haskins. $1.

The Room of the Rose. *Sara Trainer Smith.* $1.25.

Religion and Morality. *Rev. James J. Fox, S. T. D.* $2.

Oxford Conferences. *Raphael M. Moss.* 60 cts., *net.*

Passages in a Wandering Life. *Thomas Arnold.* $3.50.

The Biblical Treasury of the Catechism. *Rev. Thomas E. Cox.* $1.25.

Was Savonarola Really Excommunicated? *Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P.* 75 cts., *net.*

My New Curate. *Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P. P.* $1.50.

The Nerve of Foley, and Other Railroad Stories. *F. H. Spearman.* $1.25.

Opportunity, and Other Essays and Addresses. *Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D.* $1.

The True Story of Master Gerard. *Anna T. Sadlier.* $1.25.

For the French Lilies. *Isabel Nixon Whiteley.* $1.25.

The Perfect Religious. *Monseigneur D'Orleans de la Motte.* $1, *net.*

Souvenir of Loretto Centenary. $2.20.

A Daughter of France. *Lady Martin.* 60 cts.

Michael O'Donnell; or, The Fortunes of a Little Emigrant. *Mary E. Mannix.* 75 cts.

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LI. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 14, 1900. NO. 2.

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Beside a Grave.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

FLOWER of memory—rosemary,
On her grave I've planted thee;
Myrtle green and sweet-breathed rose;
For she loved ye, and she knows.

Let the ivy wander here
Fresh and bright the livelong year;
Cypress is too dark and sad,—
They who dwell in heaven are glad.

Let me banish grief and gloom—
All that whispers of the tomb;
Welcome, song-birds, warbling by,—
She is singing in the sky.

Good Ste. Anne de Beaupré.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

IT was all a blank, and I knew not which way to turn. It seemed that nothing I had read—yet I had read much—had left any definite impression as to where it was, what it was, or how it was when one got there. There was no picture in my mind, no map, no guide-book memory; no living guide to lie in wait for me along the airy heights of Quebec, to track me to and fro among its zigzag streets, and finally waylay me at the foot of the slope and happily lead me away captive.

I have said there was no picture in my mind; let me retract. There was a kind of misty vision that haunted and allured me, and this must have been suggested by what I had read or heard or dreamed—after reading or hearing of it. In this vision there was a shadowy cliff beside a river that was as silent as a river should be in a picture; for, after all, it was only a picture, and a dream-picture at best. A little chapel upon the brink of the cliff mirrored itself in the stream below,—a chapel bathed in a temperate light: the light was within it and without it and a part of it, like an aureola.

Canoes stole noiselessly across the water, freighted with pilgrims; pilgrims toiled up the winding way that was hewn out of the rock; and about the chapel they gathered and knelt with foreheads to the earth, or again lifted up their voices in prayer and praise; and their voices were as one voice hymning, "Glory, glory, glory be to God on high, who hath given us good St. Anne to succor us!"

Then the multitude, which was ever increasing, was swallowed up in the deepening dusk; the glow of the chapel shone like a star on the darkling wave; no sound was heard save the echoes, growing fainter and fainter as they lisped to one another, "Good St. Anne!" That sweet refrain a thousand and a thousand times repeated: "Good St. Anne!" I hear it now in soft reiteration. I hear it wafted hither and yon upon the waiting and willing winds: "Good Ste. Anne de Beaupré! Good St. Anne!"

Ah, here it is! A whole page in the official guide, "From Niagara to the Sea"; a whole page spattered with time-tables and conveying in a series of imperative headlines the desired information: "Visitors to Quebec should not fail to visit the celebrated Montmorency Falls, and take a pilgrimage to Ste. Anne de Beaupré. To do so take the electric cars to the Quebec, Montmorency and Charlevoix railway station, from whence there are five trains daily."

My friend, let us "take a pilgrimage" to Ste. Anne de Beaupré and see what we shall see. The station, in the ragged edge of Quebec, is small and uninviting. Surely it can not "take a pilgrimage," nor a tenth part of the pilgrims that sometimes go to Beaupré in a body. Is it not ever thus with those who would follow in the footsteps of the faithful from shrine to shrine? Accommodations are limited, and even the "personally conducted" are apt to find the way as "steep and thorny" as that to heaven. But this is the bitter-sweet of piety, and is thrice welcome for the zest it adds to faith.

It is one and twenty miles by rail from Quebec to Beaupré; the wide river on the one hand, the highlands on the other. Nothing can be more interesting than a drive from the citadel to the Falls of Montmorency, especially if it be taken in one of those aerial calèches wherein the passenger swings between two enormous wheels, while the driver balances himself upon the footboard and seems to be kneeling upon the horses' haunches. Leaving the "Sous le Cap" in its picturesque disorder at the foot of the Breakneck Stairs, the Canadian Gibraltar is soon forgotten in the charms of semi-pastoral life.

The most inviting villages, the wayside shrines, the pathetically primitive habitants, the demure children, and the Sabbath serenity are among the marked features of a Catholic province; they are the pronounced characteristics, and all these are missed when the pilgrim goes by rail to Beaupré. Yet he is sure to go by rail or by boat; though my calèche-driver assured me he had often footed it to the shrine of St. Anne and back again, when he was a lad.

After one has seen the grand Falls of Montmorency—that perpetual avalanche of whipped cream—one experiences an ever-growing desire for a glimpse of Beaupré. My mind, guided by imagination, naturally ascended to the heights; were they not high and holy? Here was the broad St. Lawrence on the right hand,—a softly-flowing river that washed the shores of Beaupré. And Beaupré itself—fair meadow,—was it not the fairest of meadows, up yonder? And were we not hastening to it by rail and steam, albeit our rate of speed was not alarming?

Almost before we knew it we were there,—before we knew it; because it was not at all what any one of us was looking for. It was not that fair meadow in our mind's eye; it was not even a meadow, and it was not fair. It was only a rather narrow rim of low-land along the river's edge. Back of it the land sloped upward, but our interest was centred this side of the top of the slope. There was a street like a country road at the foot of the slope, and on each side of the street a long row of hotels.

I might have known this would be the case had I stopped to consider the matter. Where there are sudden influxes of pilgrims—hundreds and hundreds of them arriving in a day or an hour—there must be hotels of all sizes and all shapes, and of every class—good, bad and indifferent. There is a pressing need of food, shelter, and drink; and all those who do not come down or up the river by boat and return as they came, on

a round-trip ticket that calls for the necessaries of life, must be provided for on land. To these the hotels, standing shoulder to shoulder or eaves to eaves, offer hospitality on both sides of the street at prices to suit all customers; though I, personally, will not vouch for the bill of fare.

When, at the Quebec station, I had asked myself under my breath, "Are there hotels enough to go round?" I might have spared myself the question. No sooner had the train got well under way than a business card was politely offered me by a stranger who sat in the next seat. 'Would I like to spend the night at Beaupré? He would escort me with pleasure, not unmingled with profit, to his hotel. I need borrow no trouble, but put my trust in him from that moment.' I did so. He was a polyglot and a fisher of men; and, as it was Friday, he bore with him the fish of the market of Quebec for the comfort of his own catch. He was suavity itself; he was persuasive and sympathetic; he impressed me favorably, and my grip-sack forcibly. Before I was well aware, I had been piloted safely along a tressel walk that crossed a marsh, and down the one long street between the double row of hotels, with their verandas at that moment loaded to the rails with ogling spectators.

It was a small room he gave me, and it seemed to be in telephonic communication with every other chamber in the house. The bedclothes were damp from the laundry. My one window opened upon the open window of the house next door. I was indeed a pilgrim, but not a stranger for long; nor is any one in Beaupré long a stranger.

It had been raining in the village, and the streets were uncrossable save at the fords. Not only had the righteous rain fallen alike upon the just and the unjust sojourners in Beaupré, but the fair meadows atop o' the slopes poured down their floods, and the infrequent carts sank to their very hubs in mud. Fortunately, even the lame, the halt and the blind could make their way on foot or on litter to the basilica at the lower edge of the village. No vehicle of light draft could have stemmed the turbid tide, that neither rose nor fell between the narrow walks under the verandas; but stopped right there, and looked as if it had come to stay all summer.

First impressions, if not always fleeting, are very apt to fade. It is only with an effort that I recall mine at this moment. Nor had I come to haunt hotels and revile the elements. A truce to all that was disagreeable and disheartening! I have a memory of Beaupré that, thank Heaven, is sweet and sane!

Precious are the traditions of the saints, and blessed are they who help to fashion them and foster them. The St. Lawrence river is "a great deep," and sometimes its "fountains" are "broken up." A little company of Breton mariners were toiling in their bark upon the bosom of that mighty river. They were like to founder, and in their extremity they called on good St. Anne, the well-beloved patroness of their own dear Brittany. Does not that which was most with us in our youth return to us in our last hour? Fainting at the oar, they vowed that if she would guide them to a haven of rest, on that very spot they would build a sanctuary in her honor, and there they and their children and their children's children should honor her forever and a day. When the morning broke they touched the shore at a point then known as Petit Cap, seven leagues northeast of Quebec; and there they built a little wooden chapel, according to their pious vow. These things are recorded in the parochial register of the last century; and likewise in the memoirs of Mgr. de

Laval, first Bishop of Canada, by M. de Latour.*

Beaupré is noted in the early history of the colonization of Canada. The "Company of the Hundred Associates" (*cents associés*), having the interest of the country in hand, agreed to pay annually twenty-five crowns to a priest from Quebec who should administer the sacraments to the settlers at least once a year. The first missionary in Petit Cap (1645) was M. de Saint-Sauveur, of Quebec. The Jesuits followed him,—Father Vimont in 1646; Father De Quen in 1647–48. The government gave the first grants of land to the colonists in 1650. In 1657 Father Andrew Richard, a Jesuit, came on a mission to Beaupré; and on the twenty-eighth day of July he there baptized Claud Pelletier, who afterward became a Franciscan lay-brother, under the name of Brother Didace. This friar was the first Canadian to die in the odor of sanctity.

Until 1657 the Fathers who visited Petit Cap offered the Holy Sacrifice in the little chapel of the Breton sailors or in the private houses of the settlers. But the archives of the parish record that "Etienne Lessart, knowing the wish that the inhabitants of Beaupré had a long time nourished in their hearts—namely, to have a church or chapel wherein they could meet and assist at divine service,—has of his own accord given a frontage of two acres, with a depth of a league and a half, upon condition that in the very year [1658] the erection of a church shall be started on this ground and thereon completed, in the most suitable place thereof, according to the judgment of the Vicar-General."

The offer was made in the month of March. Within that month M. de Queylus, a Sulpician, parish priest of Quebec, deputed M. Vignal to go and bless the foundation of the new church. He was accompanied by M. d'Ailleboust the governor of New France, who had consented to lay the corner-stone. As it is written, "Canada on that day began her first sanctuary in honor of St. Anne." At this time there were but ten churches in all Canada; Beaupré was the sixth establishment founded since the discovery of the country. The six establishments were founded in the following order: Tadousac, Quebec, Montreal, Three Rivers, Château Richer, and Ste. Anne de Beaupré.

It is more than likely that the votive chapel of the grateful Breton sailors was a temporary structure hardly worthy of the name. The site selected for the first church of Ste. Anne de Beaupré was in front of that now occupied by the basilica. This church was never opened, for it was never completed. In 1662 it was demolished and the material used in the construction of a second church. The edifice was a small one, its wooden frame filled with masonry after the fashion of the buildings in New France at that period.

A third church was built of stone in 1676, restored in 1694, and again in 1787, and was in use until 1876. During the British invasion — 1759, — which ended in the cession of the country to Great Britain, a detachment of Wolfe's troops under command of Alexander Montgomery — brother to the general who fell in the attempted capture of Quebec, — devastated the country, and the only building left standing in the little village of Beaupré was this church of St. Anne.

The corner-stone of the fourth church was laid in 1872; the structure was blessed in 1876; it was enlarged in 1886; and was raised by his Holiness Pope Leo XIII. to the rank of basilica minor in 1887. The memorial church, sometimes called the old church, was restored in the year 1878; its furniture

* See Book X, in 12, page 169.

and ornaments date from the end of the seventeenth or the beginning of the eighteenth century. The paintings in this chapel—chiefly votive offerings dating from 1666 to 1754—are more ancient than honorable; but one does not look for high art or even good taste among the votive offerings at a popular shrine.

The basilica is massive and impressive; its high altar a miracle of beauty. It is a precious store-house of relics; and its multitude of side altars, each in its own little chapel, beguile one to linger long within that holy house. It is here one forgives and forgets the unattractive little village, which is, perhaps, neither a mendicant nor a mercenary, and yet lacks all one looks for in such a place, and usually looks for in vain. It is not picturesque, as Lourdes is; nor unique like the almost romantic Loreto. It is a village of a hundred and fifty families, whose infant lullabys were and are and ever shall be the hymns to good St. Anne.

But all that makes home and homelife holy has been ground under the heel of the impatient-pious or idly-curious transient guest, and it must ever be so during the pilgrimage season. The keynote of the discord that prevails in Beaupré is pitched in the business-card of my landlord. Thereon I read these lines: "Pilgrims and foreigners who visit Ste. Anne de Beaupré, I solicit a liberal part of your patronage. Cigars, etc., etc. Meals at all hours."

It was my host—one of four men who carried a paralytic on a litter from his hotel to the basilica daily during a novena,—it was he who had the happiness of seeing this paralytic rise from his litter on the ninth day, during Mass at the basilica, and go his way rejoicing. The good man literally rose from his bed and walked, though he had not had the use of his limbs for some years. Three guests of the house, who had been eye-witnesses of the miraculous cure, corroborated in my presence the landlord's statement. It had taken place but three days before my arrival.

Every hour I saw those who were painfully making their way to the basilica, or were being borne thither on litters. I saw them go and come, hour after hour, day after day. I saw also the pyramids of crutches, no longer needed, that had been left behind; and a thousand evidences of benefits received. They were everywhere in evidence, and they are ever being added to.

Wonders are always anticipated as the 26th of July draws near. 'Tis good St. Anne's Day, and she is not unmindful of those who are mindful of it. Then Beaupré will be taken by storm; for the pilgrims will arrive by thousands. Even the little wayside booths, fringed with rosaries, papered with pious pictures, spangled with medals, flanked with rows of images, will be buried out of sight by the masses of moving people. The Holy Spring will give freely its miraculous waters; and there will be a litter of broken flasks when the thirst of the faithful is quenched and the crush is over for a time. Then the Scala Santa will groan under the weight of those who are ascending on their knees—not a few of these thrilled with memories of Rome and the Jerusalem Stairs.

The very silent cemetery—how small it is!—that is fenced in upon the hill slope will attract many an eye; for here, since the year 1670, the dead of the village of Beaupré have been buried; the dust of nearly four thousand villagers—a few of them Indians—there mingles with the dust of the earth; and so thickly are they buried that were they alive to-day a tenth part of them could not crowd within those gates.

The 26th of July—good St. Anne's Day! Then Beaupré will be stirred

to its profoundest depths. There will be neither nook nor corner in it unmolested. The sick and the suffering and the sorrowing will be there. And may they not seek in vain for the faith that shall make them whole! Were I there on St. Anne's Day, I know how the sights and the sounds would fill me and thrill me; and how, when it was all over and gone, and deep sleep had covered the little village as with a wing to nestle it, and the stars were on the watch, and there was just the faintest whisper among the ripples along the shore,—then I should want to steal into the edge of the village where there are still some cottages and some cottagers: and I should hover about them as I used to in the twilight, and picture the peace of the souls who dwell within those walls.

There were vines climbing to the very roof-tree when I was there, for it was summer in the solstice. The windows were half open, the curtains were partly drawn; and such an air of contentment lapped in virtue brooded over those homes of the simple habitants as made me homesick. They are homely, homelike homes, set in the midst of the trimmest gray-green gardens,—good, old-fashioned, French kitchen-gardens, clean-swept and garnished with garlic,—and of such is the beauty of Beaupré, blessed and unadorned.

FROM the time the Virgin Mother held the Infant Saviour in her arms to this hour, woman has been the great lover of Christ and the unwearying helper of His little ones; and the more we strengthen and illumine her, the more we add to her sublime faith and devotion the power of knowledge and culture, the more efficaciously shall she work to purify life, to make justice, temperance, chastity and love prevail.

—*Bishop Spalding.*

Dr. Martin's Wife.

II.—A SUMMONS.

EDGEVALE was aptly named. Situated in a charming valley amidst the hills, at the base of still more imposing mountains, it skirted a beautiful forest of oaks, beech and elm; gradually becoming thinned from year to year by the onslaughts of the destroyer, but rendered more ideal by the delightful glimpses of sunny glades thus afforded the passer-by.

When Dr. Martin resolved to take his family to the country to reside, he made many excursions in various directions before deciding on the beautiful, quiet retreat in which he finally established them. One day he returned elated, having found a place not too far from the city, yet sufficiently distant to ensure complete repose and privacy, should they be desired. His wife was as pleased with it as himself, and early spring saw them settled in their new home.

Dr. Martin was an ardent student; and if his resources had been greater, he would have preferred the career of the scientist to that of the regular practitioner. He was filled with a love for humanity, and his faith in God and revelation had never been shaken. The son of an intelligent and pious mother, he had neither doubted nor disclaimed her early teachings. In short, he was an ideal man, Christian, and physician. Singularly happy in his marriage, most successful in his profession, endowed with perfect health and a cheerful, happy disposition, life presented to him great hopes and possibilities.

He had met his wife in Paris. She was the granddaughter of an Irish refugee. Their families had been friends in days gone by; and though Mary O'Hagan had never set foot upon the soil of her forefathers, at heart she was a true

Irishwoman. Of him it could hardly be said that he was more Irish than American. Born in the United States, and educated in all the old traditions of his ancestors, his character presented a happy combination of the best qualities of both nations. He looked every inch an Irishman; and was proud of the distinction, for such he considered it.

The house he had decided upon had long been unoccupied, but had originally belonged to a wealthy man, who had planted rare flowers and shrubs in the garden. It was situated at the highest point of the valley, the forest making a charming background. In all the surrounding country, interspersed with beautiful villas, there was not a more delightful spot than "the Red House," as it had been called from its color, one somewhat unusual in that region of gray gable ends and yellow fronts.

Bridget performed all the domestic duties, and was a hostess in herself. Tall, angular, with high cheek-bones, a diminutive nose, a mottled complexion, her exterior was not prepossessing. But the calm gray eyes could grow very soft and tender on occasion; and to those whom she served and ruled the faithful servant was a loved and invaluable friend. She had been deeply attached to the Doctor's mother, which affection was intensified in his own regard; and she received the young wife with open arms when she came.

But love and devotion reached their climax in the person of their child, Maurice, who, in the mind of the old woman, represented all that was angelic and beautiful upon earth. From the moment of his birth she had made an idol of him, indulging him in every possible manner; not hesitating to scold him when he was naughty, eager with her consolation when he suffered. She knew how to amuse him better than the young mother, who loved him only a shade less than the husband whom she adored.

Together the two women watched and were delighted and surprised at the marvellous intelligence of the little fellow. Everything he did was perfect, everything he said was wonderful. And when evening came, each childish act and speech of the boy was repeated to the admiring father, who, as he turned from the soft brown eyes of his wife to the blue limpid ones of the boy, saw his earthly paradise mirrored in both.

Such, at the beginning of our story, was the household of Dr. Martin; and on this particular evening, as the happy trio entered the dining-room just when Bridget was placing the soup on the table, it seemed to the devoted servant that the Doctor had never looked so happy or so handsome.

"Don't be vexed now, Bridget!" he said laughingly, as he took his place in front of the tureen. "I was detained in town this evening, but I promise you to turn over a new leaf from to-day. For the rest of the summer I mean to take an earlier train. How do you like that news?"

"Oh, 'tis fine, Master Desmond!" was the reply. "But I'll believe it when I see it done two or three times, sir. Sure I'm not vexed in the least, though. Don't I know that gentlemen, more especially doctors with such a great business as yourself, can't help but be late at their meals now and then? 'Tis only sorry I am that the dinner does be a little spoiled by the delay. I'd like that you'd have it when it's ready. You deserve it, Master Desmond."

"Well, I am glad to get it at any time. And you manage to keep things just right, somehow."

"Yes," said his wife, smiling at the old woman. "Bridget must be a fairy."

"If I was, 'tisn't here we'd all be this minute, but back in old Ireland," said

Bridget. "I'd like little Master Maurice to grow up there, since it couldn't be allowed to his father."

"I don't know," observed the Doctor. "Just at present, perhaps America is the best place for us all. After a while, when we have retired on a fortune—well, who knows?"

"Ah, I'll not be here then, Master Desmond!" said the old woman, with a sigh. "But it would rejoice my heart to know it would come to pass some day, even if I couldn't be along with you. Is the soup to your liking, sir?"

"It is perfect," answered the Doctor. "And now for the roast, Bridget. I am dying of hunger."

She hastened to remove the plates, and soon the roast and vegetables were on the table. Bridget returned to the kitchen, to reappear in a few moments with a dish of fine strawberries and a large glass pitcher filled with cream, which she placed on a side table. These were followed by a delicious-looking sponge-cake, at the sight of which little Maurice clapped his hands.

"Yes, darling, I made it for you; but we'll give papa and mamma a piece," said Bridget. "I've been hiding those strawberries, ma'am, till I'd have a good meal," she continued, turning to her mistress. "Aren't they fine! I got them under the south wall."

"O Bridget, you are a genius, and a rogue at that! Just think, Desmond,—she has been sending me here and there for a stray berry, and I never knew of these beauties!"

"Sure you wouldn't have left me one between the two of you," replied the old woman, including both mother and son in her affectionate glance.

The Doctor laughed merrily. But just then the door-bell rang with a loud, imperative sound. Mrs. Martin looked anxiously at her husband. She had never become accustomed to having him called away in the evening; and since they had come to live in the country it had seldom happened.

"Who can it be at this hour!" he exclaimed.

Bridget had already vanished. In a moment she re-entered the dining-room.

"Who is it?" inquired the Doctor.

"I don't know, sir. A man wishes to see you at once."

The Doctor left his chair, but little Maurice held him by the hand. He was not wont to do so.

"Don't go, papa dear!" he pleaded. "Don't go! I am afraid."

"My baby, papa will be back in a few moments." He glanced at Bridget, and thought that her face wore a peculiar expression. "What is it?" he asked.

"You had better see for yourself, sir," she replied, casting a hurried glance at her mistress, whose back was turned; at the same time opening the door, which she had closed on returning to the dining-room.

The Doctor hurried into the hall, where a middle-aged man, evidently a servant, awaited him.

"Doctor," he said, "Mrs. Dunbar told me to fetch you without delay. The baby has the croup."

"The baby!" exclaimed the Doctor. "I did not know she had one."

"It is two years old—a little girl. She has been ill since yesterday morning."

The Doctor did not hesitate a moment. If there had been any struggle between feeling and duty, no one was ever the wiser of it. Hastily returning to the dining-room, with his hat in his hand, he said:

"Mary, I must go to town. Camilla's child is very ill and she has sent for me. The train passes in ten minutes. I shall barely have time to catch it."

"O Desmond!" exclaimed his wife, springing to her feet. "Camilla's child? *Must* you go?"

"Yes, yes! What I would not refuse to the poorest wretch I can not deny to my sister."

"But she is not your sister. And how she has behaved to you, Desmond! How ungratful she has been!"

"Never mind: I must go. I shall not be long, I promise you. Good-bye, my darlings!—good-bye!"

Hastily kissing wife and little one, he departed, leaving the trio in a state of stupefaction. A moment ago they had been so happy, and now!—the chair pushed back from the table, the napkin fallen to the floor, the berries untouched. Why did everything seem as though some one had gone away forever?

Maurice was the first to recover.

"Mamma, papa will be back soon. Let us eat our strawberries. I do want some sponge-cake, Bridget."

The servant helped him mechanically; while his mother remained motionless, her head resting on her hand.

"Mamma, why don't you eat your strawberries? Aren't you hungry?"

"No, darling: I do not care for them," she answered, with tears in her eyes. "It was all so sudden, his going," she continued, addressing the old servant. "We were so happy; and then in a moment—this!"

"It's because of where he went," said Bridget. "'Twas a shock to you, and no wonder, ma'am. The impudence of her sending for Master Desmond after the scornful way she treated him! But 'tis like her: selfish she always was and selfish she'll always be."

"But why send for *him?* There are other doctors, and good ones, near her."

"Maybe the others couldn't help the child. 'Tis he that has worked the most wonderful cures in that disease when many another failed. Sure you know that yourself, mistress dear."

"What disease?" gasped the wife.

"Didn't he tell you, ma'am—"

"Not the croup, Bridget!"

"Yes, ma'am, the croup—or, rather, the diphtheria, the man said."

"The croup!—diphtheria!" the poor woman's heart seemed to freeze in her body. What if he should bring it to his own child? Then, despising herself for the fear—for she was a true doctor's wife, and always first to encourage him in his duty,—she resolved to shake off the oppression which had seized her, turning her thoughts to the anticipation of his speedy return. Yet she could not suppress a feeling of contempt for the woman who in her need did not hesitate to call on the man to whom she had never before been otherwise than unkind and unjust.

She waited until Maurice had eaten his berries, and then said:

"Come, little boy, we will walk about the garden for a few moments, till your bedtime. Mamma's head aches."

The child put his tiny hand in hers and they went out. When Bridget had finished her work she hastened to take him from his mother, who seemed almost distraught, so impossible was it to throw off the gloom which possessed her.

"Camilla! Camilla!" she repeated to herself,—Camilla, who had been to her hardly more than a disagreeable dream. She had seen her only once, and the interview had not been pleasant. On her husband she had never laid eyes. But perhaps—she tried to convince herself,—perhaps this would mean something good for all concerned. Desmond would save the child, of whose existence they had both been ignorant until to-day; the mother would be grateful; they might all come to live in peace and harmony.

Mrs. Martin was in every sense a model Christian. After some reflection she grew calm, and even thanked God that her noble husband had been able to respond so promptly, so generously,

to the appeal of the ungrateful Camilla. God, she felt, would certainly bless and reward his charity; so she humbly prayed for grace to be resigned to the divine will and to accept patiently whatever the future might hold for her. Thus, in a subdued spirit, but with her heart still torn by keenest anguish, she returned to the house and prepared to retire.

Bridget coming into the room on her way to bed was pleased to see her mistress getting ready for repose. But after she had departed, Mrs. Martin put on a dressing-gown, and, drawing her chair to the bedside of her child, sat there a long time with her head in her hands. About midnight she threw herself, half dressed, on the bed.

After a while she sank into a fitful sleep, through which her weary soul ploughed its way along a gloomy path of dreams — inconsequent, grotesque, horrible, incomplete. At length one more vivid than the rest seemed to recur again and again, until, in her nightmare, she essayed vainly to cry out with the agony that possessed her. She was walking down the well-worn path through the fields, hastening to meet her husband, when suddenly as she approached him a broad white wall rose between them, almost hiding him from her sight. She stretched forth her hands, striving to clasp his—the wall was too high. She called him—he did not answer, he did not look toward her: his face, pale and sorrowful, was averted. Once more she cried out. He turned slowly and gazed at her with tears in his eyes. A shiver passed through her frame. She awoke, sat up in bed and looked wildly around her. Then, springing from the couch, she threw herself on her knees, crying:

"Have pity on me, give me strength, O my God! for I know that some great misfortune is about to happen to me."

(To be continued.)

The First Joyful Mystery.

BY HENRY NUTCOMBE OXENHAM, M. A.

SILENCE and Night were on the earth
When first Saint Gabriel spoke,—
When first on Mary's listening ear
The blessed *Ave* broke.
"Hail Mary, hail!" the Angel cried,—
"Hail Mary, full of grace!
The Lord is with thee, and shall make
Thy breast His resting-place:—

"The Holy Ghost shall make thy heart
His chosen shrine to be;
The very power of God Most High
Shall overshadow thee:
Thou shalt conceive and bear a Son;
Jesus shall be His name,
And thine the Mother of thy God—
The Mother of the Lamb."

And Mary said: "Behold me here
The handmaid of the Lord;
Let it be done unto me now
According to thy word."
Swift flew Saint Gabriel back to heaven;
Swifter, on wings of love,
God's promised gift to Mary came—
The Spirit's gracious Dove.

That night in Blessed Mary's womb
Was God the Son made man;
The world's redemption, long desired,
On that dear night began.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore!

TIME is not long enough nor is this mortal life large enough to make room for the perfect unfolding of a soul. In the pain of conscious limitation lies the prophecy of continuous growth, the hope of that consummation for which all aspiration and sacrifice and endeavor are a divinely ordered preparation.—*Mabie.*

THE marble keeps merely a cold and sad memory of a man who else would be forgotten. No man who needs a monument ever ought to have one.
—*Hawthorne.*

The Price of Redemption.

BY THE REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

(Conclusion.)

WE turn now to the Breviary, to see what manner of Office and to hear what manner of doctrine the Church has to put before us on this great and especial feast of the year. At Vespers on the eve she cries out in the antiphon:

"Who is this that cometh up from Edom, in dyed garments from Bosra—that beautiful one in his stole?... I, who proclaim justice and am strong to save. He was robed in a robe sprinkled with blood, and his name is the Word of God. Why is thy vesture red and thy garments as theirs who tread on the wine-press? I have trod the wine-press alone, and of the nations there was not one with me."

The Church calls upon St. Paul. To understand what he is going to say we must remember that a solemn ceremonial took place annually among the Jews. On one day, in the autumn, the high-priest took a bowl of fresh, steaming blood, and, entering into the dread sanctum of the Jewish Temple, the Holy of Holies, behind the veil, offered the bowl of blood to God for the sins of the people. Now, all this typified the blood of Our Lord on Good Friday; and it was offered once a year, to typify the sufficiency for evermore of the *one* bloody offering made by our Blessed Saviour on the cross.

"Brethren," says St. Paul, "Christ assisting [at sacrifice], the high-priest of future benefits, by a greater and more perfect tabernacle [than the Jewish one], not made of hands; that is, not of this creation [as that was]. Nor again is His entrance [into the Holy of Holies] by the blood of goats or of calves; but He has entered once for all by His own blood into the holy place; and [He has thereby] obtained a redemption [not from one year to another, as with the Jews, but] forever."

"Thou hast redeemed us, O Lord, in Thy Blood!" sings the Church; to which her children respond: "And hast made us a kingdom to our God."

Antiphon: "Ye have come to Mount Sion, to the city of the living God, to the Heavenly Jerusalem; to Jesus, the mediator of the New Testament; and to the sprinkling of His blood, which speaketh better than the blood of Abel."

At Matins the invitation is heard: "Christ, the Son of God, who redeemed us with His blood."—"Come let us adore."

First nocturn: "And when the eight days were accomplished that the Child was to be circumcised, His name was called Jesus. And being in an agony, He prayed the longer; and His sweat became as drops of blood, flowing down to the ground. Judas, who betrayed Him, moved with repentance, brought back the thirty pieces of silver, saying: I have sinned in betraying innocent blood."

"Thou hast redeemed us, O Lord!"—"In Thy blood."

In the first three lessons the Church calls upon St. Paul, knowing that no other has written or spoken with such vehemence and power as he has.

Lesson 1: "Christ being come, a high-priest of the good things to come, by a greater and more perfect tabernacle, not made of hands—that is, not of this creation,—neither by the blood of goats nor of calves, but by His own blood, entered once into the Holies, having obtained eternal redemption. For if the blood of goats and of oxen and the ashes of a heifer, being sprinkled, sanctify such as are defiled to the cleansing of the flesh, how much more shall the blood of Christ, who, by the Holy Ghost,

offered Himself unspotted unto God, cleanse our conscience from dead works to serve the living God? And therefore He is the mediator of the New Testament; that by means of His death, for the redemption of those transgressions which were under the former testament, they that are called may receive the promise of eternal inheritance."

"Jesus, that He might sanctify His people through His own blood, suffered outside the gate."—"Let us therefore go to Him outside the camp, laden with His shame."—"As yet you have not resisted unto blood, struggling against sin."

The phrases "outside the gate" and "outside the camp" may not be familiar to the non-professional reader. What is alluded to is this. When the victims were slain and offered at the Temple in the time of the Jews, the offal and filth of the animals were taken and cast "outside the camp," when the Jews were coming from Egypt to Palestine; "outside the city," when the Temple was built in Jerusalem. Thus Our Lord, as if He were of as little value as the offal of cattle, was pushed "outside the gate" of the city—"Away with Him! away with Him!"—and there put to death.

In like manner, all affected with the loathsome disease of leprosy were taken "outside the camp" or "outside the gate" of the city, and banished. Our Lord, for more than one reason, is compared in the Scriptures to a leper,—"a leper and no man." Finally, all who as criminals had to be put to death were taken "outside the camp" or "outside the gate" of the city, and there slain; and their bodies, for still greater detestation, were then thrown into the common pit. This would have happened to the body of our Saviour, had not Joseph, by the inspiration of God, gone "courageously" to the governor and obtained permission to bury it. And so unusual a thing was this that we find the Evangelist describing it (in Latin) as *audacter;* that is, "daringly."

Lesson 2: "For where there is a testament, the death of the testator must of necessity come in; for a testament is of force [only] after men are dead; otherwise it is as yet of no strength whilst the testator liveth. Whereupon neither was the first [agreement or testament] indeed dedicated without blood. For when every commandment of the law had been read by Moses to all the people, he took the blood of calves and goats, with water, scarlet wool and hyssop, and sprinkled both the book itself and all the people, saying: This is the blood of the testament, which God hath enjoined unto you. The tabernacle also and all the vessels of the ministry, in like manner he sprinkled with blood. And almost all things, according to the law, are cleansed with blood; *and without shedding of blood there is no remission.*"

"Moses took up the blood and sprinkled it on the people."—"And saith: This is the blood of the agreement which the Lord hath made with you."—"In faith he celebrated the Pasch and the effusion of blood, that He who destroyed the first-born of the Egyptians should not touch them."

Lesson 3: "Having, therefore, dear brethren, a confidence in the entering into the Holies by the blood of Christ, a new and living way, which He hath dedicated for us through the veil—that is to say, His flesh,—and a high-priest over the house of God, let us draw near with a true heart, in fulness of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience and our bodies washed with clean water. Let us hold fast the confession of our hope, without wavering (for He is faithful that hath promised); and let us consider one another to provoke [to encourage] unto charity and to good works."

"And you who were at one time far away are now brought near [to God] in the blood of Christ."—"For He is our peace, who made the two one."—"It pleased God to reconcile all things unto Himself, through [Jesus Christ] making peace by His blood for all creatures, whether in earth or in heaven."—"For He is our peace who made the two things one [as two rooms are made one by breaking down, as St. Paul says, the middle wall of separation]."

Second nocturn: "Pilate, wishing to please the people, delivered Jesus up to them to be scourged. But, seeing that he availed nothing, taking water, he washed his hands before the people, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just Man. And the whole people, making answer, cried out: His blood be upon us and upon our children!"—"May the blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God."—"Cleanse us from all sin."

In the fourth, fifth and sixth lessons the Church calls upon the great St. John Chrysostom to speak upon devotion to the Precious Blood.

Lesson 4: "Would you wish to hear what is the virtue of the blood of Christ? Let us recur to its likeness, let us recall its first type, let us bring to mind the ancient Scripture. God threatened the Egyptians of old that in the middle of the night their first-born should be destroyed, because they were detaining in bondage His first-born. But in order that His own beloved people should not be endangered equally with them—for one place contained both,—a means of distinguishing was agreed on. Then followed the wonderful type, that you might learn what in truth is the thing typified. The divine indignation was expected, and the death-dealing [angel] was to make his round from house to house. What did Moses then? 'Slay,' said he, 'a lamb one year old, and sprinkle your doors with its blood.' Is it customary, then, for the blood of a lamb to rescue a rational man? Well indeed doth the Scripture say: Not because it was its blood, but because by its blood was foreshadowed the blood of the Lord."

"In fear proceed in your pilgrimage. You were not bought with corruptible things, like silver and gold."—"But with the blood of the Immaculate Lamb, even of Christ, the Son of God."

Lesson 5: "For as even the statues of reigning sovereigns, which can neither move nor speak, do yet at times succor men who run to them and who are endowed with reason and motion, and not because they are made of brass but because they retain the impress of the sovereign; so also this blood, which, though that of an unreasoning creature, freed man, who had a reasoning soul; not because it was blood but because it showed forth the coming of this blood. And the destroying angel, when he saw the door-posts and thresholds sprinkled with it, turned his steps aside and did not dare to enter there. And now if the enemy see not the blood of the type sprinkled on the door-posts, but sees glowing on the lips of the faithful the blood of the Reality, dedicating the door-posts of the temples of Christ, then will he fly, utterly cast down. For if the angel fled from the type, with what fear will not the enemy flee when he behold the Reality?

"Do you wish for another instance to test the virtue of this blood? I am willing to give it. Behold, then, where it began and whither it flows. It flows down the side of the cross itself; and it had its beginning in the side of the Lord. For Jesus, being now dead, we read, and still on the cross, a soldier approaches, strikes His sacred side and opens it with a lance, from which there flows water and blood,—water, the symbol of baptism; blood, that of the

[Blessed] Sacrament. And therefore it is not said there went forth blood and water, but water first and blood then; because we are cleansed first in baptism, and then consecrated by the [sacred] mystery."

"You are bought with a great price. Glorify God, therefore, and bear Him in your body."—"You are bought with a great price; do not, then, become slaves of men."

Lesson 6: "The soldier opened His side, and laid bare the wall of the Holy Temple. And there I have found an excellent treasure, and glittering riches have awaited me there. And so, in fact, did it happen to the Lamb. The Jews slew a Lamb, and I have known the efficacy of that Lamb. From His side, blood and water. Do not, my hearer,—do not, I pray you, pass away lightly from the secrets of so great a mystery. For that mystical saying, with all it implies, haunts me. I have said that water and blood are the symbol of baptism and the divine mysteries. From these, moreover, does the Church date its commencement—through the laver of baptism and the Holy Ghost;—by baptism, I say, and the mysteries which were seen flowing from His side. Because as from the side of Adam was his wife Eve brought forth, so out of His own sacred side did Christ build the Church. This same thing had St. Paul in view when he testified: For we are flesh of His flesh and bone of His bones,—meaning thereby of His sacred side. For as God made a woman come forth from Adam's side, so did Christ give forth from His side water and blood, in which the Church was conceived."

"God doth commend His charity in us; because when as yet we were sinners Christ, according to the time, died for us."—"Much more now, that we are justified in Him, shall we be saved by Him from the wrath [to come]."

Third nocturn: "And Jesus, therefore, went forth wearing the crown of thorns; and [Pilate] saith to them: Behold the Man! And, bearing His own cross, He went forth to that place which is called Calvary; and they crucified Him there. When they saw that He was already dead, they did not break His feet; but a soldier opened His side with a lance, and immediately there came forth blood and water."

"Christ loved us well."—"And washed us from our sins in His own blood."

The Church takes the Gospel and reads from St. John: "At that time, when Jesus had tasted the vinegar, He said: It is consummated; and, bowing His head, He gave up the ghost." She then calls upon that wonderful scholar, the great Bishop of Hippo, St. Augustine, to speak on the sacred text:

Lesson 7: "This is an especial word that the Evangelist makes use of. He does not say that the Lord's side was struck or wounded, or anything but *opened;* to wit, that a door was there opened whence the sacraments of life have flowed, without which there is no entrance into that life which is the true life. That blood which flowed, flowed for the remission of sins. That water moderates the cup of salvation; for it is both bath and drink.* Noah foretold this by making a door in the side of the Ark, as God had commanded him; for through this door all the living things were to enter that were not to perish in the flood. And by these living things, the members of the Church are typified.

"Because of this, a woman was made out of the side of man while asleep; and

* The cup of salvation, which every Christian has to drink after the example of Our Lord in the Garden, and here spoken of, is taken from that saying of our Blessed Saviour to the sons of Zebedee: Can ye drink of the cup whereof I am to drink? Baptism, St. Augustine says, moderates the bitterness of that cup,—moderating weariness and thirst.

she was called life and the mother of the living. It foretold a great good, even before the occurrence of the great evil. This second Adam, bowing His head, slept on the cross, that a spouse might be formed to Him from Himself; and she came forth from His side while He slept. O wonderful Death, by which they who are dead are made alive again!"

"This is He who cometh by water and blood; not in water alone, but in water and blood."—"In that day *a fountain* shall lie open to the house of David, for the cleansing of the sinner."

Lesson 8: "For men were held captive by the devil, and served as slaves under demons; but they have been redeemed. They could indeed sell themselves, but they could not repurchase themselves. The Redeemer, however, came up and paid the price. He poured out His blood and bought in the whole world. You ask, What has He bought? Look to the price, and then recognize what is bought. The blood of Christ is the price. What is its value? What but the whole world? what but all nations? And very unworthy are they of the price who [in their own estimation] are so great as to say either that it was fit only to purchase African Negroes, or that only they themselves were worthy of it and only to them was it given. But let them not exult or grow proud. He shed every drop of His blood, and shed it for all."

"God predestinated us to the adoption of sons through Jesus Christ."—"In whom we have redemption through His blood."—"And remission of our sins through the riches of His grace, which hath superabounded in us."

At Lauds: "Who are these that are clothed in white stoles, and whence have they come? These are they who have come out of great tribulation and have washed their stoles in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before His throne, and they serve Him night and day. And they overcame the dragon because of the blood of the Lamb and because of the testament of His word. Blessed are they that wash their stoles in the blood of the Lamb!"

"Justified in the blood of Christ."—"We shall be saved through Him from the wrath to come."

Antiphon: "The blood of the lamb shall be a sign to you, saith the Lord; and I will pass over, and the destroying plague shall not be among you."

It will repay observation to note how the Church repeats the same responses over and over again. She does so for the purpose of thanking God and of fixing the doctrine in our minds.

"Thou hast redeemed us, O Lord, in Thy Blood!"—"From every tribe and tongue and people and nation."—"The blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God."—"Cleanses us from all sin."

"For if the blood of goats and of oxen and the ashes of a heifer, being sprinkled, sanctify such as are defiled to the cleansing of the flesh, how much more shall the blood of Christ, who by the Holy Ghost offered Himself unspotted unto God, cleanse our conscience from dead works to serve the living God?"

"The blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God."—"Cleanses us from all sin."—"Christ loved us exceedingly."—"And washed us in His own blood."

Antiphon: "And Moses, taking the blood of calves and goats, sprinkled the people with water and scarlet wool and hyssop, and sprinkled both the book itself and all the people, saying: This is the blood of the testament, which God hath enjoined unto you."

"Christ loved us exceedingly."—"And washed us in His own blood."—"Justified, therefore, in the blood of Christ."—"We shall be saved through Him from the wrath to come."

Antiphon: "You shall hold this day

in remembrance, and you shall celebrate it as a solemnity before the Lord."

"We beseech Thee, O Lord, save Thy servants."—"Whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy Precious Blood."

Priest: "O almighty and eternal God, who hast constituted Thy Son the Redeemer of the world, and hast willed that Thou Thyself be appeased by His blood, grant, we beseech Thee, that we may with solemn worship so venerate the price of our salvation, and by its virtue be so defended from the evils of this present life on earth, that we may rejoice in its eternal fruition hereafter in heaven."

A Crown of Fire.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

III.

"But am I not the nobler through thy love?"

I SHALL not attempt to describe in detail the events of that golden summer. "All deep joy has something of the awful in it," says a well-known writer; and to me there is a sacredness in such happiness as was mine then. It is a thing to remember with loving reverence, not to write about even with reserve. Looking back upon it now, when tears have been my portion day and night, and bitter sorrow and soul-sickening anxiety have brought the experience which only they can bring, I often wonder how it was possible that I could have been so carelessly, so childishly light-hearted. Viewed in the light of the present, it seems difficult to realize that no voice, no whisper, stole from out the hidden future to tell me what the coming months would bring.

I don't know exactly when I first discovered that Hugh Netherby loved me: I suppose I guessed it intuitively; nevertheless, the fact remained that I did know, and the knowledge changed the whole face of the world for me; though I felt convinced that religion—or, rather, my want of it—rose like a barrier between us and arrested the words he would fain have spoken. How strong, how mysterious, how dominant, I often thought, must be the power of this faith which could hold even love in check! The thought irritated me to a most unreasonable extent, and I felt a sort of reckless longing to force some declaration from his lips.

I had heard him described as "a first-rate soldier, with plenty of courage, coolness, and dash; a strict disciplinarian, but considerate, tender-hearted, and adored by his men." The description was doubtless sufficiently accurate, yet it gave no idea of his singular personal charm—of the strange mixture of gaiety and seriousness that was so strongly-marked a feature of his character, or of his utter freedom from self-consciousness or conceit.

One June morning as I was walking across the glade near the Maiden's Well, I saw Hugh Netherby coming toward me from the opposite direction. He was still some way off, but I could distinctly hear the words of the old-fashioned song he was singing:

"If she love me, this believe:
I will die ere she shall grieve!"

"How can you give expression to such antiquated sentiments!" I exclaimed, in rather a mocking tone, when he was within speaking distance. "Men don't die for women in these enlightened days, and broken hearts went out with ringlets and 'Books of Beauty.'"

"Do you really think that?" he said, earnestly. "Has your modern training been so effectual that you honestly consider constancy and self-devotion things of the past?"

"Why not?" I answered, quite aware how much he disliked a cynical tone, and prompted by some silly spirit of

mischief or contradiction to show myself in the worst possible light. "Why not, Captain Netherby? Surely you can not deny the truth of the statement?"

"I can and I do most emphatically deny it!" he said, with some heat. "It is as false as such statements usually are; and—forgive me!—you know it as well as I do. Hearts break every day, though their owners manage to show a brave front to that world which is ready enough to 'rejoice in their joys,' not 'grieving in their griefs.' People do not often *die*, I grant you: they live on, which is far harder, realizing that life's highest good has gone from them forever."

A thrush, hidden in the green dome above, suddenly poured forth a stream of delicious melody that filled the glade with throbbing sweetness, and seemed to re-echo my companion's words in notes of thrilling pathos; while I listened, little guessing with what a depth of meaning those words would recur to me in the days still to come.

"I don't think I believe much in anything," I remarked, half-regretfully, after a short silence.

"Not even in *love?*" he inquired, in a low, concentrated tone.

"I have no experience," I said calmly, though my heart beat fast. "In point of fact, till I came to Netherby and found a real home with Uncle John and your cousin, I did not even dream what unspeakable happiness affection could give. Care and kindness I had received sometimes; affection and love, never. My German friends had no time for sentiment in their strenuous, intellectual existence. Don't look so sorry for me," I added, moved to an ignominious approach to tears by the expression on his face. "I know I often appear heartless and horrid, and talk in a cold, flippant way; but I can't altogether help it, neither do I deserve much sympathy ejally. Still, when one has always been considered so fortunate, it is a nice change to be pitied."

"Pitied!" he echoed, with sudden passion, as he caught my hands in his. "It is not *pity* that I feel for you, Veronica, but love; and you know it!"

"Yes," I answered, with a feeling of joy so keen that it was strangely akin to pain; "I know it."

"Well," he asked, drawing me toward him and scanning my face with eager scrutiny, "I am waiting to hear what you feel for me."

"I love you, Hugh!" I said; "I love you with my whole heart and soul—if I have one; but—" I paused abruptly, and an indescribable and wholly inexplicable resolution formed itself in my mind. The glade was warm and still; no breath of summer air stirred the leafy shades around us, yet I shivered as though an icy hand had touched me. "I will not marry you!" I cried, hiding my face on his shoulder, with a tearless sob,—"no, I will not marry you till I can believe as you believe; and, O Hugh" (despairingly), "that will never, never be!"

The words seemed wrung from me against my will; his strong, protecting arm held me close; the unspeakable gift of his love was mine. Why, oh, why must I cast it from me! Why must I refuse the priceless happiness already within my grasp! Why, oh, why must my own hand be the one to shut the golden gates of joy and leave me in the darkness for evermore!

Did some supernatural force or some undeserved grace, won for me from Her near whose image I had stood but a few minutes before, impel me to a decision the cost of which only myself can know? I do not pretend to say; nor shall I even attempt to account for an impulse so entirely at variance with my feelings, so diametrically opposed to

the usual temper of my mind and heart.

"If you love me," he began, "why make painful conditions—"

"*If!* There is no if!" I interrupted, reproachfully. "O Hugh, surely you do not need to be assured of that! It is just because I love you so well that I will not do you such a grievous wrong. I am aware" (sadly) "that I have no faith, but at least I possess a conscience."

"My dearest, don't distress yourself so much. Believe me, Veronica, I would not try to coerce you. I would respect your convictions, as I feel sure you would respect mine."

"It is not that!" I said. "Indeed you are quite wrong if you imagine that my convictions keep us apart. I have none, as I told Uncle John long ago. No, Hugh: you are more to me than anything in the whole world; in truth, you are my world, my religion, my all. Life without you means desolation unutterable,—a drearier prospect even than death, which to me is simply another name for annihilation. Ah!"—seeing the look on his face—"don't try to persuade me; don't make it harder for me: I must keep my resolution. I know how sacred your faith is to you—how high and holy are your beliefs; and when you saw me with no religion in my heart or in my life you would either be miserable or you would grow to love me less; and that would kill me. I can bear to refuse your love, but not to see it change and die. Therefore you must accept my decision."

"No!" he cried, tenderly, yet with unflinching determination. "You are mine in heart, and God grant a day may come when you will be one with me in faith! Till then—I can wait."

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The year rolled on. September came, and its opening weeks were hot and cloudless as midsummer; but when the month waned, with the whistling of the storm winds and the whirling autumn leaves arose the first whisper of that ominous murmur which was soon to break into the hurricane of war.

From the very beginning Hugh was wild to go to the front, and his desire was gratified almost before we had time to realize what that going meant. The hurried preparations, the few short days passed at Netherby, the journey to Southampton—for we all went "to see the last of him," as he put it,—seemed to pass like a ghastly dream.

The morning before he left Netherby Hugh asked me to walk with him to the Maiden's Well; and as we trod the familiar path, strewn now with gold and crimson leaves and fallen pine needles, he again asked me to reconsider my decision.

"I am going away," he said; "and it is probable that I shall be gone for months; it is perhaps equally, if not even more, probable that I shall never return. Won't you at least give me the satisfaction of knowing that we are pledged to each other—that if I do come back you will marry me?"

"O Hugh, don't ask me!" I said; "don't tempt me to act against my better judgment. Can't you see" (desperately) "that it would be only too easy for me to do what you ask? I have no set form of belief; the Catholic faith appeals to me far more deeply than any other; but could I—dare I—profess it simply because of my love for you? No: sceptic as I am, I dare not; though how bitter it is to me to refuse you even *you* can never guess."

"Never mind: we won't say anything more about it," he answered.

"But you are not angry with me, Hugh?" I pleaded. "O my dearest, you know I love you!"

"Of course I know it, you over-scrupulous child! In fact, if you loved me a little less I might be more likely

to get what I ask. As it is, the very force of your feelings takes away your power of reasoning calmly; otherwise, I believe that at heart you are almost persuaded."

I shook my head. "I wish I were!" I replied, sadly; "I wish I were!"

At that moment we reached the glade, and Hugh made a movement as though he would leave me.

"Don't wait, Veronica," he observed. "I shall not be many minutes; and if you will walk slowly home, I can catch up with you directly."

"I would rather come with you, if I may," I said quickly.

He looked pleased, and we went up to the well. He knelt down on the mossy ground before the statue of Our Lady. I followed his example, with a choking sensation in my throat and a mist before my eyes that blotted out the dear face and form so near me. It was very touching to see the young soldier kneeling bareheaded on the spot where he had knelt so often since childhood, but where, alas! he might never kneel again; and I guessed instinctively that he was praying for grace and strength to do his duty to his country and to his God.

Unconsciously, I glanced up at the sweet, pure face of the Virgin Mother. "A woman, with a woman's sorrows and a woman's heart," I said to myself. "It is a pity I am not a Catholic; I might find consolation in the thought."

Then Hugh rose to his feet, and we made our way back to the Hall almost in silence.

(Conclusion next week.)

An Epitaph.

HERE lies at rest one whom my heart called friend,—
Gentle and kind and faithful to the end;
True as the stars through weal and woe to me.
"That was a friend indeed!"—"A dog was he!"

Out of the Crucible.

BY FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

The Best Year.

YET a few turns of the hand on the dial, and it will have ended—this year, which I have passed almost wholly in suffering, in which I have seen Death face to face, and at whose close I find myself in a state of physical infirmity that announces the definite arrival of old age. Behind the cold panes of my window, where the white arabesques traced by the icy hand of Night are hardly melted, the sad December sky invites one to serious reflection.

What a year it has been! I see myself at Pau last January, then at Mandres in the month of June. Twice have I been stretched out on the operating-table, surrounded by practitioners in white aprons, whose faces suddenly became serious. I breathed the nauseating odor of the chloroformed sponge; and I heard in my head, before becoming unconscious, a sound of distant hammering. Twice was I brought home to my Parisian house, a lifeless heap, shaken by the jolting of the train, and tossed on the straps of the ambulance. How long did I remain on my back in painful immobility? A third of this accursed year. Oh, the persistent stench of the antiseptics! Oh, the interminable nights of insomnia or of nightmare! One hideous hour, above all others, rises before my mind.

Through the open window of my chamber of torture there penetrates the heavy, clammy, oppressive heat of a morning in the dogdays. I was feverish throughout the night; I am now exhausted. I have arrived at that degree of fatigue and prostration in which one renounces everything and is willing to die. My old sister is there,

looking at me and making a heart-breaking effort to smile. I can see her fingers tremble a little on the foot of my iron bedstead. And seated at the head is another woman, who leans over the hand I have abandoned to her, and presses to it her burning lips, swollen from crying.

Oh, I can not recall that moment without shuddering! For it was, during all my long illness, the one in which I was most miserable. We must resign ourselves to physical pain; we call after death, we desire it when tortured. But the thought that in suffering we pain others whom we love and who love us, and that in disappearing we are filling them with despair, is an intolerable anguish. I know well the two hearts that bled that day beside my bed of suffering, and I am sure of them; and, thinking myself lost at the time, I questioned myself with tears what was to become of them,—those two loving hearts that beat only for me. In spite of my weakness, I tried to find for these two poor women some gentle words that would accustom them somewhat to the idea of losing me: telling them that, after all, if I died, it was not my fault, and begging their pardon.

Yes, 1897 was a very cruel year to me. I wonder if it has not been the worst of my whole life? Not so, O my God! It has been the best. For one of Thy priests came; he showed me the cross, he reminded me of Thy sublime teachings: that sorrow is unavoidable; that if we are obliged, with all the means in our power, to soothe it in others, we must accept it without a murmur for ourselves. Since that time, fortified by Thy grace and example, I have borne my trouble not only with courage, but with—I can not tell how much—secret satisfaction; remembering that I have been what is termed a happy man; that I have enjoyed more and suffered less than many others, finding it just that the equilibrium was at last established; and, when all immediate danger was past, thanking Thee for according me this respite, but resigned beforehand to all the ills that are reserved to me; happy no longer to offer in my person a proof of nature's injustice and of the unequal division of things in this world; and, finally, nourishing the hope of dying only after having had my share of unhappiness.

These are sentiments that will no doubt induce many of my contemporaries to shrug their shoulders. I hear only voices that clamor for happiness. From all sides this cry reaches me: "Life! We ask for every one the right to live an entire life. We ask for the whole of life, with all its enjoyments and happiness; the full and complete bloom of each individual," and so forth.

Far, far from me be the thought of discouraging those who wish to render the conditions of life more tolerable for all, and dream of diminishing, if not improving, misery and ignorance! But can one in good faith pronounce the word which seems an irony to any one who is no more a child—"the joy of living"? Where can we find it? In the senses? But each voluptuous act, immediately punished by the sadness of satisfied flesh, is a step toward our destruction. In intelligence? But science is also deceptive, and can be compared to an insuperable chain of mountains, where the traveller from the summit of each peak, attained at such cost, sees deeper abysses yawning at his feet, more inaccessible heights towering above him.

In life—hard for many, ordinary for most, sprinkled for the few privileged ones with some sunny days—there is really but one happiness and one joy: to love. But such is the infirmity of our nature that we only love, that we only make to others the gift of ourselves,

with the desire of reciprocity. Now, nothing is rarer than a perfectly shared sentiment; and he who loves devotedly, who is ready to sacrifice himself, finds often but indifference, even ingratitude and treason; which proves that the sentiment that inspires in us our best hopes, in return is also in general the source of our saddest deceptions and most bitter sorrows.

What can be done? Here again, as in suffering, Christianity has found the solution. Certainly it orders us to love; nay, it is the greatest school of fraternity that the world ever knew; for it desires us to love our neighbor as ourselves. You understand well—*as ourselves*. But it wishes us to love without exacting a return, with an entire disinterestedness; in short, as the people say in their simple and deep language, that we must love for love of God.

To know how to suffer, to know how to love! That is the precious secret I discovered in the Gospel during my illness; and that is why in this December watch, in bidding farewell to the dying year which leaves me still more feeble and condemns me to the painful necessity of caring for myself, I loudly proclaim that, more than any other year of my life, this one has been propitious and beneficent to me.

Oh, if only the unhappy knew how to suffer better, and the happy how to love better, what a dawn of peace and goodness would rise over the world! Even those who do not believe in miracles must surely desire this one. But can it be hoped for? Can we rely on various favorable omens? Can we rely, for instance, on that religious breath that blows through the recent works of some writers, and that I can trace even in the scattered leaves of the press? Or on the evident disquietude of God's enemies, who seem at the present hour frightened by the consequences of their harmful work? Ah, may the Sower of the parable come, and may He scatter by handfuls the seed of resignation and Christian solidarity on modern society, so lugubrious and fallen, where we see on the heights so much corruption and hardness of heart, and below so much revolt and despair!

How glorious and noble a work it would be for a young poet to manifest himself as a new Chateaubriand, as the forerunner of a regeneration of faith! I can but express that wish,—I, a poor man on the decline, who embraces the cross as a drowning man clings to the wreck. I contemplate with sadness my soul in shreds, being ashamed to offer so miserable a gift to God. But I seek courage in the thought that His mercy is similar to the ingenious charity of His admirable servants, the Little Sisters of the Poor, who, with a few rags and the refuse of kitchens, dress and feed indigent old age.

Therefore, may the year that is dying out be blessed; for it has been for me a year of trial, a year of grace, in which I have been able to repair the ruins of my heart; in which I have relighted, in the vase made of fragments, the grain of incense and of prayer!

DECEMBER 30, 1897.

(To be continued.)

Do not neglect the society of old men. Their memories are stored with many facts, which make them repositories well worth examining. Old men resemble old books, which contain excellent matter, though badly bound, dim and dusty.

—*Pope Clement XIV.*

THE ideal of true piety, which is independent of the world and of men's opinions, is found in the person who is thoroughly possessed with the sense of his duty to God and has no affectation or pretension.—*Percy Fitzgerald.*

Standards and Banners.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

TWO miles away from where these words are written there is a torn and faded flag. On it is the record of the battles in which it gained its honorable defacement and the embroidered emblems of Ireland. To tell the story of that green banner would be to give the history of the Great Rebellion; that, of course, can not be done here. I mention it only because it set my vagrant thoughts wandering one still summer day; and there passed before them in review an endless procession of national banners, bedight with emblems various and strange, — some preserved intact; others mutilated with sword-thrusts, drenched with blood, pierced by bullets, torn by storms, blackened by smoke and powder; of every shape and size and color; many wearing the insignia of royalty, some the tokens of heathenism, others the symbols of the Christian faith.

"Terrible as an army with banners." The standard typifies to the soldier the cause for which he fights. It has ever been the "army with banners" that has conquered; and death while risking one's life in defence of the carven image or silken folds borne above the head of the color-bearer, has always inspired the poet's heart and the singer's song.

Holy Scripture is full of allusions to banners; and the fainting standard-bearer is used as a symbol of the haughty king upon whom the Lord God was to visit defeat.

The Assyrians had two principal standards, usually bass-reliefs carried at the end of long staffs, and gaily ornamented with tassels and streamers. One represented an archer standing upon the back of a bull; on the other, bulls were running in opposite directions.

The Egyptians looked upon their standards with great reverence; some writers declare that as the Egyptians were the first to have organized military forces, so they were the first to employ emblems to carry in advance of them. In these there was positively no limit as to vanity. Every imaginable device seems to have been pressed into service— geometrical figures, beasts, birds, and crawling things.

The Persians were accustomed to use a golden eagle; also the sun, as well befitted fire-worshipers.

The ancient Greeks frequently placed a piece of armor on the point of a spear and used it for a rallying standard; afterward the olive or the owl or the image of a favorite god was promoted to the position.

Each section of Roman troops had its own standard,—often the image of a warlike deity, such as Mars; or perhaps that of an emperor. They used many other symbols, which they changed as caprice raised or cast down a new favorite. In the animal world the eagle was chief, the dragon next in importance. The hand raised upright has ever been a choice symbol. The Romans used it on their standards, as did also the ancient Mexicans. The Persians employ it to this day, and it is often found on the coat-of-arms of the Irish gentry. You may call to mind the Bloody Hand of Ulster.

The English inherited the dragon from their Roman conquerors. It was the especial mark of royalty, and when thus employed was always depicted with the most gorgeous accessories. Even the ensigns who bore the royal standard emblazoned with its golden dragon, themselves wore golden collars. In another form it is still used by the Chinese.

The ancient Mexicans were fond of depicting the swan, as we see from the

standards around which they rallied.

So far I have been speaking of fixed emblems, usually extended on poles. It was not until the time of the Crusades that the waving flag came into general use. At that time, too, the laws of heraldry began to be formulated.

The introduction of the flag into England was of religious origin. St. Augustine and his followers, when they went to that far-off island to carry the Cross to the fair-haired Angles, bore little waving flags, each one embellished with the symbol of their faith. The fierce Danes, when they invaded the same country, marched behind great banners upon which the figures of ravens were embroidered. The English had good cause to dislike that ebony bird.

We know from the Bayeux tapestry what sort of standards were borne by the conquering hosts of William the Norman. These were small, usually three-pointed, and bore various devices, the meaning of many of them being unknown. The sails of William's war-ships bore the two lions of Normandy; but the banner at his own masthead carried the Cross, and was sanctified with the Pope's blessing. In 1138 there was fought the Battle of the Standards, when the English rallied around a pyx containing the Sacred Host, which was surrounded by three banners, dedicated respectively to St. Peter, St. John of Beverly, and St. Wilfrid of Ripon. In the wars with Scotland the English bore a white banner.

Regarding the incidents and preferences which led nations to choose varying emblems, volumes might be written. In that choice the eagle has always had and held the place of honor, to which its own fearless nature entitles it. To-day it ornaments the standards of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, as well as our own country. It was an episode in Aztec history which caused the Mexicans to place it upon their flag in company with the cactus. The eagle upon the modern French regimental standard is made of pure gold.

It is, however, the *fleur-de-lis* which comes to mind when we speak of the flag of France; for, while her standard has had many changes, the "eldest daughter of the Church" has ever had as her defenders those who have borne aloft the white banner with the sacred golden lilies, Our Lady's own flower.

Notes and Remarks.

In a luminous paper on "The Conservative Genius of the Church," read at the annual conference of the Catholic Truth Society, Mr. Wilfrid Ward remarked that the identification of Conservatism with the rejection of what is extraneous and new in form is to identify it with a principle of decay. "True Conservatism involves constructive activity as well as resistance to destructive activity. Periodical reform and reconstruction belong to its very essence." Nothing could be happier than the way in which the speaker defined the difference between true and false Conservatism, and the attitude of the Church toward systems which advocate uncompromising resistance to innovation, and systems which combine new truth amid old error. We must quote this passage in full:

> There are two classes of enemies to the true Conservatism which would preserve for present use an ancient building—those who would pull it down, and those who would leave it untouched, without repairs, without the conditions which render it habitable in the present, superstitiously fearing that to alter it *in any respect* is to violate what is venerable and sacred. Had Napoleon bombarded Venice when he took it a hundred years ago, and destroyed the Palace of the Doges, he would have ruined a noble, ancient building. But had the Municipality last year failed to note the undermining effect of the gradual action of the water in the canal, and omitted to take active steps for its repair and preservation, they,

too, would have been destroyers. Their passivity and false Conservatism would have been as ruinous to the ancient fabric as the activity and aggressiveness of the most reckless bombardment.

And so the Church, with a true and not a false Conservatism, has in the past resisted both classes of foes. The aggressive movements of the times she has opposed. To yield to them would have been to identify herself with partly false, partly one-sided and aggravated phases of thought, and lose her own authority and her own individual character. But each movement witnessed to a real advance of human thought, new truth amid new error, and to fresh developments of human activity. It supplied *material* for repairs and reconstruction within the Church, although it was unacceptable as a whole. "The sects," says Cardinal Newman, "contained elements of truth amid their error." Had the Church been content with a false Conservatism—the Conservatism of mere resistance to innovation—and then remained passive, having escaped the dangers of aggression, she would have succumbed to the danger of decay. She alternated instead, not between resistance and passivity, but between resistance and the most active process of adaptation and assimilation. The new phases of thought which the various philosophical and religious movements represented, the incidental truths they brought to light, had all to be taken account of and utilized. New conditions had to be met, new secular truths assimilated. New methods, which were entering into the very life of the age, had to be introduced into the Church.

The difference between the two processes is, as Cardinal Newman has pointed out, that the first process—resistance—is the work of authority, of Rome itself; the second—assimilation—is the work of individuals; authority only tolerating and not necessarily helping it, until it is so far tested that authority can more or less ratify what individuals have initiated.

The magnificent protest of Mr. Fitzgerald, of Massachusetts, against the attitude adopted by the government toward Catholic institutions was no surprise to American Catholics. They have learned to regard Mr. Fitzgerald as a man with Catholic convictions and Catholic courage in expressing them. Our government, as the eloquent representative from Massachusetts reminded the House, sets down every school, hospital, and asylum under Catholic auspices as "sectarian institutions"; while frankly Protestant institutions, whose chaplains are ministers, whose managers are proselytizers, and whose inmates are required to attend Protestant services, are, according to government logic, "non-sectarian." These institutions, therefore, receive financial aid from the State, while the Sisters are forced out upon the streets to beg. According to government zoölogy, Catholics are beasts of burden and non-Catholics are beasts of prey. The remedy for this unjust and un-American state of things is to be found in O'Connell's advice to the Irish people: "Agitate! agitate!" And the application of the remedy rests with Catholic Congressmen, bishops, priests, lecturers, writers, and organized societies.

Mr. Fitzgerald deserves the enthusiastic gratitude of his co-religionists for setting them so stirring an example; and the graduates of our Catholic colleges would do well to imitate him rather than the spiritless "leaders" who seem to enjoy ill usage. If we had our way, we would disfranchise, as unworthy of American suffrage, every man who tamely accepts such un-American conditions.

The Star of Hope is the name of a biweekly newspaper edited and published by the convicts of Sing Sing prison, New York; though inmates of other prisons contribute to its columns. One of the late issues contains an article written by "Number 24,107, of Auburn Prison," which forces on us the reflection that there are not half enough newspaper men in jail. Among the influences that produce criminals, according to this prisoner, is the criminal information disseminated by the daily press. "A man becomes a criminal in mind and heart through the process of the (perhaps unconscious) absorption of criminal ideas and methods depicted in the glaring, detailed descriptions of crime which fill the columns of nearly every newspaper in the land." Sensational novels, with

the stories of daring and adventure in which youth delights, are also set down as incentives to a criminal life. Number 24,107 asserts, too, that the yellow literature which the criminal has read makes his reformation during imprisonment doubly difficult. This is true, he says, of one-half the prison population, who come out of the jail more degraded than when they entered.

The words of this convict-philosopher may possibly have weight with some parents who seem to be deaf to the warnings of priests and prelates. After evil company, there is hardly any influence in the world so harmful as a certain kind of newspaper and novel.

The daily press announces that the streets of Peking are deluged with Christian blood, and that 5000 native Catholics were put to death last week in a single day. The mutual jealousies and the land-grabbing proclivities of the Christian powers have hitherto deprived these converts of the protection they had a right to expect. The conversion of China, it would seem, has been set back a whole century, unless the old principle, so often vindicated, should again prove true, that the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians. To Americans, especially, the lamentable condition of our Chinese brethren in the faith must be humiliating. Think of missionaries and converts enduring worse than Bulgarian atrocities at the hands of savage pagans in China while our country is waging war on the Catholic Filipinos!

The Rev. Mr. Noble, pastor of the Congregationalist church at Neponset, Massachusetts, well deserves his good name. The local priest, Father Murphy, had invited all the Protestant clergymen of the town to attend a mission to non-Catholics in his church. The ministers announced the mission on the following Sunday, and they and their flocks were present at every sermon. At the close of the mission, Justin D. Fulton, of unsavory fame, put in an appearance in the town and besought the ministers severally for permission to deliver an anti-Catholic lecture in their churches. The request was unanimously refused. Mr. Noble went so far as to serve notice on his church committee that if they permitted Fulton to speak from the pulpit of the Congregationalist church, he himself would never enter it again. The bigoted lecture was not delivered.

The death of Mrs. Gladstone recalls the fact that the great English statesman attributed much of his success to this good woman. Mr. T. P. O'Connor relates that just after their marriage Mr. Gladstone, who was even then the possessor of important state and party secrets, said to his wife: "Shall I tell you nothing and leave you free to say everything, or shall I tell you everything and leave you free to say nothing?" Whoever looks hard at this proposal will see that it would be a painful one for most women to decide about. Mrs. Gladstone chose the latter horn of the dilemma, and faithfully acted her part in the agreement.

It is to be regretted that of all the sects the peace-loving and inoffensive Quaker seems to be the first destined to total extinction. The report offered at the yearly meeting in Philadelphia showed an astonishing falling off in membership, and our English exchanges inform us that speedy disintegration threatens the Quakers of Great Britain. The drab respectability of Philadelphia has been among the favorite themes of our dry-as-dust humorists; but when

the broad-brimmed hat and the poke-bonnet disappear from our streets they will be sadly missed by many. Of all the sects the Quakers and Shakers came nearest to the spirit of Christ; and were it not that the disintegration of the human faiths is preparing the way for the universal reign of the True Church, we should be disposed to lament the extinction of these gentle people.

Although the Boxers have been very much in evidence of late, next to nothing is known about their origin or organization, or the objects for which the society exists. It is said to number as many as four million members, scattered over the world. A writer in the London *Daily Chronicle* declares that the Boxers are really a branch of the Freemasons, being known to the European population of Canton, Shanghai, and Peking as the Great Triad Society. It is governed by five Grand Masters, who unite in controlling the actions of the members.

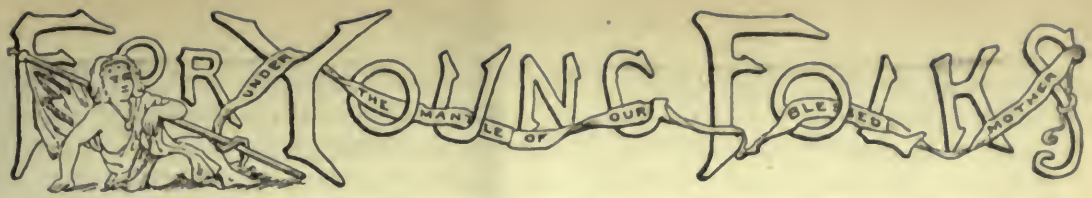
So far as Catholics are concerned, the last chapter in the career of the adventurer Vilatte has been written. It is in the form of a solemn decree of excommunication issued by the Inquisition, the immediate occasion being his "consecration" of an Italian ex-priest. The Catholic journalists who recently exploited Vilatte's "conversion," and who ought to have known his unsavory record as a lightning-change artist in religious vaudeville, have a new occasion for humiliation. It is to be hoped they will profit by the experience.

An article by the Rev. Mr. Shinn in one of the current magazines, entitled "What has become of Hell?" is interesting as showing how far even conservative sectarians and "orthodox" preachers have strayed from the doctrine of eternal punishment. Hell certainly exists, according to Mr. Shinn, but it will not endure endlessly; in other words, hell is the old Catholic purgatory. It is intended to punish those who, whatever their faith or unfaith, were deficient in good works. Here is a curious and striking illustration of the variations of the sects. Protestantism began by resting man's salvation altogether on faith, regardless of works; now it rests it entirely on works and ignores faith. Again, Protestantism began by accepting hell and rejecting purgatory; now it accepts purgatory and rejects hell.

We regret to chronicle the death of Mother Magdalen Taylor, founder and first Superior-General of the Poor Servants of the Mother of God. She was a convert to the faith and an intimate friend of Lady Georgiana Fullerton, who was her best support in the great work to which the latter years of her life were devoted. Mother Taylor wrote numerous excellent books, and, as "The Author of Tyborne," was well-known to the readers of THE AVE MARIA. May she rest in peace!

The conversion was announced last year of two distinguished professors of the Imperial University, Tokio—Prof. Basil Hall Chamberlain, the well-known English Orientalist; and the Japanese Prof. Kagai, professor of chemistry. To these must now be added the professor of Greek and philosophy, who is a Russian.

There is consolation for the damage done to our missions in China in the official announcement that religious liberty has been decreed in Thibet. "The Lamas themselves have annulled the former edicts of proscription and death," writes the Vicar-Apostolic of the "Forbidden Land."



Myles' Mischief.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

X.—Imprisoned.

So distinct was the lapping of the waves outside that at first the wretched boys began to fear the vessel was indeed moving, but a little further reflection somewhat calmed this wild alarm. Ben pointed out that the motion was not any greater than it had been; that, moreover, they must have heard the creaking of machinery. As they stood confronting each other, each seeing in the paleness of the other's face his own fears reflected, and both tormented by a hundred fearful imaginings, the sound which they had previously heard became harsher and louder till it was almost a scream. Myles involuntarily drew nearer to his companion. He had never been a coward; but his nerves were all unstrung, and, for the first time in his life perhaps, he could realize how his sister Katie felt when the room was dark.

Ben was startled, too; but, recovering first, pointed to the wall, where on a great perch stood a huge bird of the most gorgeous coloring that could be imagined. It seemed as if it had been made to match the room. Its eye was red and angry as it regarded the boys, and it was evident that its fierce screaming was directed against them.

Myles drew back involuntarily; for he fancied that the bird was about to descend from its perch, which seemed to be of silver, and to tear them with its claws and beak. But Ben's quick eye discovered that the bird was attached by a fine gilt chain, apparently also of precious metal, from which it was impossible for it to break free; so that the companions in misfortune had only to keep out of its range to be safe, in so far as the bird was concerned.

Even in the stupefaction which had fallen upon them, the boys could not help observing this remarkable bird. They had never before seen one like it. The colors of which it was composed were fairly dazzling. Its head, neck and breast, as well as shanks, were of vivid scarlet. The lower part of its body and the wings were of light blue, delicately blended with green and yellow, each feather being tipped with black.

Finding that it could not reach the intruders, the bird sat down angrily on its perch, shifting from claw to claw, and ruffling its feathers as it regarded them. From time to time it emitted an ear-splitting screech, or the dull, harsh sound which had at first attracted the boys' attention. Then, turning its head sideways and fixing a look of angry inquiry upon Myles, it put what seemed to be a question to the lad, jerking out each word as if from a popgun. Alas! its speech was foreign and could not be understood. So majestic a creature would not condescend to the miserable jargon which "that hateful Turk," as Ben and Myles now called him, mistook for English.

Still, the strange bird's movements and gestures were very funny, and at another time the friends would have enjoyed it amazingly. But now they had no heart for anything. They stood together in the middle of the room; then, growing weary, they sank down

upon a gorgeous couch covered with curious arabesques, and sat side by side, in utter desolation of spirit. This movement on their part elicited an angry scream from the bird, as if it wanted to know by what right they dared to sit upon that silken chair.

"I guess that horrid captain's left it here to watch us," said Myles, faintly.

Ben did not dispute the suggestion, though he thought it unlikely.

The two could not tell whether or no it was growing dark, so obscured was the cabin by its heavy draperies. But the time seemed so very long that they fancied it must be night.

"Ben, have you got your beads with you?" asked Myles, at length.

Ben answered that he had.

"Let's say them," suggested Myles. "Perhaps they're just beginning them at De La Salle."

"You make a start," said Ben, with something of a boy's shyness about praying aloud.

Myles began, but his voice was so low and tremulous as to be barely audible. The parrot seemed somewhat puzzled by this new movement, as it saw the boys kneel down, side by side, upon the floor. It observed them closely, arising and walking majestically as far as its chain would permit. Indeed, it seemed to be pouring out upon them a very stream of abuse, which at another time would have sent the boys, especially Myles, into fits of laughter. But now they did not laugh at all; and Myles even remembered remorsefully how he had tickled Beezy McMahon's ear with a straw once during prayers; and had another time stuck a pin into Cry-Baby Jones, which caused him to scream and the whole class to laugh. These things came back upon him now, as certain actions of life have a tendency to do at the most inconvenient of times; and, of course, Myles exaggerated their importance. He felt at that moment that prayer is not a motion of the lips nor a saying of a certain number of words; but it is the asking, from the depth of the heart, some favor from an all-wise, all-powerful God, who has the power to grant it, and who holds each human life and destiny in the hollow of His hand.

Myles felt as if he had never prayed properly before, though this was not really the case; for he usually tried to prepare himself for his monthly Communion, and to make his thanksgiving after as well as he could. Apart from his well-known love of mischief, he was in reality a good, honest, sincere little fellow; thoughtless at times, but never deliberately wicked.

The bird continued to abuse them, and it certainly seemed as if it were using very bad language; but, then, it did not harm the two lads, since they were none the wiser. As they rose to their feet Myles accidentally placed his hand upon a snuff-box of silver, crusted over with jewels. He knew nothing of its value, and did not in the least covet the bauble. But, to his amazement, the parrot, after an angry scream, pronounced clearly and distinctly in English the words:

"You rogue! Aha, you rogue!"

Myles, trembling all over, withdrew his hand quickly; while the bird, not yet appeased, puffed out its feathers till it was nearly double its original size, repeating over and over, in tones which became each time more guttural:

"You rogue! Aha, you rogue!"

"I told you he was put here to watch us!" whispered Myles, dismally. "Ben, do you think he's an evil spirit?"

"No: he's just a talking bird, a kind of parrot. I've read about them."

Ben's voice sounded somewhat shaky, and it was clear that even his brave spirit was quelled for the moment. They sat silent again; and, the macaw having

likewise subsided, there was only the lapping of the waves, growing louder and more distinct, as it seemed to the listeners; while up from the sea swept an angry blast, hoarse and muttering.

There was a peculiar smell in the air: a something aromatic, as when is opened a sandal-wood box in which precious spices are concealed. It was a perfume from the far East; though these boys, brought up in New York long before the Centennial days, knew very little of such matters, and were only vaguely impressed with the fragrance as one of the accessories of their situation.

Myles thought dolefully:

"Katie will think I've been kidnapped sure and certain this time."

A faint smile crossed his face at the recollection. He began to look above him at the ceiling, upon which were drawn the most grotesque and fantastic of arabesques; and at the tables and cabinets standing about, with inlaid trinkets of various sorts and most probably of great value.

Suddenly Myles began to feel drowsy. Was it that strange odor in the room, or was it merely the long sail in the open air and the subsequent strain upon his emotions? Ben, seeing the drooping eyelids and nodding head of his tired companion, endeavored to rouse him, but in vain. Myles sunk back upon the cushions; while Ben at last, without any consciousness of it on his part, fell into an equally tranquil doze.

How deep the sleep of boyhood that could overtake and enable these lads to slumber happily in all the wildness and strangeness of this mysterious chamber, with their very lives, or at least their liberty, in peril,—tossing up and down with the restless motion of the great vessel as it strained at its anchor, and watched over by the jealous eye of that extraordinary bird!

(To be continued.)

The Story of St. Francis.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

III.

Youth is thoughtless and wealth is blind; but one day, suddenly and surely, it dawned upon the boy Francis that there were poverty and suffering in the world. He had seen deprivation, even misery; it had been to him a matter of course,—something he could not remedy,—something he need not and did not care to remedy. Now he began, with the simple directness that ever marked his life, to give to everyone in need. He had never been cruel and ungracious to the poor, but he had given his alms in a lordly and careless way. From the very moment of his enlightenment, giving began to be with him a holy passion.

Francis was not, however, safe from occasional relapses. One day a beggar went into his shop and extended his hand, saying:

"An alms for the love of God!"

Francis, perhaps being engaged with some trying customer, or worried about a business venture, sent him away with impatient words; but the next moment he ran after him, and, with apologies and money, atoned for his coldness.

"If he had asked for help in the name of some earthly dignitary I would have given it to him," said the humble and repentant Francis. "He asked for it in the name of the Lord of Hosts, and I turned him away!"

Then and there he once more resolved never to refuse alms to a beggar. How well he kept that resolution men and angels know.

When he was about twenty war broke out between the rival cities of Assisi and Perugia. We do not know its exact cause: there seems to have been an ancient feud which took on new life at

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this time. The causes of these frequent conflicts can hardly be understood by those who live in a day so far removed from the strange features of feudalism. But, at all events, the gay young cloth merchant, with the devotion to his native city which was at that time so high a patriotism, hurried to her defence. There was a fierce battle, and Perugia was victor. The conquered ones were thrust into prison, and there we find our boy, the gallant "flower of Assisi."

A question at once arose. The young Bernadone had fought with the nobles, but he was not a noble. Where should he be housed? Some one looked up an old law which said that a burgess who lived as a knight should be, at such a time, treated as a knight. So they put him with the lords, and for a whole year his bright spirit made sunshine in the shady places of the Perugian prison. No walls, however gloomy—and those of the prisons of the Middle Ages were dismal beyond telling,—could stifle the gaiety of his happy heart. He made the dungeon an abode of light; and not only kept up the spirits of his fellow-captives, but induced them to forgive one of their number who had offended them by his treachery and insolence.

One day the prisoners admitted to Francis that he had surprised them by his demeanor.

"There are still greater surprises in store for you," he answered. "A world shall yet follow me."

Historians have disagreed about the meaning of this remark, which seems so lacking in humility. Did he refer to the words of the mysterious stranger on the day of his baptism, or did the fires of a hopeful ambition still burn in that young breast? It seems most natural to believe that he spoke in a simple spirit of prophecy, with the directness which, as boy, man or saint, he never lost.

When peace was declared, and he was again free, he returned and took up the old life; and for three years more was the joyful troubadour, the free-handed and large-hearted leader in all the pleasures of Assisi. Let us look back through the centuries at this "flower of youth,"—the *débonnaire jouvencel*, as the old French historians called him. It will be a last glimpse; for the end of the careless, thoughtless days was coming, and the new life was near.

Francis was, we are told by those who knew him, graceful and slender, and below the usual height of men. His face was fair, like a child's, and his features regular. His dress was always of the richest stuffs and most gorgeous hues, but chosen with the fine sense of the beautiful that was his in so marked a degree. The body that was soon to know no garb but sad-hued serge of coarsest texture was clad in the purple and fine linen of a prince. All who describe him say that his voice was like music. That we should have guessed: we can fancy a plain-featured saint, but not a harsh-voiced one.

(To be continued.)

Freak Plants.

In Jamaica there is a plant called the life plant for the reason that it is almost impossible to injure it so that it will not show signs of being alive. If you cut off a leaf and hang it up, it at once sends out little threadlike roots and begins to grow, getting moisture from the air, and putting out new leaves.

In South America there is another strange plant whose flowers can be seen only when the wind is blowing. It is a sort of cactus. When the air is still, the stalk is smooth; but when the breeze starts up, beautiful flowers protrude from it, disappearing when the wind goes down.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Volume fourth of devotional "Leaflets," published in handy and handsome form by M. & S. Eaton, Dublin, is rich in prayers and exercises for various occasions; and must be helpful to those who seek variety among the private devotions approved by the Church.

—St. Philip Neri contended that there is in music and in song a mysterious and a mighty power to stir the heart with high and noble emotion, and an especial fitness to raise it above sense to the love of heavenly things. St. Philip's illustrious son, Cardinal Newman, wrote of music in education: "To my mind, music is an important part of education where boys have a turn for it; it is a great resource when they are thrown on the world; it is a social amusement, perfectly innocent, and, what is so great a point, employs their thoughts."

—If there is one thing more than another that the average editor lothes, detests and abominates, it is the rolled manuscript. It is an unmitigated nuisance to both reader and compositor, if indeed it has the unmerited good fortune to reach the compositor at all. The italicized warning printed on the editorial page of an Eastern magazine, "Rolled MSS. will be burned unopened," expresses the fate which all editors feel like assigning to those rolled pages that *will* curl up, and *will not* submit to be read unless weighted down on the table at the four corners. When will literary aspirants understand that an unfastened and unfolded—above all an unrolled—manuscript stands ten chances of being read and accepted to the rolled manuscript's one?

—We can never have too many books suited to the wants of well-disposed Protestants in search of the truth. In the matter of destroying prejudice, the personal assistance of the priest will probably clear away more cobwebs than the printed word; but instruction penetrates most minds slowly, and is best imparted by books which the inquirer reads as deliberately as his needs demand, and which he may always consult again and again without fear of becoming tiresome. A helpful little book of this sort is "The Church of Christ the Same Forever," by the Rev. D. McErlane, S. J. Its plan is simple and effective. The Bible texts bearing on the calling, mission and powers of the Apostles are collated, and then, in succeeding pages, annotated wherever notes seem to be demanded. The texts referring to St. Peter are next treated in the same way; and by the time the non-Catholic inquirer finishes the little book, he will have been led, imperceptibly but inevitably, up to Papal Infallibility. The rest is easy. We think many priests would find good use for this little book. B. Herder.

—From J. Fischer Brothers we have received a new Mass in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus; the music by John Wiegand, arranged for mixed voices by E. J. Biedermann. The religious spirit which characterizes the score should make this composition a favorite in choirs. It is arranged for four parts, and orchestral parts also may be obtained.

—A slur on poets in general is thus resented by a sweet singer of Scotland who shall be nameless here: "I will tell the gentleman what poetry is. Poetry is the language of the tempest when it roars through the crashing forest. The waves of the ocean tossing their foaming crests under the lash of the hurricane—they, sir, speak in poetry. I myself, sir, have published five volumes of poetry; and the last, in its third edition, can be had for the price of five shillings and sixpence."

—"Alice's Visit to the Hawaiian Islands," a new book by Mary H. Krout, describes the imaginary journey of a little girl who starts with her parents from Chicago, and, after travelling to San Francisco, at last reaches Hawaii. Children, and adults too, may learn much about our new possessions in the South Pacific from this volume. It is pleasantly written, and we are pleased to notice that the author pays generous tribute to the Apostle of Molokai. Her praise of Protestant missionaries to the Hawaiian Islands would probably be qualified if she were better informed. American Book Co.

—Mr. Labouchere once humorously proposed that since newspapers for the most part bring about wars, newspaper men ought to be made to do the fighting and the dying. During the Cuban campaign several journalists received excruciatingly painful wounds, a few died, and many contracted tropical diseases. Since the South African war began, a distinguished journalist, Mr. G. W. Steevens, lost his life while following the army; and recently Miss Mary Kingsley, a famous traveller who excited antipathy in certain quarters by her cordial praise of Catholic as contrasted with sectarian missionaries, also passed away near the seat of war. The *Athenæum* describes her as "one of the brightest and keenest-witted women in England." To this list should be added the

name of an American, Mr. Stephen Crane, who contracted in Cuba the malady of which he died. In some respects this precocious author was the most remarkable of all the younger writers. He had produced five successful books before he reached the age of twenty-eight; and of these the best and most popular, "The Red Badge of Courage," was finished at twenty-two.

—A great many announcements are made by publishers which are never fulfilled. Authors and translators die and leave their task undone; manuscripts are lost or destroyed, publishers fail in business, and so forth. The public soon forget to inquire about the books that were forthcoming and yet never made their appearance. What of that life of Champlain, the founder of Quebec? The world needs the example of Christian heroes like him. One of his sayings affords an index to his character: "Neither the taking of fortresses nor the winning of battles nor the conquest of countries is of any account when compared with the salvation of souls. The conversion of an infidel is worth more than the conquest of a kingdom."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Church of Christ the Same Forever. *Rev. D. McErlane, S. J.* 50 cts , *net.*

Christian Philosophy — God. *Rev. John T. Driscoll, S. T. L.* $1.25, *net.*

St. Jerome. *Father Largent.* $1.

Arden Massiter. *Dr. William Barry.* $1.50.

The Heiress of Cronenstein. *Countess Hahn-Hahn.* $1.25.

The Nursing Sister. $1.25.

Jack Hildreth on the Nile. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.

The Redemption of David Corson. *Charles Frederic Goss.* $1.50.

Holy Mass: A Morning Paradise. *Very Rev. R. O. Kennedy.* 5 cts.

Giovanni Baptista de Rossi. *Very Rev. T. J. Shahan, D. D.* 20 cts.

Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire. *Samuel Dill, M. A.* $2.

Ecclesiastical Dictionary. *Rev. John Thein.* $5, *net.*

The Spirit of the Third Order of St. Francis. *Father Peter Baptist, O. F. M.* $1, *net.*

The Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau. *Mary Frances Drew.* 60 cts., *net.*

St. Francis of Sales. *A. De Margerie.* $1.

A Book of Spiritual Instruction. *Blosius.* 75 cts., *net.*

The People of Our Parish. *Lelia Hardin Bugg.* $1.

A Month's Meditations. *Cardinal Wiseman.* $1.10, *net.*

The Duchess of York's Page. *Mrs. William Maude.* 70 cts., *net.*

Essays, Educational and Historic. *A Member of the Order of Mercy.* $1.25, *net.*

Episodes of Catholic History. $1.

Meditations for Retreats. *St. Francis de Sales.* 75 cts., *net.*

The Acts and Decrees of the Synod of Jerusalem. *J. N. W. B. Robertson.* $1.60.

An Old Family. *Monsignor Seton.* $3.50.

The Catholic Creed; or, What do Catholics Believe? *Very Rev. Father J. Procter, S. T. L.* $1, *net.*

Leaves from St. Augustine. *Mary H. Allies.* $1.35, *net.*

Vespers and Compline. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* $1, *net.*

The Life of Father Haskins. $1.

The Room of the Rose. *Sara Trainer Smith.* $1.25.

Religion and Morality. *Rev. James J. Fox, S. T. D.* $2.

Oxford Conferences. *Raphael M. Moss.* 60 cts., *net.*

Passages in a Wandering Life. *Thomas Arnold.* $3.50.

The Biblical Treasury of the Catechism. *Rev. Thomas E. Cox.* $1.25.

Was Savonarola Really Excommunicated? *Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P.* 75 cts., *net.*

My New Curate. *Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P. P.* $1.50.

The Nerve of Foley, and Other Railroad Stories. *F. H. Spearman.* $1.25.

Opportunity, and Other Essays and Addresses. *Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D.* $1.

The True Story of Master Gerard. *Anna T. Sadlier.* $1.25.

For the French Lilies. *Isabel Nixon Whiteley.* $1.25.

The Perfect Religious. *Monseigneur D'Orleans de la Motte.* $1, *net.*

Souvenir of Loretto Centenary. $2.20.

A Daughter of France. *Lady Martin.* 60 cts.

Michael O'Donnell; or, The Fortunes of a Little Emigrant. *Mary E. Mannix.* 75 cts.

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.
VOL. LI. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 21, 1900. NO. 3.
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Thy Contrite Tears.

DEAR Magdalen, the tears that thou didst shed
Upon the Master's sacred feet,
To-day are falling on my heart
With comfort sweet.
I see the crystal drops, and held therein
Is pledge of pardon for my every sin.
The look of pity from the dear Christ's eyes
Gleams forth from them;
And each, with Love's word all aglow,
Shines out a quivering gem
Of light and love and peace and rest;
For each hath Mercy's foot-wounds pressed.

The French Emigrés in Oxfordshire.

BY FREDERICK GEORGE LEE, D.D.

ABOUT thirteen miles from Oxford stands the ancient, picturesque market-town of Thame. It is mainly composed of a long street of a mile in length, and a few ancient streets here and there at right angles; together with a town-hall, and a varied batch of mansions, houses and shops scattered round the same. In the year 948 it belonged to the diocese of Dorchester, near Wallingford; but in 954 Oskytel, its prelate, had been transferred to York, of which see he became bishop. He died at Thame, and was there buried.

The parish church of our Blessed Lady, originally of a first-pointed style, is large, and at one time owned at least thirteen altars. It is a grand edifice, of prebendal distinction and dignity; and even now is full of interest for the Christian archæologist. Many ancient monuments and personal inscriptions exist; while the mullions and traceries of the windows, the roofs of the edifice, and its screens, images, brasses and ornaments, are curious and excellent. The great rood-screen and its oaken stalls are notable; while the font, lined with lead, is ancient.

The church originally had four local chapelries attached to it, and the latter were served by clergy of Thame. During the fifteenth century no less than seven Roman cardinals in turn owned the prebend, and there were several dignified clerics ministering in the church. The Prebendal House is at the west of the sacred edifice, with an early-pointed domestic chapel. The vicarage—now on the site of an older habitation—is north of the churchyard. At the Tudor changes "the houselling people" of Thame town were about one thousand, the population about three thousand.

Of the French *émigrés*, in the end of the eighteenth century, let some record be given. Their coming to Thame was as follows: An ancestor of my own, Mr. Richard Smith, J. P., about the year 1790, went with his son, a captain of the Buckingham regiment, from Thame to France. There were seen there events and occurrences which caused many to fear that disorganization and disorder were soon to be the lot of France. The records of social confusion, the gravest

abuses,* are at once sad and numerous. These travellers were alarmed at the state of affairs in Paris and some other cities, and so expressed themselves on their coming back to England. Anarchy with varied contentions appeared to increase and spread.

Of some private letters, and in a contemporary note-book, the following narratives, between the months of the year 1792, are set forth:

"After the aristocracy, the French clergy became objects of the greatest abhorrence on the part of the frenzied and diabolically-inspired mob....In the name of Equality the Revolutionists established a band of assassins; in the name of Liberty they transformed the cities of France into bastiles; in the name of Justice they everywhere created a tribunal to consummate murders; in the name of Humanity they poured forth everywhere rivers of blood. Robbery was unpunished, spoliation decreed, divorce encouraged, prostitution pensioned, irreligion lauded, falsehood rewarded, tears interdicted. An eye wet with pity led to the scaffold. Infancy, old age, grace, beauty, genius, worth, were alike conducted to the guillotine. A general torpor paralyzed France; the fear of death froze every heart; its name was inscribed in every door."

Of a later outbreak, while the Church was "reformed," it is related that the cathedrals and parish churches were stripped of their ornaments and taken possession of by the rabble. Out of consecrated chalices degraded women drank strong wine until they were intoxicated,—in honor, as themselves avowed, of Humanity and Liberty. While the images of our Divine Lord and His Holy Mother were thrown down, smashed and trampled under foot, busts of the most repulsive and blaspheming Republicans were elevated and honored in their places. One Revolutionist ostentatiously asserted that though he had lived the victim of Superstition, he would no longer remain its slave. "I know," he exclaimed, "no other worship than that of Liberty; no other religion but the love of Humanity and of Country!"

Hébert maintained that God did not exist; while Gobel, the apostate bishop of Paris, declared: "I submit to the Omnipotent Will of the People. There should be no national worship except that of Liberty and Sacred Equality, as the Sovereign People wish it to be. Henceforth I renounce and repudiate the Christian religion."

Such blasphemies produced their fruit. The Revolution everywhere advanced; the church bells were silenced; children went unbaptized; marriage as a sacrament or Christian rite was abolished; the sick received no sacred consolation in their sorrow or extremity, the dead no religious rites. Instead of Catholic sacraments, licentious women performed degrading and disgusting rites in the ancient churches. Drunken artisans, in alliance and co-operation with such shameless prostitutes, desecrated the sacred aisles by their filthy orgies.

The consequence of all this was that the clergy were everywhere persecuted. They were abused, seized, imprisoned and put to death. The Reign of Terror is a history of horrors noted by historians. Beginning in the autumn of 1792, no less than eight thousand of the French clergy — including archbishops,

* One of the gravest abuses was this: "The light-hearted and too ready acceptance by the Clerical Estate in the National Assembly of 1787 of the theory of Social Equality and 'the Rights of Man,' and their sudden and headstrong rush into the unknown deeps of church reform." ("The Church of France," by the Rev. W. T. Alston, of Gloucester, p. 4, A. D. 1900.) These theories were proclaimed anew by Lord Selborne in the English House of Lords, when the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge were denuded of Christian principle and life, and, as is now seen, practically made Godless.

bishops, dignitaries, parish priests, and ecclesiastical students,—some at one time, others at a later period, escaped to England, impoverished, starving, and ruined. They owned absolutely nothing but the clothes in which they stood. A breviary, a pair of spectacles, a skull-cap, a snuff-box, a little money in their purses, a cloak or a wrapper, was all that most of them had brought thither. Ere they left their country in haste, undergoing hairbreadth escapes, murder and massacre had stared them in the face; while the guillotine or musket balls had already sent many of their order to immediate death.

Our good and high-principled King, George III., gave up one of the old royal palaces, "the King's House at Winchester,"* where nine hundred of these ecclesiastics were housed and provided with food, clothing, and the common necessaries of life. In several parts of the country the like was attempted and duly well done. The pages of history in England recording such deeds warm the patriot's heart; the acts of Christian people blessed the race. "Unto him that hath shall be given."

Mrs. Hannah More wrote "A Letter to the Ladies of England" on behalf of the French clergy. Large contributions were given by the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge. Cathedral chapters and canons in person also gave gifts, as did the College of Physicians in London. Local committees sent monthly or quarterly contributions. On Sunday, April 19, 1793, a solemn fast was appointed, services held, sermons preached, with alms given, in every church and chapel of England and Wales. In the years 1793 and 1795 the King, by Mr. Pitt, his minister, gave £120,000,—an act which attracted the attention of many continental nations.

Before Christmas in 1792 the wisdom and discretion of a Committee of Relief in London* provided four thousand of the *émigrés* with various places of refuge. At Portsmouth, Winchester, Alderney, Diss, Dorchester (near Wallingford), and at Thame, several were received. An untenanted mansion-house, built by Sir Francis Knollys, in the southern part of the last-named town, was hired for that purpose. It still stands, with spacious gardens, orchard and well-timbered grounds round about. It is a large handsome Queen Anne's mansion, and was appropriately furnished by the aid of George, Marquis of Buckingham, and Mr. Richard Smith. Within a week eighteen of the exiled clergy had found a refuge in it, superintended by Monsignor Thoumin Desvalpon, D. D., archdeacon of Dol. Thirty other clergy, with some students of theology, came from time to time to the same place of refuge.

The Rev. Thomas Bowdler wrote thus of the *émigrés* at Thame: "They are comfortably lodged in one of the best and commodious houses in this clean, pleasant market-town. Both the gentlefolks and the better class of tradesmen treat them with every consideration and respect. Mr. Smith is their personal friend; and they are all known to, and friendly with, the parish clergyman."

This latter was my own grandfather. He was born at Thame, December 22, 1769; entered at Winchester school in 1782, and graduated at Oxford in 1791. He died on St. Thomas' Day, December 29, 1840; and was buried in

* Many years ago I visited the King's House, full of interest. Last year (A. D. 1899) a sojourn at Winchester told me of its utter disruption. It had been used for several years as a barracks, was completely overthrown, and part of the site is now built-over. The landmark has vanished.

* On Michaelmas Day, 1792, this Committee was formally appointed in London, and acted week by week. Up to Christmas Eve, thousands of pounds were collected and distributed. Moreover, general gifts in particular localities were liberally offered. The donors were peers and baronets, clergymen and professional persons.

Thame chancel on January 6, 1841. When I was a boy he gave me interesting particulars of some of these facts.

The Committee of Relief consisted of prelates and noblemen and gentlemen. Bishop Dampier, of French extraction, was then bishop of Rochester, and did his work well. William Wilberforce and Henry Thornton, of Clapham, Members of Parliament, gave much assistance. Lord Buckingham, of Stowe House, near Buckingham, was munificent, rendering local and personal aids. Archbishop Moore, of Canterbury, though timid in his action, was largely and courteously kind, as various letters prove. Bishop Porteous, of London, and Bishop Shute Barrington, of Durham—the latter, by word and pen, a public and earnest defender of Corporate Reunion in his day,—were vigorous and openly faithful. "None are more entitled to our offices of love," declared Bishop Horsley, of St. Asaph, "than those venerable exiles and clergy of the fallen Church of France, endeared to us by the edifying example they exhibit of patient suffering for conscience' sake."

The English clergy of the second order were lawful and faithful to the expatriated Frenchmen. The written records which still exist give names, dates and donations of the clerical officials of several English dioceses, and of the abounding and charitable deeds, without ostentation, they constantly rendered. Tradespeople of market-towns and merchants of ancient cities likewise did their share in relief, and were no doubt blessed by the same in basket and store.

At Winchester the Very Rev. Abbé Martin was the official agent of the Committee of Relief. English stewards and under-stewards were immediately appointed. Official servants also were everywhere engaged. General arrangements and administration for food and personal affairs appear admirable. From five to ten beds were placed in every sleeping-room; a dining-room, a hall for exercise, a common room for conversation, were duly appointed; while in some cases an oratory for divine worship, prayer and meditation was set up. In the cathedral some said their breviaries. The exiles, writes the Abbé Martin, "were truly sensible of the unparalleled kindness they experienced, for which they could make no return except by their prayers and good conduct."

The following were some of the earlier exiled prelates: D'Albignac, bishop of Angoulême, aged sixty, paralyzed; his income had been £2000 a year. Le Mintier, bishop of Triguer, aged sixty; his income had been £1500. De Cheylus, bishop of Bayeux, aged eighty; his income had been £10,000. De Hercé, bishop of Dol, aged seventy; his income had been £1500,—being a confirmed invalid, he was sent to Bath; later he returned to France.* De Barral, bishop of Troyes, aged forty-five; his income had been £2500. Lamarche, bishop of St.-Pol-de-Léon; his income had been £1500. Still later there came the archbishops of Aix and Bordeaux, and the bishops of Coutances, D'Usex and De Pamiers. All these were welcomed and received ten guineas a month, added to by English friends and noblemen.

In the five or six years of their sojourn many of the clergy died in exile. Their silent and patiently-endured sufferings, anxieties and fears bore them down. Friends, allies, leaders and nobles, as

* On July 30, 1795, the bishop of Dol was executed at Vannes. He might have escaped to the British ships in the bay, but nobly stood his ground. His brother, the Abbé de Hercé, and sixteen other clerics died with him. Seven hundred Royalist laymen were butchered at the same time. The meadow near Auvay, where these were murdered, received the name of the Prairie des Martyrs.

they learned by report and communications from France, were utterly ruined. Thus old age, ordinary infirmities and true patriotism led some at least to a resting-place in the consecrated churchyards of England.

At Thame two, at least, were buried according to the National Church rites,* and are thus registered:

"Burials. January 18, 1796.—Rev. W. Chandermerle, French priest of the parish of St. Thurian, town of Quintin, diocese of St. Brieux, province of Brittany; aged sixty-nine [this should be fifty-nine]. 1797.—Rev. John Benign le Bihan, French priest, rector of St. Martin des Pres, diocese of Quimper, province of Brittany; aged sixty."

Monsignor Desvalpon, archdeacon of Dol, who died March 2, 1798, at Overy, near Dorchester, was buried at the request and expense of Dr. Gauntelett, warden of New College. His remains were placed in a vault near one of the south chapels of this cathedral church, and the inscription can still be read. Others were interred at Somer's Town, Winchester, Oxford, Lewes, Hughendon, Chelsea, and Plymouth.

Many of the English clergy tended the *émigrés* with care and aided them with benevolences. The high bearing of the latter, their constitutional principles and hatred of the Terror, and their religious demeanor, did much to soften the British prejudice of the ancient faith of our English forefathers. In many cases the strong and false language of the "Homilies" of Edward VI., the Armada from Spain, the conspiracy of Guy Fawkes, and the uncertain policy of James II., were carefully reconsidered by Englishmen; while the blameless lives of the strangers were everywhere noticed and commended.

For myself, I gladly believe that the words and the works of several of the *émigrés* who later became librarians, founders of Catholic missions, as well as teachers of foreign languages, and remained in England, helped largely to bring about the Oxford Movement of Newman and Keble in the year 1833. God extend, bless and advance the same, with all who believe the Christian faith and do its duties! Amen.

* My grandfather had "buried some of their number in the churchyard, where the services were very solemnly done; and they left him memorials of their affection and respect both as a friend and as the clergyman of the parish." He owned a small volume of the Lyons Breviary and a snuff-box of pressed horn. (MS. letter, dated October 13, 1798.)

Dr. Martin's Wife.

III.—The Physician.

WHEN Dr. Martin left the train he found Mrs. Dunbar's carriage in waiting. Hastily entering it, he was driven rapidly through the streets and soon drew up before a handsome house, which, with several other exclusive residences of the same kind, overlooked one of the most beautiful parks in the world.

The door was opened by a servant in livery, who led the way upstairs. The Doctor found himself in an octagonal hall, into which several doors opened. Leading the way, the man indicated one, bowed and withdrew.

A small antechamber, beautifully furnished, and at this hour of the evening illumined by a couple of candles in globes of rose-colored glass, was separated by heavy *portières* of damask from a larger room, which the Doctor at once entered. Here, too, lights burned in rose-colored globes; the walls were hung with pink tapestry; the furniture was upholstered in the same shade. In the dim light he could see the outlines of a human form beneath pink and white draperies trimmed with lace. It was a spacious

room; many costly trifles stood about on small tables. The toilet articles on the dressing-table were mounted in ivory and silver. All was quiet as the grave.

As his eyes became accustomed to the half-gloom, he perceived that a woman lay asleep in a large chair on the other side of the bed, from which came the sound of labored, painful breathing, which increased as he approached. Two little hands were thrown out violently from the coverings, and two distorted, agonized eyes looked out at him in suffering and fear. The little creature before him had just awakened from a short sleep, tortured with pain, hardly able to draw breath. To her suffering was now added the sight of a strange man bending over her pillow.

"Do not be afraid, little one!" said the Doctor. "I will not hurt you: I have come to cure you."

The child tried to smile, stretching forth a hot, feverish hand, reassured by the kind voice and gentle eyes.

"There, there! that's nice!" continued the Doctor, feeling her pulse. His face was very grave. As he looked about the room—uncertain whether to call the sleeping nurse, who had evidently neglected her charge, or to go in search of the mother, who, he felt, must be somewhere near, doubtless expecting him,—a curtain at the other end of the room was drawn aside and a woman came slowly forward. Her hair was dressed high on her head, in the then prevailing mode; her fingers were full of rings; she wore a tea-gown of yellow silk trimmed with black lace. The effect was bizarre in the extreme, but the gown well became the dark beauty of the wearer. As it shimmered and rustled across the floor the Doctor frowned.

"What a dress for a sick-room!" he thought, advancing to meet his sister.

"Camilla!" he said, in a low voice, extending his hand.

She did not take it.

"I am afraid, Desmond," she replied. "You have just been feeling Madeleine's pulse, have you not? Could one take the disease in that way?"

The frown on Dr. Martin's brow now grew deeper.

"I think not," he said, coldly. "But there is danger in this atmosphere. It is full of contagion, and the windows are all closed. If you are afraid, perhaps it were better not to come here at all. Your nurse seems inefficient. It is early in the night for her to be asleep."

Mrs. Dunbar turned and glanced at the sleeping woman.

"Probably she is drunk," she said, without a change of tone. "She is fond of the baby. She is one of the housemaids. The nurse would not stay. I could not get any of the others to remain with the child. She is a good servant, that Hetty; but she has a weakness. Mrs. Hodge, the housekeeper, was about to dismiss her, when she offered to nurse Madeleine. And what could I do?"

The Doctor glanced uneasily at the bed. He was not concerned with Hetty save to see that she was dismissed at once. Mrs. Dunbar followed his glance, clasping her hands. The breathing was growing more and more strenuous.

"Is it not dreadful, Desmond! Can you not do anything to stop it?"

"How long has she been this way?"

"Since yesterday morning."

"And you have had no advice?"

"Oh, yes! Dr. Mintzner has been here since. But he was suddenly called to Philadelphia to-day; and, knowing your great success with throat disease, I sent for you."

"The disease has taken a fast hold on the child. It would seem to me that it had been of longer duration."

"Oh, well, perhaps! It was yesterday morning I saw it first. The night before

I had been at a party; and when I came in Virginie, the nurse, told me she was very restless, and had some difficulty in breathing. But I was so tired that I did not come in to see her. I did not get up till eleven, and then I sent for the doctor."

"Camilla!"

She threw back her head insolently, as had always been her wont.

"I was never any good with children: you know it, Desmond. The servants are capable. How was I to know that this was serious?"

"Capable, Camilla!" said the Doctor, involuntarily turning his eyes to the immovable woman in the chair.

"Her nurse *was* capable," answered Mrs. Dunbar, irritably. "So you have not changed from your high plane! You never will. Tell me, is there danger?"

"Great danger."

"Shall I send to the convent for a Sister?"

"If you wish. But I intend to remain during the night. And your place is here by the bedside of your child."

"It is part of your business," she said, turning away so that she could not see the bed where the child was beating her little hands in the air.

The Doctor hurried toward it. Opening a bag which he had laid on a chair, he prepared to administer some medicine that he had brought with him.

The child clinched her teeth; the agony was terrible. But after a time she began to breathe more freely; she no longer tossed her hands about. Again and again, at short intervals, Dr. Martin repeated the dose, and each time with renewed success.

"Not so bad as I feared," he said to himself at length. "She will pull through." He looked around the room: Mrs. Dunbar had disappeared. "Heartless mother!" he thought, and pulled the bell-cord. A servant appeared. The Doctor pointed to the sleeping woman.

"Remove this person," he observed. "Bring some one with you and take her away. At midnight a cup of coffee and a biscuit, please. I shall remain up and will need it."

The man disappeared, to return a few moments later with a fellow-servant. They removed the woman without awaking her; and Dr. Martin sat down to his vigil, occasionally administering medicine to the child, who was in a sort of stupor. The results were satisfactory beyond his expectations.

His step-sister did not make her appearance again until just before dawn. At midnight the servant had brought coffee, wine, biscuits, and fresh candles. Dr. Martin was drawing aside the window-curtains—he had opened the window early in the night,—when Mrs. Dunbar, wrapped in a white flannel dressing-gown, glided into the room.

"Is she better?" she whispered,—not approaching the bed, however.

"Very much better," was the reply. "With intelligent care she will recover rapidly. You had better get a Sister from the convent as soon as it is light. I shall go home then, but I will be back in the afternoon."

"Do not go until the Sister comes, I beg of you!" said Mrs. Dunbar, in great alarm. "I dare not stay here, and the child can not be left alone."

"Can you not sit one hour by the bedside of your own child?"

She looked at him for a moment without speaking. Then she said:

"She is *not* my own child, Desmond. That will explain something, perhaps; though if she were, I doubt if I would have any more courage."

"Not your own child! Whose, then?" inquired her brother, in surprise.

"She is the daughter of a friend of Mr. Dunbar, who died about a year ago. He is her guardian."

"Oh!" ejaculated the Doctor, with an accent of pity, which did not escape Mrs. Dunbar's ear.

"We are very fond of her—when she is well," she said, quickly.

"God grant that she be not often ill!" returned the Doctor, sarcastically.

His step-sister smiled scornfully. Now that Desmond had served her purpose, her old dislike of him reasserted itself. She had even a feeling of contempt for him that he had answered her summons so quickly.

"His is a poor soul," she thought. "In his place I should never have set foot in this house."

He did not know what was passing in Camilla's mind. Again he glanced about the magnificent chamber, filled with every luxury that heart could wish for; and as he gazed another picture glided before his eyes,—that of a simply furnished bedroom, where, in a little alcove, a child lay asleep—his darling Maurice. A great wave of joy and thankfulness flooded his soul as the sweet vision passed and faded. "God bless and keep my boy!" he murmured under his breath.

Once more his eye fell on the child before him, now sleeping heavily; her pinched features betraying the suffering she had undergone, her blue lips parched with fever. What a contrast!

"Poor little creature!" he murmured, scarcely aware that he had spoken.

"*She* is no object of pity!" answered Mrs. Dunbar, with a quick gesture of impatience. "Her father and mother left her a great deal of money. She will be very wealthy, with every advantage that education and social position can procure."

The Doctor did not reply.

"Did they bring you some refreshment during the night? I ordered it."

"Yes," he said,—"I thank you!"

"Oh, not at all! I will have a cup of tea sent up in half an hour. It is so refreshing after a night's vigil. I have not been in bed myself at all. My husband has not yet come in. He dined with some friends last night, and when he does not return I am restless."

There was a noise in the hall below.

"Ah, there he is!" she resumed. "I shall be sure to send up the tea. Believe me, Desmond, that I appreciate your kindness in having come."

"Do not mention it!" he answered. "The child will recover rapidly, with good care. Take or send her to the country as soon as she is well."

"We are going up to Newport in a fortnight."

"That will be good for her. I will remain here till the Sister comes. It is four o'clock," he continued, looking at his watch. "Can you send at once?"

"This moment. Good-bye!"

In the unflattering morning light, with her heavy hair hanging in two thick braids, she looked old and wearied.

"Good-bye!" he said, turning from her whom of all women he had seen he believed to be the most heartless. She had not mentioned his wife or the boy. Nothing could have accentuated her heartlessness more than that.

In a little while the man who had come for him to Edgevale brought him a cup of tea and a couple of slices of well-made toast. The child slept on. He wrote out a prescription, gave it to the servant, asking him to have it filled at once. Then he sat down to await the arrival of the nurse. The cathedral clock was striking six when she arrived, fresh, rosy, gravely smiling. She was not a stranger to Dr. Martin, and he felt relieved and grateful that she had been sent: he knew her to be unequalled in such cases as the one before him.

After having given her all necessary directions, promising to call during the afternoon, and telling her whom to

summon should any emergency arise, he rose to depart. Just then the servant again appeared, handing him a sealed envelope, addressed in Mr. Dunbar's hand, which he well knew.

Hastily tearing it open, he saw that it contained a cheque for one hundred dollars. His face turned crimson.

"She might have spared me this!" he thought. "But it is what I might have expected from Camilla."

Turning aside, so as not to be observed by the Sister and servant, he tore the cheque in pieces, replaced it in the envelope and handed it to the man.

"Be good enough to take this to your mistress as soon as possible," he said.

Seizing his hat, he hurried downstairs, and, after stopping at the gymnasium for a bath, was soon on his way home. It was very seldom that he allowed anger to master him, but now he did not attempt to check the resentful feeling which overpowered him. Two insults! A cheque and his dismissal,—for it could have meant only that. He had entered his step-sister's house in kindness, to leave it in bitterness. Well, well!—he was going back to his own world, to his paradise. And the little one whose life he had saved? Perhaps she, too, might be better dead than left to grow up in such an atmosphere.

While he reflected thus — gradually, out of the innate kindness of his heart, reasoning himself into his usual normal frame of mind,—the sick child, slowly awaking from a refreshing slumber, was trying to lift her curly head from the pillow, murmuring in her baby voice: "I want to see de good man, de nice, good man, what was here dat time!" And in the garden of the Red House his wife and child were walking up and down, thinking of him, speaking of him, longing for him, awaiting him in the glory of the summer morning.

(To be continued.)

Poppy Heads.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

A FUNERAL urn, in which, with subtle art,
The Greek enshrined the ashes of his dead—
While making of the summer bloom a part,—
To me seems every tiny poppy head.

Mysterious sleep of life, still more of death!
Long ages past men saw, as we to-day,
Your symbol in the poppy head; its breath
Distilling slumber, sorrows to allay.

O Resurrection morn, O trumpet blast
To call the tribes to life as well as doom,
The Paschal alleluias break at last
The awful silence of each mortal tomb!

Faith's morning-stars are kindling as they burn;
Earth waits, in hope, the rising of her dead;
The ashes stir within the Grecian urn,
As seeds drop, quickened, from the poppy head.

JUNE 3, 1900.

Out of the Crucible.

BY FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

A DIALOGUE AMONG THE DEAD.

WHEN the coffins had been renailed and the tombs reclosed; when the functionaries, the men of science, the photographers, the reporters, had retired; when at last the crypt of the Pantheon had been emptied, the ghosts of Voltaire and Jean-Jacques Rousseau, who had assisted invisibly at the desecration of their sepulchres, suddenly became apparent. It is the custom with ghosts to assume their human bodies when they are not in our presence, as they have no pleasure in the company of the common people of flesh and blood, such as we are. In parenthesis, this explains why Spiritists have never been able, at least so far as I know, to evoke an authentic ghost, a real spectre like those I saw in the past at the theatre of the Chatelet, in a melodrama copied from the English. They were, I assure you, very horrible phantoms, which a

personage in the play ran through with his sword, without their giving the least sign of emotion. That is the cause of my mistrust of our sorcerers in frock-coat, who, with all their art, do not attain the result obtained by a simple mechanic with the aid of a few mirrors ingeniously disposed.

So when the vaults of the Pantheon had fallen once again into solitude and silence, Voltaire and Rousseau—"living and impalpable spectres," as announced the old placard of the "Secret of Miss Aurora,"—arose before their own tombs, looking as they did in the last years of their lives. The "Patriarch of Ferney" was easily recognizable by his cane and wig, his profile like a nut-cracker, and a pair of tibias in silk stockings, which stood him in place of calves. As to the illustrious Genevese, he wore the Armenian costume: a caftan *alla turca*, a cap of *mamamouchi*, that procured him a success in Paris comparable to that of our Mussulman deputy.

The two philosophers recognized each other at first glance, and it was a remarkable fact that their gaze was not filled at once with hatred and fury. Among its many other excellent effects, Death has this of good: it reconciles the worst enemies, even men of letters. On the other side of Cocytus, writers put an end to the petty quarrels and low rivalries which during life covered with ridicule and often dishonored them.

With perfect aristocratic grace, the father of "Candide" advanced toward the gifted author of the "Confessions"; and drawing out of the gusset of his embroidered vest a snuff-box enriched with diamonds and ornamented with the miniature of the king of Prussia, he offered it to Rousseau, who, without manifesting the least repugnance, took a large pinch of macouba and inhaled it noisily.

Suddenly recalling what they had just seen, the two shadows expressed with their physiognomies, each one in its own style, the sentiments that possessed them. Voltaire broke into his "hideous smile,"—the celebrated smile which was sculptured by Houdon and sung by Alfred de Musset; while Rousseau, grimacing with his under lip, put on his most misanthropic face.

"My dear Jean-Jacques," observed the old Arouet, "we must agree on the fact that we have just assisted at a most ignoble ceremony."

"Certainly," said Rousseau. "It was a spectacle to fill with disgust the heart of a feeling man."

"And our present admirers," rejoined Voltaire, "are unskilful. Louis XVIII. was a clever man of letters, a poet of my school. You know the gallant quatrain written by him on Marie Antoinette's fan?—

> Au milieu des chaleurs extrêmes,
> Heureux d'amuser vos loisirs,
> Je ne veux appeler vers vous que les zephirs;
> Les amours y viendront d'eux-mêmes.*

Quite charming, is it not? To prove, therefore, that Louis XVIII. permitted the desecration of our tombs and the dispersion of our ashes, the fools of a few minutes ago have destroyed a legend that was dear to them; they have absolved the Restoration as well as the Jesuits of a grievous sin; and they have torn a page from Victor Hugo, our neighbor in this edifice. . . . If I know anything about modern slang, it is what can be called a *gaffe* [a blunder]."

"All the more so," said the Geneva philosopher, "since under the head of respect for tombs, our disciples have in their past some shady remembrances—"

"Yes," interrupted Voltaire, taking hold of his chin in meditative fashion; "the pillage of the Basilica of Saint Denis, the violation of tombs, the bones

* "In the midst of extreme heat, happy to amuse your leisure, I shall summon only the zephyrs to you; cupids will come of their own accord."

of kings of France thrown to the gutter: notably of Louis XIV., whose panegyric I wrote; and of Henry IV., in whose praise I wrote a whole poem,—which is not, let it be said between us, one of my best compositions. Yes, it is clear that on that day the populace was abject and showed its foundation of ferocity, its instincts of a jackal. But who is to blame? Were you not the first to tell the people they were sovereign, and, by so saying, authorized in advance all explanations and excuses in favor of the excesses of the *canaille?*"

"No reproaches, Voltaire! You are as much responsible as I am for all those horrors. If I have pursued an impossible chimera, if I have built on clouds, you were the indefatigable destroyer of the ideal and of respect. Public opinion makes no mistake when it associates our names and places us first among the instigators of that Revolution during which, we may say, the world assisted at the explosion of human wickedness; and the results of which, at first fanatically admired, appear to-day as very doubtful benefits. And yet I dreamed only of justice and happiness for all. Could I have foreseen such crimes? Could I have foreseen that I, the man constantly moved to tears; I, the peaceful promenader, the friend of nature, the milk-drinker,—that I was engendering those hearts of granite and all those blood-drinkers; and that, remembering I proclaimed the legitimacy of capital punishment in the name of the social pact, Robespierre, my horrible pupil, would cover France with scaffolds? Ah! at times I have thought that the day I wrote that fatal page I signed the sentence of death for thousands."

"Jean-Jacques, my friend," said in his turn the slender old man, no longer smiling, "learn, if it can console you, that I often doubt of the excellence of my work. Yet it is the perfect type of my century, so frivolous and corrupted, whose first words, though spoken in jest, were still formidable. In truth, I am very much afraid of having been foolhardy, like the pupil of the sorcerer who well knew the word to chase away the devil from an alembic, but who had forgotten the cabalistic formula to make him return. And the days when I saw priests massacred and a prostitute adored as the goddess of Reason in the Paris cathedral, I seriously wondered if the joyous company of my time was right in applauding so heartily my accesses of cynicism and impiety."

"If one could say," rejoined Rousseau, "that the Revolution had passed like a storm, that the sky was once more serene, that peace had succeeded to so many horrible convulsions! But no such thing. Since that time every civilized nation has remained in a permanent state of disturbance. Fearful wars have broken out; armies such as never had been since the barbaric invasions have been launched one against the other; and at this present moment all Europe is manufacturing cannon, constructing war-ships, and drilling. I had dreamed for humanity a coming Golden Age!"

"What is to be done?" exclaimed Voltaire. "We are forced to believe that ghosts are only immortal so as to lose in the long run their last illusions. Now, let us continue our examination of conscience. Kindly tell me what you think of the famous conquests of the Revolution,—of the equality among the citizens, for instance?"

"That it exists in the laws but not in the customs; that aristocracy of birth, which no doubt gave rise to serious abuses, has been replaced by that of money, and constitutes a far greater and more scandalous iniquity; and that it suffices to cast a glance at modern society not to anticipate at too early a date the triumph of the only aristocracy

that should be recognized by all—that of merit and of virtue."

"And what about your opinion on the submission of the Church to a civil authority?"

"I ascertain that the result has been the establishment of a kind of official atheism which would seem deplorable even to my Savoyard Vicar. (We are quite alone, are we not? There is no municipal counsellor around who, if he heard us, would boycott our tombs and have our remains hidden away in some waste ground?) Well, I will whisper to you that since religious faith has been destroyed by every possible means in the French people, they have become far less moral and more unhappy."

"Now the advantages of the freedom of the press remain to be examined," said Voltaire. "And this concerns me; for I am, in a certain sense, the father of journalism. The press resembles my work which I severely judge to-day. In it I have said everything, and above all I have contradicted myself. Here and there a page can be found where justice and truth vibrate, but one can also pick out a remarkable collection of insults, lies and obscenities."

"Voltaire, my friend, throughout the whole of your life you have preached tolerance. Well, learn that last summer a decoration was given a mayor who made the police disperse a procession of little First Communicants. What do you say to that?"

"Rousseau, my comrade, you always made great pretensions to morality, and wished to persuade duchesses in furbelows to nurse their own children. Well, learn that now we have fine women who declare crudely that maternal nursing must be considered as a remnant of barbarism. What do you say to that?"

Here the two philosophers looked at each other, as the popular saying goes, "between four eyes," and then exclaimed one after the other:

"O Rousseau! has not the Revolution that we prepared led to bankruptcy?"

"O Voltaire! the Declaration of the Rights of Man, drawn from our works—is it not a mystification?"

"What is still more serious," rejoined the defender of Calas, "is not that we are propounding these questions to ourselves in this solitary vault—undeceived shadows that we are,—but rather that so many intelligent lovers of absolute justice imperiously address them to themselves, and grow desperate and disgusted with the evasive and common solutions proposed by politicians, and which end squarely with anarchy."

"To whom do you tell this?" asked the ancient lover of Madame de Warens. "I am deeply pained by it; for it is in my writings that the people you speak of have found their arguments. Did I not fling forth one day the beautiful paradox that all society, being founded on the usurpation of some and the cowardice of others, was bad? Thus, having now renounced all my chimeras, I have the sorrow of seeing the most impatient anarchists light the wick of their bombs with a leaf torn out of the 'Social Contract.'"

Voltaire and Rousseau would have continued their conversation much longer no doubt had not quick footsteps been heard coming through the crypt. It was one of the violators of tombs, who had forgotten his umbrella and returned in search of it, accompanied by the old custodian. And as spirits, as we have said before, do not care to compromise themselves with simple mortals, the two shadows dissolved in a second and disappeared as by enchantment.

JANUARY 6, 1898.

(To be continued.)

A Crown of Fire.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

IV.

I shall not die, but live forlore,—
How bitter it is to part!
O to meet thee, my love, once more!
O my heart, my heart!

IN the weeks that followed, agonizing suspense alternated with high hope and dark despair. Silently, yet with sinking hearts, we scanned the long lists of casualties, — searching those fateful columns for one beloved name.

After leaving Southampton we did not return to Netherby. Uncle John could not rest so far away: the War Office, the latest editions of the daily papers,— all must be within reach; and, needless to say, Elizabeth and I were more than satisfied that it should be so.

I was generally the first to see the morning news, Uncle John and his niece not having returned from Mass. But one day I went into the dining-room to find Elizabeth there before me. She turned as the door opened, and held out *The Times*, with sparkling eyes.

"Read that!" she said, in a suppressed tone; and I eagerly complied. Hugh was mentioned by the general in command for distinguished gallantry in the field. On one occasion he had risked his life with dauntless bravery, and gone back to save a wounded comrade under a devastating fire.

"You see he has been recommended for the Victoria Cross! How pleased and proud Uncle John will be!" exclaimed Elizabeth, walking to the window in restless excitement. "You are a far more conscientious woman than I am," she added, suddenly and irrelevantly.

"What on earth do you mean?" I inquired, wrenching myself reluctantly from my thoughts of the absent one, and contemplating her in amazement. "My dear Elizabeth, you are quite the most conscientious woman I know."

"But not conscientious enough to have refused a man like Hugh from purely metaphysical motives. Don't think I don't honor you; particularly as I have a far shrewder suspicion of what that refusal cost you than you, perhaps, imagine. Still, I can not pretend that I should have had courage to do the same had I been in your place."

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed, with some indignation. "I am sure you would— that is, if you had felt as I did. I won't allow you to underrate yourself, Elizabeth: you are the best, dearest, and most charming woman imaginable. Indeed I often wonder how Hugh could even remember my existence when you were by."

I regretted the words as soon as they left my lips. I had uttered them in all good faith; but one glance at my companion's face had revealed a secret I would fain never have guessed.

"Now it is you who are talking nonsense, dear," she remarked, lightly. "I wonder where Uncle John can be? I think I had better go and see if he has come in."

She left the room, and I took up the paper again, feeling that I had unwittingly discovered the reason for her indifference to masculine admiration.

"I can not understand Elizabeth," Uncle John had more than once confided to me. "Lord Lytham, our nearest neighbor and friend, is devoted to her— has been devoted to her for the past seven years; but she won't have a word to say to him. It is strange, for he's a thoroughly good fellow."

I had solved the mystery now. There was not more than six years' difference between the cousins,—Hugh being, of course, the younger. Was it possible, I asked myself, that Elizabeth should live in constant intercourse with him and

not find other men intolerable by comparison? No, surely not; and my heart went out to her in a wave of sympathy that was all the greater because I knew that it must never be expressed.

A few days later the shadow that had darkened thousands of homes throughout the length and breadth of the land fell upon us. News came that Hugh had been killed—killed in action. Uncle John bore the crushing blow with outward calmness. His only son had died the death of a soldier—bravest amongst the brave,—and he would not have had it otherwise; but, despite his quiet exterior, I knew that his grief was very great. Elizabeth looked like a ghost; and I—well, I sorrowed in the rebellious and despairing fashion of those who have no hope either in this world or in the next. Hugh was gone, and the light of my life was gone with him. My love had amounted almost to a religion.

"If he had come back to me," I said one day to Elizabeth as we came out of the chapel at Netherby, whither we had recently returned,—"if he had come back to me, I might have been different; but now—"

"Now perhaps God will draw you to Himself by the thorny path of sorrow," she replied, in a low voice.

"No!" I cried, passionately—we had reached her boudoir, and I flung myself on the ground beside her and hid my face on her knee,—"no: sorrow may ennoble such natures as yours and Uncle John's; it only hardens mine. I can not see the good of it all. I had no faith, no hope, no love—save *human* love, and even *that* has been taken from me!"

"Ah, my poor darling, if only I could comfort you!" she murmured, laying her hand caressingly on my bent head.

"No one can," I said. "But you make me feel less wicked, Elizabeth; you are so tender and true. Another woman in your place would preach and drive me to desperation."

She held me close. "God knows I would give my life to bring him back to you!" she cried, her voice vibrating with an unmistakable note of self-sacrificing devotion. Then Uncle John called her, and I rose and wandered desolately to my own room.

The pale winter sunshine was softly streaming over the park and lighting up the dear familiar paths where Hugh and I would walk no more forever. Too restless to sit still, too miserable to occupy myself in any way, I put on my hat and jacket and went out, unconsciously turning my steps in the direction of the Maiden's Well.

It was one of those rare delicious days late in February, when the first breath of spring is in the sweet, still air, and the little glade felt warm and sheltered like a mossy nest. I walked up to the holy well, and, moved by some irresistible impulse, fell upon my knees before the statue.

"Hearts break every day," I seemed to hear Hugh saying. "People do not often *die*, I grant you: they live on, which is far harder, realizing that life's highest good has gone from them forever." Yes, that was my fate. I buried my face in my hands, and a wave of despairing anguish rushed over me. "Dreadful Time!" I sobbed; "dreadful Eternity! No comfort anywhere!"

A small bird near me broke into song. How long I knelt there I know not; neither do I pretend to account for the mysterious change that gradually took place in my soul, through which that keen mental agony seemed to have swept like a cleansing fire.

It has been said that each life has its own reflex of Gethsemane—its hour of deepest darkness, when the spirit is "sorrowful even unto death." Mine came to me on that soft, grey February

day. Suddenly I looked up at the calm, sweet faces of the Virgin Mother and her Divine Child, and an uncontrollable longing seized me. Others had received answers to prayer in this quiet nook; what if I, sceptic though I was, should ask for faith and have it granted? The thought almost frightened me. I bowed my head once more upon my clasped hands, and this time a voiceless prayer rose to my lips:

> Refuge in grief, Star of the Sea,
> Pray for the mourner, pray for me!

How often—oh, how very often!—I had listened to those words sung in the little chapel in the happy days that were gone! They appeared to hold a new meaning for me now; and presently, in the strenuous silence,

> I seemed to hear a heavenly friend,
> And through thick veils to apprehend
> A labor working to an end.

When I left the glade a few minutes later, I knew past all doubting that my petition had been answered. The faith that had seemed further off than ever in the golden morning of joy had come to me in the dark night of sorrow; the flowers that no summer sun of happiness could open in the arid garden of my soul had blossomed in the cold grey winter of grief; and, like the pure pale snowdrops rising from the moss at my feet, appeared to whisper of a love and hope beyond the things of time.

Elizabeth's kindness and Uncle John's fatherly tenderness touched me deeply: I scarcely realized beforehand what my acceptance of the great truths of religion meant to them. For myself, my storm-tossed, opinion-wearied soul had at last found peace; and I was beginning to understand—slowly and painfully, perhaps, but none the less surely—that "sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is Godlike." It is the old, old lesson of suffering,—hard enough to put into practice, yet still the duty of every rational creature.

V.

The crown of all, we meet to part no more.

One day, when we had been back at Netherby about five weeks, a telegram was handed to Uncle John while we were having luncheon. Now, telegrams are as common in these days as letters, and there was no reason whatever why I should associate this particular one with any affair of importance. Still, the fact remained that I did so, from the instant I first saw Poulton hand it to his master in his most solemn manner to the moment when Uncle John, having twice carefully perused it, laid it, folded, beside his plate, with an air of finality and a somewhat forced expression of calmness upon his face.

The same idea must have suggested itself to Elizabeth; for she remarked as soon as Poulton had left the room:

"No unpleasant news, I hope, Uncle?"

"No, my dear,—no; only urgent business that requires my presence in town immediately. As a matter of fact, I ought to start almost at once: I must be there to-night; and, if Veronica will excuse us"—turning courteously to me,—"I should be glad to speak to you for a few moments in the library; there are one or two little matters I must settle with you before I leave."

They went away together, while I went to the drawing-room and walked restlessly up and down. I had not been there many minutes, however, when Elizabeth hurried in with rather an agitated look and manner.

"Dearest," she began, coming swiftly to my side, "will you think me very unkind if I leave you till to-morrow? Our great sorrow has shaken Uncle John more than he cares to confess, and I don't like him to go alone. You won't mind" (anxiously); "you know that the servants—"

"Will do anything in the world for me!" I interrupted. "Really, Elizabeth,

I shall be hurt if you make any more apologies or trouble yourself about me in the least. Indeed, I would far rather you went: it would be so much pleasanter for Uncle John. Come, tell me what I can do to help you."

"Nothing, thanks! Barnes is putting in the few things I shall require. And, O Veronica, it is such a relief that you take the matter so calmly and don't worry me with innumerable questions! I suppose we shall return to-morrow, but I am not certain; in any case, I will send you a telegram—is that the carriage? Yes: then I must be getting ready. Uncle John does not care to be kept waiting."

A few minutes later I stood on the steps to see them off. The General looked more alert and interested than he had done since the news of his son's death. He leaned out of the brougham and waved a good-bye to me with almost his old smile; and even Elizabeth seemed brighter.

I should have liked to drive with them to the station, three miles away; but something instinctively told me that they would prefer being alone. They always treated me so entirely as one of the family, and spoke so unreservedly on all matters connected with their own personal affairs, that I felt sure their reticence to-day proceeded from some very sufficient cause.

The next morning, between ten and eleven o'clock, I received a brief telegram from Elizabeth—"Expect us to-day." As no special time was mentioned, I concluded they would not leave London before midday; but I sent the brougham to meet an earlier train, by way of precaution, in case Uncle John might by chance deviate from his usual custom.

After luncheon I set off across the park to the Maiden's Well. It had become a habit of mine to make a wreath of flowers to lay at the feet of the statue, and all the morning I had been busy gathering violets in the woods. I carried the result of my handiwork; and I remember that as I walked the scent of the white and purple bunches, and the sight of them nestling amid curly moss and dainty fern-fronds, gave me a sort of dull satisfaction.

Bear, Hugh's favorite retriever, walked sadly by my side. Poor, faithful Bear! From the day his master went away he attached himself exclusively to me,—following me about all day, sleeping outside my door at night; and when he could not be with me, he would lie for hours keeping guard over an old polo cap of Hugh's, while his pathetic brown eyes expressed a world of dumb devotion.

Though the afternoon was so pleasant, he no longer rustled cheerfully through the dried bracken or barked aggressively at the birds, as it had once been his delight to do; instead, he paced gravely beside me till we reached the glade, where he lay down, with his nose on his shining black paws, and patiently awaited my pleasure.

I stayed a few minutes after placing my wreath at the feet of the statue. To me this little sheltered glade was in truth "holy ground"; it was associated with the tenderest and dearest as well as the most sacred memories of my life, and I loved to linger there.

I was about to turn my face homeward when I became aware of some one whistling a long way off. The sound struck me as unusual; so few people ever availed themselves of the General's permission to enter the park. But my surprise was soon lost in a wave of bitter-sweet memories. That whistling recalled too vividly the delightful May morning when I first met Hugh; and the rare, scorching tears of a grief too deep to find relief in outward emotion forced themselves painfully to my eyes.

Was it some strange trick of fancy or did I really hear the familiar notes of "Home, sweet Home!"? I feared I must be dreaming, till the whistling suddenly ceased and a voice began to sing:

> If she love me, this believe:
> I will die ere she shall grieve.

My heart stood still. I trembled violently and could scarcely keep myself from fainting. Bear rushed away, with a wild bark of welcome; and I—well, I can not describe that moment, and I would not if I could. I only know that I clung to Hugh, sobbing out incoherent words of joy and thankfulness; while he held me close with his unwounded arm, and bitterly reproached himself for having startled me. In truth, it seemed impossible to realize a happiness so great and so unexpected. I felt afraid to move or speak lest I should break the spell, and could hardly dare to believe that my "crown of tribulation" had indeed "blossomed into a garland of joy."

"Well, dearest," he said at last, "are you convinced that it is really I?"

"Of course I am!" I answered. "But, O Hugh"—the tears which I had never shed in my grief were ready enough to dim my eyes now, and I ended abruptly, "it has been so dreadful without you!"

His dear bronzed face was very thin and pale, even in spite of the tan; his right arm, bandaged from shoulder to wrist, was in a sling, and he looked like one weak from serious illness as well as loss of blood. This was, in fact, the case; for, after having explained that Uncle John and Elizabeth had kept the reason of their errand from me for fear of any disappointment, he told me how it all happened,—carefully omitting any incidents creditable to himself.

Another H. Netherby had been killed,—a Henry Netherby. He was no connection whatever of Hugh's, but the name had easily caused the mistake. Hugh, though dangerously wounded, had after a time recovered sufficiently to be sent home. Wasted with fever, and with one arm still useless, he was quite incapable of any more fighting at present, greatly to his own disgust and my intense relief. He had distinguished himself for bravery; he had won his Victoria Cross, and done his duty nobly, as a soldier should. "What more could any man desire?" I asked him, as we went back for a moment into the glade before returning home.

My wreath of violets still lay where I had placed it with such an aching heart only a short while ago; the birds were still singing; the afternoon sun still shot amber gleams across the grass; everything looked the same. Yet to me the whole face of the world seemed changed. Surely, I said to myself, as I looked up into the sweet face of the Virgin Mother, my happiness, like my knowledge of the truth, had been won for me through her intercession.

"You are mine now, dearest, in faith as well as in heart!" Hugh said, with grave tenderness, as we stood beside the well.

"Yes," I answered, laying my hands in his; "yours now and always—here and hereafter. And, O Hugh, I pray that I may be worthy of your love and of the unspeakable joy God has given me!"

(The End.)

By His saying, "There is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance," Christ made humility the gate of entrance into paradise.—*Amiel.*

To be a "doer" is the essential part of a pious life; being merely a "hearer" will not suffice. So have the Easterns what is called "a praying-wheel," each turn of which counts as a prayer.

—*Percy Fitzgerald.*

A Tardy Step in the Right Direction.

THE federation of Catholic societies, whatever may be said to the contrary, is a step in the right direction. Opposition to the movement was to be expected from within and without,—from Catholics whose human respect or cowardice or political preferences are stronger than their attachment to religion; from benighted bigots, who can never see Catholics working together without fears that they are working against the Government; and from stupid people, who imagine that we are trying to form a new political party. It will be necessary to assure even unprejudiced, intelligent persons, over and over again, that American Catholics have no such desire. Let it be stated as clearly as possible that the purpose of the federation of Catholic societies is to exert influence on occasion, as other religious denominations do, to right wrongs and prevent injustice. To this no reasonable man can object. In fact, government officials have sometimes reproached Catholics for letting things go by default. There have been times when Catholic citizens were expected to assert themselves, and it was a surprise to non-Catholics that they did not. We are glad to be reminded of one such occasion by the editor of the *Southern Messenger*.

It was supposed by many that President Grant was inimical to Catholics, but such was not the case. He had private reasons, which need not be referred to here, for being very friendly to Catholics. We have known him to be blamed for injustice toward them when his best efforts were being exerted to prevent it. The advice he once gave to a Catholic gentleman of our acquaintance is memorable and especially serviceable at the present time.

On the occasion to which we have reference mention was made of the wrong done to Catholic Indians by a recent action of the administration. The President listened with close attention to all that his visitor had to say; and then, with evident regret and no sign of resentment, explained that the action had been taken because of representations made by deputies who presented a petition with a large number of signatures. The facts in the case were not known. Those who naturally sided with the Indians may have made a stir in Catholic newspapers; but, so far as the Government was concerned, they might as well have talked into a chimney. How differently other American citizens would have acted! "These people," said the President, "get together, call meetings, get up petitions, and send deputies down here, and thus they often secure their object. Now, that is what you Catholics should do. Do as they do. Get together, make out a statement of your case, and back it with as much force as you can muster."

These were General Grant's words, and we happen to know to whom they were spoken. They were probably quoted in our pages at the time, but they have been little heeded all these years. Everybody knows why. There is no use in trying to conceal the fact that lack of solidarity among her members is the open wound of the Church in this country. With how much malice there is no knowing, but with energy worthy of the evil one, the seeds of discord have been sown by men professing to be followers of Him who declared that His disciples should be known by the spirit of union and brotherly love. For years to come that seed will continue to bear its bitter fruit.

We repeat that the federation of Catholic societies is a tardy step in the right direction,—a step of which

there is no exaggerating the importance. An earnest, dignified appeal to the authorities at Washington by deputies representing the Catholic population of the United States will always command attention. The editor of the *Southern Messenger* knows what he is talking about in urging Catholics to remain inactive no longer,—to go to headquarters when anything in which they are especially interested—anything really important—is going on at headquarters. "Any one who has ever had any business to transact at Washington, either with Congress or the executive departments, knows the futility of resolutions or action at a distance; and, on the other hand, the absolute necessity of direct representation there. Until this is secured, nothing of any importance can be expected."

Notes and Remarks.

Our Anglican friends, we observe, propose a "Round Table Conference" for the purpose of finding out how far the various parties of the Church of England are in agreement,—the fond hope being still cherished that the Kensit lion may yet, by some magic of diplomacy, be made to lie down with the Halifax lamb. Why a formal conference should be necessary is hard to understand; for there has never been any mystery about the fact that four mutually antagonistic sects flourish under the comprehensive title of the Establishment. Take the question of the Rule of Faith, for instance. The Ritualists assert that true Christian doctrine rests on the Bible as unanimously and increasingly understood by all "branches of the Catholic Church" from the time of Christ until now. The High Churchman holds that faith rests on the Bible as interpreted in the first centuries, when the words of Our Lord were still a living memory. The Low Churchman's theory is that the Bible alone, as interpreted by each man's individual conscience, is the sole rule of faith. Finally, the Broad Churchman also rests on private judgment of the Bible, but declares that the Bible is of no holier authority than the sacred books of the pagan nations. Surely our much-divided friends will admit that the task of unifying these various schools of thought is a heavy undertaking for the vacation months. Squaring the circle would be child's play in comparison.

The sum total of endowments to American colleges and universities during the past scholastic year amounts to more then sixteen millions of dollars. One "university," whose name we never heard before, received three and one-fifth millions; and four other institutions that do not need money badly—Harvard and Chicago among them—were presented with over a million each. Nearly every little secular or sectarian institution in the United States has at least one handsome gift to report, that would seem like a gold mine to any of our Catholic colleges. Only two Catholic schools figure among the fortunate ones, and these for small bequests. Now, let us suggest that some of the splendid eloquence wasted in criticising our colleges and academies be employed in persuading wealthy Catholics to endow them.

The Catholic *Standard and Times* took occasion of the celebration in honor of Lafayette to refute an oft-repeated libel upon the memory of that illustrious Frenchman which originated with the late Professor Morse. Lafayette was reported to have said and written that the liberties of our Republic were in danger from the Catholic priesthood. Archbishop Spalding resented the insult,

and called upon Professor Morse to prove his statement or withdraw it. All efforts to substantiate the charge were futile, although Morse was assisted by numerous bigots; notably a preacher named Van Pelt, who stultified himself by his fabrications. Professor Morse would not acknowledge his discomfiture, though it was shown by Archbishop Spalding that Lafayette had more than once given public expression to sentiments the very contrary of those attributed to him by the Knownothings.

Before our bold soldier boys went to the Philippines, there were exactly three saloons in Manila: now there are one hundred and seventy. Formerly the native took his sip of *bino* in a wine-room with great dignity, and then went gaily about his business: now the quantity of beer and whisky imported into Manila every year would be sufficient to float a ship. When the soldiers get their pay, life in Manila becomes unbearable for civilians: women are insulted, private cabs and carriages are invaded, and drunken soldiers lie as thick as cobble-stones along the Escolta, the main street of the city. It is an ungracious task for an American magazine to chronicle such horrors; but what we have written is only a mild paraphrase of the report sent in by Mr. Harold Martin, a representative of the Associated Press at Manila. And the worst of it is that the man with the hoe will some day be taxed for pensions to support these patriotic gentlemen who are drinking themselves to death in the very face of the enemy.

We rejoice to know, on the authority of Mr. Martin, that our civilization has taken no strong hold on the Filipino. "I do not believe that our advent has caused any appreciable increase of drinking among the islanders; up to the present time we alone indulge in intemperance." The natives are filled with disgust at the sights they witness among the soldiers, whose example they have shown no desire to follow. When the condition of army discipline abroad becomes public knowledge at home—and that is sure to happen,—the patriotism of the parents and friends of the soldiers is likely to experience a rude chill.

From a readable article by Father John Talbot Smith in *Donahoe's* we learn that "the number of Catholic cadets at West Point is, on the average, about one-eighth of the whole number; and their standing is fair.... There is no danger to their faith. Army people are the least bigoted, and among them the Catholic religion has the respect which military men pay to an organization more admirable in discipline than any army known to history." Father Smith urges clever Catholic boys with a taste for military life and a mind for mathematics to think seriously about West Point. It may be well to state, however, that the Military Academy is not the place for those nice young men who find the discipline of Catholic colleges too severe for them. The cadet rises at five o'clock the year round; and, as every moment is regulated with Trappist-like severity, there is no loafing. He can not go "out of bounds" without permission; he is not allowed to smoke; he is made to work harder than students of any other college; and during the four years of his cadetship he enjoys only one vacation of two months. All this, it will be seen, is strikingly at variance with Young America's idea of how he ought to be educated; but Young America's father, if he is a wise man, will feel that a system of education which is so markedly preferred by the Catholic Church and the United States Government must have much to recommend it. And the impression grows

when one considers the sort of men West Point sends out with her diplomas—physically straight, mentally strong, and sensitively honorable young men. A good cure for the young man who complains of the "old fogy" government of our Catholic colleges would be to send him on a visit to West Point.

Our description of the Boxers as a "Chinese Knownothing party" was strictly accurate. Anti-foreignism and anti-Catholicism are the two dominant notes in their slogan. Just now they are actively scattering among the people anti-Catholic publications of the A. P. A. description. The chief difference is that to hair-lifting tales of priestly scoundrelism, the thorough-going Chinese add hair-lifting tales of priestly witchcraft. Meanwhile preachers in this country—many of them—have hurried to the fore in customary fashion with complaints against the Catholic missionaries. The spokesman of the Presbyterian Board of Missions—pious man!—charges the Boxer outbreak to "the abuse by the Catholic priests of the privileges secured for them by the French government." We recommend that the Boxers duly admit this good Brother to full membership in their order. His complexion may be a little off color, but his sentiments are unimpeachable.

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As the charges against the priests have already gone far, and are sure to go further, we deem it well to put on record these words from an article in *Harper's Weekly;* the writer is Prof. Headland, of the Methodist University at Peking:

About three years ago the Roman Catholic priests, through the influence of the French minister, were given official rank corresponding to that of the various Chinese officials—viceroy, governor, taotai, and so forth. And it was made obligatory upon the Chinese officials, when appointed to a new or leaving an old post, to call upon or send a card to the bishop or priest; while at the same time it put into the hands of the clergy no small power when they met an official, especially in cases of litigation.

The Roman Catholic Christians were frequently oppressed by non-Christian members of their community; and as a result the Church appointed two of her priests to attend to no other duties except the investigation of evidence in cases of litigation, and the conduct of such cases as they thought unjust before the official. The fact that they had official rank, and the other very important fact that they were foreigners, both added to their power; and they were thus able to meet the official not only on his own ground but with the additional power of understanding foreign law. The Christians were therefore enabled to obtain justice.

Rear-Admiral John W. Philip, who passed away in Brooklyn recently, commanded the *Texas* in the naval battle off Santiago. Philip was a good fighter, but it is not for his prowess alone that his name will be perpetuated in our books of history. When the battle off Santiago was over, he called his officers and men on deck, and, baring his head, said that he wished to declare in public his belief in an overruling Providence; and later, when his men were cheering for the victory, he pointed to the unhappy Spaniards struggling with the flames and the waves, and called out to the crew: "Don't cheer, boys! The poor devils are dying." No one has ever dared to suggest that Philip was acting: faith and mercy were in him, and the great moment only helped to make them strikingly apparent.

President Eliot has discovered that others besides the youth of Cambridge "will have to be restrained" during the visit of the Cuban teachers to Harvard. Zealous temperance workers in Boston last week pleaded with Dr. Eliot to secure the attendance of the visitors at a large temperance meeting in the town, but his answer must have been somewhat disconcerting to the petitioners:—"I can not think that the

Cubans would take any interest in total abstinence; they have no tendency to drink to excess, and can not understand it in others. The vice against which you contend is not practised among them. Our people have much to learn from them on that subject, while they can get nothing but a warning from us."

Like all the Latin races, the Cubans have a keen sense of humor. When they thoroughly master the details of the civilization we have volunteered to bestow upon them—our political cess-pools, our civil service frauds, our divorce-mills, our saloons, our veracious journalism,—they will cease to be angry at us, and in like proportion our reputation as a nation of jokers will expand. The whole affair will probably remind the Cubans of that dear old Presbyterian lady who went over from Cape Cod to convert the Pope.

We noted in a former issue the erection of a Catholic church in Dempsey Valley for the exclusive use of converts from Mormonism. The pastor of this unique parish, Father Hendrickx, writes thus to *The Missionary:* "Every time I hold services there I find some one anxious to leave the hodge-podge of Mormon belief and return to the old faith. There are no more faithful converts than those from Mormonism. Especially they show a tender love to Jesus in the Sacrament of love." Father Hendrickx is able to visit his parishioners only once in two months, but at each visit all the members of his flock receive Holy Communion.

In the Church of St. Lawrence, London, which he attended, and where as a young man he delivered a course of lectures on St. Augustine's "De Civitate Dei," a beautiful stained-glass window has been unveiled as a memorial of the Blessed Thomas More. The window, which represents More in his chancellor's robes, is the gift of a Protestant member of Parliament, Mr. Richards; and the eulogy was delivered by the speaker of the Commons, who described the statesman-saint as "the most distinguished man who ever sat in the chair of the House of Commons." The new window has fastened public attention on the career of the English martyr at an opportune moment; and it is amusing to note the gyrations of the secular and sectarian press in the attempt to prove that More died for law or politics, or anything else but religion. One wonders how they dispose of More's own declaration that he died "in and for the faith of the Catholic Church."

The most important conversion in England since the publication of the Anglican Archbishops' "Opinion" is that of the Rev. C. R. Chase, whom the secular journals eulogize as a man of unusual character, talent and influence. A single sentence from one of the public statements provoked by the attacks made upon him by his former brethren gives a graphic idea of what the "Catholic-minded" Anglican is called upon to suffer: "To me it was a strange sensation, as well as a great joy, when I came to see my bishop after I had become a Catholic, to know that I was of the same religion as my own bishop. It was a condition of things I had never experienced before."

We find this significant paragraph in the current statement of the Director of the Census:

> The attempt to estimate the strength of a religious denomination by the number of sittings in the churches is also misleading, since in the Roman Catholic churches the same edifice is used by different worshipers at different hours of the day; while in the Protestant churches generally the seating capacity of an edifice exceeds the average attendance.

Notable New Books.

Meditations on the Psalms of the Little Office. By Peregrinus. With an Introduction by the Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J. B. Herder.

'This publication stands for a model of book-making,' is our first thought on taking up these Meditations; nor is our admiration lessened as we open the printed pages. The matter — the psalms, in Latin and English, of the Little Office, each one followed by a short meditation thereon— must fulfil its purpose, which is to inspire greater devotion for the old established forms of prayer. But it is to the introduction that one turns with special pleasure; for here we have, after our own heart, a plea for the stately, dignified devotions of the Church,—devotions sanctified by the approval of centuries. In these days even Catholics, as Father Tyrrell points out, show little appreciation of ancient usages; and while, in one sense, there can be nothing really new in the Church, there is an air of novelty in the multitudinous private practices of piety that commend themselves to those who seek the modern touch that is destroying not only works of art, but, in piety, works of the heart. After these devotions do many follow. But if only the full beauty, the full significance, of the old forms of praise and petition, of adoration and thanksgiving were realized, piety would be simplified and fervor concentrated. We can not resist quoting from this admirable introduction the following pointed paragraph:

> In such an age Catholics themselves have little patience with and little appreciation of the measured dignity of the Church's public prayer; and the very expression of "popular" applied to vernacular public devotions seems to hint at the unpopularity of the liturgy. Not indeed that the Sacrifice of the Mass has in any degree ceased to be the great centre of devotion; but that so few care to follow the ancient Eucharistic prayer of the Missal: so many prefer the numberless little methods of Mass-hearing, which, however excellent in themselves, are a poor, thin diet compared with the living bread, the "strong meat" of the all but inspired words of the Canon.

The Knights of the Cross. Vol. II. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated by Jeremiah Curtin. Little, Brown & Co.

This second volume proves that the author's purpose in writing the story of "The Knights of the Cross" was much larger and more important than was apparent from the first volume. The story, indeed, belongs to Mr. Sienkiewicz' series of historical tales; and as such it has the limitations peculiar to its class—the history being an impediment to the fiction, and the fiction vitiating the quality of the history. Withal it bears the hall-mark of the master, in that it has masculinity, dramatic force, strong color, and plenty of "rush." It reminds one of Kipling at his best (which is high praise, by the way), making due allowance for the fact that the Englishman has never been so happy in his choice of themes as the Polish author. The account of the battle of Grünwald, in which Poland and indeed Europe itself are really saved from the Knights of the Cross, is one of the most stirring bits of writing produced within recent years. Zbyshko sustains his character nobly to the last page; and while we can not but regret the pathetic fate of Danusia, poetic justice is amply appeased by the treatment of Yagenka. We gladly reiterate in regard to the completed story all that we said in praise of the first volume on its appearance some months ago. Admirers of Sienkiewicz will be grateful to the publishers for presenting as a frontispiece an excellent portrait of the author standing beside his remarkably skilled translator, Mr. Curtin. It ought to be added that Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. are the accredited publishers of the works of the Polish author in this country.

Studies in Church History. Vol. VI. By the Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D. Pustet & Co.

Dr. Parsons brings his monumental history to a close in this volume, which deals with the latter portion of the nineteenth century. The topics treated may be easily summarized, for they nearly all turn on the pontificate of Pope Leo XIII. The Holy Father, as one sees from the table of contents, has in strict literalness borne "the solicitude of all the churches"; and we have here chapters on the Pontiff's relations respectively with France, Ireland, England, Austria, Hungary, Germany, Russia, Africa, Belgium, and the United States. The subject-matter of the Holy Father's messages to these countries has been so varied as to take in all the great political, social and religious questions of the half century. When we add that there are chapters on the Kulturkampf, the Commune, the Third Republic, and biographical studies of such interesting characters as Döllinger, Veuillot, Cantù, we have made a summary of the whole volume. An appendix containing ten chapters on subjects more or less germane to church history, with a most valuable general topical index to the entire work, completes the book.

We do not feel called upon to qualify Dr. Parsons' historical essays; of many of them we have

already shown the highest appreciation within our power by publishing them in this magazine. But we must record our pleasure at noting the ever-broadening influence of this devoted historian and the growth of his name and authority among American scholars. His has usually been the unpopular side of the controversy—the smashing of idols and the vindication of the maligned; but he has never been tempted either to despair or to shout with the mob. Laboriousness and conscientiousness have in his case gone hand in hand with wide reading, a fondness for "the sources," the impersonal spirit, the insight of sanity, and the judicial poise. We do, indeed, believe the chapter on Americanism to be tinged—unconsciously, of course—by party spirit; no one, on either side, has yet succeeded in setting down "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," on that subject. It is too soon for this, and we wish Dr. Parsons had not tried it. But it was characteristic of the man that having once fixed on his point of view, he took no pains to conceal it, even though he must have known that that chapter would be regarded by many American Catholics as a mere campaign document.

A great debt is owing Dr. Parsons from his co-religionists in the United States. Our colleges, schools, parish libraries and literary societies will do less than justice both to him and to themselves if these "Studies in Church History" are not prominent on the book-shelves. We congratulate the historian on the completion of his great work,—we congratulate him and we thank him.

Currita, Countess of Albornoz. By Luis Coloma. Translated from the Spanish by Estelle Huyck Atwell. Little, Brown & Co.

Luis Coloma is a Spanish Jesuit priest, and this novel of his is remarkable. It is the work of a man with an artistic gift of considerable worth; but he "plays by ear." He often commits the unpardonable sin of writing about his characters, instead of letting them act and talk as persons do in actual life. In his prologue he tells us, "Although I seem to be a novelist, I am only a missionary"; and, like a medieval friar preaching from a table in the market-place, he would preach from the pages of a novel to those that avoid the church. Now, the preaching novel is no better than a preaching woman; but, luckily, Father Coloma has enough of the artist in him to forget his preaching for long chapters, and he gives us a really interesting story. He is like our own Mr. Howells, who speaks eloquently concerning the evils of idealistic art, and then writes charming idealism in his novels.

The material used in "Currita" is the society of Madrid, which the author assures us is very corrupt. He scarcely touches what is good in that society—no city is altogether depraved,—and his picture is therefore distorted.

The Countess of Albornoz herself is a pretty shadow of Becky Sharp,—so pretty that one rather likes her, despite the fact that Father Coloma informs us solemnly in every chapter she is a woman whom we should pass with close-drawn skirts and the sprinkling of holy water. He makes her do some deeds that are disreputable enough in all conscience; but the impression of her wickedness left upon us is not deep,—indeed he converts her at a retreat in a very merciful manner, after he has killed off the male rascals.

Those familiar with Spanish literature tell us that the characterization in the Spanish drama and novel, if we except Cervantes, is often thin to those that are accustomed to Northern methods; and Coloma is another proof of this assertion. Nevertheless, his work is better than that found in many very popular English novels of late. His chief fault—and of course it is a grave one—is that he does not know his technique well enough. His notions of the humorous are somewhat ponderous to us,—boyish, like the caricatures in the Spanish papers during the late war; but he has at times a keen sense of the ridiculous.

All the villains in the book have most angelic children; indeed the impression is left that parents may look at the Ten Commandments as merely a forbidding lot of words provided they send their boys to a Jesuit college and their daghters out a convent. The Jesuits in this novel are all saintly men, and the nuns are simple and holy. A clever passage in the novel is a school-scene where one of these angels, Alfonsito Tellz-Ponce, alias Tapon, is causing trouble for himself and the prefect in a study-hall,—trouble that ends in tragedy.

The book will well repay the reading: it has no dull chapter, and it deals with villainy in a clean manner.

Studies in Poetry. Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., Ph.D. Marlier, Callanan & Co.

"To all who dream and build and dwell in the enchanted realms of poesy" does Dr. O'Hagan, the poet of the Land of the Maple Leaf, dedicate his volume of studies, "critical, analytical, and interpretative." The editor of *The Bookman* lately refused information on the study of poetics to

an inquiring subscriber, because he feared to be responsible for the consequences that might follow. Dr. O'Hagan harbors no such fears; for he takes the very highest ground for his starting-point toward the empyrean. He tells his readers at the outset that "the primary and chief purpose in the study of poetry is not discipline and instruction, but exaltation and inspiration." However, this key to the enchanted realms must be for the dreamers, not the builders; for the lectures or studies are appreciations of the poetic fabrics reared by the master-builders Tennyson, Browning, Mrs. Browning, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats and Gray. The best critics on these writers are aptly quoted; and there is much suggestive analysis and appreciation, as well as historical and biographical data useful to the student.

Christus Victor. By Henry Nehemiah Dodge. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This beautiful volume is an ambitious effort. It constitutes a large body of distinctly superior verse—good, clear, nervous lines, that easily sing themselves into one's memory. Some of the lyric passages deserve to be lifted bodily out of their context into our school-readers, so sweetly religious are they and so finished in form. Here is a passage selected almost at random:

The savage bending o'er a pool,
Beholds his image, eye to eye;
And gazing on that dusky face
Recoils amazed—he knows not why.

At noon upon a grassy knoll
The wearied reaper scans the sky;
The harvest grows, the cloud floats on,—
Has he forgot that he must die?

The restless worker delves and dreams
While round the sun the seasons fly;
He builds for more than mortal years,
As though he were not soon to die.

High o'er the city's muffled roar
His silent turrets greet the sky;
He soars above the sordid earth,
Forgetful that he there must lie.

Across the scholar's dusty page
The centuries toil beneath his eye;
He sees the nations rise and fall,—
Forgetting he himself must die.

O heart! thine intuition trust,
Dream on of greater things to be;
Thou feelest thou art more than dust,
And thou wouldst know thy destiny.

From mystic polar glaciers torn,
Impelled by mighty currents deep,
Slow-drifting mountain-dreams are borne,
Majestic in their onward sweep.
From night escaped, on crystal keel
They seek a softer, sunnier clime;
So drifting, dream on till thou feel
The summer-glow of endless time;
And, melting in the ocean swell,
There bid thine ancient bonds farewell!

Yet, in spite of the facility and strength of Mr. Dodge's lines, we feel that he has made a mistake in the choice of his subject. The eternity of hell is a question to be discussed by theologians rather than by poets, and our author's power of expression is far more impressive than his power of ratiocination. Thus, guided by sensibility alone, he concludes that God is too loving to permit any member of the human family to perish eternally. But, remembering that man is a free and therefore a responsible being, how can one accept this comforting doctrine in view of the plain teaching of Our Lord to the contrary? What we should do, were it ours to judge men, has no force whatever as an argument when we remember that the Deity Himself has told us what He will do. On most of Mr. Dodge's journey, however, we can follow him with nothing to interfere with our enjoyment; as when he sings that whatever be God's purposes toward us, our chief concern is to face our duty steadfastly as we see it from day to day.

The publishers, with characteristic taste, have supplied a handsome exterior to the book—good paper, clear, pretty type, and a binding of dainty red flexible leatherette.

A Journey with the Sun around the World. Illustrated. By the Rev. William McMahon. The *Catholic Universe* Publishing Co.

Father McMahon's letters to the *Catholic Universe* describing his experiences in a journey around the world are still fresh in the minds of many of its readers, and we have no doubt that others besides his personal friends will be glad of a chance to read or reread them leisurely in book-form. The personality of the kindly author permeates these *obiter scripta;* and a pleasing personality it is—bright, breezy, fresh-hearted; with an interest that never grows jaded by sight-seeing, and a relish for excitement that recalls a boy "let out" of school. Not only travel notes, but history notes, anecdotes, gossip, and pious reflection, are to be found commingled within the covers of this interesting volume, which the abundant illustrations do much to garnish. It was Father McMahon's parishioners who made possible his journey round the world; and it is a nice acknowledgment he makes them by enabling them, through this book, to enjoy the trip with him.



Myles' Mischief.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XI.—Katie's Resolution.

WHEN dinner-time came on that sunshiny day and Myles did not appear, there was at first no anxiety in the little house on Market Street. Katie, tranquil and happy, went on making dolls' clothes in the sitting-room window; while Susan, below in the kitchen, became downright angry. She went to the door more than once and looked out, but could see no sign of the truant. Then she called upstairs to Katie, who could not possibly know any more of Myles' whereabouts than Susan did herself.

"What has become of Myles at all, at all?"

"He said he was going to get Ben," observed Katie.

"It's a burning shame, that's what it is!" exclaimed the irate woman,—"to keep the dinner to this hour, with all the work to be done! It would try the patience of a saint."

Katie made no reply. She knew of old it was quite useless to argue with Susan in that mood. She began herself, however, to look out the window; and, as Susan retreated grumblingly to the kitchen, the little girl put on her things and went out upon the steps. She could see no sign of her brother anywhere. She extended her tour to the corner of Henry Street, looking in the direction of the Morris' house, but still no Myles.

"Ben must have kept him to dinner," she thought.

But Myles had never stayed away before without first running home to let them know. She finally rang the bell at Ben's house to inquire if her brother had been there. She found Mrs. Morris, who was not very strong and rather nervous, already quite anxious. Ben had gone away with Myles early in the day. Where could they be? Why had they not come home to dinner? Katie could throw no light on these problems; and, in her heart, Mrs. Morris thought that Myles had been up to some mischief, into which he had drawn Ben. She did not, however, say so to the gentle little girl, who was beginning to feel very uneasy; but told her to say a prayer to the Blessed Virgin that the boys might return soon.

Yet Katie had a faith so implicit in Myles that she could not believe that anything had happened to him. The one awful fate, which, in her opinion, always hung over the reckless child-wanderer in the thoroughfares of the city, could scarcely have overtaken her sturdy brother, especially when he was in company with Ben. Therefore, the girl, who knew not the name of nerves, felt a far less acute terror than that of Mrs. Morris, who tortured herself with vague imaginings of all sorts; whilst her little neighbor went home to tell Susan of the ill success of her inquiries. For it was the faithful servant who had suggested the visit to Mrs. Morris,—having called out from below, as Katie paced the sidewalk:

"Run round, that's a good girl, and ask at Ben's house if Myles is there, or if they know anything about him."

When Susan heard what Katie had to tell, she was, in point of fact, very

much alarmed. But she was really a good-hearted and tolerably clear-headed woman, and she did not want to frighten Katie.

"O dear, Myles is up to some of his pranks!" she said. "He's always in mischief."

Her watch at the window, though, became after that an anxious one; and she even mounted to Mr. Macartney's room, under pretence of doing some work there, to scan all approaches to the house from the vantage-point of the second-story window.

"There's not a sign of them anywhere!" she muttered. "God be good to us, but it would be terrible if anything were to happen and Mr. Macartney away from home!"

Like most of her class, she was an alarmist, and before long she had fully convinced herself that something had happened, and something very bad, too. But what to do she did not know. It was no use going any more to Mrs. Morris; for that lady had promised to send Myles home if he appeared at her house, or to let them know if she heard any news of the two lads.

The storm which came on in the afternoon brought poor Susan's fears to a climax, and sent Katie, pale and terrified, to keep her company in the kitchen. Katie was always afraid of storms, but doubly so now, when she feared that Myles might be out in it. The kitchen was a snug room, though not very large. It had a neat little range, framed in the brightest of red brick; and with a shining copper boiler beside it, on which latter appendage Susan expended a good deal of what she called "elbow grease." There was a big white-faced clock hanging on the wall, which always seemed to stare the little girl out of countenance; and she had an uneasy feeling about it to-day. It kept reminding her with its incessant tick-tack of Myles' prolonged absence. Just opposite the clock was an ironing table, converted at will into a settle, upon which Katie sat down, feeling very small and helpless. Susan, who had been baking earlier in the day, gave Katie a cooky. At another time this would have delighted her; but she remembered how Myles used to coax for such a delicacy, and she held it quietly in her lap, not feeling equal to eating it.

Meanwhile Susan felt her heart sink lower and lower. As a fearful clap of thunder broke over the house she crossed herself devoutly, and Katie began to say her prayers. Whilst they thus sat there was a ring at the door above. The woman and the child made a simultaneous rush up the stairs to open it; for both thought that, of course, it must be Myles. A boy stood there, very wet and somewhat pale and anxious.

"Did Myles come home?" he asked, breathlessly.

"Come home from where?" exclaimed Susan, in dismay.

"Is he here?" inquired the lad.

"No," answered Susan, and she could say no more; for something in the boy's expression terrified her.

"Come in out of the wet, child!" she added after a while.

The boy did so, and followed Susan and the trembling Katie to the kitchen.

"Take off that wet coat," commanded Susan, "and put it to the fire!"

The boy obeyed.

"Now," Susan said, confronting him, "tell us all about it."

"Well, it's that Turk!" blurted out Art, overawed by Susan's manner and appearance. "It wasn't my fault,—I told them not to go."

"Go where? What Turk?" cried the now distracted Susan. "What are you talking about at all, at all?"

Art Egan, pulling himself together, tried to give as clear an account as he

could of what had happened. There was only one point of comfort in the whole narration: Ben Morris was with Myles.

Katie began to cry. She knew that the worst had happened, and that her brother had been kidnapped and by a Turk. She knew very little about Turks, but the name had an awful sound, and conjured up visions from the pages of highly-colored story-books.

Susan, in her helpless despair, asked:

"Are you sure the man's a Turk?"

Art hesitated: he was by no means sure. His knowledge of Orientals was limited.

"I'm sure he's something like that."

The storm all the while raged louder and louder; the flashes succeeding each other with angry regularity, followed by deafening peals of thunder and gusts of furious wind; while the rain spun round in eddies and washed in waves over the sidewalks. The kitchen was so dark that the three who sat there awe-stricken could see one another's faces only by the light of the fire. Through the window was visible in the lightning flashes the square belfry of the old Market Street church, rising from the grassy enclosure, usually a synonym of peace, but in which wind and rain now ran riot.

The old clock in the kitchen ticked on monotonously, and with a dreadful regularity, as it seemed to the listeners; the kettle droned lazily; while poor Susan, dazed by Art Egan's tidings, strove to hit upon some plan of action. Just as soon as the storm subsided she would go out. But where? To the Brothers? That would only be a loss of time. To the police station? What great attention would they pay to such a tale told by a friendless and obscure old woman?

All at once Katie's voice was heard through the darkness. She had dried her tears and spoke quite calmly.

"I can't wait for the storm to be over," she said, resolutely; "I must go out now—right away!"

"Is Katie crazy?" cried Susan. "Why, dear, you'd be blown off your feet! And where would you be going, anyhow?"

"I am going to Mr. Chichester," said the child, firmly and decidedly.

"Mr. Chichester!" exclaimed Susan. "And who is he?"

"He is a kind old gentleman that Myles knows," said Katie, with a sob in her voice.

"Where does he live?"

"In that great big house on East Broadway, with a lot of steps going up to it, and a big door-plate. He asked Myles to come and see him."

At another time the devoted servant would have been quite vexed to think that this important information had been withheld from her; and it was indeed singular that Myles had not gone straight to the kitchen with the news. But so it had happened.

"Where on earth did Myles run across the like of him?" inquired Susan, her curiosity getting the better for the moment of her agitation.

"In the street-car," Katie answered. "Myles will tell you about it. Oh, I can't talk! Anyway, the old gentleman liked Myles and asked him to go to see him."

"Well," said Susan, after a thoughtful pause, "I believe it's God that put it into your mind. It's the very thing."

"Will you come with me, please?" asked Katie. For here was the very ordeal to be gone through which she had thought so dreadful for Myles.

"I'll walk round to the door," said Susan; "but it's best for you to go in by yourself. If he's the kind gentleman you tell me, he'll listen quicker to you than to me."

Katie was dismayed; but she was determined to help Myles and felt that this was the only possible way.

The storm gradually subsided while they talked, and the sun with fitful brightness began to come in at the kitchen window. Katie went upstairs to get ready; and Susan was so much relieved by the thought of this powerful friend in need that she made a cup of tea for the rain-soaked Art, adding some cookies.

In the glow produced by this refreshment, the boy offered to go with Katie, so as to be able to relate the story as circumstantially as possible; while it was agreed that Susan should stay at home, in case that by any chance Myles arrived. Katie came downstairs, very pale but resolute. The latent quality of strength, which is often seen in those of frail build, had come out. Her manner was composed, though very quiet, and only the redness of her eyes told of her distress. She was a very nice-looking little girl, and it was no wonder that Myles had been so proud of his sister.

Katie had said the *Memorare* before coming down. She remembered that Sister Geraldine had taught it to the girls of the class, and that they used to recite it on May afternoons before the statue of Our Lady. On those occasions the image of the Blessed Mother had always been before the child's mind, tranquil, pure and fair; away up somewhere beyond the azure of the sky, near the throne of her Son, with white and blue and silver making a sheen about her and melting into the gold of heaven's floor. She had always felt sure that this prayer would reach the beautiful Lady; and she had fancied her bending graciously toward the praying children and offering their petitions to her Son. Now, in this dark and terrible hour, she felt more than ever that her petition must be heard.

Art and she set out together, followed by the anxious gaze of Susan. The sun was streaking the grassy square with bars of light, through the clouds that still struggled for mastery; and down at the foot of the street they had a glimpse of the river, lying half in cloud and half in shadow. Resolutely Katie went on, not speaking nor taking any notice of her companion till they turned the corner; and in a few minutes they found themselves before the mansion, with its shining door-plate, at which Myles and she had so lately gazed.

(To be continued.)

The Story of St. Francis.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

IV.

It was a serious illness that marked the turning-point of Francis' existence. He was twenty-five then, the age when one begins to look back upon his youth, and forward to the stern duties of a man. When he began to get well there seemed to be something wrong with the ambitions that had been so much to him. He could not understand why he had ceased to care for wealth and power and pleasure.

"Everything is changed," he said. "Perhaps it is because I have been ill." And, taking his staff, being yet weak, he walked slowly out to the Porto Nuovo, the new city gate. Just outside of it was a view that had never failed to feed his dreams, but it was nothing to him now. His beloved Nature could not charm, Beauty could not soothe. Something was missing from the landscape; there was a discordant note in the song of the thrush. It was spring, but it might as well have been the grayest winter. Sadly, but with a strange happiness which startled him, he went home; and from that time on Francis lived as one who waited for something—he knew not what. He tried

to see which way God's hand pointed, but a mist seemed to hide it.

A war broke out in Southern Italy, and he fancied that he was called to have part in it. He thought, too, that somewhere, amid the noise and danger of personal combat, he might find the kindly light that was to lead him on. A nobleman of Assisi gathered together a little band of men, and put himself at their head.

"Let me go as your esquire," said Francis, eagerly. And the captain gladly said, "Yes"; rejoicing, no doubt, at the distinction of having the "flower of Assisi" for his own personal follower.

So the new squire set about getting his equipment; and if ever a soldier going to war was richly dressed it was Francis, son of Pietro Bernardone. His uniform outshone that of the nobleman himself; but he did not wear it long. Meeting a poor old knight who had seen better days, he pressed upon him the fine garments. The people of Assisi thought this a mad freak, but we know that it was the first great impulse of the heaven-born charity which was to possess him henceforth.

The next night he had a vision in which he seemed to be in a palace filled with armor, and heard his own name called in a sweet, clear voice. "For whom is this armor?" questioned the amazed Francis.—"For thee and thy knights," the wondrous voice made reply. Even then he thought of worldly honors alone, but took comfort in the thought that God seemed to approve his setting forth as a soldier.

At Spoleto he fell ill, and again he heard the mysterious voice. "You misinterpreted the other vision," it said. "Go home." He did not understand, but he obeyed at once. Bewildered, but unquestioning, he went back to Assisi to brave the jests and queries of his friends. This was harder than going to war. A sword can not wound like a bitter word. He was taking his first lesson in the school of holy obedience,—a lesson he was to teach mankind.

If he regretted his return, no one ever knew it; and once more he entered the old life, finding now that it had lost its charm. His companions chose him as king of revels, and together they wandered through the soft and starlit nights. Once he was strangely silent.

"Art thou in love, Francisco?" cried one, thinking to make him ill at ease.

"Yes," he answered, simply,—"with a being more beautiful than any thou hast ever seen."

Whom did he mean? Who was this fair one who had won his heart? Some of his biographers do not attempt to decide. For my part, I like to think that it was his Lady Poverty, the mistress of his affections forever after.

(To be continued.)

Spanish Names.

Beside the names received in baptism, all Spanish children bear the combined family names of their father and mother. When the surnames are connected by "y," meaning "and," the father's name comes first, and is the only one that can be used by itself. The terms "senior" and "junior," so common with us, are unknown in Spain. When father and son have the same Christian name, each takes his own mother's name as well, which makes it easy to distinguish between them.

ARISTIDES, called the Just, was once asked by a certain poet to decide in his favor. "You would be a poor poet," said Aristides, "if you did not measure your lines properly. I should be a poor judge if I did not mete out justice with equal precision."

With Authors and Publishers.

—The printing and engraving establishment of the United States government is the largest plant of its kind in the world, yet much of the official printing has to be let out to private firms. If "reports" secure intelligent management of the affairs of state, Uncle Sam ought not to make many mistakes.

—Last month the University of Cracow—whose most distinguished graduate was Copernicus—celebrated the fifth centenary of its existence as a Catholic university. One of the features of the celebration was an address by the great Polish novelist, Sienkiewicz, who presented the University with a gift of eighty thousand crowns.

—"Rosary Gems" is the title of a new book by H. M. Lushington, E. de M., edited with a preface by the Rev. Thomas Dawson, O. M. I., and published by R. & T. Washbourne. It is a collection of well-written stories, each of which turns on a Mystery of the Holy Rosary. The pious purpose of the author is to bring the influence of the Mysteries to bear in a practical way on the daily lives of her readers.

—In answer to numerous correspondents, we say that there are no satisfactory histories of France, Italy, Germany, or Spain, in our language—none that we know of to which a Catholic would not make serious objection. A good translation of Chantrel's "Histoire Universelle," 6 vols. in 12mo, would be a boon to our teachers and students. This work is very thorough for France and Germany, and sufficiently detailed in regard to Italy and England. The same author has written an excellent history of France, in two volumes. No doubt there are numerous handy-volume histories of Spain in Spanish, but such a book might easily be compiled from the great work of Cantù in Italian.

—The latest work from the pen of Mr. John Sweet, to whom teachers are indebted for several helpful books, is a study of "American Public Schools," which is published by the American Book Co. The work is divided into two parts, the first of which affords a history of public education in our own country. The second part relates to applied pedagogics, and treats specifically of modern courses of study, school management, professional reading, and study for teachers and the application of common-sense to rural schools. The author has made free use of quotations from the latest writings of many American educational leaders, whose books are not easily accessible to general readers.

—The Bull of Pope Nicholas granting indulgences to those volunteering in the army of the King of Cyprus against the Turks, was an earlier product of Gutenberg's invention than the famous Mazarine Bible. The London *Weekly Register* states that a copy of the Bull is preserved in the British Museum; it is dated 1454.

—The last of many books written by the late Mother Magdalen Taylor, better known as "The Author of Tyborne," was a collection of "Convent Stories," contributed to various Catholic periodicals, including THE AVE MARIA. The stories are all of much interest and edification, and are attractively brought out by Messrs. Burns & Oates.

—Each examination of the graded series of Text-Books of Religion, founded on the Baltimore Catechism, arouses increased admiration. The "First Grade," for little children, is now in a second and revised edition. We hope this series has not been overlooked by the teachers in our parochial schools. Text-Book Publishing Co.

—"Old Ire," by Lawson Gray, is a story illustrating the superstition which seems part of the Negro nature. The characters brought together to make up the plot are contrasted in a way to heighten the effect. Old Ire has the cunning of his race, and by his ventriloquistic powers he succeeds in frightening the mothers of sundry children over whom he pretends to have magic power. Science steps in and explains this power, and Old Ire promises good behavior, whereupon the tide of popular favor turns toward him, and he becomes a source of entertainment to all on the plantation. B. Herder, publisher.

—From the day of Dr. Bright in 1588, to the day of Sir Isaac Pitman in 1838, two hundred systems of short-hand writing have been devised, and in each case the inventor has considered his system the best. And since Pitman's time—when the modern history of phonography really began—until to-day, other teachers have continued to invent improved methods. Now comes a priest of remarkable ability and versatility, Father Nicholas Ward, C. P., with "The New American Stenography," which he believes to be superior to all others in the qualities of completeness, brevity, simplicity and legibility. A body of experts in phonography have examined this system and pronounced it unique, scientific and serviceable; and—what is still a better recommendation—several classes in different cities have learned it quickly, write it readily, and are very

enthusiastic about it. The present reviewer was credited with having mastered the Pitman theory while at school, and after going carefully through some of the lessons in Father Ward's book, he has no hesitation in saying that "The New American Stenography" seems at least as easy and usable as Sir Isaac's system. It would please us greatly, and surprise us not at all, to hear that Father Ward's manual is rapidly making its way into popular favor. Our teachers ought to give it a good trial. H. L. Kilner & Co.

—"How to Recite," by F. Townsend Southwick, will be welcome to teachers of elocution. Mr. Southwick, as principal of the New York School of Expression, is an authority on the art of reciting; and his book gives evidence of not only a theoretical but a practical knowledge of his subject. The technique of the art of elocution, including voice-culture and gesture, is well set forth, and each step of the way is marked by selections suited to the grade. There is a philosophy underlying elocution, and Mr. Southwick has shown in his exercises that his art is founded on science. The teacher is evident in the arrangement of the topics, hence those who use this work have the benefit of years of experience. Published by the American Book Co.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Studies in Church History. Vol. VI. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* $2.50.

Meditations on the Psalms of the Little Office. *Peregrinus.—Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.* 75 cts., *net.*

Currita, Countess of Albornoz. *Luis Coloma.* $1.50.

The Knights of the Cross. Vol. II. *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* $1.

A Journey with the Sun around the World. *Rev. William McMahon.* $1.50.

Studies in Poetry. *Thomas O'Hagan, M. A., Ph. D.* $1.

St. Jerome. *Father Largent.* $1.

The Church of Christ the Same Forever. *Rev. D. McErlane, S. J.* 50 cts , *net.*

Christian Philosophy — God. *Rev. John T. Driscoll, S. T. L.* $1.25, *net.*

Arden Massiter. *Dr. William Barry.* $1.50.

The Heiress of Cronenstein. *Countess Hahn-Hahn.* $1.25.

The Nursing Sister. $1.25.

Jack Hildreth on the Nile. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.

The Redemption of David Corson. *Charles Frederic Goss.* $1.50.

Holy Mass: A Morning Paradise. *Very Rev. R. O. Kennedy.* 5 cts.

Giovanni Baptista de Rossi. *Very Rev. T. J. Shahan, D. D.* 20 cts.

Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire. *Samuel Dill, M. A.* $2.

Ecclesiastical Dictionary. *Rev. John Thein.* $5, *net.*

The Spirit of the Third Order of St. Francis. *Father Peter Baptist, O. F. M.* $1, *net.*

The Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau. *Mary Frances Drew.* 60 cts., *net.*

St. Francis of Sales. *A. De Margerie.* $1.

A Book of Spiritual Instruction. *Blosius.* 75 cts., *net.*

The People of Our Parish. *Lelia Hardin Bugg.* $1.

A Month's Meditations. *Cardinal Wiseman.* $1.10, *net.*

The Duchess of York's Page. *Mrs. William Maude.* 70 cts., *net.*

Essays, Educational and Historic. *A Member of the Order of Mercy.* $1.25, *net.*

Episodes of Catholic History. $1.

Meditations for Retreats. *St. Francis de Sales.* 75 cts., *net.*

The Acts and Decrees of the Synod of Jerusalem. *J. N. W. B. Robertson.* $1.60.

An Old Family. *Monsignor Seton.* $3.50.

The Catholic Creed; or, What do Catholics Believe? *Very Rev. Father J. Procter, S. T. L.* $1, *net.*

Leaves from St. Augustine. *Mary H. Allies.* $1.35, *net.*

Vespers and Compline. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* $1, *net.*

The Life of Father Haskins. $1.

The Room of the Rose. *Sara Trainer Smith.* $1.25.

Religion and Morality. *Rev. James J. Fox, S. T. D.* $2.

Oxford Conferences. *Raphael M. Moss.* 60 cts., *net.*

Passages in a Wandering Life. *Thomas Arnold.* $3.50.

The Biblical Treasury of the Catechism. *Rev. Thomas E. Cox.* $1.25.

Was Savonarola Really Excommunicated? *Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P.* 75 cts., *net.*

THE AVE MARIA

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LI. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JULY 28, 1900. NO. 4.

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The Sermon of the Rood.

DEAR God, I can not bear the cross
That weighs so sore on me;
The cruel wound of unkind words
Is surely not from Thee.
Thy tender Heart would never send
As instrument divine
A cross so hard to bear as this,
A pain so sharp as mine.

"My child, look thou upon the Cross
And see My thorn-crowned head;
Behold My open wounded side,
Whence all My blood was shed;
Then listen to the brutal cries
That struck My very Heart,
And know that some who called Me 'Lord!'
In those wild cries had part.

"And dost thou still complain, My child,
At words that rankle deep,
Draw near unto My sin-pierced hands,
That holy unction keep.
Ah! kiss those hands, and bow thy heart
To all My wisdom sends:
I was wounded by My chosen ones,—
Yea, in the house of friends!"

A Grain of Mustard Seed.

IT is no exaggeration to say that until a few months ago no community of Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent of Paul on the face of the earth, east, west, north, or south, was so ill-housed, ill-accommodated, so scantily supplied with the modest comforts and requirements regarding space and room which their rule allows, as was the band of three Sisters who in 1887, at the request of the Bishop of Salford, Dr. Vaughan, now Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, established themselves in the district of Ancoats, one of the purlieus of the great city of Manchester. But under that law, as old as Christianity itself, which so often awards the greatest results to the feeblest means, and makes a fragile instrument the cause of mightiest effects, baffling all merely human calculation and prevision, perhaps in none among the thousand houses of St. Vincent, shining like beacons in a naughty world, has so great a work been accomplished as in the little one we are now considering.

In Saxon times the forest of Arden extended to the hamlet of Ancotes, or Ancoats; and between 1199 and 1231 we find Ralph de Ancotes obtaining a grant from the Baron of Manchester of all the land of Ancotes for a rent of six and eight-pence at the four yearly terms. It subsequently passed into the hands of the Byron family, and from an early time many of its inhabitants were dyers and woollen manufacturers. Anthony Mosley, "a diligent and cautious man," brother of Sir Nicholas Mosley, a merchant of London, bought the Ancoats estate from Sir John Byron about 1603. His grandson, Nicholas Mosley, born 1611, made himself obnoxious to the Commonwealth by his firm adherence to the Stuarts; and, after three years' confiscation of his property, the House of Commons resolved: "That the House doth accept of the sum of one hundred

and twenty pounds of Nicholas Mosley of the Ancotes, in the county of Lancaster, for a fine of his delinquency,—his offence being residing in the enemy's quarters. His estate in fee, sixty pounds per annum, to be payable for one life. He hath likewise twenty pounds per annum in reversion." For two centuries Ancoats Hall was the home of the Mosleys; however, Manchester "was throwing out its long arms, and the pleasant gardens and fine old Hall were now almost in its grimy clasp." At the beginning of the present century it was sold to Mr. George Murray.

How shall we find words to describe the Ancoats of to-day? It is a human hive, where men are working out their lives, as a recent writer says of the great industrial centres of England, "under conditions of ugliness and dirt such as the world has never known before." The leaden sky hangs threateningly close to the tall factory chimneys which for more than half a century have polluted it; and the sun's rays seldom pierce the thick canopy with a faint and sickly beam. Polluted also are the waters of the Medlock and the canal that sluggishly traverse the district between high walls, as if ashamed of their sorry black defilement. Acres of "cottage" property—for that pretty word here serves to designate the endless rows of dismal little houses—are spread at the feet of the great factories and foundries and warehouses; and through them you may wander without seeing a tree or shrub, nor any little space of green preserved from the ruthless juggernaut of steam and iron; nor in the vitiated air could they have lived. Not a flower or sprig of green stands in any of the poor windows; not a bit of bright color relieves the eye or breaks the monotony of the sordid hues of ugliness and dirt.

So universal is the type of dwelling that the initial difficulty which met the Sisters of Charity on coming to Ancoats was to find a house containing more than the kitchen and scullery on the groundfloor and two bedrooms above, which go to make the cottage. Two Catholic parishes being fused into one, a small presbytery became available, and there the Sisters were installed in the summer of 1887. The work before them was prodigious. Religion had been kept alive among the Catholics, and the overworked priests of the four parishes into which the district is divided had fought as champions against the rising tide of vice and degradation; but they sorely needed the help that Sisters of Charity are best qualified to give.

The people were the roughest whom they had found in any of the great towns of England or elsewhere; and this in spite of the fact that Ancoats had been for some years the hunting-ground of the amateur and latter-day philanthropist, and the scene of many efforts to raise its people from the consequences of past neglect and ignorance at the hands of those who should have been their leaders and protectors. Ancoats Hall itself is now an art museum and the seat of a university settlement; and one of its most touching works is the bringing within the ken of the children such common objects of nature as a handful of flowers, a tree, a bird, a butterfly, which hundreds of thousands of children and very many older persons in the manufacturing towns of England have never seen.

To this banishment of Nature and all her beautiful works, the result of railways and the factory system, we owe in a great measure degradation such as the good Sisters of Charity found at Ancoats. Old Raymundus de Sabunde of Toulouse, writing in 1434, says:

"Two books are given to man—the book of Nature, in which every creature is a letter written by the finger of God;

and that of Holy Writ. Both books agree in their contents, but the Bible gives them as commands and Nature as example.... And this book, Nature, is not only the older, which from the beginning has been opened wide before men's eyes, whilst the other was only given later; but it has, too, the advantage that it is comprehensible to every one, and not, like the Bible, only to be learned; that it can not be falsified nor destroyed nor misinterpreted.... We can learn more from it in a month than from learned men in a century. It makes a man glad, humble, and obedient; a hater of vice, a lover of virtue; it does not puff up nor mislead into arrogance."

Another reason for the low standard of the working classes in such places as Ancoats is not far to seek. Where man has become but the living part, so to speak, of the machinery he drives, he must perforce lose that interest in his completed work which distinguishes the artist and the handicraftsman. The man who himself makes a chair, a yard of stuff, even a pin, may exercise faculties of comparison, invention, and effort to improve, which are quite cut off from him whose working hours are spent in turning out millions of heads of pins, miles of yarn, and component parts of articles which he never sees completed; and there is a deep significance in that name of "hand" which in the northern manufacturing districts has replaced that of workman or craftsman.

It is with a feeling of deepest regret that one compares the condition of such with that of the happy dyers in the days of Ralph de Ancotes, and the woollen manufacturers in the days of Nicholas Mosley. To quote the words of one whose labors in this very district entitle him to all praise: "Though in the past there was much poverty, all workmen, even the poorest, had near them other persons living fuller and more interesting lives than themselves, and had the encouragement toward making efforts to attain fuller life for themselves and their families, given by the knowledge that fuller kinds of life existed. But now the majority of inhabitants of vast districts, surrounded by neighbors all, like themselves, living poor, dull lives, are unaware that any kinds of life fuller than their own are possible.... Many persons are so completely ignorant of the existence of any place more interesting than that in which they dwell that they never leave the neighborhood of their home and workshop.... Drinking, betting, loafing, licentiousness, seem to be almost the only kinds of recreation which are open to such persons; and every town provides abundant facilities for these." Indeed, it is to be feared that in all these respects we compare unfavorably with the inhabitants of any other part of the civilized world.

With all the zeal of their supernatural love for their fellowmen, with all the experience gained by more than two centuries of labor among the poor—the inheritance of every daughter of St. Vincent,—the Sisters threw themselves into the task before them among the people whose condition we have faintly attempted to describe. The grey habit and white cornette became the one spot of comeliness and beauty moving about the sordid streets and into the dark courts and alleys.

Owing to the large admixture of Irish in the population, even from the first there was no open hostility displayed to the Sisters. Some mobbing of the unfamiliar figures, some throwing of mud-splashes on the white cornettes, certainly took place; and the epithets of "butterfly," "devil," were frequently shouted after them. A dull surprise, a vacant wonder—tinged, perhaps, with some suspicion—at the advent of these

gentle ladies come to dwell among them, unlike all the other visitors whom they had ever known, were the prevailing feelings. But hostility, suspicion, and surprise gradually melted into admiration, affection, homage, and obedience.

At first the efforts of the Sisters seemed almost fruitless, and it is not surprising that one or two of these valiant women broke down under the strain and had to be replaced after a few months of this desperate struggle. "I feel as if I were clad in sin!" one of the good Sisters exclaimed, with an expressive shudder; and for a time it seemed to those who from a distance looked with admiration and sympathy at their toil, that the task was beyond even their heroism and devotion.

Drunkenness and all the consequences lurking in its train — grim murder among the rest — was the chief and most baffling of the evils against which the Sisters of Charity waged a ceaseless war, at first with no apparent success. After the third year, however, the inspector in charge of the police station nearest to them remarked: "At first they seemed to make no impression, but during the last six months the night charges at this station have diminished fifty per cent. We must attribute the change mainly to the influence of the Sisters." After testimony such as this it is not surprising to hear that it not unfrequently happens, when the men are preparing for a drinking-bout, the wife of one of them will send for a Sister to come and stop it. "An' she doos. The men dursn't go agin 'er fur thur lives," said one of the women in question.

Drinking-bouts were not confined to the men. Alas! it was also a habit too common among the women, who would assemble, seven or eight together, in a neighbor's cottage, even in the forenoon, and spend an hour or two drinking before dinner. Unkempt, unwashed, and leaving their own wretched homes bereft of even that elementary care which the ordinary Ancoats housewife acknowledges as advisable; wearing their dirty garments torn and draggled to a degree that would appear inconceivable to any person of their class in any other country in Europe, they sit and drink themselves into a state of sodden stupidity or fierce combativeness, in the broad light of day. To shame such creatures into some semblance of decent womanliness and self-respect, to raise them from the state of squalor in which they were content to leave themselves and their homes, was a most difficult task. The degradation was deep and widespread, and heredity had its dreadful share in the dismal catalogue of its causes.

With magnificent audacity the Sisters wrestled with the evil, and now and then with almost dramatic effect. On one occasion a lay-helper accompanied one of them to a house where some half dozen women were discovered round a table on which stood an enormous jug of beer, with which they were about to begin to carouse. After a few stinging words of condemnation and rebuke, the Sister took the jug and poured its contents into a tub of neglected washing on a stool near the door. Her friend could hardly restrain a gasp of alarm; and, in truth, no other mortal but one of the Sisters, and perhaps the parish priest, could have ventured upon such an act of confiscation without a certainty of being severely mauled. But, shamefaced and silent, the women stood like guilty children; while a half smile, born of a new sense of affection and remorse, seemed to flit across one or two of the hardened faces.

The Sisters very speedily arrived at the conclusion that their best hope of regenerating the people around them lay in the influence they could exert upon the young girls. Time was, almost

within the memory of man, when the Irish girls attracted to these parts to work in the cotton mills and factories, used to go in groups to their work singing hymns to Our Lady or saying the Rosary aloud. The day of those good habits had long set; however, a recuperative power remained—despite mixed marriages and evil surroundings—in the descendants of that generation. Upon this the daughters of St. Vincent proceeded to work, and great was their success. Where Children of Mary already existed, fresh vigor and purpose were instilled into them, and their members used as invaluable auxiliaries and assistants. Subsidiary guilds, night-schools, and every other means the ingenuity of their charity could devise, were founded by the Sisters; and in an incredibly short time a remarkable change was wrought in the habits and manners of these poor girls. At first untrained and wild as young colts, they now compare favorably with most of their class in England.

The protection of young girls is one of the chief objects of the rule of St. Vincent of Paul, and the Sisters were confronted with the problem in an acute form at Ancoats. Through lack of work, sickness, or other causes, poor girls who had drifted into the district in search of employment often found themselves homeless and penniless at nightfall. Sooner than seek shelter in the city Tramp-Ward, they would wander about the streets all night, or sit for an hour or two on the benches in front of the infirmary railings, with the petition to the policeman on duty, "Will you mind me while I sleep?"—a request always attended to, and often followed by a cup of hot coffee at the coffee-stall by the infirmary gates, offered and paid for by the policeman when the vigil was over.

The Sisters of Charity, it is hardly necessary to say, could not rest while such a state of things continued. All too small and incommodious as was their dwelling, they managed to devote a part of it, with a little structural alteration, to a night refuge for young girls,—the first of its kind in England, with the exception of one in Liverpool founded a few years before by the Sisters there. A notice was put up in the different police stations, informing the constables on night duty that they might direct any respectable homeless girl whom they encountered to "St. Vincent's Night Refuge"; and a similar notice was placed in the porters' room of the three nearest railway stations.

The first night a stalwart policeman rang the bell in the small hours, and the matron, on opening the "turn," found him standing in the rain with a forlorn damsel at his side, whom he had found hopelessly wandering, penniless and alone. During the first four years over six thousand night lodgings were afforded to some two thousand poor girls; and in their interviews with the Sister Superior the next morning, the words of affectionate good counsel and the aid to find employment they received were boons as precious as the night's safe harborage.

To avoid the danger of pauperizing their poor clients, a fee of a penny for the supper of hot cocoa and bread, a penny for the bed, and a third penny for breakfast, is charged to those who can afford it; but in cases of destitution these fees are remitted for three consecutive nights. In the rare cases of failure to find work by the end of the third day, recourse to the workhouse becomes the last alternative.

The cramped premises at the Sisters' command soon proved too small for their purpose, and instances occurred of late arrivals having to be turned away from that hospitable door with the disappointing answer, "No room." But

public charity was stirred, and in 1895 a meeting was held in the Manchester Town Hall to obtain funds to help the Sisters of Ancoats to build larger premises and carry on their various works, especially the night shelter, on a larger scale. The Lord Mayor presided, wearing his gold chain of office, the beautiful badge of the city arms, set with diamonds, depending from it. He was supported by men as wide apart in many ways as the Duke of Norfolk, the Lord-Lieutenant of the county, the Bishop of Salford, one of her Majesty's judges of assize, several Members of Parliament, justices of the peace, and prominent men of all parties and all denominations.

The great musician, Sir Charles Hallé, was one of the most eloquent of the speakers; and many of his audience knew that he had a few years before suffered the anguish, mingled with pride and joy, that wrings a father's heart when he blesses and bids farewell to a daughter setting forth to obey the high vocation of a Sister of Charity of St. Vincent of Paul. But the majority of speakers were Protestants; and as, one after another, they rose to bear their tribute of praise and admiration to the Sisters' works, the older men in that assembly could not but feel that one of the most important of those works had been the breaking down of many of the barriers of ignorance and prejudice which had existed between the great mass of the people of Manchester and their Catholic fellow-citizens.

One or two could remember that as far back as 1848 a worthy Catholic, Mr. Daniel Lee, had invited a few Sisters of Charity over from Paris to labor among the poor of Manchester in that year of Chartism, of turmoil and great distress. But the Sisters were hooted and mobbed, their very lives endangered; and, after a year's gallant struggle against the forces of ignorance and bigotry, they were reluctantly compelled to return to Paris; and, alas! nearly a quarter of a century elapsed before the grey habit and white cornette were again seen in Manchester. When, therefore, at this great demonstration of 1895, the first of its kind in aid of a Catholic charity, the chief magistrate of the city, with the insignia of his office about him, rose as the mouthpiece of his townsmen to express their gratitude for the work of public utility done by the devoted and self-sacrificing Sisters of Charity, he seemed to mark in letters of gold, to these old hearers, the contrast between then and now.

It may interest the readers of THE AVE MARIA to know that one of the three Sisters who first came to Ancoats, and whom we shall call Sister J——, is an American. Born of wealthy parents, her youth had been spent in travelling among the fairest scenes of Europe. (Strange preparation for the dismal surroundings awaiting her at Ancoats!) An admirable linguist, she little thought when acquiring her Italian and Spanish that she would one day find both these languages very useful in dealing with the organ-grinders and ice-cream venders who form a little colony apart in a corner of the district.

Sister J—— possesses all the qualities of her race. The word "impossible" hardly seems to exist in her vocabulary; and, within the limits becoming her condition, there has been at times a charming audacity in her attitude toward English time-honored prejudices and red-tapism, which has carried all before it. In her presence opposition and procrastination seemed to melt like snow in sunshine; and it is mainly owing to her that the hospitals now admit patients recommended by the Sisters without the formality of letters of recommendation from subscribers.

When a few years ago strikes, dull trade, and a very hard winter caused great distress, the Municipal Poor-Law Guardians directed that relief should be given to the Ancoats Sisters' cases without any preliminary investigation by the overseers. So well were the soup-kitchens under their care organized and managed that the Central Committee paid the Sisters the high compliment of inviting them to take over the soup-kitchens of the whole town during that distressful winter,—a request they were most reluctantly obliged to refuse, their numbers being too small for so great an undertaking.

A lady who had occasion to accompany Sister J—— through the great market of Shudehill, which bounds one side of Ancoats, said afterward: "I can compare it only to walking behind the Princess of Wales at a London party. The crowd parted before us (it was around Christmas, and the market at its busiest) with the same unobtrusive politeness,—allowance being made for the different quality of its composition; and both men and women made their little salutations with the same air of affectionate respect. 'Are all these people Catholics?' was my astonished question on emerging.—'Oh, no! but most of the market people know me,' was the quiet reply.—'So it appears!'"

Ever ready to make use of all that they encountered that could be turned into an instrument for good, the Sisters were quick in seizing the opportunity afforded them by the Whit Week school processions, which are an interesting feature of Manchester institutions, and one of the rare survivals of ancient customs. Not only were the numbers and bearing of the Catholic children largely increased and improved, and the new guilds and associations made to play their part, but Sister J—— started the innovation, which seemed almost hazardous in a Protestant town, of making the little Italian colony—men, women and children, in their national costume—walk in the procession. A large statue of our Blessed Lady was borne on the shoulders of four men. Never since the Reformation had such a thing been done, and so well and respectfully was it received by the dense crowds that filled the town, that the following year Sister J—— ventured upon the further step of having a large processional crucifix carried aloft as well as Our Lady's statue. Hardly a head remained covered as it passed along, and many a Catholic's heart burned within him and many eyes were dimmed with tears at this new manifestation of a fresh order of things in Protestant England. The beautiful costumes of the Italians added a picturesqueness to the scene which perhaps had rarely been known since Nicholas Mosley marched his men and boys, with their rich scarfs and plumes, from Ancoats to Manchester to "rejoice greatly" at the Restoration of the king.

The town's meeting of 1895 was no sterile effort to help the Sisters of Charity in their noble work. Committees were formed, a bazaar was held, funds were subscribed, and, after innumerable difficulties and disappointments in the search of a suitable site, a large piece of ground, covered by a disused foundry, was purchased in the very heart of the district. Here was erected a large, airy building, with ample accommodation for nine Sisters, their night shelter and their various works; including a hall capable of holding five hundred persons. The building was opened with great rejoicing in 1899 by the present Bishop of Salford. The grain of mustard seed has indeed grown to a stately tree, and many are the little ones who seek shelter beneath its protecting boughs.

M. H.

Dr. Martin's Wife.

IV.—Husband and Wife.

FOR once Dr. Martin had wrongfully suspected his step-sister. It was not through her that his finest feelings had been outraged. She had gone directly from the sick child to the dressing-room of her husband, who, fatigued and cross after a night of card-playing, in which he had lost considerably, was preparing to disrobe and snatch a few hours' rest before resuming the labors of the day.

Nominally a banker, he was really a speculator; but his operations in that line were conducted through agents as eager for wealth and as unscrupulous in obtaining it as himself. He had daring without prudence, enthusiasm without that mental poise which is such an effectual check at certain critical periods. All was fish that came to Dunbar's net, whether his own or belonging to foreign preserves. Now up, now down; to-day worth millions, to-morrow on the verge of bankruptcy,—he hovered perpetually between elation and despair. He aimed to become a king of finance,—something which was far beyond him; for his cooler-headed confrères rated him at his true value, and made him a cat's-paw for their own nefarious schemes; while he, in the sublimity of self-conceit, his crowning attribute, fondly dreamed that they were the creatures of his will.

To such a man ruin was inevitable in the end; and this his consort, more equally-balanced than he, anticipated and feared from day to day. She had endeavored to persuade him to limit his operations instead of broadening their sphere. And for years she had made efforts to have him settle upon her a certain sum which might remain safe from speculation; but in this she had never succeeded.

In the early days of their marriage, before she arrived at the knowledge of her husband's character which she now possessed, she had considerable influence with him; but that influence had long since waned. Her beauty had captivated and charmed him. He had counted on her as a stepping-stone to higher things; for he himself was of the humblest origin, and had begun life on the curb-stone as a newsboy and boot-black. But when he saw that the haughtiness of her manner and the lack of tact she displayed in dealing with men and women repelled all with whom she came in contact, he soon began to eliminate her as a factor in his fortunes, and each went his and her way independently of the other.

In one thing they were both united, however—in enmity toward her step-brother, the Doctor. Dunbar had begun by patronizing him,—something which the young man resented, as he had recognized at first acquaintance the intrinsic vulgarity and meanness of the man, as well as the trickery of his methods in business affairs. Between the Doctor and his step-sister there had never been anything more friendly than tolerance of each other; and he did not propose in the beginning of his career to place himself under any obligation to her.

But when Dunbar learned that Dr. Martin possessed a small fortune in his own right—an inheritance from his father and mother,—trifling as it was, he determined to get it into his hands, on the plea that in a short time he would be able to double or treble it for its owner. Dr. Martin had no idea of thus putting it out of his possession. The income it brought him, added to that which was constantly increasing through his practice, was more than sufficient for his needs. His failure to acquiesce in the designs of the banker was another mark against him, and for

a short time after that a more than ordinary coolness was shown toward the offender.

But when the young man, through certain important discoveries, began to be known as a physician of more than ordinary talent, Dunbar again put forth a tentative finger; having in view for him a certain marriage, which, if it could be arranged, might bring himself into close business connections with the rich young widow whom he had selected as the party of the second part. His wife entered cordially into his plans, and the game was opened as follows:

Dr. Martin was surprised one morning to see her brougham stop in front of his door, followed by the scornful announcement from Bridget: "Mistress Dunbar is down in the parlor,—wanting something, I'll be bound, or she'd never stop here!" She was most cordial in her greetings, informing him that there was to be a little party the following Wednesday to dinner, and they would be so glad if he would make the sixth.

His first impulse was to decline; but his natural amiability, joined to a not unnatural curiosity as to the motives of this new departure, induced him to accept. He had not been in the house a quarter of an hour when he saw that it was the widow, whom at first sight he pronounced loud and overdressed.

As soon as the other guests had gone, Dunbar broached the subject at that moment nearest his heart. When, however, in addition to an unqualified refusal to entertain the project for an instant, Dr. Martin declared that he was already engaged to a young lady whom he had met in Paris, and in the course of conversation it developed that she was an orphan without expectations or other dower than her beauty and virtue, the baffled pair washed their hands of their obstinate connection then and there—and forever, as the banker reiterated with emphasis, glaring at the young man with an intensity of malice which he could never forget.

Six years had passed since that night. He had never entered their door again until the evening he was summoned to the bedside of the sick child. Once, after his marriage, he had met his step-sister and her husband at the house of a mutual acquaintance, who, not aware of the relationship, introduced them. A moment of embarrassment ensued. Dunbar turned away after a stiff bow; and Camilla, who might have been gracious at least to the extent of a pleasant smile and a few kindly words, followed his lead. The slight had not rankled deep, for nothing else had been expected; but the incident—the blunt rudeness of the man and the haughty insolence of his step-sister—had often vividly reproduced itself to Dr. Martin in moments of reflection.

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We left Camilla at the door of her husband's dressing-room.

"Come in!" he answered to her light knock, surprised that she should be out of bed so early. "Well, what has happened that *you* are up at this time of the morning?"

"I was uneasy about you, for one thing; and—"

"Uneasy about me? What nonsense! I look big enough and strong enough to take care of myself, don't I?"

"Yes, I suppose so. But I did not know with whom you had been dining, or what new deal was on. Everything seems so uncertain nowadays* that I can't help feeling somewhat anxious."

"You honor me," answered Dunbar, with a sneer. "If you can't further my plans, which but for your confounded ungraciousness you might easily do, you will please let me go my way without concerning yourself."

* It was just previous to the panic of '73.

"There was something else," said his wife, not knowing exactly how to announce a *fact* which she would have withheld but for the probability that he might become aware of it through some other source, and so reproach her with having deceived him.

"Well, out with it! I am tired,—I want a little rest."

"Desmond is here," she blurted out. "He has been in the house all night."

"In this house? What insolence!"

"Stop a moment!" replied Camilla. "I sent for him."

"*You* sent for him! And why, pray?"

"Madeleine was very ill: her throat was bad. Dr. Mintzner came, but had to go to Philadelphia yesterday afternoon. The child grew worse so rapildy that I felt there was nothing to be done but to send for another physician. And—" here she spoke more slowly and with a certain emphasis,—"knowing her life to be a precious one, I resolved to summon Desmond without delay. You are aware that he is a specialist in diseases of the throat."

"He is not the only one!" growled Dunbar, seating himself on the couch. "I detest that man! Pay him and let him go at once."

"Pay him!" exclaimed Camilla. "He will be insulted, Edward."

"I should be glad to hear it. I will not be under any obligation to him, I tell you!"

He took a bank-book from a drawer and filled in the cheque, the fate of which we already know.

"Here, send or give him this," he continued; "and dismiss him. Call in Temousin. He understands his business. We don't want to give that fellow a foothold in this house."

She did not answer, and he went on:

"You are an alarmist, Camilla. I don't believe the child is as bad as you think."

"She is much better. Desmond has brought her through the worst. You *never* give me credit when it is due me, Edward," she said. "One would think you would have appreciated my motive at least. Since when has it ceased to be of importance to you that nothing should happen to Madeleine?"

"It is still of importance," he replied. "You know well that much depends upon it. But it is also *very* important to me that your lynx-eyed step-brother does not get the slightest foothold in this house, nor the faintest inkling of our affairs—or hers."

"I do not understand you," she said.

"And I don't intend that you shall. Just now it might not make so much difference whether Madeleine lived or died. But later—well! I hope she is better. You said she was, I believe."

"Much better," replied his wife. "He said there was no danger now, with good care. I sent for a hospital Sister as soon as it was light. Desmond expected to return this afternoon; but now—"

"He shall not, I tell you!" exclaimed her husband, angrily. "Give him that cheque immediately!"

"No, that I will not do," answered Camilla. "Even I, whom you accuse of all effrontery, am not equal to it."

"Well, send it to him. If you refuse, I shall put on my dressing-gown and take it to him myself, dismissing him at the same time. Shall I do it?"

He rose from the couch, but Camilla put forth her hand and took the cheque from the table.

"I will send it to him by a servant," she said, with a scornful smile. "You might take diphtheria if you went into the room where Madeleine is."

"Diphtheria! bah! Have you been in there yourself?"

"Yes," she replied. "But not near the bed, and I have had disinfectants on my handkerchief."

"It is well to take precautionary measures," he said. "But I don't believe a word of it. It's nothing but a cold, I'll warrant you. That charlatan will now add another to his list of marvellous cures. I'll wager he publishes it in all the medical journals. And I'll wager, moreover, that he doesn't take the disease himself. Those fellows never do, which proves it isn't the real thing."

"If it is, he stands a good chance," replied Camilla. "He has been with her all night long—lifting her, bending over her, and inhaling her breath."

"Well, we won't quarrel about that. He's a cad and a beastly one. Get him out of the house as soon as you can; and if he ever puts his foot across my threshold again, you'll hear of it."

His wife looked at him searchingly. He flushed under her scrutinizing gaze.

"Go to bed!" he cried, roughly. "You look like a ghost or a lunatic standing there in that white wrapper, with your hair hanging down your back."

She left the room without replying, holding loosely between her fingers the cheque, which she promptly sent to Dr. Martin by one of the servants, with the result that we know. Though not by nature a curious woman, in this case she was possessed by an intense desire to know what could possibly be the mainspring of her husband's action. But turn it over in her mind as she would, and did for several days, she could find no solution that seemed satisfactory.

(To be continued.)

Ebb and Flow.

O LIVING tide of Christ's dear Blood,
Ebb, ebb from my poor soul,
That far to Mercy's ocean-deeps
The sin-dark waves may roll!

O living tide of Christ's dear Blood,
Flow thou unto my soul,
That far from Mercy's ocean-deeps
The waves of peace may roll!

Out of the Crucible.

BY FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

"Good Monsieur Vincent."

FOR a change of subject—for we are, in truth, at the present moment crammed with violent and hateful things till we are nauseated,—let us, as one purifies the atmosphere of a room by burning sugar in it, speak a little of a good man. Are you willing? The "Saint Vincent of Paul" that M. Emmanuel de Broglie has just published furnishes us with precisely the occasion that we need.

There already exist, as you well know, so many and such important works on that admirable servant of God and of the poor that one could fill several shelves of a bookcase with them. Still, M. de Broglie has thought that it was not entirely useless to write on that beautiful subject a short and simple, yet touching and substantial, story; and he has done so most satisfactorily. His little volume offers this originality: under a very pure and elegant form he addresses himself to everybody—to the public in general. It is directly to the people that this history of their great friend is dedicated.

We note with pleasure that, in spite of all that has been done to inspire the crowd with disdain for religion and hatred for her ministers, Saint Vincent of Paul has ever remained popular. The workman in his blouse remains faithful to that good man in his cassock; the insolent street Arab, who has but just imitated the croaking of a crow in passing near a priest, will be touched to the heart if he sees in the window of a bric-à-brac merchant the picture where Saint Vincent is represented in the streets of Paris, in a snowstorm, having already gathered an abandoned

child into the fold of his cloak, and is leaning over to take a second from the corner of a wall.

It is too easy, alas! to lead the mind of the people astray; but, luckily, it is less easy to corrupt their heart. Why would it not be possible to put this new life of the Saint under the eyes of all the people? I know they would learn in that little book to compare the promises never realized with which their ambitious flatterers soothe them, with the solid and lasting benefits which they owe to that great Christian. Those benefits are as numerous as they are varied; and one can affirm with security that, so far as charitable institutions are concerned, nothing new has been created since the time of Saint Vincent of Paul. I shall prove it.

We are proud, not without reason, of our work of night refuges recently instituted; but it is an insufficiently developed work, as the unfortunates who know not where to spend the night have at their disposition in this great Paris but a very limited number of refuges, and all are situated in queer quarters. Now, the Saint had already opened, not only in the capital but in several provincial cities as well, refuges for the passers-by, where they found a supper and a sleeping-place, and on the following morning received "two sous to continue the journey."

Nor should we imagine that our works of assistance by labor date from yesterday. Whenever he establishes one of those houses that he calls "charities," not only does Saint Vincent carefully separate the robust poor who can work from the infirm who are incapacitated, but he also desires that ateliers should be opened where children, convalescents, and persons in delicate health can find an easy occupation. Contemporaneous philanthropists, learn that Saint Vincent lighted economical stoves long before you did. And you, "Petit-Manteau-Bleu," remember that you were not the first to distribute soups.

We hesitate which to admire the more in the works established or projected by Saint Vincent of Paul: the ardent charity that inspires their conception or the practical genius that presides over their rules. Do you require an example? If there be a scandalous abuse, it is the exploitation of childhood; and it is a fact that in certain industries and commerces the apprentices and young employees, who had already rendered great services, received for many years but ridiculous salaries. The State, to fight that abuse, founded professional schools; but, apart from a few favored ones, children had to pay a tuition fee. In the ateliers of our Saint the question was fraternally solved. Apprentices were always maintained and instructed gratuitously, on the sole condition that they would promise, in turn, to instruct gratuitously the poor children who should replace them.

These charitable works did not survive their founder; and philanthropy has waited some two hundred years before starting them again, timidly and with moderate success. And, after all, they were but a small part of the prodigious enterprise of that venerable man in the patched cassock and faded hat, who received the respect and benedictions of everybody.

The "good Monsieur Vincent," of the not fascinating aspect and the rustic ways, was, in fact, during the half of his very long life—he died at the age of eighty-four years—the all-powerful minister of charity throughout France. He spent millions; he built imposing edifices, among them the Salpêtrière and the Incurables; he commanded legions of priests and nuns. He was present, in person or in thought, wherever the poor were succored; where orphans and cast-

away babies were picked up; where children were instructed and prisoners were comforted; where the insane were looked after,—in a word, where good was to be done.

He had enrolled in his charitable army not only the queen and the high personages of the court, but also the inhabitants of suburb and country. Of one he demanded gold, of the other good-will. One day, to help his Ladies of Charity in their visits to the poor, he engaged some girls out of the fields—servants with Christian hearts,—and with them was instituted the holy and admirable family of the Grey Sisters, who are to-day twenty thousand in number and scattered over the whole world.

His field of action extended over the whole kingdom. At the first summons he would seize his old travelling cloak and go to a distant province to preach a mission before peasants or convicts. If war broke out, spreading sorrow and misery, he it was who found and distributed help. And that prodigious work of charity did not satisfy his zeal. He was at the head of the religious renaissance which characterized the seventeenth century. With M. Olier he founded the work of the seminaries, and alone that of the Missions; sending his Lazarists all over France and as far as Barbary, to the heathens—as was then said,—to carry them the word of God. And all this with delightful good-humor, modesty and simplicity.

That director of so many good works and of so many souls, that chief weighed down with so much worry and work,—that truly great personage consulted by kings and their prime-ministers, never forgot that the most noble duty of the priest is to serve the poor, to touch with his own hands those "suffering members" of Jesus Christ; he also kept in mind that one of the most touching virtues of a Christian is humility. On leaving some aristocratic society to which he had just recommended his foundlings, Saint Vincent would go to one of the horrible prisons of the time, to visit the galley-slaves already chained; not only to exhort them to resignation, but to soothe their physical sufferings, carrying his charity to the point of picking off the vermin that covered them. And in his home of Saint-Lazare, where he housed the priests in retreat, he could be seen, perhaps on the morning of the day on which he was to go to the Louvre to take his seat in the queen regent's council, blackening the shoes of his guests, the number of servants being limited.

I know well we have "secularized" all that, and that such actions worthy of a saint will provoke more astonishment than admiration even among the best of us, whose piety is tepid and fanciful and whose modesty is rarely sincere. No matter: one can not repeat too often that there is nothing more solid and more durable than Christian charity. And, moreover, I wish to thank M. de Broglie for having enabled me to pass such pleasant hours in the company of Saint Vincent of Paul; for, after all, that man is far more interesting than the beauty of a certain age who, when she has founded a few beds in the hospitals, expects a decoration as though she were some old warrior; or the multi-millionaire banker who has but to give an order on 'change, to pocket a monstrous benefice; and when, through prudence, he has made some charitable gifts to the poor, announces it with a trumpet blast in all the papers.

JANUARY 13, 1898.

(To be continued.)

HIS heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong.—*Emerson.*

The Respectable Mrs. Barrett.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

IT was a beautiful afternoon of late October, yet the wealth of sunshine that streamed in through the west window and covered a broad space upon the floor of Mrs. Barrett's "front room" seemed as mocking as fairy gold to the eminently respectable elderly widow as, with an impatient sigh, she moved her chair out of its bright-paved path and into the shadow.

"Whatever shall I do, Maggie!" she cried, appealing to the visitor to whom she would fain unburden her mind. Hers was not to be a recital of petty vexations thrust upon the forbearance of a friend, however; and she could not have found a more sympathetic listener than the thoughtful-eyed and resourceful young woman to whom she now proceeded to pour out the story of her troubles.

Some five years previous to this fine autumnal day, Miss Margaret Doyne had astonished "all who knew her and her parents before her" by becoming a reporter for *The Morning Times*.

"A woman reporter!—did any one ever hear of a droller notion!" observed the gossips. "If Maggie wanted to turn to account the education which a hard-working mother, in the pride of a mother's heart, insisted she should have, why didn't she become a school-teacher or a stenographer? But to go into a newspaper office! To report a strike or a street brawl, like a man, with maybe now and again a bit about the fashions or the theayter! What a foolish way for a girl to earn her living!"

Such was the status of Woman in Journalism, as understood by many of Miss Margaret's friends, to whom she would always be only "Patrick Doyne's daughter."

"Whatever shall I do, Maggie!" Mrs. Barrett repeated, disconsolately, on this afternoon. "I thought that by fitting up two or three rooms of this cottage I could rent them during the summer conventions, and get back many times over the money I borrowed to buy the furniture. But I had no luck at all: the lodgers never came. And now the man I got the money from wants to take from me all I have in the world."

The girl sat pondering the pitiful tale, with that little wrinkle in her forehead which in her childhood caused her good father humorously to declare that she had the cares of the parish on her small shoulders.

"You borrowed the money to pay for this furniture?" she said at length, glancing down at a letter which the older woman had put into her hand.

"Yes, Maggie dear. I got the loan of sixty-six dollars from Mr. Sharpley; and when I bought the things, I gave him a mortgage upon them."

"Humph! And what interest did you agree to pay?"

"I never asked him to reckon it up, but I promised to give him six dollars a month for the use of the money until I could pay back the principal."

"Six dollars a month for the use of sixty-six!—the old usurer!" exclaimed the young newspaper worker, striking the letter with her hand. "No wonder Dante placed the extortionate money-lender in the depths of hell!"

"Eh?" queried Mrs. Barrett, blankly.

"Nothing," answered Margaret. "I was only thinking."

A wage-earner as she was herself, her heart was with those who toiled and struggled for their daily bread; and she fiercely arrayed herself against the injustice which took advantage of their necessities.

"Well?" she said, interrogatively.

"By my work at the upholsterer's,

and by scrimping and saving and doing without, I was able to pay him three months' interest—eighteen dollars," the widow went on. "But for some weeks now I have had scarce anything to do, and haven't saved so much as a dollar. You see, in the letter Mr. Sharpley says he must have the money by this day week, or he will close out the mortgage; which means, they tell me, that he will take the furniture and leave me not so much as my cooking stove, or this old chair into which I am so glad to sink when I get home after the daily stitch, stitch upon the carpets and curtains at the store. For he says the furniture I bought is not worth sixty-six dollars now, so all I have besides must go with it to make up the the sum. Home! I shall not have any home: I am behind with the rent, by reason of having to pay the interest; and even if allowed to stay on, I could not live in an empty house. Homeless and hopeless, that is what I shall be."

"Don't be discouraged, Mrs. Barrett," said the girl, impulsively. "Our Blessed Mother and her Divine Son were homeless in their wanderings in Egypt, yet they were not left unprovided."

"But *my* son is dead!" sobbed the widow who had lost her all, burying her face in her hands.

"I am sure you have not forgotten that no sorrow was ever so great as hers," said the girl, soothingly, as she gently drew the tired hands away from the careworn face of the lonely woman. "Do not be despondent; you have still nearly a whole week's time to pray that this matter may turn out for the best."

"What can I do to help the hard-pressed woman?" soliloquized Margaret, as she made her way home. Sixty-six dollars was no small sum to her; for, although bright and clever, she was but a beginner, doing a man's work for a woman's wage. Moreover, her father was dead and her mother was dependent upon her. "The extortions of that man Sharpley ought to be stopped," she said to herself. "Usury is illegal. If he will not release Mrs. Barrett from her hard bargain upon consideration of what he has already received, he must be compelled to do so from fear of the consequences to himself. What if I put the story in the *Times!* When attention is called to his methods, he will not dare to proceed against her—at least for a while. She will know nothing of it; for she seldom reads newspapers, and she has now few acquaintances in the neighborhood; many of her old friends are dead and others have moved away."

Fired by an ardent wish to right a wrong, Margaret wrote up the incident as "copy" for the next edition of the paper; and, after some blue pencilling from the editor, it duly appeared.

Mrs. Barrett did see the article, however, thanks to an officious gossip; and, albeit in any case it could be only a matter of two or three days ere her strait must be made known, the proud old woman was indignant at Margaret for "putting the story in the paper," and upbraided her bitterly.

The week passed only too rapidly. In another day the chattel mortgage would be foreclosed, and the widow deprived of her simple possessions. It was evening, and Mrs. Barrett had returned from her work at the upholsterer's and was taking her solitary cup of tea, when there came a knock at the door of the little house. She hastened to open it, and was confronted by a well-dressed young man, who had the air of one with many business affairs to demand his attention.

"Mrs. Barrett?" he said, with a bow.

"That is my name, sir," she answered, at once disconcerted. Doubtless this stranger was Sharpley's lawyer come

to tell her that her effects would be carted away in the morning. He was not so gruff as she anticipated, though; and—here she ventured a direct glance at him—he was not hard-hearted like Mr. Sharpley. Indeed, this gentleman seemed almost sorry for her.

"Mrs. Barrett, don't you know me?" inquired the intruder, with a smile.

The widow peered at him through her spectacles, and then smoothed back her gray hair from her brow. Where had she seen that pleasant, manly face?

"Why, sir,—you are not—George Lawrence?" she stammered.

"Yes, I am," he replied, with a boyish laugh,—"the comrade of your son—poor Dave!"

"And you are not—"

"Not concerned in Sharpley's contemptible business?—No, indeed!"

"Oh, then, come in! I am glad to see you!" she cried.

Readily enough he stepped into the little sitting-room and took the chair she offered. The widow drew back the window-curtain to let in the last of the daylight, and seated herself upon the haircloth-covered sofa.

"I must say to you, Mrs. Barrett, that I am a lawyer, however," proceeded her guest, resuming the conversation. "A client of mine happened to read in the *Times* an item concerning Sharpley's imposition upon you. The scoundrel ought to be prosecuted; but—ahem! as the principal wish of my client is to relieve you of all further worry in the matter, he has instructed me to pay off this little mortgage and also any rent you owe, so that you may be secure in the possession of a comfortable home."

"A stranger is to pay the mortgage for me! There must be some mistake!" gasped the astonished old woman.

"Oh, he is not exactly a stranger! It is some one who knew you long ago when you were prosperous,—some one who knew Dave, let us say, and to whom you were kind in those old days, perhaps."

"Ah!" Mrs. Barrett sighed, nervously fingering a bit of the braid of the sofa. But all at once her face cleared and she looked up confidently. "Then it is yourself, George. May God bless you for your goodness!"

"Oh, not at all—that is—" he said in some confusion. "I thank you for the wish, but you must not give me credit that I do not deserve. Think to how many people you have been kind, how many friends Dave had!"

"Nevertheless, you yourself are the nameless and generous stranger," she persisted, unwilling to be thus put off. "Some day I shall find out all about it."

"Well, well! we will not discuss the point further," he replied. "As you say, some day you will know. Do not trouble yourself any more over the mortgage. To-morrow it will be paid, and the next time you want to borrow money come to me. If I haven't it myself, I will get it for you, and will see that you are charged no more than lawful interest. Now let us speak of old times. I have been away so long at college that I have heard little news of my native city, here on the border of the prairies."

"There have, of course, been many changes," she remarked, brightly. Within ten minutes she seemed to have grown as many years younger.

George Lawrence listened with deep interest while she told of the folk he had known when he was a stripling; of his comrades and their elders; of the girls who had grown up and married during the last decade.

"And the Jatty boys? You have not mentioned them," he said when at last he rose to go. "And Maggie Doyne?"

"The Jatty boys!" she repeated, shaking her head. "They turned out

wild fellows, and the less said about them the better. George is somewhere out West, and Vincent—" here her voice sank to a whisper,—"Vincent is serving a term in prison."

George Lawrence suddenly looked uncomfortable. No man would care to hear that an erstwhile associate had turned out a convict.

"I was once told that George Jatty had settled down and made a fortune," he said, after a pause.

"It may be," answered Mrs. Barrett, pursing up her lips; "yet—you were asking for Maggie Doyne. Well, you know that Maggie always had queer notions in her pretty little head, and to-day she is working down town in a newspaper office."

"Setting type?"

"Oh, no; but gathering the news, and reporting weddings or writing about the fashions, the same as a man!"

George laughed heartily.

"Was it Miss Doyne who put the article about your troubles in the paper?" he inquired.

"Yes, indeed; and mortified enough I am," replied the widow, inconsequently.

"My client saw the article," said the young lawyer, quietly. "I should like to meet Maggie."

"She is living with her mother in the old home," volunteered Mrs. Barrett.

"I may call there on my way down town," he said, looking at his watch. "Good-evening, Mrs. Barrett! Here is my address; if I can be of further service to you, be sure to send for me."

He put a card into her hand and took leave before she had an opportunity to renew her thanks for the timely assistance he had brought to her.

"Of course it was George Lawrence who paid the mortgage," Mrs. Barrett told Margaret Doyne many times during the succeeding winter.

"George says you are mistaken," Margaret as often responded; but the widow shrewdly maintained her opinion. And as time went on she watched with a happy interest the friendship that had sprung up between the young lawyer and the girl to whom she owed, in part, her present contentment.

"Some day they may be more than friends," she was wont to say to her companion, the tortoise-shell colored cat. Whereat Madame Tortoise would blink her green eyes as if she, too, had an opinion on the subject.

Meanwhile rumor said that George Jatty had returned lately from the West, successful and prosperous, and was seeking out his old acquaintance.

"He had better not come to see me," announced Mrs. Barrett to Margaret.

"Oh, don't say that!" protested the girl, in ill-concealed distress.

"George Jatty may have grown rich, but the family are a bad sort," repeated the stern old woman. "Vincent is in jail, and—"

"But there is nothing against George, Mrs. Barrett," urged Margaret. "I beg you to be careful: you may make a great mistake."

The old woman's manner plainly said, however, that she needed advice from no one, and she would hear no more in regard to the wanderer or his people.

On a bright spring morning, not long after, a visitor passed like a shadow in at the house door of the solitary old woman,—a visitor who was clearly unwelcome; for presently he passed out again with a slinking step and bowed head, and hurried away.

The same evening Mrs. Barrett waited at the gate of her little garden for Miss Doyne.

"Come in a minute, my dear," she pleaded, as the girl was passing on with a friendly nod. "I had a caller this morning," began the widow, when she had ensconced the weary young

journalist in her best rocking-chair, and had taken a seat opposite to her.

"Yes?" responded Margaret, forcing a smile and longing to be at home to rest.

"Yes, dear. It was not George Jatty though, but Vincent."

Margaret was undoubtedly surprised by her news.

"It seems his term in prison was shortened," she went on; "and he is going out to Colorado with his brother. He says he means to endeavor to do right henceforth,—to begin life over, and if possible regain his good name."

"And you—what did you say to him, Mrs. Barrett?" queried Margaret.

"I was astonished at his assurance in coming to see me, straight from state's prison, and I let him know as much," replied the widow, brusquely. "I told him I was glad he had repented of his evil ways and hoped he would keep his resolution to do better. But, although I might be more down in the world than when he used to come to see us as a boy; and if sometimes, as now, I had no work, still, I'd never had to do with any save honest, industrious, respectable people; so I would thank him not to darken my door again. At this he rose to his feet—he had taken that chair by the window. 'Very well, Mrs. Barrett,' he said, with a queer look. 'I hoped you might give me a heartening word: that is all I wanted. I am sorry I annoyed you by coming.' The next moment he was gone."

"O Mrs. Barrett, how unfortunate it is that you were so harsh!" cried the girl. "How grieved and angered George Jatty will be!"

"And what do I care for George!" exclaimed the old woman, stiffly.

"But—but have you never thought it might be one of the Jatty boys that paid off the mortgage for you?"

Now Mrs. Barrett stared at the girl in dazed amazement.

"Maggie, was it indeed George Jatty—who helped me, then!" she stammered.

"No, no: not George! O Mrs. Barrett, it was Vincent!"

"Vincent Jatty sent help to me from his prison!" said the other woman, recoiling as if from a blow. "How can that be?"

"It is a strange story," rejoined Margaret. "The man chanced to see the article in the *Times*. He had heard that George Lawrence was come back to this city and had opened a law office. He sent for George about this business, and told him you were kind to him when he was a boy, and he wanted to save you from the extortions of Sharpley. He forbade George to tell you that it was he who paid the mortgage. 'But if she ever does find out,' he said, 'let her know that the money was honestly come by. When my good old mother died, she left me a bank-book upon which was deposited a hundred dollars. It is in the care of the keeper of the prison, but he will hand it over to you.' So George took the money, and did as he was requested. He could not have paid Mr. Sharpley out of his own pocket, because he was just struggling along. This man was his first client, but since then others have come to him, and he is doing well."

Mrs. Barrett sat immovable. Of all those whom during her more fortunate days she had befriended, the only one to hold out to her the purse of a friend in her necessity had been this convict! Others there were indeed who had the will to assist her, but not the means. Of those able to do so, only one had been willing—a convict.

"Glory be to God, has it come to this?" she muttered under her breath, while the flush of wounded pride burned in her withered cheeks. "Have I sunk so low,—I who have always lived respected and respectable?"

. But a better impulse struggled for the mastery in her agitated mind. Her bitterness was succeeded by compunction, as she recalled her ingratitude.

The hapless Vincent Jatty had sent her aid; and when, repentant, he came to her asking but a word of kindly encouragement with which to face the world again, she had turned him from her door with reproach and disdain.

"May the good God forgive me!" she faltered at last. "O Margaret, will you ask George Lawrence to explain to—to my benefactor that I did not know what I was doing?"

"I doubt if George will see him again," the girl replied; "but I dare say he will manage to send him the message; for he has been much interested in the prisoner's case. Some years ago Vincent Jatty, half crazed by the extravagance of a wife who promptly deserted him, signed his employer's name to a check. The money was soon repaid, but the transgressor was convicted and sent to prison. Recently *my* George obtained a commutation of the prisoner's sentence, for good conduct; and wrote to George Jatty, who came here and has taken his brother back to Colorado with him."

The older woman sighed.

"Then, my dear," she observed after a moment—catching at the words which Margaret had unconsciously spoken,—"be so kind as to ask *your* George to write to Vincent Jatty and say I beg his forgiveness, and I will remember him daily in the best of all ways."

Thereupon from a capacious pocket of her antiquated gown she drew forth a rosary, while Margaret escaped with a blush. For the girl in revealing to Mrs. Barrett the mystery of the widow's unknown benefactor had, unwittingly, told as well the story of her own little romance; which was not clever from the point of view of a newspaper reporter, but was very like a woman, after all.

The Folly of a Familiar Argument.

THE aim of Mr. Mallock's new work, "Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption," is to show Protestants of to-day, bewildered by doubts and difficulties, that if the calling voice of the Roman Catholic Church be illusory, all doctrinal Christianity—the miracle of Christ's birth and death, the miracle of the Resurrection and of the Atonement, regarded as objective truths—is equally illusory also. It is a remarkable book, and nothing could be happier than the author's treatment of current objections to the Church.

We are all familiar with the argument, advanced in every variety of phrase and tone, which is based on the assumption that, with respect to Christian doctrine, one test of truth is simplicity. Protestant doctrine is assumed to be simpler than Catholic doctrine; therefore Catholic doctrine is less true than Protestant. The folly of those who thus argue is illustrated in this way:

> The process of eating and of walking, the practice of temperance, the going from Liverpool to New York in obedience to a call of duty, have a side which is simple in precisely the same way. But would persons in their senses, for this reason, say that medicine, anatomy, the whole physiology of the human body, are not implied in the process of eating and walking, and in the reasons which make more than a limited consumption of alcohol an immorality? Or would they say that, because the process of going from Liverpool to America is so simple, therefore none of the complexities of the elaborate science of ship-building, of engine-building, and of navigation are implied in this? Would they deny that the simplicity of one side of the process was the direct result of the extreme complexity of the other? Nobody, not a lunatic, would venture to talk such nonsense. And yet those who think that in doctrine simplicity is a test of truth, use an argument of a precisely similar character.

It may be better, as our author remarks in another place, to be a Christian with the heart rather than with the head,—that is to say, so far as the individual Christian is concerned.

Nevertheless, doctrinal Christianity with no science or intellect at the back of it would very soon be a religion without existence. To quote again:

It is not necessary that every Christian should be a profound theologian, or even know what theology means: but this does not prove that it is an idle or superfluous study. For, in the first place, men in whom the intellect is highly developed, the men who from all time have been the leaders of the human race, inevitably discern that in doctrine some science is implied, just as mathematicians discern that a science is implied in numbers. Other men also discern the same thing; they are driven inevitably to ask what the contents of the science are; and the leaders of thought, by the needs of these others, and by their own, are compelled to seek an answer by which the demands of the intellect may be satisfied.

But, in the second place, theology exists not merely to satisfy curiosity or the demand for speculative truth. It exists also, with all its many complexities, to prevent the doctrines—on one side so simple—from being disintegrated, from becoming distorted or nebulous; which, as the history of all heresy shows, they would do unless they, and all that is implied in them, were examined, discerned and analyzed, and truth after truth reduced to definite and correlated formulæ. The idea, then, that theology of an elaborate kind has nothing to do with genuine Christian doctrine, because all the doctrines essential to Christianity are simple, is—to repeat an illustration of which we have made use already—on a par with the statement that medical science has no connection with healing, because it is a simple thing to take a cough-lozenge or a pill.

The book abounds in equally striking passages. It is addressed to all who identify Christianity with doctrine; and as these constitute by far the larger number of non-Catholics, it is to be hoped that Mr. Mallock's arguments may be widely considered. If we were asked to name fifty of the most important publications of the year, "Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption" would be one of them.

Society needs keen, sharp, courageous criticism; but it must be the criticism of the friend, not of the cynic.—"*The Life of the Spirit*," *Mabie*.

People are generally the carpenters of their own crosses.—*St. Philip Neri*.

Notes and Remarks.

There is a cure for pessimism in our leading article this week—"A Grain of Mustard Seed." It has the charm of an unwritten chapter from the life of St. Vincent de Paul, and we do not envy any one who can read it without feeling lumps in his throat. There is an incalculable amount of good to be done in every large city which only our Sisters can accomplish; and how faithfully they do accomplish it, against odds that the best of men would consider too great! Appreciation of the heroic work of religious communities of women is becoming more and more general among non-Catholics, and there could be no more hopeful sign of the spread of the faith than this. Think of an inspector of police acknowledging that through the influence of the Sisters of Charity the night charges at one station in a populous district had diminished fifty per cent!

In the course of a speech delivered at Canton, Ohio, when President McKinley was formally notified of his renomination, Senator Lodge, who is an ardent Republican, said:

If you think that the day after Bryan is elected wages will be advanced, and there will be more employment, and men will be full of confidence and ready to go on with business, then I think you ought to give him your vote.

Governor Roosevelt, the Republican candidate for Vice-President, in an address delivered at St. Joseph, Mo., said:

Never make the mistake of supposing that any system of administration will bring you prosperity; for it will not do so.

It is impossible, of course, for politicians to be on their guard all the time, any more than other people; but these are two decidedly bad "breaks." The distinguished statesmen, it is courteous to call them, forgot the platform of their party; or, as Lincoln would express

it, they "barked up the wrong tree." The mistake in both cases is pardonable; but Mr. Hanna should caution his associates to be more guarded. It will not do for political speakers to travel round the country telling the truth so recklessly and giving advice that may be taken more seriously than was intended.

The death is announced of Dr. Falk, who, as Minister of Public Worship in Prussia, was largely instrumental in passing the infamous anti-Catholic laws that will bear his name in history. Bismarck lived long enough to witness the utter failure of his plans, but the discomfiture of Dr. Falk was destined to be even more complete; for at present the position of Catholics in Germany is stronger than it was before the Kulturkampf. They have also added to the strength and unification of the Empire; and this, singularly enough, was the purpose which the persecutors hoped to accomplish by suppressing them. Thus persons perish while the Church endures and gathers force to accomplish her mission, and the lessons of history are constantly repeated.

The gentry of Ireland, according to a writer in the current *Nineteenth Century*, can not be credited with observing the axiom that property has its duties as well as its rights. He says:

What an amount of work in the way of improving the social surroundings of the villagers and imparting some color and variety to their lives awaits the parish councils of the future,—that is, if Ireland ever has such local authorities; and if, as is doubtful, they will undertake this beneficent work! As it is, I did not notice in any of the hundred villages I have visited the influence of even my Lady Bountiful or the Squire, such as is visible in humble life in rural England. Nothing is seen in Ireland but dismal evidence of the neglect by the gentry of the axiom that property has its duties as well as its rights. I saw no village greens for outdoor sports and pastimes; and no village halls for concerts, readings, and limelight entertainments during the long winter evenings.

But it is not alone amusement that is lacking in the villages of Ireland. There is, in the vast majority of villages, a complete absence also of endowed village charities for the distribution of blankets, clothing or food to the needy; and of village benefit clubs for the aid of members in times of sickness and death. I know well that excuses can be offered for this seeming neglect by the landed gentry of an obvious duty. The strained relations which, owing to unhappy but relentless historical and economic causes, existed for generations between the landlords and the agricultural classes were not calculated to encourage the gentry to embark on projects of social improvement. Then, there is also the tendency of the peasantry, with their ingrained conservative instincts, to cling to old familiar habits and customs, and to receive with distrust and antipathy schemes for their improvement, which involve a change in their immediate surroundings.

But however the blame is to be apportioned, my friend, Tom Delaney, knew no more of village charities or village clubs than he did of penny readings or magic-lantern entertainments, and he was not a member of any insurance society. "No, I get no pay on days that I am sick any more than I do on wet days.... What do I do when I'm ill? I go to the dispensary doctor at the village for a bottle, if it's only a slight illness; but if it's a bad wan—the fever now—I go into the poorhouse. My life is not insured. Faith, I'm sure to be buried in any case; and I don't mind if I'm not put in 'the yallow hole' [the pauper burial-ground] over at the workhouse If all goes to all, I'll get a coffin from the poorhouse for nothin', and the neighbors will carry me on their shoulders to Knocklerien graveyard, where all my people are buried. The neighbors are very good—God bless them!—and if they have anything at all, they never allow a poor unfortunate crathur to want a bit or a sup or a dacent buryin'."

The sectarian missionary, as a rule, has no longing for martyrdom. "If we perish, avenge us!" was the Christian message cabled to an American mission board by a gentle follower of the Prince of Peace; and even the virtuous daily papers stand aghast at Bishop Cranston's fiery plea for the smashing of China. "It has been bad enough to watch Commerce and Imperialism holding up and slashing at the Chinaman," says the *Chicago Journal;* "but now that Religion frets for the highway, the mask and the blunderbuss, it is time to

call a halt. What has come over the church lately? Sword and fire flash and curl around half the pulpits in the land." To be fair, however, we must grant that Protestant missionaries suffer certain hardships in China from which priests are exempt. "If a missionary desires to marry, as often happens," writes Mr. Poultney Bigelow in the *North American Review* for July, "he has to come to the consulate,"—the consul being the only person, it seems, who can give legal validity to the marriage pact. Most pathetic are some of the passages in which these missionary hardships are depicted: "The Rev. Dr. Sims, while I was in China, protested against being compelled to make long and dangerous journeys through China for matrimonial purposes." Dr. Royall and Miss Sullivan, married by a brother missionary, were told some time after that they were not married at all, since the consul was not present. "Please imagine the feelings of Miss Sullivan!" quoth Poultney; and adds, what we may readily believe, that the blow nearly killed her. Again, the Rev. Dr. Blaylock and Miss Humphries almost perished from illness contracted on their wedding journey; while the Rev. Mr. Hudson, on a like errand bent, fell among thieves. The law which makes marriage so difficult for these missionaries ought to be repealed; as to all other Americans, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are guaranteed to them by the Constitution.

A semi-official statement of the conditions on which the Filipinos would be willing to conclude a treaty of peace contains this proviso: "Eighth. The Friars shall be excluded from the administration of the Philippine Catholic Church." This spirit, we regret to say, has been very generally manifested by the insurgents since the outbreak of hostilities. As a lamentable result of "the union between Church and State," the friars came to be looked upon as part and parcel of the Spanish government, which supported them. The immoralities formerly charged against the friars turn out to be the financial peculations and extortions of Spanish officials whose confidants the friars are suspected to have been. The final word about the friars will, of course, be spoken by his Excellency Mgr. Chappelle, Apostolic Delegate, in an official report. Meantime Mgr. Chappelle is said to have expressed himself unofficially as in entire sympathy with the friars, to whom the Filipinos are indebted for whatever civilization they enjoy, and whom the native priests have long opposed in a spirit which is not of God.

The fever of federation seems to be in the air. Hard upon the prattle about the union of the Anglo-Saxon peoples—meaning thereby the English-speaking peoples—comes a cry for the federation of the Latin races. At a preliminary meeting held last month in Madrid, and attended by the Spanish Prime Minister and other notable statesmen, it was agreed to summon a general council of representatives of the peoples of Latin blood for the purpose of perfecting the federation. Among the most eager advocates of the new union are our Central and South American neighbors, who are said to stand in terror of Uncle Sam's new policy of expansion.

The Havana correspondent of the Philadelphia *Times-Standard* notes as a remarkable fact the extent to which sectarian missionaries have engaged in school-teaching in Cuba. The Methodist sect has "missions" at Matanzas, Cienfuegos, Santiago, and Santa Clara. Seven foreign and three native preachers exhort the several flocks, whose entire

membership, including Americans, is two hundred and forty-eight, with as many probationers. But the schools show a much larger membership, proportionately. "'We can never do anything with the grown-up people here: our only hope is in the children,' said one of the [sectarian] missionaries one day, in the hearing of a friend of mine." But Uncle Sam, through Mr. Frye, has rendered one signal service to the Cubans: he has established a free public school system in which, practically, all the teachers are Catholics. Though it is by no means a Catholic school, it has already rescued many children out of the jaws of—preacherdom. The next move of the proselytizers will be to throw off all missionary pretence and to transform themselves into "non-sectarian" school-teachers. And we, in this country, know what that means.

The results of divorce-made-easy statutes are evident from the records of the Circuit and Superior Courts in Chicago. 948 divorce petitions have been filed in the Circuit Court and 974 in the Superior Court since January 1. Of these, husbands seem to be complainants more often than wives. The proportion of English names to those markedly foreign is in pronounced excess. The number of marriage licenses issued since January 1 is 9,340. In proportion to these figures the divorce petitions are startling, to say the least.

Among the bequests entered in the will of the late Baron Adolphe de Rothschild is this one: "I give and bequeath the interest of $100,000 to be used for the relief of needy rabbis, priests, or ministers of any denomination in France. I repeat: this money is for Catholics, Israelites, and Protestants alike; and I hope most sincerely that this example of religious toleration may find followers." Among the other provisions of the Baron's will are large gifts to the poor of Paris, to hospitals, and so forth; and $8000 a year to be divided "among forty poor girls who live by the work of their hands." Ten times that amount was to be distributed as alms on the day of the funeral, which the deceased banker ordered to be held early in the morning, because he wished "to disturb as few people as possible in their vocation."

A statement made by Bishop Anzer, who is now hurrying from Germany to his diocese in South Shan-Tung, corrects a popular misapprehension regarding the Boxers: "In most newspapers I find them described as the lowest rabble. That is utter nonsense,—I do not hesitate to say so, though I have no reason to regard them with favor. Three years ago they murdered two of my missionaries, personal friends; at various times they have threatened my own life; yet love of justice compels me to contradict the current erroneous impressions concerning this political party. There are bad men among them, but there are also representatives of all the leading Chinese classes, learned men, mandarins, and other high officials."

A writer in the London *Times* pays a high tribute to the Christian Brothers, and declares that their teaching is not equalled "all round" by the most advanced middle-class schools in England. In practicability and adaptability to circumstances it could hardly be improved. Although the system followed by the Brothers may not find favor with Protestants, "there can be no doubt," says the same writer, "that, so far as real education goes, the Brotherhood, as a whole, are not surpassed, and in few cases equalled, as educationalists."



The Little Pilgrim and the Angel.

BY NORA RYEMAN.

"TELL me," said the little pilgrim,
"Loving angel dear and bright,
Do you spread your white wings over
Me when I'm asleep at night?

"Do you still keep close beside me
When the dewdrop gems the leaf?
Are you glad when I am happy?
Do you feel for me in grief?

"Do you *see* me when I'm busy,
Learning lessons or at play?
Do you hear me when I'm singing?
Do you hear me when I pray?

"Say, are you the little sister
Who, before I saw it, died?
Are *you* the angelic rosebud
Which in heaven opened wide?

"Are you father's little Molly?
Are you mother's little dove,
'Neath your white wings shelt'ring, shielding,
Hearth and home of those you love?"

Softly, sweetly spake the angel:
"Little one with sun-kissed hair,
When you seek your cot at even,
I go with you up the stair;

"And I keep my watch beside you
When the golden stars peep out,
And the nightingale sings sweetly
In that rosebud tall without.

"And I lead you safely, darling,
To the schoolhouse old and brown;
Though you do not see pale Molly
In her sunbeam-woven gown.

"Do they love you, thus you question,
On the far, eternal shore?
Yes, my child, they hold you dearer;
And, as angels, love you more."

RELIGIOUS inscriptions were formerly common on fire bells. "Lord, quench this flame!" was one often seen.

Myles' Mischief.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XII.—MR. CHICHESTER AT HOME.

KATIE soon reached the brown stone mansion; but when she stood at the foot of those great steps her heart almost failed her. Even the very door-plate seemed to stare at her superciliously, as if to ask what could be her business there. Art Egan stood a step lower down, while Katie timidly pulled the bell. It was answered presently by a Negro butler, clad in dress-clothes of old-fashioned cut, and with a manner of the old school; for his grizzled hair had whitened side by side with that of his master.

"Is Mr. Chichester at home?" asked the little girl, overcoming her timidity by a brave effort.

"Mr. Chichester!" repeated the Negro, curiously regarding the pair who stood outside, and speaking with pompous diction. "He is at home, but I can't say if he isn't engaged at this moment."

"If I could only speak to him!" said poor Katie.

The Negro rolled his eyes and seemed to consider.

"Am I to presume that your business with Mr. Chichester is important?" he inquired.

Katie hesitated. It was important to her, but could scarcely be said to be important to him.

"I am in trouble," said the little girl; "and I thought he might help me."

Now, this was an appeal which the Negro knew was never disregarded in that house.

"If you two children will just step in here," he said, "I will inquire if Mr. Chichester can see you."

They entered, and found themselves in a hall so long that it seemed almost as if it might have no ending, being very high and spacious in proportion. A massive staircase stood upon the centre of it, being flanked by stairs which descended to the basement. Through the open doors they saw as they passed two great rooms, with walls papered in gray and silver; and carpet also of silvery gray, tinged here and there with pink. The mantelpieces, of solid marble, were adorned with stationary silver candelabra, in which waxen tapers were ready to burn. The crystal chandeliers depending from the ceiling glistened in the light of a fire which glowed upon the hearth, while long mirrors seemed to multiply the apartments indefinitely.

The two in the hall likewise caught a glimpse of a group, the centre of which was a white-haired, elderly gentleman. Around him were two or three children, simply but charmingly dressed, with whom he was playing; and a lovely lady, as Katie thought, dressed in silk of soft, silvery gray, with falls of fine lace at neck and arms, was laughing in a gentle fashion at grandpapa's frolic with the little ones. The face of this lady was of a delicate pink and white; her brown hair was softly rolled back from her pretty forehead. Katie found a resemblance between her and a lady whom she had seen painted on a china-plate, and at which she had often gazed in the shop window. She felt as if she were having a glimpse of fairyland, with the dark background behind it of her own distress. Art stood twirling his hat with feelings unutterable.

The Negro approached the group in the drawing-room and spoke to the old gentleman. The children in the hall could not hear what was said; but the butler, returning, invited them into the library. This was at the very end of the great hall. It was a lovely little room, with three windows shaded by Venetian blinds. The walls and furniture were all of green and oak, and bookcases ran around the sides.

From the windows Katie caught a glimpse of a grass-plot, newly dug and sodded; around it ran a flagged walk skirted by flower-beds, likewise newly dug and giving forth tiny shoots of green. Into that delightful yard went a long, winding flight of gray painted steps with iron railings, on which the little girl could not help thinking she should like to play.

A step was heard in the hall without, and Katie's heart began to beat fast. The door opened and Mr. Chichester stood upon the threshold. His face looked kind, benignant even; his hair, snow-white, was brushed smoothly from his forehead. He surveyed the pair for a moment, and then seated himself in an arm-chair of massive oak, addressing himself to Katie.

"Well, my dear?" he said, kindly.

Katie stood up on being addressed, as she had been taught to do at school.

"I'm Myles Macartney's sister, sir," she said. "You remember Myles—the boy you were kind to in the street car?"

"Oh!" said the old gentleman, who had been at first puzzled by an idea that he had seen the child before. "Why, of course! You're Katie that was maid of honor to the queen only the other day, and a sister of that fine fellow Myles. Is this another brother?" And Mr. Chichester turned his keen glance on Art Egan.

"No, sir: he is no relation," replied Katie. "We came because I'm in trouble. Myles has been kidnapped by a Turk."

This statement was so astounding that the gentleman's first impulse was to laugh. He remembered the sturdy,

active figure of Myles, and his bright, intelligent face, and it seemed to him that the Turk must have had a time of it. But the tears in Katie's eyes and her tremulous appeal touched him. The group of little ones he had left playing in the firelight were his grandchildren, safe and sheltered from every rude wind of destiny.

"Your father, I think, is out of town at present?" observed Mr. Chichester, remembering what Myles had told him on the occasion of the May festival concerning the trip to Mexico.

Katie answered in the affirmative, and Mr. Chichester went on:

"Tell me how this came about, and where Myles is now. Have no fear, my dear child. Speak freely."

"This boy can tell you, sir," said the little girl, introducing Art Egan, who sat uneasily on the edge of his chair, plucking at his hat.

"Well, my boy," said Mr. Chichester, speaking rather more brusquely than he had done to Katie, "let me hear all you know."

Art began his tale. Mr. Chichester listened, his elbow resting on the arm of the chair, and one hand partially shading his eyes, while he asked an occasional question.

"This is a serious affair," he said when Art had finished; "and there is no time whatever to be lost."

Katie kept her eyes fixed upon his face, as if she saw there the one hope of rescue for her brother.

"You did well to come to me," he said, patting Katie on the shoulder. "Keep up a good heart. Your Turk—if he be a Turk—can not have gone very far with your brother. We shall have him back again. And, mind you, I don't think he wanted to carry Myles off. The press-gang is out of date."

Turning to Art, he added:

"You say the boy is accompanied by another lad stronger and older than yourself?"

"Yes, sir," said Art, nodding his head.

"Very well. Go home now, my dear, and leave this matter in my hands. By the way, Katie, let me have your address; and yours too, my man."

Art gave his, which was carefully noted down side by side with that of the Macartneys. Then the gentleman accompanied the children as far as the drawing-room door, where he bade them a kindly good-bye. One of the little ones from within had run to meet him; and as Katie followed Art to the hall door, she heard a clear, childish voice say:

"Why is the nice little girl crying, grandpapa? Marion is *so* sorry!"

Though Katie's eyes were wet, her heart was much lighter when she went down the steps than when she had mounted them; and Art became at once enthusiastic about the house and the furniture and the old gentleman.

Susan met them at the corner; for her anxiety was such that she could not stay indoors. To Katie's question as to whether or not Myles had returned, Susan sorrowfully shook her head.

"Not a sign of him anywhere!" she declared, emphatically. "And what did the gentleman say?"

"He said it was a serious matter," replied both children together; "but to leave it to him, and he would do all that could be done."

"God bless him for that every day he rises!" said the relieved Susan. "For now we can make our minds easy that he'll do whatever's for the best."

"He thought the Turk couldn't have got very far away," said Katie; "and that he didn't want to kidnap Myles."

Susan shook her head.

"Come in now and have some tea; and you, too," she added to Art, who declined the invitation, however, as he feared his mother might be anxious.

"I think I'll go over to church after tea," said Katie, who found that her appetite had completely failed her from anxiety and sorrow.

"Do so," rejoined Susan. "Go while it's light; and maybe I'll come for you. Prayer's a good thing at any time, but it's best of all in the time of trouble."

Mrs. Morris had been round in Katie's absence and heartily approved of what the little girl had done. For she knew a good deal of Mr. Chichester, and felt sure that he would do all he could. Besides, he was wealthy and influential. She had nearly fainted when she was told the news Art Egan had brought, and Susan was desperately alarmed lest she should die on her hands.

Mr. Chichester sent an urgent message to the central police office by his butler, telling the authorities there to give out a general alarm, and take such measures, at his expense, as were necessary. After which there was nothing to be done but to wait till the morning.

(To be continued.)

The Story of St. Francis.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

V.

Francis did not leave the world at that time; perhaps he even performed his usual dull duties with a better heart. But there were two signs which showed that the grace of God was working within him; like the stirring of the earth at the approach of spring. He prayed so constantly that he seemed to walk in the divine presence; and almsgiving became, next to prayer, his chief joy. At any sudden appeal he would strip himself quickly of jewel or garment or coin. He would answer the knock of a beggar at the door far more gladly than he would have once welcomed the gay companions of his former pleasures. And he did more: he gave himself—his love, his help, his sympathy; knowing that these things are often what the poor most need. But not yet was the way illumined, nor was he sure that he would have strength to walk where the heavenly light should lead.

We next hear of Francis in Rome,—a pilgrim, though not in pilgrim's garb. He thought that among strangers he might try his own strength. Naturally, he went at once to the Church of St. Peter—not, of course, the present great building which bears that name, but a more ancient one,—and knelt at the Apostle's shrine. The offerings of the pilgrims seemed to him pitifully small, and with a sudden impulse he threw a handful of gold coins "at the window," as his early biographers describe the scene,—probably meaning the space within the altar-rail.

"Who is this lavish fellow?" inquired the bystanders, amazed. But he was outside, talking with the beggars who were asking for alms upon the steps. With one of them he exchanged his garments, and for a day made one of the sorrowful crowd, begging like the others and eating their poor fare. Of these experiences he did not boast when he was once more at home. We hear of one young man who was often with him in his walks, not understanding him, though loving him; but even to this companion Francis did not open his heart. He had no confidant but God.

Then came another and greater test. From his early childhood Francis had one unconquerable aversion. To him a leper was so horrible an object that he shrank from even hearing leprosy spoken of, and was seized with faintness if on his walks he chanced to see a leper by the roadside. One day, when in his new and strange frame of mind, he was riding in the valley and met one of these unfortunate beings, who were then so

numerous throughout Italy. His first impulse was to turn and gallop away; but, resisting it, he not only gave the poor creature money, but kissed the horrible hand that was extended. A few moments after that he looked back and there was no one to be seen. Had Heaven sent him this new test?

His first thought was one of satisfaction with himself, but the next was widely different. "I helped him," he said, "but I did not love him." And so he forced himself to visit the lazarettos, where he ministered to the afflicted inmates, kissing not only their hands but their cheeks.

He now began to feel that he was making progress in the preparation for the career which, as yet undefined, he believed was before him. He always felt that his first victory was then achieved; and in his last will he wrote: "The Lord gave me, Brother Francis, the grace to begin to enter thus on a life of penance. When I was in a state of sin it was very bitter to me to behold lepers."

In order that we may understand how great this spiritual triumph was, we must call to mind the fastidious nature of this petted child of Fortune, his love of the beautiful and his dislike of all that offended the senses. He seemed sure of himself from that time, and we hear no more of his doubts as to the way marked out for him.

I think we may now say that Francis' youth was ended and his manhood really begun.

VI.

There was upon the mountain side, not far from Assisi, a church that was rapidly tumbling into ruins. It was dedicated to St. Damian, and was used once in a while by a good priest, who had no idea who the young stranger was that one day entered and knelt before the altar. While he knelt there he heard a voice which repeated three times over: "Francis, My house is in ruins. Set yourself to repair it."—"Most willingly, Lord," answered Francis, without a moment's hesitation.

"My house"! what was meant by that? He took the words to mean just what they said, no more; and he went to the astonished priest and gave him all the money which chanced to be in his pocket. "I pray you, good Father," he said, "to buy oil with this money and keep a light burning before the crucifix. When this is gone you shall have more."

Then he hurried home, loaded a horse with the finest bales of cloth that he could find in his father's warehouse, and set off for a neighboring fair, where he found it easy to sell both horse and merchandise. That done, he returned to the priest of St. Damian and said:

"Father, here is some more money. Now you can repair your church. And I want to stay with you," he added, thinking—for he was yet in some things only a boy—that it might be hard to know just what to say to his father if he should go home. I am sure he was not afraid of what his mother would say. Mothers understand.

"Stay with me, my son," answered the good and perplexed priest. "But I can not take the money unless I know that your family approve the gift."

Then Francis—not yet a saint, you see—threw his purse and its contents up among the rubbish of a high window-sill. But he remained with the priest; and his parents, when the days ran by and he did not come home, grew very anxious. At last Pietro gathered together a company of his neighbors, and, learning where Francis was, they marched out to demand him of his host. He was not to be found. Hearing their angry voices, he had escaped to a cavern where he had been wont to pray in

happier days, and there he waited the passing of his father's displeasure. He stayed at the cave for about a month, fed by an old servant who loved him, and who was, we are quite sure, the bearer from his mother of sympathy as well as food.

At the end of the month he left his voluntary prison, and, thin, weak, and with his clothing in disorder, went home. But though weak, he was strong; though ragged, he was radiant. He needed all his courage; for the people, seeing no saint but only the wreck of their fair young leader, stoned him and called him madman.

His father, whose pride was hurt by seeing his son the laughing-stock of the town, did more. He promptly locked up the enthusiast, hoping thus to conquer him. For days he begged, commanded and threatened the prisoner: Francis would only answer: "I must obey God."

Then Pietro was called away, and the key of his room was left with Pica, who, with tears and loving words, besought Francis to give up these strange new ways. But while trying to conquer her boy she was herself won over. A door flies open quickly when a mother is the jailer. "Go, dear one, if you must!" she said. "I will not hold you." So he went back to the ruined church and the kind priest.

When Pietro returned and discovered the state of things, he stopped to hurl reproaches at poor Pica; then rushed again to seek his son, who this time did not go into hiding, but boldly held his ground. Go back he would not; so the father, not knowing what else to do, had recourse to the law.

"You must do what I can not," he said to the magistrates. "I want my money back, and he must renounce all further claim upon me."

Then a pompous messenger waited on Francis with his father's orders.

"Tell him," answered Francis, meekly but firmly, "that I am accountable to God alone."

That settled the matter, as far as the magistrates were concerned.

"He has entered the service of God," they told Pietro. "We will not compel him to obey you."

"I will lay the matter before the bishop," replied the angry Pietro; and to the bishop he went.

(To be continued.)

Kite-Flying Day.

Every boy who likes to fly a kite would enjoy being in China one day in the year. This is the ninth day of the ninth month according to the Chinese calendar. On this day everyone who can afford a kite goes to a hill and flies it all day long; for it is the Festival of the Kite and is kept with great solemnity. Men as well as boys take part in the strange proceeding, and the most dignified merchants and doctors leave their place of business and join the rest.

The origin of the custom is curious. Once, it is said, a man dreamed that on a certain day a great calamity would befall his house; so, wishing to avoid the disaster, he took his family to a hill near by, where from sunrise to sunset he entertained the children by flying kites. When at night they returned home they found that their house had fallen and killed the dogs that had been left in it. Ever since then, on the anniversary of that day, it has grown more and more the habit of the people to fly kites in memory of the escape of that family, and as a protection for themselves. They think that as the kites ascend they will disperse the crowd of evil spirits who are seeking to do them harm.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Dr. Kroph Tonning, of Norway, whom the London *Times* refers to as "the celebrated Lutheran theologian and writer," has been received into the Church.

—Mr. W. S. Lilly, one of the ablest of our Catholic publicists, is a candidate for the chair of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge, made vacant by the resignation of Prof. Sidgwick. There will be many to rejoice if Mr. Lilly succeeds.

—The *Athenæum* mentions as among the chief books of travel produced in Belgium during the last twelvemonth Father Portmans' account of journeys in Egypt, Palestine and Greece; and Father Vyncke's letters from Central Africa.

—There seems to be a considerable movement toward the Church among the foreign residents of Tokio, the capital of Japan. We have recently noted the conversion of three professors in the Imperial University; to these must now be added the Baroness d'Anethan, the wife of the Belgian minister. She is a sister of Mr. Rider Haggard, and herself an authoress of some repute.

—The Rev. William Barry, D. D., is at work on a history which, both on account of the subject and the pen which treats it, is sure of a remarkable "run." The theme is an account of the Papacy as a world-power from the reign of Gregory the Great to that of Boniface VIII.—a period of about seven hundred years. That is an enormous task to undertake within the limits of a single volume, unless Father Barry is to write a mere text-book—yet a text-book is precisely what he is sure not to write. The blundering announcements sent out by the publisher create an unfavorable impression, for which Dr. Barry, of course, is not to blame.

—"No mean city" indeed is Philadelphia. It has been the home of many celebrated men, and numerous important events in the history of our country have happened there. It prides itself on the number of its landmarks, including buildings hallowed by the presence of Washington, Adams, Jefferson and Franklin. The story of this City of Brotherly Love is fairly well told for school-children by Lilian Ione Rhoades in an illustrated volume published by the American Book Co. We say only "fairly well," because there are notable omissions, and a considerable part of what the author sets forth clogs the narrative. Whole chapters are devoted to Old Swedes' Church and Old Christ Church, but Catholic children will be left to infer that the only member of the Church that ever did anything worthy of renown in Philadelphia was Mother St. John, of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

—Mgr. Anzer, Vicar-Apostolic of South Shan-Tung, has begun the publication of a Catholic journal in the Chinese language. Bishop Anzer is a prelate of international reputation, and is said to enjoy the special regard of the German Emperor.

—The arts to which some authors resort in order to advertise their wares strike the lay mind as cleverer than anything in the books produced by that species of writer. Thus a French authoress has succeeded in getting herself kidnapped by friendly bandits on the eve of the appearance of her fifty-first book. The volume is selling like hot cakes—such is current literary taste, and such is what they call fame.

—Among recent publications of the English Catholic Truth Society we note No. 1 of "The Early History of the Church of God," by the Bishop of Clifton, to be completed in twelve monthly parts. We could wish that the interesting foot-notes were more numerous.—In a penny pamphlet, the Rev. Father Wilberforce, O. P. affords a most readable sketch of the remarkable conversion of Miss Drane, better known as Mother Francis Raphael. Her life and works are one of the glories of the Church in England.

—A Catholic layman signing himself "T. F. W." furnished a late issue of *The Daily Guardian* (Paterson, N. J.) with a statement of the reasons why Catholics can not accept the public school system. The reasons were good ones, expressed in clear and energetic, but not impassioned English; *The Guardian* gave them an ornamental heading and the most prominent position in the paper. The daily press will nearly always lend its circulation to a dignified, clever and temperate statement of any side of an important question; apart from the instinct of fair play, it is good business policy to do so. As for "T. F. W.," he deserves congratulation. The question he has stated so admirably must be restated over and over again in such fair-minded journals as the *Guardian*, until the man in the street car stops to read. Then—not till then—an equitable settlement will be arrived at.

—Not until we can enlarge our space and employ secretaries shall we be able to comply with all the requests that are made of us for information regarding books, authors, etc. Our library is not

so extensive that we can turn to every standard work and tell our correspondents where to find passages to which they have seen reference. Not all books are indexed, and the longest days often prove too short, as do the longest memories. Through the kindness of a colaborer we are enabled to quote this week what John Ruskin once said on the value of lectures. It is in a letter dated Rome, May 26, 1874:

My dear Sir:—I have your obliging letter, but am compelled by increase of work to cease lecturing except at Oxford—and practically there also; for, indeed, I find the desire of audiences to be *audiences only* becoming an entirely pestilent character of the age. Everybody wants to *hear*—nobody to read, nobody to think; to be excited for an hour, and, if possible, amused; to get the knowledge it has cost a man half his life to gather, first sweetened up to make it palatable, and then kneaded into the smallest possible pills, and to swallow it homœopathically and be wise. This is the passionate desire and hope of the multitude of the day.

It is not to be done. A living comment quietly given to a class on a book they are earnestly reading—this kind of lecture is eternally necessary and wholesome; your modern fire-working, smooth-downy-curry-and-strawberry-ice-and-milk-punch altogether lecture is an entirely pestilent and abominable vanity. The miserable death of poor Dickens, when he might have been writing blessed books till he was eighty, but for the pestiferous demand of the mob, is a very solemn warning to us all, if we would take it.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Studies in Church History. Vol. VI. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* $2.50.

Meditations on the Psalms of the Little Office. *Peregrinus.—Rev. George Tyrrell, S J.* 75 cts., *net.*

Currita, Countess of Albornoz. *Luis Coloma.* $1.50.

The Knights of the Cross. Vol. II *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* $1.

A Journey with the Sun around the World. *Rev. William McMahon.* $1.50.

Studies in Poetry. *Thomas O'Hagan, M. A., Ph. D.* $1.

St. Jerome. *Father Largent.* $1.

The Church of Christ the Same Forever. *Rev. D. McErlane, S. J.* 50 cts, *net.*

Christian Philosophy—God. *Rev. John T. Driscoll, S. T. L.* $1.25, *net.*

Arden Massiter. *Dr. William Barry.* $1.50.

The Heiress of Cronenstein. *Countess Hahn-Hahn,* $1.25.

The Nursing Sister. $1.25.

Jack Hildreth on the Nile. *Marion Ames Taggart,* 85 cts.

The Redemption of David Corson. *Charles Frederic Goss.* $1.50.

Holy Mass: A Morning Paradise. *Very Rev. R. O. Kennedy.* 5 cts.

Giovanni Baptista de Rossi. *Very Rev. T. J. Shahan, D. D.* 20 cts.

Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire. *Samuel Dill, M. A.* $2.

Ecclesiastical Dictionary. *Rev. John Thein.* $5, *net.*

The Spirit of the Third Order of St. Francis. *Father Peter Baptist, O. F. M.* $1, *net.*

The Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau. *Mary Frances Drew.* 60 cts., *net.*

St. Francis of Sales. *A. De Margerie.* $1.

A Book of Spiritual Instruction. *Blosius.* 75 cts., *net.*

The People of Our Parish. *Lelia Hardin Bugg,* $1.

A Month's Meditations. *Cardinal Wiseman.* $1.10, *net.*

The Duchess of York's Page. *Mrs. William Maude,* 70 cts., *net.*

Essays, Educational and Historic. *A Member of the Order of Mercy.* $1.25, *net.*

Episodes of Catholic History. $1.

Meditations for Retreats. *St. Francis de Sales,* 75 cts., *net.*

The Acts and Decrees of the Synod of Jerusalem, *J. N. W. B. Robertson.* $1.60.

An Old Family. *Monsignor Seton.* $3.50.

The Catholic Creed; or, What do Catholics Believe? *Very Rev. Father J. Procter, S. T. L.* $1, *net.*

Leaves from St. Augustine. *Mary H. Allies.* $1.35, *net.*

Vespers and Compline. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J,* $1, *net.*

The Life of Father Haskins. $1.

The Room of the Rose. *Sara Trainer Smith.* $1.25.

Religion and Morality. *Rev. James J. Fox, S. T. D,* $2.

Oxford Conferences. *Raphael M. Moss.* 60 cts., *net.*

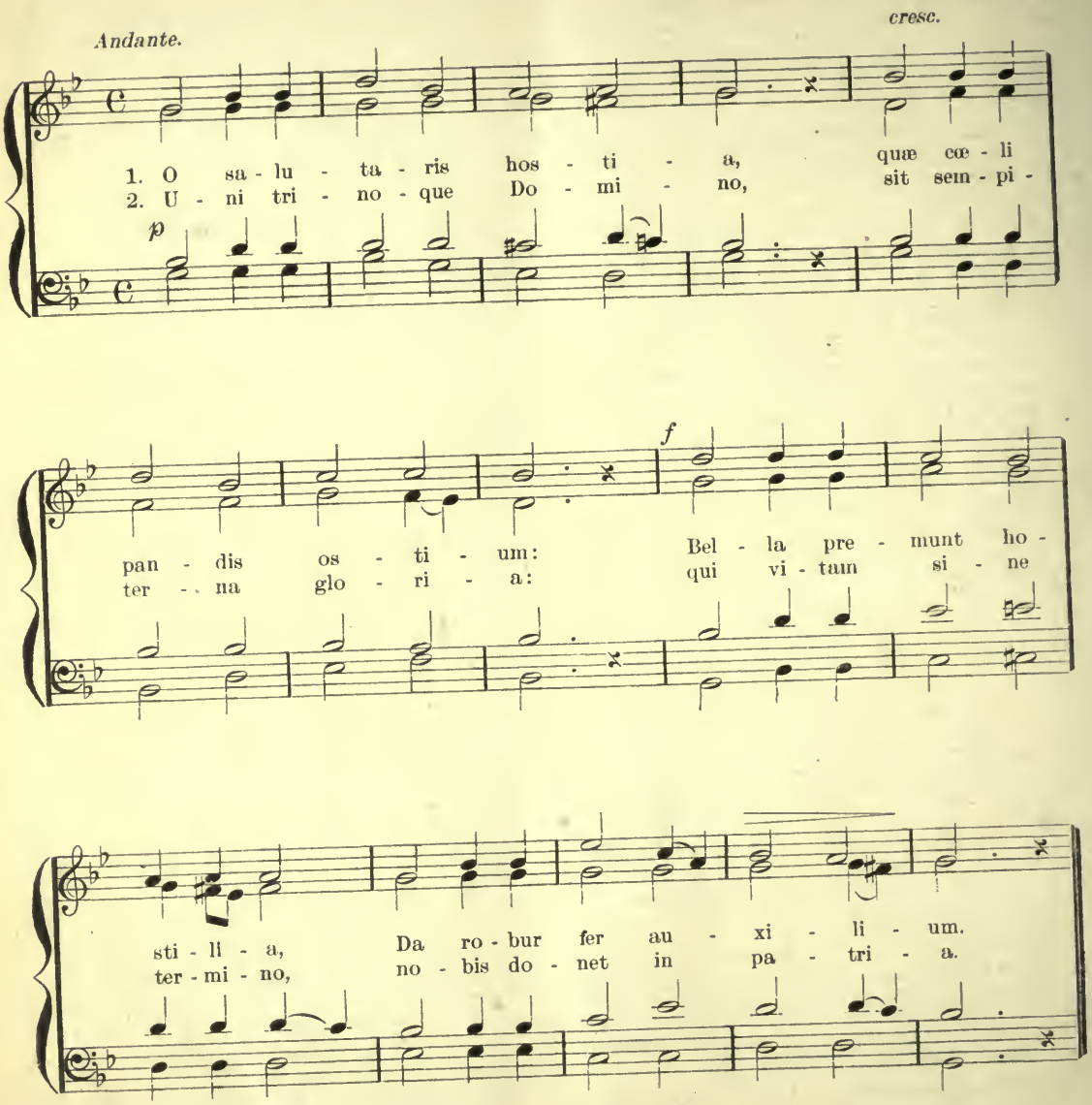
Passages in a Wandering Life. *Thomas Arnold,* $3.50.

The Biblical Treasury of the Catechism. *Rev. Thomas E. Cox.* $1.25.

Was Savonarola Really Excommunicated? *Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P.* 75 cts., *net.*

O SALUTARIS.

G. RUDOLF.





THE TRANSFIGURATION.
(L. Carracci)

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LI. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 4, 1900. NO. 5.

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A Man Song.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

LORD God, hath not the soul its Marathons?
Doth it not live by battle every day?
Whom shall I trust but Thee beneath the suns,—
From whom, in prayerful passion, learn to pray?
Man-breasted, I shall stand with Thee or fall,
Nor trust in Thee at all or all in all.

Here, navelled in this troubled vale of tears,
My orbit has its meed of space and light,
Encompassed by the little Day of Years,
And sharer in a moiety of night.
But Thou, the Pilot of the Pleiades,
Art guide of it through its sidereal seas.

My thoughts of Thee, as lava in my blood,
Shall warm my being's core until I die;
My moods shall be as graphic to Thy mood
As earth to sun or yet as sea to sky;
I shall be cunning in my love for Thee,
For Thou art artful in Thy care of me.

To wreak my gratitude upon Thy head,
And vent my strong necessity for thanks,
Shall I have thought of them that near me tread,—
My thankless brothers in their mortal ranks?
Shall I not curse them when they turn to me?—
My curse, Forgiveness, in the Name of Thee!

My love for Thee shall be my monument,
The only garland round my memory set;
And when Thy Fiat marks my days all spent,
I would not have the kindly grave forget.
I am Thy child, who, ageing less and less,
Consents to life but conquers haughtiness.

THE great mystery of the Divine Maternity surpasses all that can be said or thought respecting it.—*St. Basil.*

The Transfiguration of Our Lord.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

SIGHT to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and freedom of motion to the halt and the lame,—we read in the Holy Bible that our Divine Lord gave all these. He cured the lepers, delivered the possessed, and raised the dead to life. He had power for others but none for Himself. He had but a manger for His cradle and a cross for His death-bed. On His own person only once did He work a miracle: that was at the Transfiguration. And that solitary miracle exercised, if we might say it, in His own favor we are now going to consider.

This, then, is the order of events after Our Lord had brought the three chosen disciples to Mount Thabor: (1) Christ is transfigured. (2) Moses and Elias appear speaking with Our Lord. (3) Peter says: "It is good for us to be here." (4) A cloud envelops them; and from the cloud the Voice saying, "This is My beloved Son." (5) The Apostles are terrified and fall to the ground with fear. (6) But Christ speaks to them; they look up and see no one but Him alone. That is the order which Suarez follows; and later we shall take notice of how St. Luke describes it. We will now consider at what time this event took place.

It took place, as is generally believed, toward the end of Our Lord's public ministry and not very long before His passion. St. Matthew, St. Mark and St. Luke give the number of days between one of Our Lord's sermons and the Transfiguration. In that sermon He encouraged His disciples to take up their cross and follow Him. And we can readily see a connection between the carrying of the cross and the glory of the Transfiguration,—the one being the reward of the other.

St. Matthew and St. Mark say the number of days was six; St. Luke declares the number of days was eight. St. Matthew and St. Mark do not count the first and the last day; St. Luke does. That is all that is known of the time. "About the exact month or day of the year I do not find anything among the ancient writers," remarks Suarez.

The place was on a mountain. The Fathers have many beautiful things touching this. "He took them into a high mountain apart," says St. John Damascene, "in order that He might not be seen by any one else; for He did nothing for glory, but all for usefulness." As Tertullian observes: "He withdrew into a mountain; for 'at the mountain' and by vision and by voice did the Creator also teach His first people [the Jews]. And it was fitting that under like circumstances the New Testament should be handed down as the Old had been. And there was a like cloud,—formed, there is no doubt, in both cases from the breath of the Creator. Nor was this cloud silent, nor was the Father's voice from heaven unheard; nor the testimony wanting of the Father to the Son, even as of old in the psalms: 'Thou art my son; to-day have I begotten thee.' And in Isaias: 'The man that fears God hears the voice of His Son.'"

Says Suarez: "He withdrew to a mountain, to teach us that whosoever is accounted worthy of divine contemplation ought to be raised up from earthly things; also because solitude is the mother of prayer; and, finally, that it is to those only who are perfect in charity that God shows Himself."

This mount is generally called Thabor, though there seems not to be agreement as to its identity. "Many believe this mount," continues Suarez, "to be the one appointed by Our Lord where the disciples were to meet Him after His resurrection. 'And the eleven disciples went into Galilee, unto the mountain Jesus had appointed them.'"*

St. Jerome tells us that this mountain was held in great veneration by the early Christians, and that the holy Roman lady Paula was accustomed to ascend it out of devotion to the miracle of the Transfiguration. Venerable Bede says that the faithful of the early ages built three churches there: "Master, it is good for us to be here. Let us build three tabernacles: one for Thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias; not knowing what he said."† St. John Damascene observes: "'Thabor and Hermon shall rejoice in Thy name.'‡ Hermon first rejoiced when it heard the Father giving the name of Son to Christ at His baptism. And now Thabor rejoices and is gladdened to its depths,—that divine and holy mountain, no less sublime in glory than in altitude."

Were Moses and Elias really there? Yes, Moses and Elias were really there,—as really as you and I are here, or as really as our Divine Lord Himself was there. St. Matthew says: "And Moses and Elias appeared speaking with Him." St. Mark: "And Moses with Elias appeared to them." St. Luke: "And, behold, two men were speaking with Him, and they were Moses and Elias."

* St. Matt., xxviii, 16. † St. Luke, ix, 33.
‡ Ps. lxxxviii, 13.

The Gospel here sets down the thing definitely; and we can not step in and say one was real—namely, our Blessed Lord,—but the others were unreal, and were there only in appearance. Our difficulty arises from the fact that Elias had been taken up in a fiery chariot to heaven; and that Moses *had died*, by the order of God, on Mount Nebo. "All the Fathers understand the words in the obvious sense which the sacred history requires," observes Suarez; "and the universal Church assents. Besides, in the case of Elias, there is no difficulty, as he continued still to be of a living body and a soul."

Regarding Enoch and Elias, St. Augustine says: "For Enoch and Elias have not wasted away by old age during so long a time; nor do I believe that they have become changed into a spiritual substance, such as our bodies will become at the resurrection, and as took place first in the case of our Divine Saviour; nor do I believe that they stand in need of food to refresh their bodies."

Tertullian says: "Elias is to return not from beyond the bounds of life, but from his translation; nor is he to be restored to his body, from which he has not been separated; but to be returned to earth, from which he has been removed; and is to return not for the completion of life, but for the fulfilment of prophecy."

Suarez again: "Since, then, Elias had not to be recalled from the dead, but from some place where he is living, and transferred to Thabor, which could be easily done, there is no reason why we should quibble about the fact of his appearance when the Scripture says he was there and spoke with Christ."

"The Lord could not have lied," says St. Epiphanius; "therefore it was not by a vision or an appearance that He showed Moses and Elias to the disciples on the mountain, or by any deceit; but He did that which excluded all falsehood." As to Moses, the words of the Scripture clearly teach, and as clearly require us to believe, that he was there present in body and soul, really and not apparently. "What are we to say to Moses?" asks St. Augustine. "Do we not read in Deuteronomy that he died, and yet in the Gospel that he appeared to the living with Elias, who was not dead?" "This," says Suarez, "the words of Scripture teach and the common opinion of theologians affirms. Moses died and his soul went to Abraham's bosom. "The body of Moses," observes St. Epiphanius again, "was buried by angels, as a mark of honor from God." St. Chrysostom says "his burial-place was kept a secret from the Jews, lest they should pay divine honor to his remains." And the historian Josephus affirms "that Moses had it written in the Old Testament that he did die, lest the Jews should begin to say that, like Elias, he was taken up to heaven."

The only question now is, What body did Our Lord adapt or give to the soul of Moses when it returned from the bosom of Abraham and appeared on Thabor?

St. Thomas Aquinas and others tell us that the body adapted to Moses was a body made of air. But Suarez affirms that God raised the body of Moses from the tomb to unite it to his soul. His words are: "Moses appeared in his own true body by a true resurrection, his body being animated by his soul. This is what St. Jerome teaches, this also St. Augustine and this Scotus." Says St. John Damascene: "In this mountain, faith in the resurrection of the dead is built up; and Christ is declared Lord of the living and the dead, inasmuch as He called Moses from the dead and Elias from the living to give testimony to Him."

"In this way," adds Suarez, "the truth of sacred Scripture is better observed. It says that Moses appeared. Now, he could not have done so if he were not to appear in a real body. Again, Moses and Elias appear as witnesses of His glory; therefore, not fictitiously or fraudulently ought they to appear. Elias appears in his own body; therefore so also does Moses; and most of all because a soul separated from the body can not of its own power take up a new body, whether its own or an assumed one. It required a miracle from God to enable the soul of Moses to take up even an aerial body; and it seems much easier to suppose that God raised the dead body for the time being than that He adapted to him an aerial or assumed body."

How, we may ask, did the disciples know that the two men were Moses and Elias? Tertullian teaches that Peter—who said, "Let us build three tabernacles: one for Thee, one for Moses and one for Elias,"—knew *in spirit* that they were Moses and Elias; "that is," says Suarez, "by internal instinct.... And this is very probable. But it is not impossible," he adds, "that he might also have known them from their conversation with Christ; either because they were at times addressed by Him in their proper names, or while they were speaking about 'His excess' they used language such as is used by each of them in the Old Testament referring to His passion."

Were Moses and Elias transfigured? No, but they walked in the brightness of Our Lord's glory and were surrounded by its splendor. Suarez says: "In this matter it seems more probable that they were made sharers of the glory and brightness of the body of Christ, as St. Luke insinuates."

The celebrated picture of Our Lord's Transfiguration has, I fear, something to answer for. It has led many to come unwittingly to the conclusion that He was raised up high in the air, and that it was while so raised He became transfigured—His face shining like the sun and His garments white as snow. Now, there does not appear to be in the Gospel or in the commentators one word to support such a theory. Christ walked on the top of Thabor with Moses and Elias, and talked with them. And when Moses and Elias had parted from Him, and the Voice from the cloud had given testimony to Him, "He came close to the disciples and touched them."

What was the Transfiguration of Our Lord? From what did it arise? Was it a new miracle or the cessation of a constant one?

What we read in the holy Evangelists is this: St. Matthew: "And He was transfigured before them. And His face did shine as the sun and His garments became white as snow." St. Mark: "And His garments became shining, and exceeding white as snow, so as no fuller upon earth can make white." St. Luke: "And whilst He prayed, the shape of His countenance was altered and His raiment became white and glittering."

All the explanations that have been offered of the manner of this mystery resolve themselves into two—namely, whether a new, miraculous brightness, which did not ordinarily belong to the face of Christ, was by divine power brought to illumine and glorify it; or whether this brightness did ordinarily belong to His face by reason of the brightness of His soul within, and that it was only by miracle it had been kept concealed, as by a perpetual miracle now takes place in Holy Communion.

The latter opinion wins greatly on one at first sight. It gives a new and wonderful idea of the adorable body of Our Lord. It is perfectly and absolutely true at present of Our Lord's body in

Holy Communion that its brightness has to be veiled, and that, too, by an unceasing miracle. But the body of Our Lord is a glorified body; and therefore His body in Holy Communion is a glorified body, endowed therein with all the qualities of a glorified body. On the day of the Transfiguration, however, His body was not a glorified body.

All along through His blessed life on earth our Saviour might have allowed the brightness of His divinity and the glory of His sacred soul to illumine and transfigure His adorable body, if He wished it; but He did not wish it. With all humility, I venture to say that it was a law, and not a miracle, that kept this brightness from appearing: that God at the moment of the hypostatic union laid a law on the brightness of the sacred soul—namely, that it was not to appear on the body of Christ during His mortal life. And I venture also to say that except by miracle the body of Our Lord was not capable of reflecting it, any more than a handful of dust before it is made glass could reflect the sun; and that because in the providence of God the body of Our Lord was something less than a glorified body while on earth.

I do feel forced, then, to believe that the Transfiguration of Our Lord—when His sacred body was so illumined and suffused "by His divinity and the glory of His human soul" * that even "His garments became shining, and exceeding white as snow, so as no fuller on earth can make white,"—was the work of a miracle, then and there wrought by Our Lord; and not the effect of the cessation of a miracle that had been in operation from the beginning of His human life, and by which that unutterable glory that adorned His sacred soul was kept back from overflooding His body also.

(Conclusion next week.)

* St. John Damascene.

Dr. Martin's Wife.

V.—A Christian Death-Bed.

BRIDGET sat on the stone step outside the kitchen door, her head in her hands. Instead of the usual clatter of pots and pans, an ominous quiet had settled all around. The buzzing of the flies could plainly be heard as they circled round a scrap of cake which little Maurice had dropped on the path leading to the vegetable garden. Once in a while the old woman would move her position uneasily; for the rest, all was silence. Tears coursed slowly down her rough cheeks, half hidden by the red hands seamed and scarred by toil; at intervals a stifled sob would half escape from her bosom.

For a very long time she sat thus, apparently unconscious of everything around her. But suddenly the sound of footsteps on the other side of the kitchen attracted her attention; then a head appeared at the little round window. A man was looking into the desolate kitchen. Bridget glanced over her shoulder and recognized him.

"Is it you, Peter?" she inquired, in a dejected tone, and again buried her head in her hands.

The face at the window disappeared: in a moment Peter was beside her. He had a small bundle on a stick; his shoes were dusty; apparently he had walked some distance.

"What is the matter, Bridget?" he asked, laying his bundle on the ground. "Are you not well?"

The old woman lifted her head.

"What is the matter with *you* that you have not heard the sad news?" she inquired.

"I have been away since a month," he answered. "I have been twenty miles out, at Mr. Cartwright's place. And if a man will live in the heart of the forest,

they who work for him there must be without news so long as they remain. I do not even know if my own are dead or alive."

"Your own are well," said Bridget, wiping her eyes. "I saw your daughter and the little boy yesterday night when I came from the priest's house. But mine are stretched on a bed that they'll never rise from,—mine are dying!"

"*Who* is dying?" exclaimed the old man, in genuine alarm. "I have heard nothing, as I told you."

"The Doctor is at death's door," was the reply. "The priest is just gone,—the priest from St. Bernard's."

"Ah, me! ah, me! that is indeed sad news," said Peter. "But perhaps it is not so bad as you think. How can a young, strong man like that not hope in the face of the most severe sickness? What ails him, my good Bridget?"

"'Tis typhoid fever they say. But first it was diphtheria."

"And the Madame and the little boy,—what of them?"

"They are well, but for the great misfortune that's fallen upon us. But God knows will herself live after him."

Peter sat down on the broad stone step opposite where the old servant was accustomed to air her tins.

"How did it come, this sickness?" he asked. "When I saw him last—it was barely four weeks ago—the Doctor was the picture of health. Do you remember, it was the night when I talked with you through the window? The next afternoon I had to go in a hurry."

"And that very night the master caught his death," said Bridget. "They were eating their dinner, and I never saw the three of them more joyful, when the word came. And from where, think you?"

"I can not tell: I could not guess, I am sure."

"From the step-sister, Mrs. Dunbar,—the one that treated him so bad always. Her little girl had the diphtheria and she sent for him. You may know how intimate the families were when I tell you, Peter, that we weren't even aware of her having a child at all. And yet it's two years old."

"And he went, of course, the Doctor,—even without finishing his dinner. I know that man."

"You've said the truth," answered Bridget. "Yes, he tore away with the messenger without waiting one instant. From the first word a black cloud seemed to fall on the whole of us. Herself—who is always so brave and cheerful—she cried the whole night. And why? There were many occasions before when he was away for a longer time. 'Twas because she felt in her soul what was ahead of her."

"Poor lady! poor lady! If I could spare her one moment's sorrow I would do it. And then what, Bridget,—what happened after?"

"He came back in the morning. They were running to meet him, but he waved them off and went straight to the stable loft,—there's a small room there. He called to me to bring him fresh clothes. That I did, and he changed completely. Then he came down to us and told how the child had been very bad, but he thought he had saved her. He didn't talk much, and he looked bad,—pale and bad. Whether it was from some new meanness of the step-sister or because he'd taken the disease I couldn't be certain; but I was uneasy, Peter,—very uneasy. And so was the mistress. I never saw her so downhearted. When he'd be in the house she'd be watching him ever; and when he'd be out, she was always walking about from place to place without being able to settle herself to anything. On the fifth day he came down with the diphtheria,—not bad either, it seemed to us. He had

the very best doctor from town; and herself was banished from the room for the first days, but she *would* make her way in at last, in spite of them. And the doctor from town said it was a light case. The throat wasn't so bad, but as it got better the disease took another turn. Typhoid the doctors say it is—there's two of them now,—and there's no hope for him—no, not the slightest. Oh, wo, wo! my poor darling Master Desmond, will I never see you coming up the field-path again!"

Here the poor old woman broke into ill-suppressed lamentations; and Peter, knowing it was best to let her give way to her grief. remained silent till the violent sobbing had subsided.

"To hear him raving and trying to get out of the bed to go away so herself and the boy wouldn't take the disease! And to hear him calling on his mother that's been in heaven these long years! 'Twas pitiful, Peter,—very pitiful. When I heard *that* I knew he was doomed. And to think it all happened as it did: that but for that—that villain of a Camilla he'd be well and hearty this day, instead of drawing his last breath! Oh, why is the good Lord so cruel to us at all, at all!"

"Can I do anything, Bridget?" asked Peter, not knowing any way by which he might console her, and glad to be of service if he might.

"No, Peter, thank you!" was the reply. "I came down here to be my lone for a little while. I couldn't bear the sight of his white face on the pillow; and hers, as white, sitting beside him."

"Where is the child?"

"Sound asleep, poor darling! He's on the bed in my room above us."

"That is better that he should be out of it," rejoined the old man. "If you would allow it, and he would come, I should like to take him home to my house, when he wakes. It is so sad for him to be here, and there we would take great care of him."

"Thank you, Peter!" said Bridget. "I will see what the mistress says."

"Now I must go: I have not yet been home," said the old man, taking his stick once more. "I do not need to say that I shall take it hard if you do not call upon me when there is need; and this evening I come back to see if I can do something, and to learn, I hope, that the Doctor is better. I can not believe that he will not get well."

The old woman looked at him and said mournfully:

"No, no! he will never leave this house but once again, and then they'll carry him, Peter."

Peter shook his head sorrowfully and walked slowly away.

Bridget sat for a moment longer on the doorstep. Then her ear was attracted by a sound overhead: it was the voice of a child. "The boy is awake!" she said, starting up. She closed the door and went hurriedly up the stairs.

While this conversation was taking place, Dr. Martin was lying, pale and emaciated, on the bed where he had passed three weeks of suffering; weak, but calm and composed as he had been in the palmiest days of his strong young manhood. His wife sat beside him, her hand clasping his, her face almost as pallid as his own.

"Mary," he was saying, "promise me that you will not dwell upon it: that you will forget it all."

"How can I *forget*, Desmond?" she answered. "That is impossible. But I promise you not to harbor resentment, inasmuch as in me lies. I shall not wish them harm, nor would I do them the slightest injury if it were in my power."

The dying man smiled.

"Poor little woman!" he said. "As though you would wish to injure any one, be his malice what it might!"

"Desmond," she observed in a low, intense voice, "you do not know me,—you have never known me. It is my nature to be unforgiving. With you it would be violent indignation; and then, should the occasion arise, you would be quick to do your enemy a kindness. With me it is not so. I am quiet; I may *seem* gentle, but I do not forget. In your place, I should never have gone to that child. I would walk a hundred miles never to meet Camilla or her husband face to face. And as for the baby—O Desmond, ask God to change my heart! but I hate the thought of that innocent, helpless child."

"Mary," replied her husband, feebly stroking her hand, "that is not your real nature. You are overwrought,—you have been sorely tried. To me, lying here, the world with its hates and resentments, follies and fallacies, seems very far away. I have done with it all. But I can trust you, my dearest. When I am gone God will enfold you in His compassionate arms,—you and the boy. Now, while I am able, I wish to talk to you of his future."

Crushing down the sorrow that was tearing her very soul, the young wife steeled herself to listen. Much was to be said, many things to be arranged. Dr. Martin had been a prudent as well as a successful man, and his wife and child would not be unprovided for. To her his calmness in the face of death was something incomprehensible; she wanted to cry out against it, but her love restrained her even in the midst of her overpowering grief. After a time he asked for the boy, and Bridget brought him in, fresh and rosy from his long sleep. The poor woman's face was red and swollen from weeping, which broke forth anew when she placed the child on the bed beside his father.

Dr. Martin took her hand.

"Now, be brave, my oldest friend!" he murmured, glancing at his wife, who had hidden her face on the pillow beside him. "You will take good care of them, Bridget."

This was too much. She could not bear it, and hurried from the room.

Pleased to be once again with his father, the boy nestled closely to him, patting his cheek, and twining his little fingers in the soft, wavy hair that had grown long during his illness. Tears stole down the cheeks of the dying man. His strength was fast ebbing away. Presently Bridget returned.

"Kiss papa," she said. The boy gently touched his cheek. But the father did not respond: he had fallen asleep.

Now there remained only the faithful wife, watching his every respiration, fearful that it might be the last.

It was five o'clock the same evening. A soft summer breeze fluttered through the curtains,—the breeze that comes after a sudden shower, laden with fragrance. Across the foot of the bed lay the boy, asleep; his father would not have him moved.

"Let him stay," he had whispered when they would have removed the child. "I promise you he will not wake, and I want to look at him while I may."

Beside the bed a table, covered with a white cloth, was spread for the heavenly Feast. Close to it stood the priest; on the other side knelt Mrs. Martin and Bridget. Soon the solemn rites were over, and the wife, her eyes fixed on the downcast eyes and folded hands of her husband, saw his lips move in prayer:

"May Thy body, O Lord, which I have received, and Thy blood which I have drunk, cleave unto my inmost parts; and grant that no stain of sin may remain in me, who have been refreshed with pure and holy mysteries! Who livest and reignest, one God, world without end. Amen."

Still on her knees, her tears falling like rain, Mrs. Martin crept closer to the bedside.

"One thing I have asked of the Lord; this will I seek after: that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life."

The hands fell apart, and, though still the lips moved, the words were hardly more than whispers:

"Happy are those servants whom the Lord when He cometh shall find watching!"

The dying glance sought hers; dull and glassy the fading eyes. He groped for her hand, clasping it close. She felt that the next words were to her, for her, dropping slowly, almost inaudibly from the trembling lips:

"If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me."

That was all. Oh, how often she was to remember them in days to come! A moment, two, three, of painful silence. The eyes of the two women sought those of the priest.

"There died a just man," he said, rising from his knees.

Then they who had loved and lost cried aloud in the desolation of their hearts; and little Maurice, frightened from sleep, sat up and looked wildly about him.

(To be continued.)

No one can doubt but that the just homage we render to the Mother of God redounds entirely to the honor and glory of God Himself.—*St. Jerome.*

To render honor and glory to the Blessed Virgin is to praise and render thanks to the Redeemer.—*St. Ildefonsa.*

All the homage we pay to Mary redounds to the glory of her Son.—*St. Bernard.*

The honor which we pay to the Queen reflects on the King Himself.—*Ib.*

Out of the Crucible.

BY FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

The Feast of Jeanne d'Arc.

We are, then, to have—is it sure?—a feast of Jeanne d'Arc,—I mean a periodical and official feast; for several times already has the Church of France honored the memory of that heroine by pompous and touching ceremonies. As there can be no question, under penalty of intolerable ridicule, of "secularizing" the good Lorraine whom the English burned at Rouen, the festivities will be patriotic and religious at the same time. There will be, no doubt, in the morning a solemn Mass at Notre Dame; in the afternoon a review of the army of Paris; and in the evening—the chosen date is in May,—after having sung the canticles of the Immaculate Virgin, to which will surely be added a beautiful prayer to Jeanne, the faithful assistants of the "Month of Mary" will direct their steps toward the fireworks. We must rejoice over this harmonious arrangement; for we do not often have occasion to see all our countrymen vibrate with a unanimous sentiment; and is there one more vibrating and deeper than our tender veneration for Jeanne d'Arc?

It is a veritable worship that we have given to the humble peasant of Domremy, who, kneeling in the paternal orchard, under the shadow of the church steeple, thought only of the *grande pitié* that then filled the kingdom of France, and listened to the mysterious voices that told her Almighty God had chosen her to drive away the invaders. To us she represents and symbolizes the unshakable hope in the definite triumph of the country.

We are passing through dark and evil times. Vanquished twenty-seven years ago, after an honorable and obstinate resistance—but, let us confess it frankly,

not a glorious one,—we did not come out better and wiser, as might have been hoped. Not only have we not made the slightest effort to regain our lost frontiers, but within our reduced territory, resigned to be on the defensive, we have not even known how to establish prosperity, order and concord. I have a firm conviction that the future will judge very severely this quarter of a century of our history, filled only with empty words. But the present hour is particularly sinister to France; and every Frenchman worthy of the name is filled with horror at the sight of the fratricidal discord that menaces us with a social cataclysm to-morrow, at the sight of our enemies who are rejoicing, and at the sight of our only ally, who, perhaps, grows restless and is losing confidence in us.

In our anguish we still find a little courage in turning our eyes toward the past and in remembering that our country has known worse trials. It is a consolation for us to see, in the heart of the bloody darkness of the fifteenth century, in a France attenuated by a hundred years of invasion and war, the pure and radiant face of the "Maid" appear,—she who has but to brandish her sword to dazzle and terrorize the enemy and to bring back victory to our ranks. When one considers the lamentable state of the kingdom at the moment of Jeanne d'Arc's appearance, and when one ascertains that a few years later, at the end of Charles VII.'s reign, the English possessed in France only the port of Calais, one remains open-mouthed with admiration, and one refuses to the most pessimistic the right of despairing over a country that was able to accomplish such a miracle. I have said the word and I maintain it; for there is nothing like it in the history of any other nation. I have just been reading in Michelet—who is not to be accused of mysticism—the account of this extraordinary happening; and the more I think over it, the more do I discover a miraculous intervention.

A miracle! It is not long ago that in pronouncing that word I would have shrugged my shoulders. Because I had never seen with my own eyes a miracle performed, I denied all; scorning the elementary truth that if there is a God—and I never doubted His existence,—if there is an Almighty God, Creator of visible and invisible things, then He is above the laws of the physical world, His creation, and nothing is impossible to Him. My pride has now given up its arms. I felt one day on my brow the breath of death, and there awoke in me the horror of nothingness and the necessity of an eternal life. Then I reread the holy Gospel. I read it as one must, with a simple and confiding heart; and in each page, in each word of that sublime book truth shone before me. I firmly believe to-day in all those miracles told, described, and witnessed by the Evangelists with a surety and precision of detail that show the most evident and complete sincerity.

Yes, Jesus restored hearing to the deaf, sight to the blind, motion to the paralytics, and life to the dead. During His brief stay in this world He scattered prodigally those marvellous benefits, to prove that He was the Son of the living God, and to found the religion that for nineteen hundred years has given peace of soul to all men of good-will. That faith in Jesus Christ that I have found again—for mine was a Christian childhood—I wish to keep in me, and to continue augmenting unceasingly, constantly, patiently, without growing discouraged in the hours of weakness. For if at times I sway and am afraid, like St. Peter in walking on the waves, yet, Lord, Thou seest that I obey Thee, and Thou art there to sustain me.

That miraculous force that emanated from the person of Jesus when He was among us He communicated to His disciples. He can always give it to His chosen ones; in a lesser proportion, no doubt, but still in a supernatural degree. And I believe that I can discover the sign of that superior power in the mission and actions of Jeanne d'Arc.

Notwithstanding the opinions of the strong minds at the hospitals and the philosophers of the clinics, there is no question here of a nervous disease. All Jeanne d'Arc's words that have been handed down to us are filled with the most ardent pity, but bear the mark of exquisite good sense and of a sound mind. There are no hallucinations about her. She has apparitions, she hears voices. "Monsieur Saint Michel" and "Madame Sainte Marguerite" use very clear language in speaking to her and give her very explicit orders: to leave her country and family, to go in search of the Dauphin, to deliver Orleans, conduct the King to Reims and have him crowned there. And that impossible enterprise she executes with a perseverance and courage that are superhuman.

Certain actions of the "Maid" partake of the nature of the miraculous. She goes straight to the King, whom she has never seen, and who hides in a crowd of three hundred courtiers. She orders a sword to be brought to her that is hidden under an altar in a church, and in a part of the country that she does not know. Moreover, she manifests her gift of prophecy. Not only does she predict the success of her mission, but after the coronation, when they wish her to continue her warfare, she consents with great repugnance; for her "voices" have not ordered her to do more than have the King crowned. And from that moment she foresees the dangers that menace her, and predicts her own death.

You incredulous ones who smile at the word *miracle* remark this well. The whole of Jeanne's life is a miracle. Her very holiness, so to speak, is contagious. Her captains who fight near her—Dunois, Xaintrailles, La Hire, men of blood, pillage, and debauchery—become, after contact with her, pious and chaste.

It is not, I hope, a want of respect to the Holy Scriptures to recall them constantly on reading the life of Jeanne d'Arc. When God gives her a terrifying mission, she instantly obeys as did Mary to the Angel. She also seems to say: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord!" At Poitiers, when questioned by subtle theologians, who fear she is a sorceress, she answers the most embarrassing and dangerous questions; and in her turn, like the Boy of Nazareth in the temple, she confuses the doctors.

And, more especially, how is it possible not to evoke the scenes of the Passion in the captivity, trial, and torture of Jeanne? She also was sold and denied. As in the hand of Judas, so does the gold of Winchester clink in the hand of the Sire of Ligny, who disposes of her as his prisoner; and who, in abandoning her to the Duke of Bourgogne, delivers her in reality to the English; and, by cowardice as criminal as that of Peter in the guard-house of the pretorium, he who turns his eyes away and seems no longer to know her when she is in peril of death, is that King Charles to whom she had given his kingdom.

But let us dwell no longer on the crime of Rouen; for it puts to shame two great nations. If England commits it with perfidy and ferocity, the King of France is her accomplice through his ingratitude; and the thick black column of smoke that arose on the 30th of May, 1431, from the square of the Vieux-Marché stained at the same time the leopards and the lilies.

A feast of Jeanne d'Arc! We cordially greet the idea. On that day, under a

spring sky, the people will rejoice in thinking with pride that the same blood as theirs flowed in the veins of the pure and intrepid shepherdess of Domremy. The army will present arms before the statue of the "Maid," and flags will be lowered before the image of the young girl who died at eighteen, and who carried with so much courage and who planted so high the liberating banner.

As for us Christians, we shall go and kneel before the Cross that the pious victim kissed with so much ardor on the funeral pile; and we shall ask of Jeanne, virgin, saint, and martyr, to pray God for the greatness and glory of France.

FEBRUARY 3, 1898.

(To be continued.)

Mary in the Calendar.

BY DOM COLUMBA EDMONDS, O. S. B.

OUR LADY'S SUMMER FEASTS.

ATTENTION has been drawn before to the fact that no month of the liturgical year ever passes by without one day at least being devoted to a festival in honor of our Blessed Lady. The month of August, however, is more privileged than the others, inasmuch as it brings to us the highest of all Our Lady's feasts—namely, her glorious Assumption into heaven.* But besides this solemnity there are others which occur during this same month, some of which tend directly, others indirectly, to the praise of the Mother of God.

OUR LADY OF THE ANGELS.

At the commencement of August the great family of St. Francis of Assisi venerates the Blessed Virgin as Queen of Angels. In reality, the feast is commemorative of the dedication of that famous sanctuary, the very cradle of the Franciscan Order, which is so closely bound up with the indulgence called Portiuncula. The little Chapel of Our Lady of the Angels is situated in a valley at the foot of the town of Assisi, and obtained its title on account of the appearances of heavenly spirits said to have taken place there.* At the time of St. Francis, the ancient designation of St. Mary of the Angels had given place to that of St. Mary of the Portiuncula. This latter title probably originated with the Benedictines of Monte Subasio, who some time previously had acquired the chapel, together with a narrow strip of land around it. Hence *portiuncula*, or the little portion.

St. Francis restored this deserted sanctuary of our Blessed Lady and built near it a cell for himself. After a time the abbot of Monte Subasio made over to him and his brethren this little chapel, together with its surroundings; and from that time it became the centre of the Order of the Friars Minor. Here it was that St. Clare assumed the grey habit and dedicated herself to God; here also many famous events in the life of St. Francis and his companions took place; but the one which has rendered St. Mary of the Angels forever renowned is the apparition of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother. On this occasion St. Francis implored the indulgence known as the "great pardon," but more popularly the Portiuncula. The petition was granted,—subject, however, to the approbation of the Pope.

This great indulgence, in its approved form, may be gained from the first Vespers on August 1 till sunset on the following day; and that not once only but as often as the church is visited. At the beginning this privilege belonged only to St. Mary of the Angels at Assisi, but later on it was extended by the

* The Assumption was treated of from a liturgical standpoint in THE AVE MARIA, Aug. 13, 1898.

* "History of St. Francis," by Le Monnier.

Sovereign Pontiffs to all Franciscan churches; and at the present time certain other churches which are not Franciscan enjoy a similar favor. The indulgence in the first instance was promulgated by St. Francis during the actual dedication ceremony of St. Mary of the Angels.

It may be noted that the Franciscan Breviary names the 2d of August as "The Consecration of the Church of St. Mary of the Angels"; the Missal, however, has the following: "The Dedication of the most sacred Basilica of St. Mary of the Angels, or Portiuncula, at Assisi, which is the mother and head of all the churches of the Order of Minors."* The Office and Mass used on the occasion are those common to the anniversary of the dedication of a church.

OUR LADY OF THE SNOW.

A recent writer of note, the Abbé Duchesne, has demonstrated in his work "Origines du Culte Chrétien" that not a few of the more important festivals now of universal observance in the Church owe their origin to the dedication of some particular church or sanctuary. This is the case regarding the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, September 14; St. Michael, September 29; St. Peter's Chains, August 1, and so forth. The Feast of Our Lady of the Snow, which occurs on August 5, is another instance of the same fact. This festival is the anniversary of the dedication of the Basilica of St. Mary Major in Rome,—its title "Major" referring to the fact that it is regarded as the chief church of all those dedicated to the Blessed Virgin within the Eternal City.

Sometimes this famous sanctuary is called the Liberian Basilica, because it was founded by Pope Liberius in the fourth century; the Roman Missal, however, on certain days of "Station," designates it St. Mary ad Præsepe (of the Manger), on account of the relic of Our Lord's Manger which is preserved within this venerable church. This relic of the Manger is naturally held in highest veneration by the faithful, and it is jealously guarded in a chapel beneath the high altar. On Christmas Day it is taken from its shrine and borne in solemn procession round the aisles of the basilica. In a side chapel of this same edifice there exists a very ancient picture of the Holy Mother of God, said to have been painted by the Evangelist St. Luke.

But to return to Our Lady of the Snow. This title, which finds a place in the calendar on August 5, belongs also to this great church. A popular tradition, which has come down to us from early times,* and which has been embodied in the Roman Breviary, relates how in the fourth century the Blessed Virgin, by means of a miraculous fall of snow in the height of summer, indicated that it was her wish that a church should be built on this particular spot. At the same time Our Lady appeared to a Roman patrician named John, and to his wife, admonishing them to contribute to the erection of the sanctuary. Pope Liberius, who ruled the Church at that period, was favored with a vision on the same night. The fall of snow was regarded as testimony of the divine will and as proof of the supernatural character of the admonitions.

Unlike the dedication festivals of St. John Lateran, St. Peter's and St. Paul's, kept by the whole Church in November, when the Office and Mass are those arranged for the dedication of churches, this feast on August 5 is regarded as a true festival of our Immaculate Mother. Nothing proper, however, is assigned, with the exception of the second nocturn lessons at Matins. The

* Missale, Olisipone, MDCCCVIII.

* See De Festis B. M. V., Bened. XIV.

collect is the familiar *Concede*, and the Mass is the same as the votive one for use between Pentecost and Advent.

REFUGE OF SINNERS.

On August 13 Our Lady is venerated in some localities under the title Refuge of Sinners. The following collect, approved of for liturgical use, sums up the spirit of the celebration: "Almighty and merciful God, who in the person of the ever-blessed Virgin Mary hast established a refuge and help for sinners, grant that, being delivered from the guilt of sin through her intercession, we may obtain the blessed effects of Thy mercy."

ST. JOACHIM.

The Sunday falling within the Octave of the Assumption gladdens the faithful with the Feast of St. Joachim, the father of our Blessed Lady. The name of the Saint occurs in the Roman Martyrology on March 20, but for liturgical reasons the festival is celebrated on this Sunday in August. Pope Leo XIII., whose baptismal patron St. Joachim is, raised the feast to the rank of a double of the second class; formerly it had been a double major.

The bulk of the Office of St. Joachim is taken from the common of Confessors, but the following proper antiphon is used at Vespers and Lauds: "Let us praise a man famous in his generation, with whom the Lord established the blessing of all nations, and on whose head He made His covenant to rest." The Introit of the Mass praises the good works of the Saint in the words of the one hundred and eleventh psalm. St. Matthew's genealogy of Our Lord forms the theme of the Gospel.

ST. BERNARD.

Lastly, on the 20th of the month, still within the Octave of the Assumption, the Church honors a saint whose devotion to our Blessed Lady is proverbial. The Cistercian Order, of which St. Bernard is rightly regarded as the principal propagator, has always gloried in its veneration of the Mother of God; all the churches of the Order are under her invocation, and the white habit worn by the monks is in Mary's honor. In one of the hymns of the feast, to be found in the supplement of the Monastic Breviary, the praises of Our Lady are coupled with those of St. Bernard in every verse. One of the responsories of the same Office styles the saint: *Virginis Matris præco mirificus*,—"the great herald of God's Virgin Mother."

An After-Dinner Song.

BY LADY ROSA GILBERT.

"SAD story. His wife and he coming from Africa; collision, shipwreck; getting into the boats they were parted; the wife was lost; Grant was like a lunatic; returned to Africa; comes home and takes up life again reasonably."

Mr. Wimbleton gave this brief history of the guest whom he had met by accident that day and invited to the dinner party, only just before a servant opened the drawing-room door and announced "Mr. Grant."

Mrs. Wimbleton and Selina were cordial in their welcome of the stranger—a man with a streak of white across his dark hair, and sunken eyes.

Miss Wimbleton at once appropriated the hero of her uncle's romance, whom she found interesting in conversation, eloquent on subjects that touched him, willing to inform his listener concerning striking incidents of his travel. Yes, he had given up wandering and was going to settle down. He really did not know why he had come back to England. He was going to try to live here, he could not say for how long.

Selina was piqued. Here was a man of breeding and charm who paid her no compliments, and whose attention wavered away from her even while she was putting forth all her little arts to give him pleasure.

"I wish I could ask him to tell me the story of that shipwreck!" she thought. "But it would be brutal of me. What shall I say to him?—Mr. Grant, are you fond of music?"

"Yes—no. I was fond of it; but as one grows older too many voices are gathered into the chords."

"Do you know the song, *Che faro senza Eurydice?*"

"I know it."

The young girl noticed a change in his voice, and inquired:

"Do you like it?"

"I have associations with it which prevent my wishing to hear it again."

"I *am* brutal!" thought Selina; but she said: "I am sorry, for I think we shall hear it this evening."

"Do you sing it?"

"No; but the governess of a neighbor of ours who sings divinely is coming to entertain us and it is a favorite song of hers. She is a delightfully spiritual person with a sad story. A widow,—her husband was drowned."

"The only musical creation that is satisfactory, I think, is an oratorio. The soul is catered for there. With other kinds only the heart and imagination are affected, and often intolerably."

Selina thought of her favorite waltz and hesitated to reply. She was at the age when only dulness or contradiction of a small sweet will is held to be intolerable.

In an upper chamber of the house the governess who was to entertain the company was preparing to descend to the drawing-room. She was a pale young woman, with a pallor that suggests sad experiences. Her dress was a grey silk and fresh white flower, which well suited her personality. She looked more ghostly than real as she trailed her grey robe down the staircase and made her way solitarily into the vacant and softly-lighted drawing-room.

Arrived there, she crossed the floor mechanically, pausing here and there to look at various beautiful objects, but with eyes that expressed no interest in what they looked upon. Finally she ensconced herself behind the grand piano at the farther end of the room, where, among palms and flowering lilies, a little music chamber had been stolen out of the vastness of the apartment. Here she turned over one piece of music after another, softly and almost inaudibly touching the notes, as though following unheard melodies through some dream of her brain.

The door at the other end of the drawing-room was heard to open. Voices and rustling movements rather than her eyes told her that the ladies had arrived from the dining-room to be entertained; and while they talked languidly and observed one another's dresses she played Chopin and Schumann until at last the men of the party also appeared, treading softly, making no noise to interrupt the music which had drawn them (some of them reluctantly) away from their wine.

One burly squire, who could not all at once drop his argument, entered the room with a high word, and was immediately reduced to silence by a glance from his host toward the piano. He sat down at once, extinguished; cast a half-sullen, half-wistful glance at the music corner, and reflected that he never, old as he was, could understand why a man's evening enjoyment of wine and talk with his fellows about general or local matters should be cut short in favor of certain whining sounds, which could have no meaning for any one.

The playing over, there was a burst of lively conversation, the arrested group of men near the door having broken up and dispersed themselves among the women; but, after an interval of lively conversation and laughter, a lady stood up from behind the piano—the singing governess, whose moment had come. Selina slipped into her place at the piano to accompany her song. The song was *Che faro senza Eurydice*.

Selina glanced toward Grant as the anguished sweetness of the first phrase fell on the ear and stilled all voices except that of the singer. He was standing about the middle of the room and had been talking to his hostess. His profile was to the piano, his eyes directed to the fireplace. Selina was wondering whether he found the enchanting song intolerable, when he turned round and fixed his eyes full upon the songstress.

What had happened? There was a sudden sensation, a succession of confused sounds, exclamations, movements. A man and woman rushed forward to meet each other. The woman failed and fell on her face in a swoon. The word "wife" somehow got into the air and palpitated there, vibrating in everyone's ears. Grant was kneeling on the floor; tenderly moving the stricken woman, he placed her in a position that revealed her features.

"The sea has given up its dead!" he whispered.

Some of the guests pressed around, unable to understand what had taken place; while others who understood were weeping.

To a Dead Butterfly.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

BRIDE of the Dust, so fond that even thine hour
Of prismal bloom would but proclaim his power.

As to the "Brethren of the Lord."

A WORD TO THE SAGE OF SPRINGFIELD (MASS.).

IT turns out to be untrue that at the close of the June session a teacher was dismissed from the public schools of Holyoke, Mass., for telling her pupils that Our Lord had "ten brothers and sisters." The "instructor in history," as she is referred to, had already resigned her position, and received from the superintendent a high recommendation of her capability and efficiency. It is not denied that she taught what is attributed to her, but the school committee of Holyoke had no fault to find with her; and the Springfield *Republican* relieves these worthies from "the undeserved stigma of turning out a teacher for such a reason." They have been credited with being more Christian than they are, and the people of Holyoke are evidently less Christian than they were supposed to be.

We do not know how many persons there are in Holyoke who profess to be Christians, but the only one to protest against Miss Hasbrouck's monstrous doctrine was the Rev. P. J. Harkins, of St. Jerome's Church. He probably took occasion to warn his people against sending their children to schools where such teachers hold forth; and if at the same time he denounced *The Republican* as a paper unworthy of their patronage, it was an added service.

We have always given *The Republican* credit for scholarship and liberality, but it has evidently lost the reputation it earned under other management. A more ignorant or bigoted article we have rarely seen than the one in which it attempts to defend the teaching of the Holyoke instructor in history. No reasonable man, remarks Samuel Dill, M. P., in his recently published work,

"Roman Society," would accuse St. Jerome of pruriency. The Springfield man is unreasonable enough to do this, however; and he refers to the great Scriptural scholar, whose austere life is known to all educated persons, as "old Jerome, who indulged in any number of vices against which so many Christians pray every Sunday." One is tempted to ignore a writer who thus proves that he is unworthy of consideration; but a request to show wherein *The Republican* is wrong in contending that Mary was not ever-virgin naturally appeals to us. It will be necessary to quote at length from the offensive editorial:

Miss Hasbrouck is reported to have told an inquiring pupil that Jesus had ten brothers and sisters; she was not absolutely sure of her authority, but she thought it was in the Bible. She was right. The evangelist Mark is sufficient authority. In the sixth chapter of his gospel it is said that, coming into his own country, Jesus taught in the synagogue (naturally of Nazareth); and the people, who had known him from childhood, were astonished, wondering where his wisdom came from, and how he wrought "such mighty works." "What!" said his neighbors. "Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary, the brother of James and Joses and Judas and Simon? Are not his sisters here with us?" . . . Thus we learn from Mark's narrative that besides himself, the family of Mary (Joseph was no doubt then dead, for he was much older than his wife) consisted of at least six: four brothers are named, and "sisters" can include no less than two. Miss Hasbrouck can have been wrong only in the number of the family, and that number she may have derived from one of the stories of the Talmud, with which few of us are acquainted.

But Mark vi, 3, is not the only passage from which it is reasonably supposed that after the birth of the miraculous son Joseph and Mary had other children. In the first chapter of Matthew's gospel occurs the narration of the angel's visit to Joseph in a dream, to inform him that he need not fear to take to himself Mary his wife (they were already betrothed according to the Jewish law, and so man and wife), because "that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost." The angel said: "She shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus; for it is he that shall save his people from their sins."...

The dream reassured Joseph. He "arose from his sleep, and did as the angel of the Lord commanded him, and took unto him his wife; and knew her not till she had brought forth a son, and he called his name Jesus." This is the revised version; the King James translators, following Tyndale, said "her first-born son," which of course would more plainly indicate that she had other children; but as the revisers have left it, that is still inferable. There are also a number of references to "the brethren of the Lord," and these should be accepted at their face value, unless the plain, simple and direct speech of the synoptic evangelists is to be discarded for forced interpretations, invented after the church in the fourth century had come to the curious dogma of the perpetual virginity of Mary,—which was to be followed later by the dogma of her own "immaculate conception." Neither of these dogmas has any foundation in history or even tradition.

To which we reply that there is not a word in Scripture which can be urged against the virginity of Mary. In the first place, it must be observed that though Christ's "brethren" are often mentioned in the Gospels, *sons of His Mother* are never referred to. The question is not whether Christ had brethren, but whether Mary had sons born after Him. A cursory examination of Scripture will show that the word "brother" is used to signify many kinds of relationship. Thus Lot is called the brother of Abraham; though it is clear that he was the son of Haran, the brother of the patriarch, and therefore his nephew. "Jacob told Rachel that he was her father's brother; while he was, in fact, her father's nephew, the son of Rebekah, the sister of Rachel's father, Laban." Again, Jehu met with "the brethren of Ochozias, King of Judah." Yet at the death of his father Joram, "the inhabitants of Jerusalem made Ochozias, his youngest son, king in his stead; for the bands of men that came with the Arabians to the camp *had slain all the eldest*."

"Brethren" sometimes stands for a more distant relationship. Thus when Nadab and Abiu, the sons of Aaron, were destroyed for their irreverent approach to the altar of God, "Moses called Misael and Elisaphan, the sons of Oziel, the uncle of Aaron, and said to them: Go, and take away your brethren from

before the sanctuary, and carry them without the camp." They were the cousins of Aaron's sons.

And once more, the word "brother" sometimes means a native of the same town. Abimelech was the only son of a concubine of Gideon; yet because his mother belonged to Sichem, the men of that place called him "our brother." And Jotham, Gideon's youngest son, upbraided them for making Abimelech, "the son of his maid-servant, king, because he is your brother."

Among the women that witnessed the death of Our Divine Lord St. Matthew enumerates "Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of James and Joses, and the mother of Zebedee's children." St. Mark mentions "Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of James the Less and Salome." The same Evangelist describes "Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of James and Salome" as going to the sepulchre. St. Matthew mentions only "Mary Magdalene and the other Mary." Observe that no instance occurs in Scripture in which the Blessed Virgin is undoubtedly mentioned by any other than one of four designations: as the "wife" of Joseph, as "Mary," as "the Mother of Jesus," or as "His Mother." Sometimes the second is combined with one of the others. It is therefore most improbable that in the solitary instance mentioned the Mother of Jesus should have been described as "the Mother of James and Joses."

St. John sets the question at rest: "There stood by the cross of Jesus His Mother, and His Mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene." The discrepancy between his account and that of St. Matthew and St. Mark is perhaps explained in this way, that the one related to a different period of the day from the other. The women mentioned by Matthew and Mark "stood afar off"; and therefore Mary the Mother of Jesus was not among them. When they took courage and approached His cross they joined her company; but Salome was wanting. On comparing the accounts, one thing, however, is clear: "Mary the wife of Cleophas," and "Mary the mother of James and Joses," are the same person: a sister of Mary the Mother of Jesus.

Now, James and Jude, "the brother of James," both of whom are enumerated by St. Matthew among the reputed brethren of Christ, were the sons of Alpheus, or of Cleophas, whose wife was the mother of James and Joses. Alpheus, or Cleophas, therefore, and not Joseph, was the father of three at least of the reputed brethren of Our Lord; and their mother was not Mary His Mother, but "His Mother's sister Mary." For this reason they were called "His brethren" by a common form of speech among the Jews.

It is altogether unwarrantable to argue from the words of St. Matthew, "and knew her not till she had brought forth her first-born Son," that it was otherwise after that event. The use of the word "till" does not of necessity imply a change after the time mentioned, but only that no change took place before it. In Scripture the expression more than once occurs in fixing a time before which a certain event did not happen and after which it could not happen. Thus "Samuel came no more to see Saul until the day of his death." He kept aloof from Saul for the rest of his life till he died; and after that he could not possibly go to him. The same expression occurs in the Second Book of Kings (vi, 23): "Michol, the daughter of Saul, had no child to the day of her death." Here a similar announcement of a time before which an event did not take place can not possibly imply that it took place afterward.

A third instance is perhaps stronger

than either of these. In the vision of the ladder which reached to heaven* the patriarch Jacob heard God saying to him: "I will not leave thee until I shall have accomplished all that I have said." Because God promised not to leave him before fulfilling what He had said to him, no one will argue that He was to leave him afterward. In most of the Protestant editions of the Bible that have marginal references there is one† which shows the true meaning of the promise: "For He hath said, I will not leave thee nor forsake thee."‡ There is another passage to the same effect: "Even to your old age I am He, and even to hoar hairs will I carry you."‡

That it may be perfectly clear that it is in accordance with at least Anglican tradition to believe in the perpetual virginity of Mary, we will append here the words of Bishop Pearson: "Many indeed have taken the boldness to deny this truth because not recorded in the Sacred Writ; and not only so, but to assert the contrary as delivered in the Scriptures; but with no success. For though, as they object, St. Matthew testifieth that 'Joseph knew not Mary until she had brought forth her first-born Son,' from whence they would infer that afterward he knew her; yet the manner of the Scripture language produceth no such inference.... When the conclusion of Deuteronomy was written (xxxiv, 6), it was said of Moses, 'No man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day'; but it were a weak argument to infer from thence that the sepulchre of Moses hath been known ever since."

The words of St. Matthew are, therefore, no insuperable objection to Mary's perpetual virginity. For if in three or four instances the expression in question can not possibly imply the occurrence of an event after the time specified, it does not necessarily imply it in the instance under review.

As Bishop Lightfoot (Anglican) remarks, the prominent idea conveyed by the term "first-born" to a Jew would be, not the birth of other children, but the special consecration of this one. "First-born" does not necessarily suggest "later born" any more than "son" suggests "daughter." The expression "first-born" necessarily implies only that none preceded him, not that any followed him. "Sanctify unto Me all the first-born, whatsoever openeth the womb among the children of Israel, both of man and of beast; it is Mine."* "The first-born of man shalt thou surely redeem, and the firstling of unclean beasts shalt thou redeem."†

If to be a first-born it is necessary that others should be born afterward, then nothing would have been due to the priest, under the law of Moses, till the birth of a second child in each family; for an only child nothing could have been demanded. But the definition of the term first-born, "whatsoever openeth the womb," prevented such an evasion. The time prescribed by the law for the redemption makes the obligation still clearer: "Those that are to be redeemed from a month old shalt thou redeem."‡ This very law is alluded to in regard to our Blessed Lord;§ and all that it is necessary to believe, in the title first-born, is that none were born before Him. It does not follow of necessity, or even probably, that any were born after Him.

Again, the same word, πρωτότοκον, is used: "When He bringeth in the first-begotten into the world He saith,"‖ and so forth,—where, in reference to His Eternal Father, Christ is called the first-begotten, manifestly to the exclusion of a second; for He is "the only-begotten Son of God."

* Genesis, xxviii, 15. † Heb., xiii, 5. ‡ Isaias, xlvi, 4.

* Exod., xiii, 2. † Num., xviii, 15. ‡ Ib., 16. § Luke, ii, 22-24. ‖ Heb., i, 6.

In concluding his "leader"—save the mark!—the editor of *The Republican* observes:

> Notwithstanding the clear meaning of the New Testament writers, there arose among the vagaries of the early Christians in the second century a notion that Mary had no other child than Jesus.... However, it was not until the Council of Chalcedon decreed it in 451 that the dogma was a part of the Catholic faith. That council applied to her the epithet aei parthenos [the printers of Springfield, Mass., are a little rusty in their Greek]; and that settled it. So that the question is simply whether to take the gospels and epistles as authority, or an ancient council, which gathered the specialties of yeasty [?] centuries and created a dogma which contradicts the text of the holy scriptures.

Thus spake the Sage of Springfield to one who sought light on the subject of the "Brethren of the Lord." St. Jerome sometimes wrote "with pen of gall," and his stinging words about distorting the sense of Scripture are often quoted. How would he express himself, we wonder, in dealing with one who refers to the beliefs held in the first centuries as the "vagaries of early Christians," and who professes to know the meaning of New Testament writers better than the Fathers of the Council of Chalcedon? What shall be said of a writer who argues that because the Eutychians were not banned until the year 451, the contrary of what they taught was not previously a part of the Catholic faith?

The shoemaker of Springfield should stick to his last. He has no right to complain if we prefer an intelligent interpretation of the Gospels and Epistles to the meaning he ignorantly attaches to them, and if the authority of a general council of the Christian Church has more weight with us than a pronouncement in *The Republican*. To paraphrase the words of the pacific Melanchthon, the wavelets of the Connecticut River could not furnish tears enough to weep over the folly of a man who ventures to teach Christian doctrine without having studied it.

Notes and Remarks.

In the House of Lords last week the Archbishop of York complained of "gangs of disorderly persons" that go about the country removing or destroying all those articles of church-furniture that to the Ritualist are dear. The Lord Chancellor, responding, said that such disorders must cease; but he profited by the opportunity to inflict a painful wound upon churchly sensibilities. There was another gang of brawlers, he said, that must be suppressed: clergymen who go about from church to church protesting against the "remarriage" of divorced persons, who have every right, under the law of the land, to enter wedlock anew. "Parliament settles the doctrine and the practice of the Church of England in such matters, and the Statute Book is quite clear on the point." Sayings like this, and the fact that they pass uncontradicted by the church leaders, make the ardent Ritualist in England feel like a missionary on Greenland's icy mountains. In the face of such trials, it must require extraordinary faith to believe in the divine character of the Establishment.

Apropos of the new Italian Prime-Minister, Signor Saracco, the *Tablet* quotes two paragraphs from a Catholic journal published in Genoa. A waiter at a restaurant in Asti once made an insolent remark to a priest who declined to take meat at dinner on Friday. Signor Saracco, who chanced to be seated at a neighboring table, at once rose in great anger and loudly excoriated the impertinent fellow for insulting "an ecclesiastic who was acting according to his conscience." Another day, when Signor Saracco stood at a street corner to allow a funeral procession to pass by, a professional atheist approached him

with an air of warm comradeship and said: "Ah, Signor! these are things we can do without." The reply was not what the agnostic had anticipated. "By no means," said Saracco. "I was born a Christian and hope to die as such. You, too, one day will wish for the blessing of the Cross." Saracco—who will be an agreeable change, we fancy, from Crispi and Rudini—is not a great church-goer himself, but he was too keen not to see through the agnostic cheese-cloth.

There are three regularly appointed Catholic chaplains in the United States navy and five in the army. The number, considering the proportion of Catholic sailors and soldiers, is absurdly small, yet it seems to represent a better condition than that prevailing in the Italian navy. Until last month there were no Catholic chaplains in Humbert's navy, and it was only after long agitation that two priests were finally appointed. Cardinal Logue, as we noted at the time, secured an increase in the number of Catholic chaplains in the British navy by threatening to dissuade young men from entering that branch of the service. The German men-of-war have no priests—but plenty of ministers—on board; there is now a strong movement afoot to secure a fair number of priest-chaplains for the Kaiser's navy. And from what we know of the German Catholics, we venture to prophesy that the movement will succeed.

Max Müller said to a newspaper man who visited him lately: "I work when I have nothing else to do." But when he entered into the particulars of his day's labors, his activity was shown to be enormous. In the course of an enjoyable sketch of Haeckel in the current *Harper's*, these words of the German scientist are quoted: "My mother would never permit me to be idle for a moment. If I stood at the window day-dreaming, she would always urge me to be up and doing. 'Work or play,' she would say; 'but do not stand idle.' Through this reiterated admonition, physical activity became a lifelong habit with me, and work almost a necessity of my being. If I have been able to accomplish my full share of labors, this is the reason." Another scientist whose laborious life, at least, is worthy of admiration was Huxley. Haeckel, who allowed only five or six hours for sleep, once told Huxley that he had eight hours a day to devote to original research. "Then you ought to be the happiest man alive!" exclaimed Huxley. "Why, I can find at most but two hours a day to use for myself."

MANILA, July 27.—At Oroquieta, in northern Mindanao, two soldiers entered a native store for the purpose of buying food. While there, one of them was killed by a Bolo and his head severed from his body. The other escaped and gave the alarm. A company of the Fortieth Infantry, stationed at Cagayan, repaired to Oroquieta and killed 89 natives, 30 of them being in a single house. Subsequently the gunboat *Callao*, commanded by Lieutenant George B. Bradshaw, shelled Oroquieta.—*Press Despatch.*

Observant readers will notice that there is no mention of what provocation the soldier gave. The item simply tells how his death was avenged. This is war,—this is what is called spreading civilization. And there are many people professing themselves Christians who advocate war, and see no crime in taking the lives and destroying the homes of the Filipinos, whose only offence is refusal to surrender their hope of independence.

A writer in the *Journal* of the Royal Statistical Society of England is astonished to find that Ireland, "so erroneously thought to be a specially criminal country," is extraordinarily free from serious crime. Both Scotland and Eng-

land show "an enormously greater proportion of prisoners." This statement is an effective reply to certain other reports that have been widely published in recent years. "Convicts, both male and female," says this writer, "show an extraordinary decrease in Ireland; and one is even forced to believe that, instead of the Irish being a naturally lawless, offensive people, as so many think, they are, in truth, naturally well-behaved and law-abiding beyond most people. Whether this is due to their deep religious instincts or to other causes it is not for me to decide." Juvenile crime has diminished thirty-nine per cent in twenty years, and "female crime is almost non-existent in Ireland."

Catholic missions in China, being more numerous than all the sectarian missions collectively, have undoubtedly been the chief sufferers in the Boxer "rebellion" As yet the number of martyrs is not known; but if there is any fire of truth behind the great smoke of newspaper report, the massacre of Christians has been very great. As many as one hundred Catholic missionaries are said to have been put to death in Southern Manchuria alone. The number of native converts in the yellow Empire before the outbreak of hostilities was about half a million. They were attended by 759 European and 409 native priests.

Readers of the daily papers must have remarked the significant fact that each Monday morning the people of the United States are carefully informed that Mr. McKinley and Mr. Bryan attended religious services the preceding day. Formerly Mr. Roosevelt used to drop little remarks with a decidedly agnostic flavor, but we noticed that when he came to Chicago after the nominations he walked as reverently as Oom Paul might have done to a Dutch Reformed church, and took part in the prayers for absent sinners. It is not to be inferred that a nomination for public office carries with it a change of heart, or that piety and politics have any necessary connection; but the indications are that Christian sentiment is still one of the strongest forces within this Republic. The plastic politician knows that the American people, remembering Washington's statement that "morality can not long survive without religion," prefer their rulers to be religious men. Ingersoll, for instance, was regarded as a politician with a brilliant future until he took the stump against religion; after that the political managers promptly dropped him. If one might judge from appearances, the actual practice of Christianity is waning, but the conviction that Christianity is a necessary institution is still general and still strong.

An idea of the work of the public schools under Spanish dominion may be gained from the fact that in 1897 the proportion of natives able to speak the Spanish language was estimated to be one in fourteen, or only 500,000 for the whole archipelago. Contrast this with the work of the American public schools in teaching English to the children of the foreigners of all lands who come to our shores.—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

What a comparison! A good many of the foreigners who have come to our shores already knew English, and they contributed their share to the erection and maintenance of our public schools, besides schools of their own not a few. If the Spaniards who went to the Philippines had treated the natives as we treated the Indians, there would be comparatively few in the islands by this time whose mother-tongue was not Spanish. It is to the great credit of the Spaniards that so many natives survive, and that their language has been left to them. The Catholic missionaries who first went to the Philippines learned

the languages of the different tribes; and the high civilization which some of them have attained they owe to those whose object was to Christianize, not to exterminate, them. There are sections of Kentucky where fewer persons can read or write than in many parts of Luzon.

Vocations to the convent in Ireland are so numerous that many young women are forced to go to other countries to find opportunities to follow the religious life. At Callan, County Kilkenny, there is a missionary school under the direction of the Sisters of Mercy, from which two hundred postulants have been sent to various religious orders in America and Australasia. The school receives young women, tests their vocation by a sort of preliminary novitiate, supplies any deficiencies in their early education, determines their special fitness for a particular Order, and then arranges for their reception. So far only three of the postulants sent out from this training-school have failed to persevere. In carrying out their noble work, the Sisters of Mercy have the double merit of assisting young women to follow the religious life and of supplying worthy members to communities in countries not richly blessed with vocations.

Reports from the Catholic Summer Schools, Eastern and Western, show that the present session has been the most successful in the history of the movement. The South, too, is now entering heartily into the work; and besides its Winter School at New Orleans, it has its own Summer School. If the sessions were held successively instead of simultaneously, the same set of lecturers might suffice for all the schools; and by thus selecting the best talent from all sections of the country a remarkably strong course would be assured.

Notable New Books.

Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption. By W. H. Mallock. A. and C. Black; The Macmillan Co.

It is hardly possible in a brief review to give the reader an adequate idea of the value of this most notable book; hence we reserve the right to treat it more extensively in a future issue of this magazine. For the present we may say that, while it modestly purports to be merely an examination of the intellectual position of the Church of England, it is really a powerful presentation of the thesis that Christianity, to any logical mind, means the Roman Catholic Church, and that to accept any form of Christian teaching without accepting Papal Infallibility is self-stultification. Two sentences culled almost at random from different pages of the work will perhaps give a more correct impression of Mr. Mallock's earnestness and conviction than anything we might say:

Rome is the only Church representing itself as an ever-living and articulate individual, which at no period of its existence has lost any one of its faculties, but is able every day to reaffirm with a living voice every doctrine which it has ever authoritatively enunciated in the past; to reaffirm it now in virtue of the same supernatural knowledge; and to reaffirm it, moreover, with an ever-deepening meaning. . . . Rome, in fact, in its capacity of the one infallible teacher, resembles a sailor in a shipwreck, who alone of all his companions has retained the swimming apparatus with which all were originally provided; and who, when derided by his companions for boasting that he alone can swim, answers them by continuing on the surface, whilst they, one and all, go under it.

Mr. Mallock's thesis is broad enough to permit him to touch on a multitude of questions not immediately concerned with Infallibility. Here, for example, is a paragraph about the very common assumption that the supernatural doctrines of Rome are more repugnant to reason than the teachings of doctrinal Protestantism:

Shallower arguments than these it is hardly possible to conceive. The first of the two can be disposed of in very few words. It would be difficult to name two thinkers more strikingly unlike each other than Gibbon and Cardinal Newman; and yet these two both unite in insisting that, if we consider the matter calmly on *a priori* grounds, Christian doctrine, as propounded by the Roman Church is no more absurd or incredible than it is as propounded by Protestants; and that if credulity is required in order to assent to the one, just as much is required in order to assent to the other. If Protestants believe in the virgin birth and the ascension and the death of the very God of very God on the cross, there can be nothing inherently incredible in the marvel and dogma of the Mass. It is true that amongst Romanists, far more than amongst Protestants, Christian doctrine is accompanied by Christian

legend; but half of the legends believed in in many Catholic countries are no more part of the authoritative Roman faith than the apocryphal gospels are part of the Roman Canon; and even those most calculated to make a Protestant smile are absurd on account of their circumstances, not of their miraculous character. It is no more absurd to suppose that the Virgin may have appeared to a saint than it is to suppose that an angel appeared to the Virgin and announced to her that she was chosen to be the means of a miracle compared with which all others sink into insignificance. It is needless here to continue this train of reflections. The reader may be safely left to continue and apply it for himself.

Some of the pages of this volume—only some—will be familiar to those who follow the author's work closely in the current magazines. Indeed the thesis underlying the work has been repeatedly affirmed by him, but affirmed with ever-varying expression and with never-decreasing felicity and force. Mr. Mallock, it is well known, is neither a Catholic nor a Protestant; and he can hardly be an agnostic, for he himself has dealt some very hard blows to the various forms of popular agnosticism. He is the voice of one crying in the wilderness that for the logical mind it is either Rome or nothing. The puzzle is that he himself should be content to abide in the wilderness.

The Bible and its Interpreter. By the Rev. P. H. Casey, S. J. J. J. McYey.

Father Casey here takes up "the question of questions" between Catholic and Protestant theologians; though whether the Protestant layman either knows or cares anything about it may, perhaps, be doubted. The decay of belief in dogma and the disintegrating influences of Biblical criticism seem to have changed this into a purely academic question, in which the majority of people take little interest. Many of those who adhere to the sects nowadays do so because they wish to satisfy a vague craving after religion, or because church-going is respectable, or because it helps business or social ends. Outside the theological seminaries of the sects—and very often within them,—there is no longer any such thing as systematic Protestantism: the sects are fast becoming mere social or ethical clubs.

As a theological thesis, however, Father Casey's question will always have interest, as being, historically, the great barrier between orthodoxy and modern heresy. As in his critique of Dr. Lea's much-talked-of work, his method is wholly admirable. His contention against private judgment rests on these grounds: the Protestant theory fails to disprove the living rule of faith established by Christ; it is not found in Scripture; it destroys the fundamental Protestant belief as to the inspiration of the whole Bible (a particularly good point); it is too obscure to serve as a rule of faith to all; the Scriptures, obscure in themselves, are rendered more obscure by it; it begets a destructive liberty of thought; it begets religion without dogma; it causes disunion; it subjects the highest of laws to a mode of interpretation unknown to law; it leaves Christians who lived before the invention of printing without any rule of faith; in history it has always been employed by heretics and always rejected by the saints.

The second half of the volume is an argument for Infallibility, but it has not impressed us quite as forcibly as the earlier half. Perhaps this is because Father Casey seems remarkably strong in destructive criticism. But no one can deny that at least it is thoroughly up to date; indeed this little volume would better deserve—as it does deserve—to become a classic in polemics, if the author had devoted less attention to Prof. Hodge and Dr. Mivart. We make this suggestion with much diffidence, however; for Father Casey has shown himself so capable in this sort of work that we should prefer to agree with him rather than differ. There are many priests and educated laymen waiting for this volume, and we assure them they will not be disappointed in it.

The Flowing Tide. By Madame Belloc. Sands & Co. B. Herder.

Madame Belloc remarks in this delightful book of reminiscences that "some families die early and their linked record is short; but others keep their elder members into extreme old age, and the long story easily covers one hundred and fifty years." To this last class belongs the author of these charming memoirs. In speaking of some of the epoch-making men whose lives are part of her narrative, she says of herself: "They were dead years earlier; but the aged host at the table where they were discussed was *not* dead, and the child saw with his eyes and heard with his ears that which had gone before."

This record of the religious revival of the nineteenth century in England is a brief though clear exposition of the growth of Catholicity in a period of peculiar interest to us, who are witnessing the rounding out of the century. It is more than this; for it has many interesting side-lights on literature, politics, biography, etc., which give it an atmosphere peculiarly personal of the author. To hear of Dr. Samuel Parr and the days of the French Revolution, Dr. Pusey and Daniel O'Connell, in the same quiet tone in which the narrator discusses Henry George and Father

Damien, gives special significance to Madame Belloc's saying, "Young eyes see and old hearts remember." Her eyes saw what her heart remembers; hence her words appeal to more than one's interest, and give a lasting value to her tracing of "The Flowing Tide," which, God grant, is leading "Mary's Dowry" nearer and nearer the ocean of Truth!

A Son of St. Francis. St. Felix of Cantalice. By Lady Amabel Kerr. B. Herder.

Murillo's beautiful "Vision of St. Felix" opens the life-story of one of the most favored of God's servants, Felix of Cantalice; and to read of the austerities, the poverty, the love of suffering which animated this son of St. Francis is to be rebuked; for no one seems to have escaped the spirit of the age, which is one of ease, of comfort. Lady Kerr has told in an interesting style the life of St. Felix from his early shepherd days in the valley of Rieti, in the Southern Apennines, through his years of labor and mortification, to his entrance into the Order of Capuchins. His motto when he gave up the little liberty he possessed to enter the monastic life was, "All or nothing"; and his every action ever after proved that it was "all." His labors and penances, his obedience and humility, were a source of edification wherever he went; and, illiterate and simple though he was, he led souls innumerable to the knowledge and love of God. Looking upon his picture as painted by Murillo, one feels that his favorite ejaculation sprang from a heart dear to the Son of God. Ever on his lips was *Deo Gratias*, and so often was he heard breathing this ejaculation that he was called by his brethren and the people Brother Deo Gratias. Well might St. Felix thank God; for he possessed the wisdom which to the world is folly.

The Gospel Story. By B. F. C. Costelloe. B. Herder.

We lament Mr. Costelloe's early death the more after reading this useful and attractive volume, which, he tells us, "had its origin in the attempt of the writer to tell the chief incidents of the Gospels to his children in intelligent form." He has woven the text of the Gospels into a "harmony" or diatessaron, using his knowledge of secular history, and especially of Biblical topography, for the purpose of throwing helpful side-lights on the subject. Scattered through the volume, too, are tidbits of curious information gathered from the many voluminous biographies of Our Lord, or from the commentators, the Fathers or the saints. These and a style of great fluency and limpidity make this "Gospel Story" alluring reading for grown-up people as well as for the young, for whom it was primarily intended.

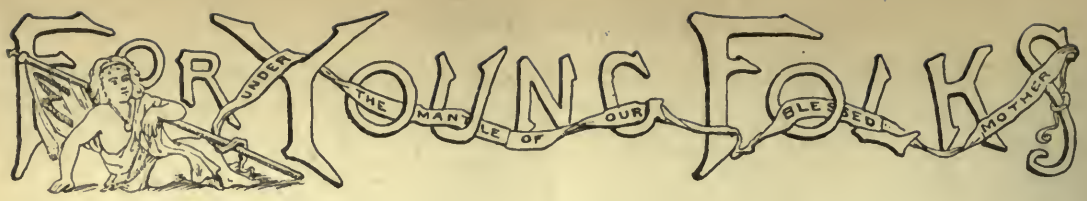
Another notable quality possessed by this work is picturesqueness, each mystery in the life of Our Lord being colored by imagery and enlivened by interpolations, the fruit of much meditation and spiritual reading. The danger attendant on this method of biography—that of impeding or clogging the narrative—is everywhere avoided with a nice precision, which makes us almost fancy that the story-teller really witnessed the scenes he portrays. We commend the volume unrestrictedly to those in search of a new flavor in biographies of Our Lord, and to those who desire their children to read the supreme narrative in simple, direct, but always dignified language.

Poor Dear Ann. By the Author of "The Life of a Prig," etc. London: Catholic Truth Society.

The genial writer whom we know as "The Prig" may not always choose to be profound, but he is never dull. This is the secret of his power as a satirist. The light rapier is effective where the heavy bludgeon is harmless. "Poor Dear Ann" is a worthy successor of the other volumes with which he has set the whole English-speaking world to smiling, and, let us hope, to thinking. Its theme is the same, with variations. Its tune is the inconsistencies of the Established Church, set in a different key.

Poor Dear Ann tells her own story, and tells it well. She is a sentimental maiden lady of the middle class, whose soul is fluttering about like a wounded bird, seeking safe refuge and finding it not. She tries in quick succession the doctrines and practices of various rectors, whose opinions cover the ground from the most insipid Evangelicalism to extreme Ritualism. They are low and high and broad and eclectic. They lean toward Rome and away from Rome. They have a Greek flavor and a capacious grasp of nothing in particular. There is the single parson and the domesticated one; the one who inclines toward Theosophy, the one who does not approve of hell, and the good fellow who approves of almost anything in general and believes in nothing worth mentioning.

"The Prig" has done his work well; but, then, he had an easy subject to handle. He who could not write a volume about the want of unity in the Church of England would surely be a shallow thinker and an unskilful workman. And "The Prig" is neither.



To Our Lady of the Snow.

A SHOWER of crystal star-flakes fell
Upon a hill in Rome,
To show that there thy Son would dwell
Within a temple-home.

And so each heart must spotless be,
If it thy love would know;
For thou art Lady of pure hearts—
Our Lady of the Snow!

Myles' Mischief.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XIII.—The Boys are Shown the Ship.

THE lads were awakened from their deep sleep by a tremendous clap of thunder and the violent rocking of the ship. They sat up, clutching each other in their terror. The room was quite dark; for, besides the obscurity produced by the draperies, the atmosphere without was heavy and lowering. Even the bird, subdued and uneasy, moved restlessly on its perch, muttering to itself with a harsh and guttural sound.

"Perhaps it's the end of the world!" exclaimed Myles. "O Ben, it's terrible! Why did we ever come on board of this awful ship?"

"Because we were precious fools," Ben answered, bitterly. "Art Egan was the only one that had any sense."

"Ben," said Myles, with a faint flicker of hope, "I wonder if Art will send any one to look for us?"

"Even if he thinks about it at all to-night, what could any one do in this storm?" returned Ben.

While they were thus conversing they became aware that some one was in the room, but who he was or how he had entered they could not at first tell. Presently they perceived that it was one of the silent oarsmen who had brought them from the shore. He bowed low, extending his arms in Oriental fashion, and pointed to the door, which they now saw stood open, though it did not seem to be by that entrance that the sailor had come in. The lads were overjoyed: they hoped that this was the first step to freedom. They felt faint and weary from want of food, from the strain of their emotions, and from the oppressive atmosphere of the room.

Their guide led them up to the deck by the identical ladder by which they had descended. A wonderful sight met their eyes; for they were surprised to find that it was still daylight, so long had seemed the time of their imprisonment. To the westward, orange-colored clouds, deepening to copper and streaked with a livid blue, lent a lurid brightness to the heavens, which were covered elsewhere with the blackest of clouds. Blasts of wind swept furiously upward from the ocean, threatening, it seemed, the very existence of the vessel, and causing the two boys to reel and lose their breath. Great waves dashed with thundering noise against the sides of the ship, sending their foam to the very deck. Streaks of curved lightning rent the clouds terrifically asunder, and were followed by thunder-claps which seemed to shake the earth and sea alike.

The Turk stood with folded arms regarding the scene. The expression of his face changed not one iota; while the trembling lads at his side began to

pray earnestly to Our Lady Star of the Sea, and to cover their eyes from the blinding glare of those fearful flashes. The man remained thus for a time; for the deluge of rain which followed the thunder hardly touched the three, where they stood in shelter. He had evidently brought Myles and Ben hither for no other purpose than that they might behold the storm. Much to their relief, he presently led them down again, still in absolute silence.

"The ship will be struck sure," said Myles, "if God doesn't help us."

"We had no right to come," said Ben, gloomily; for the terror of that fearful sea and sky had entered as iron into his soul. "We don't deserve help."

This was an awful thought, and it nearly overwhelmed Myles. But he gathered his courage together and said another prayer; for he knew that even if people have done wrong, they should still have recourse to the Help that never fails.

The sailor did not bring them back to the cabin whence they had come, and at first the boys were in hopes that he was going to lead them to the captain. Instead he brought them to the forecastle, where a fire was burning on a hearth; for the air was damp and chill. Around the fire sat the most motley collection of men that could be imagined. They seemed to be of almost every nation, and to talk in a variety of tongues, with the exception of several Turks, who sat silent and impassive, smoking long pipes.

There were in the group Egyptians, Armenians, Greeks, Italians, a Russian or two, and some Negroes. The wondering boys could not, of course, classify them either by speech or dress; but they felt sure that a more greasy, a more dirty, a more villainous set of fellows it would be hard to find. The place in which they sat was also greasy and dirty, and reeking with the odors of tobacco, rum, fish, and foul air, horribly combined.

Crouching in a gloomy little corner was a pale and sickly boy, whom Ben and Myles guessed to be an American like themselves. As he stretched his neck, with eager, wistful wonder, to catch a look at the strangers, who were to him like angel visitants, he chanced to jostle against a dark-browed Syrian, who sat near him. The fellow, with a savage oath, struck the boy so violent a blow that he fell to the ground. The others all laughed; but the lad picked himself up in a silence which told of long and painful endurance. Myles saw the tears stealing down the wan face. The sight made him sick; and for an instant he forgot his own peril and cried out, his honest heart swelling within him:

"Aren't you ashamed to strike such a little fellow, you big brute!"

The man did not understand this address, but he saw the clinching of the boy's fists and started to his feet, as if he would have treated Myles as he had treated the youth in the corner. That hapless creature started at Myles' words, looking terrified and grateful at the same time. Ben pulled Myles' sleeve. He saw the madness of interference; and as the Turk made a mysterious sign to the Syrian, the latter sank again into his chair, giving another back-handed slap to the boy in the corner, with a vindictive scowl at Myles. The Turk glided away with the two boys from this scene of horror, the details of which both Myles and Ben always remembered with a shudder.

As they passed they saw the dark, uninviting bunks of the seamen; and they caught a glimpse of a poor wretch who had been put in iron chains for a misdemeanor of some kind, and who groaned piteously and stretched out his hands in supplication to the lads. The fancy took possession of Myles that

their conductor was like a bad spirit, showing them through the haunts of lost souls,—a remark which he softly communicated to Ben; not so softly, however, but that the Turk turned instantly and fixed his penetrating gaze upon Myles, so that the latter quailed. Their ears were saluted, too, with the sound of coarse voices raised high as if in anger.

As they were passing through an ill-lighted, narrow passage, on which opened several small doors, Myles felt himself suddenly grasped round the neck from behind by two long arms; and before he recovered from his terror and bewilderment he received several blows on his face and head, which were likewise bestowed liberally on Ben. Unable to contain themselves, they both screamed aloud, when, to their surprise, a creature confronted them, dressed somewhat in the Turkish fashion, with a fez set jauntily on its head. It advanced and gave some fingers of one hand to Myles, who accepted them tremblingly.

Ben mechanically extended his hand, expecting to have it vigorously shaken as that of Myles had been. Instead however, the singular object before them angrily refused the proffered hand, and struck Ben sharply in the face. It was then they began to perceive that their aggressor was no other than that huge variety of ape known as an orang-outang. Ben had read of it, and in all his terror could not help feeling a certain pleasure in the recognition. Even over Myles' pale face passed a feeble smile, especially as the animal seemed to take kindly to him and walked along close at his side, looking every once and a while into his face and plucking at a bright necktie which he wore. It accompanied them as far as they went, which, to the boys' dismay and disappointment, was back to the very cabin from which they had come.

They were ushered in, as before; for their feeble protests were altogether disregarded by their conductor, who either did not understand or affected not to understand what they said. The orang-outang, indeed, took their part and cuffed the tall sailor vigorously, especially as the ape wanted to follow Myles into the cabin. This the sailor had prevented; and the boys found themselves once more alone, save for their first and less friendly acquaintance, the macaw, which greeted their return with a fierce screech. A scuffling sound without and the angry babble of the ape showed that it was still at war with their conductor.

(To be continued.)

The Story of St. Francis.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

VII.

The bishop heard the complaint of Francis' father and sent for the youth, who came to him quickly and gladly. He spoke in the most kindly way.

"My son," he said, "your father is angry with you. Show your sincerity by restoring to him that which is his. It is now an occasion of sin to him. So give him the money, and if you are in the right God will help you."

"I will give him the money, my lord. And I will give him everything else that I have had from him."

Saying this he took off his fine clothes, all frayed and worn now, and stood garmentless, save for a long hairshirt. He piled the clothes in a heap upon the floor and laid the money on top of them. But he did not yield.

"I have called Pietro Bernardone my father," he said sadly, yet with inward joy; "but from this time I am the servant of God, and I have no father but my Father in heaven."

Pietro, not knowing what else to do, picked up the clothing and the money and went away; while the bishop took the shivering youth in his arms and threw his own mantle about him.

One wonders how the poor mother felt when she saw the torn doublet and hose and the tattered tunic. Ah! there must have been, under her natural grief, great pride in the boy who obeyed God, although that holy obedience led him away from her. We have called Francis a boy. In the best sense, he was never other than that; for he kept his heart light and young until the last. And we shall never know what it cost him to renounce the shelter and sympathy of the mother who loved him, and the father who was proud of him, and who loved him, too, in his own stern way.

Do not blame Pietro too much. He did not see a saint obeying the divine call. He did not know that his child was to found an Order that would waken the hearts of men and inflame the world with the love of God. He only knew that, instead of his petted and beautiful son, a ragged madman was jeered at and stoned in the streets where he had been leader of the proudest. All his hopes were in ruins.

What was Francis doing while this storm was raging in his father's disappointed heart? He was singing on his way through the wintry woods, where the winds were whistling and the snow lay white upon the ground. Clothed in a peasant's garb, penniless, homeless, cut off forever from his family, he was lifting up his voice, in the sweet language of his mother's native land, praising the good God.

He sang so loudly and so joyfully that some robbers heard him.

"Who are you?" they demanded.

"I am the herald of the great King," he replied.

"Go into the ditch, herald of the great King!" they cried, thinking him mad and pushing him into the snow.

He waited till they were out of sight, then scrambled to his feet and went away, singing louder than before.

We find him next at a monastery in the mountains, helping the Brothers in the kitchen, doing the most menial services, fed with the refuse scraps; and then at Gubbio, where a friend of his boyhood gave him some clothing, by that time much needed.

His heart now turned again to St. Damian's; but before going back there he tried himself further, visiting the lepers again, taking the sunshine of his presence and the most tender care to the poor creatures exiled from humankind.

VIII.

One day the priest of St. Damian's saw a strange figure approaching. The gay young gallant of Assisi was transformed. The fripperies of fashion had given way to the coarsest and poorest clothes, but he who wore them was smiling.

"Father," he exclaimed, "I have come back! Nothing that has happened has changed my mind," he went on to say. "I am going to restore St. Damian's." And this time its faithful guardian made no objections.

Then Francis went out into the public places of the city, singing and praying, and begging for help of the people, who, out of love or curiosity, gathered about him; while the good old priest, full of affection and gratitude, began to plan how he should make more easy and comfortable the life of this enthusiastic young helper who had entered the bare and monotonous calmness of his life, bringing hope with him. He did not know that Francis did not wish to be comfortable, and he denied himself in order to get dainty food for the guest who worked so hard. We who know what that guest was to become are not surprised to learn that he almost

rebuked this loving softness of his host.

"You lend yourself to human weakness," he said, turning his back upon the delicacies.

Yet Francis liked sweets, and confessed afterward that his boyish taste for confectionery was very hard to conquer. Poor boy! Even then he was listening for the sounds the saints hear.

"I am going to beg my bread from door to door," he announced; and from that time he subsisted upon the scraps from the tables of his old neighbors. This was hard, almost impossible, at first; but soon God made it easy. This was the beginning of the holy poverty which became the corner-stone of the Franciscan Order.

Every day he would go into a public place in Assisi and begin to sing a hymn. When the people gathered to see what this madman was doing, he would ask them for stones with which to rebuild St. Damian's Church. They responded quickly,—some silently, some with tears, some with entreaties that he give up his new and strange course. He himself worked as hard as any laborer, carrying stones on his frail shoulders, directing the work, putting the stones in place. Sometimes he would meet his father, who only cursed him and would listen to no reason. Finally, Francis went to the poorest beggar in Assisi.

"Come with me and be my father!" he said. "When my own father curses me I will say to you, 'Bless me, my father!' And you will make the Sign of the Cross over me and say, 'Bless you, my son!'"

Meanwhile his work went on.

"Come and help me!" he would call to the passers-by from his place on the crumbling walls.

Those things which cost us much grow very dear, and St. Damian's had become precious to him. When the church was finished he went from house to house asking for oil for its lamps. Once he chanced to call where a great entertainment was in progress. Francis looked at his bare feet and rough gown and hesitated for a moment, then made his request. It is pleasant to know that the gay revellers, his friends of other days, seemed glad to grant it.

Not content with his work at St. Damian's, Francis restored two other churches: St. Peter's, which was situated some miles away; and St. Mary's of the Portiuncula, originally known as St. Mary's of the Angels. This last was near at hand, in the valley,—a tiny chapel, quite ruined and deserted, the shelter at times of wandering shepherds. It, with a little land about it, was the property of the Benedictines. He built a cell close to it, and it became his home.

It was the Feast of St. Matthias. A priest — some traveller, perhaps, — was saying Mass in the little chapel. At the Gospel Francis listened to these words: "Do not possess gold nor silver nor money in your purse, nor scrip for your journey, nor two coats nor shoes nor a staff." He knew then that those were the very words his longing heart had been waiting for; and after the Mass he threw away his purse, his shoes, and his staff, and put on the dress, never to be altered, which he and his followers were to wear henceforth. It was the working gown of the poorest peasant, confined at the waist with a coarse rope. Members of the Franciscan Order, after seven centuries have passed, are wearing that garb to-day.

One who knew Francis has given us a glimpse of him at that time: "Roughly clothed, little flesh, sleeping little, his hand ever open in charity."

Such was the man that set out to obey the Lord, who had bidden him to preach to a sin-sick world.

(To be continued.)

With Authors and Publishers.

—The Flemish language, which has hitherto been considered a fit vehicle for popular and poetic writings only, is rapidly accumulating a literature of erudition. Learned professors now write their books in the mother-tongue, and text-books of science in Flemish are becoming very numerous.

—In an eloquent plea for the study of mental philosophy, the author of "My New Curate" quotes these words uttered by Tennyson, a great metaphysical poet, almost on his death-bed: "After religion, metaphysics are the hope of mankind. They must stem the tide of materialism. They show materialists that you can not escape from mystery by escaping from religion." And Carlyle speaks of the soul, by the aid of philosophy, "rushing through the howling wilderness of unbelief into the sunlit regions beyond."

—The Catholic Truth Society of San Francisco (Flood Building) has just published two pamphlets which ought to be distributed far and wide. The price ($3 per hundred) leaves no excuse for neglect. One is a popular lecture on "Catholicism and Reason," by the Hon. Henry C. Dillon; the other, a new edition of Archbishop Ryan's "What Catholics do not Believe." We have very often recommended this admirable lecture as the best thing in the language to put into the hands of inquiring non-Catholics. Every Truth Society in the world should publish an edition of it.

—One of the largest literary undertakings of the century has been happily concluded by the publication of the sixty-third and final volume of "The Dictionary of National Biography,"—*national* in the title meaning *English*. It has taken eighteen years to complete this mammoth undertaking, and the work has been so well done that it need never be done over again. In all there are 29,120 biographies in the dictionary. The contributors are responsible and erudite men, who have succeeded remarkably in excluding party spirit—political and religious—from the work.

—It is good news that many French dramatists are now using the stage to decry divorce, especially when one remembers that it was not always thus. "If one wished to be ironical," writes a representative modern French critic, M. Jules Pravieux, "it would be pleasant to observe how the dramatists, after having advertised divorce, now seem to exert a keenness in fighting against it as great as the energy, audacity and enthusiasm with which they celebrated its benefits." It is a fact that the number of "stage pieces" decrying divorce is increasing astonishingly in France; and as the stage, more than any other institution, gives the public what it demands, this is an encouraging sign.

—Old students of Louvain and many others will be interested in Prof. Brants' history of the famous University, which, founded in the fifteenth century, was suppressed by the Sans-Culottes at the end of the eighteenth, was reorganized as a State University by King William in 1817, suppressed again by the revolutionists in 1830, and restored as a private Catholic university under the direction of the Belgian episcopate in 1834.

—Two of the most interesting and valuable books in our language treating of the Blessed Virgin are from the pens of Anglican clergymen. We refer to "Woman, What have I to do with Thee?" by Presbyter Anglicanus; and "The Sinless Conception of the Mother of God," by the Rev. Frederick George Lee, D. D. Our readers will be interested to see the dedication of the latter book, which we copy *literatim:*

Behold thy son. . . . Behold thy Mother.
To
Blessed Mary,
Mother of God,
Whom
the Author
from earliest childhood has striven dutifully to honor; whose powerful intercession on behalf of the visible Reunion of Christendom and of our beloved Island-home, he has daily sought;
and
Whose gracious patronage and protection now and at the hour of his death he constantly and earnestly asks:
this volume,
with the deepest veneration and profoundest duty, is humbly and reverently laid at
Her Sacred Feet,
as a Tribute of filial love and affection.
"Upon thy right hand did stand the Queen in a vesture of gold, wrought about with divers colours."

—It costs twenty-five cents, at lowest press rates, to send a word from South Africa to England; and if newspaper correspondents do not wish to risk the delay that is sure to befall the cheap press messages, they may pay a dollar a word. An "urgent" message costs six dollars and a half a word, and oftentimes it reaches the newspaper office as late as the ordinary dispatch. In view of these rates, it is impossible not to admire the audacity of those newspapers which regularly print three-column dispatches from "our special correspondent" in South Africa. Of course newspapers often have

private telegraph codes, in which a single word stands for a long sentence; but, making due allowance for all this, the long message from South Africa is practically impossible.

—No written guide to the spiritual life, with the single exception of "The Imitation of Christ," has been more popular than "The Spiritual Combat," by Lawrence Scupoli. St. Francis de Sales preferred it to "The Imitation": it was his favorite book; and in a letter to St. Frances de Chantal he says that he carried a copy in his pocket for more than eighteen years, reading daily some chapter, or at least some page, of it. Fifty editions of this precious booklet appeared during the author's lifetime. It has been translated into French, English, Latin, Greek, Spanish, Portuguese, German, Flemish, Armenian, Basque, and even into one of the Indian dialects. There are as many as eight French translations. We know of no good edition of "The Spiritual Combat" translated into English from the original Italian. Who will give us one?

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption. *W. H. Mallock.* $3.50.

The Flowing Tide. *Madame Belloc.* $1.60, *net.*

A Son of St. Francis. *Lady Amabel Kerr.* $1, *net.*

Poor Dear Ann. *The Prig.* 75 cts.

The Bible and its Interpreter. *Rev. P. H. Casey, S. J.* 50 cts.

The Gospel Story. *B. F. C. Costelloe.* $1.60, *net.*

Studies in Church History. Vol. VI. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* $2.50.

Meditations on the Psalms of the Little Office. *Peregrinus.—Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.* 75 cts., *net.*

Currita, Countess of Albornoz. *Luis Coloma.* $1.50.

The Knights of the Cross. Vol. II. *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* $1.

St. Jerome. *Father Largent.* $1.

A Journey with the Sun around the World. *Rev. William McMahon.* $1.50.

Studies in Poetry. *Thomas O'Hagan, M. A., Ph. D.* $1.

The Church of Christ the Same Forever. *Rev. D. McErlane, S. J.* 50 cts., *net.*

Christian Philosophy — God. *Rev. John T. Driscoll, S. T. L.* $1.25, *net.*

Arden Massiter. *Dr. William Barry.* $1.50.

The Heiress of Cronenstein. *Countess Hahn-Hahn.* $1.25.

The Nursing Sister. $1.25.

Jack Hildreth on the Nile. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.

The Redemption of David Corson. *Charles Frederic Goss.* $1.50.

Holy Mass: A Morning Paradise. *Very Rev. R. O. Kennedy.* 5 cts.

Giovanni Baptista de Rossi. *Very Rev. T. J Shahan, D. D.* 20 cts.

Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire. *Samuel Dill, M. A.* $2.

Ecclesiastical Dictionary. *Rev. John Thein.* $5, *net.*

The Spirit of the Third Order of St. Francis. *Father Peter Baptist, O. F. M.* $1, *net.*

The Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau. *Mary Frances Drew.* 60 cts., *net.*

St. Francis of Sales. *A. De Margerie.* $1.

A Book of Spiritual Instruction. *Blosius.* 75 cts., *net.*

The People of Our Parish. *Lelia Hardin Bugg.* $1.

A Month's Meditations. *Cardinal Wiseman.* $1.10, *net.*

The Duchess of York's Page. *Mrs. William Maude.* 70 cts., *net.*

Essays, Educational and Historic. *A Member of the Order of Mercy.* $1.25, *net.*

Episodes of Catholic History. $1.

Meditations for Retreats. *St. Francis de Sales.* 75 cts., *net.*

The Acts and Decrees of the Synod of Jerusalem. *J. N. W. B. Robertson.* $1.60.

An Old Family. *Monsignor Seton.* $3.50.

The Catholic Creed; or, What do Catholics Believe? *Very Rev. Father J. Procter, S. T. L.* $1, *net.*

Leaves from St. Augustine. *Mary H. Allies.* $1.35, *net.*

Vespers and Compline. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* $1, *net.*

The Life of Father Haskins. $1.

The Room of the Rose. *Sara Trainer Smith.* $1.25

Religion and Morality. *Rev. James J. Fox, S. T. D.* $2.

Oxford Conferences. *Raphael M. Moss.* 60 cts., *net.*

Passages in a Wandering Life. *Thomas Arnold.* $3.50.

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LI. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, AUGUST 11, 1900. NO. 6.

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Our Ladye Risen.

BY VINCENT MCNABB, O. P.

I.

HOW couldst thou die, Marye?
Thou hadst brought forth our Life's own life.
Was thy love weaker than death? No strife
For thee to die, but ecstasy.

II.

How couldst thou say "Good-bye"
To him who won thee on the Hill with tears?
Thee had he cherished many years
And loved. But you would meet on high.

III.

How didst thou bear the tomb?
In soul and flesh from rust of sin
By God annealed. For thus therein
Thou mad'st a Christ-like triduum.

IV.

When didst thou rise, Marye,
On high? Sure thou didst know the way.
There had thy dear heart been alway.
Three days they festooned heaven for thee.

V.

Wilt thou forget, Marye,
"Those who so far from thee are riven"?
The body of this death to heaven
From out the tomb uplift to thee.

VI.

How shall we praise, Marye,
Thy stainless flesh, from whence was spun
Christ's seamless robe? For us thy Son
Will sing anew thy lullaby.

To invoke Mary is not mistrusting the divine mercy, but conceiving a just fear of our own unworthiness.

—*St. Anselm.*

A Stroll through the Paris Exhibition.

BY THE COUNTESS OF COURSON.

THE Paris Exhibition, as our readers know, was officially opened to the public on the 14th of April; however, the tourists who made Paris the object of their Easter holiday trip were doomed to disappointment. Instead of the wonders they expected, they found themselves stranded among half-finished buildings, unpacked cases, dust, noise and confusion. At the present moment, however, the Exhibition appears to be in the full flush of its beauty. If the chestnut trees have lost their flowers, they keep their leaves still fresh and green; the thousands of rose trees and other shrubs that form so attractive a feature of the great show are lovely and fragrant, in spite of midsummer sun and dust.

Covering as it does a vast space, and containing a multitude of objects of interest—either beautiful, curious or merely amusing,—the World's Fair of 1900 can not be fully described in a few pages. A complete and minute account of its attractions would be far beyond the limits of a single paper. However, for the benefit of the stay-at-home readers of THE AVE MARIA, of those who from some cause or other are prevented from visiting Paris this summer, we shall stroll through the

show, glancing rapidly as we pass at its general aspect and features.

We enter the Exhibition by way of the Champs-Elysées, that favorite promenade of the Parisians. From this point a most striking view is obtained. In front of us, spanning the Seine, is the noble bridge called after the Russian Czar, Alexander III., and of which his son, the present Emperor Nicholas, laid the foundation stone four years ago. The perspective is a grand one. Beyond the bridge are the glittering domes and porticos of the Exhibition; in the background the majestic Hôtel des Invalides, that noble relic of the days of Louis XIV., whose simple architecture and fine proportions contrast with its brilliant if rather gaudy neighbors, the temporary erections of the Exhibition.

As we stand facing the bridge, we have on one side, on the right bank of the river, the Grand Palais, a permanent building, which is destined to take the place of the former Palais de l'Industrie that visitors to Paris well remember. This palace contains a series of French and foreign paintings, all belonging to this century. In the French section figure many pictures that have already been exhibited. Benjamin Constant, Bonnat, Carolus Duran, Bouguereau, and other masters are fully represented.

Among Benjamin Constant's best and latest portraits is one of Queen Victoria. The aged sovereign, with her white hair and black dress, is sitting in a golden atmosphere of medieval splendor. It is a royal figure, dignified yet motherly. Another fine portrait is that of Leo XIII., by the Hungarian painter Lazlo. Upon the slight, emaciated figure of that old man, with skin as snow-white as his cassock, rests the whole weight of the Universal Church; but the dark, speaking eyes have a vitality that forms a curious contrast with the unearthly pallor of the venerable countenance. The Netherlands are represented by the sea pieces of Maris and Mesdag,—melancholy like the northern ocean, but with much poetic charm; Germany, by several fine portraits by Kaulbach, soft-colored and expressive.

In front of the Grand Palais may be seen a smaller palace, also a permanent building, whose graceful proportions and architecture are pleasant to look upon. It contains a marvellous collection of artistic productions, all French. Many of these belong to the State, but a very large proportion have been lent by private individuals and will never again be seen collected under the same roof. The French cathedrals and churches, too, have sent priceless tapestries and plate, illuminated missals and jewelled shrines, delicately-wrought reliquaries and enamels, whose brilliant coloring is undimmed by time,—treasures that during centuries have been gathered together for the honor of God and the adornment of His Church.

In another line, but no less valuable, are the tables, cabinets, and chests, with gilt garlands so exquisitely wrought that they might almost be worn as personal ornaments; snuff-boxes studded with diamonds that date from the days of the Roi Soleil; delicately-painted fans that were wielded long ago by the court beauties of Versailles. All these things carry us back to the days when French art was at its best, and when French artists and sculptors held a foremost place in Europe.

The fine piece of furniture in which Queen Marie Antoinette kept her jewels has a pathetic interest. It is a marvel of finish and richness, with its inlaid mother-of-pearl ornaments and fairylike gilt garlands; but it brings up before our mind's eye two distinct pictures. One represents the bright young Queen of Versailles and Trianon; the other, a fallen sovereign, a widowed wife and

bereft mother, sitting in a miserable prison cell waiting for death; the royal hands that once so gaily opened the magnificent *armoire* before us employed in patching the tattered black dress in which the Queen of France was to travel to the guillotine.

Hours might be spent among these treasures, from which rise the voices of the past. Unwillingly the traveller tears himself away from the enchanting Old-World atmosphere of the Petit Palais, and passes out into the sunshine to continue his stroll around the great show. Without crossing the bridge, he turns sharply to the right and enters a large building, bearing the symbolic ship, the badge of the city of Paris. This is the pavilion of the city itself. It is methodically and tastefully divided into different sections; and to persons interested in these matters its contents give a fair idea of the improvements, the organization, the philanthropic and useful institutions of the French capital.

The section that is, perhaps, most interesting to the ordinary tourist is that of the Préfecture de Police—the Police Department. Here are different prison doors; one belonged to the Conciègerie—a prison that during the Reign of Terror was regarded as a certain stepping-stone to the scaffold. An inscription informs us that this particular door was in use during the Revolution of 1793; and we realize how often the unbolting of those heavy iron bolts and bars must have struck terror into the souls of many hapless victims. Among these no doubt were some of the eighteenth-century women whose fans, laces, miniatures and jewels we have just admired at the Petit Palais.

Beyond the pavilion of the city of Paris, on the same right bank of the Seine, lies the Rue de Paris. Here, among trees, shrubs and brilliant flower-beds, are the theatres, concerts and shows of the Exhibition; here, after nine o'clock in the evening, congregates the gay world. The sight is a most animated one: the trees seem filled with golden flowers that light up their foliage; groups of men and women sitting in the open air are sipping chocolate or eating ices, to the sound of music and singing; while close by the river flows noiselessly in the moonlight.

If we pursue our stroll down the right bank of the Seine, we pass from the essentially modern atmosphere of the Rue de Paris to the Vieux Paris, a curious and faithful reproduction of the medieval city. It is built on piles above the river, and presents a picturesque medley of gabled houses, narrow streets, latticed windows, towers, taverns, and porches. It has been built with careful regard to historical and archæological accuracy; and, though on a comparatively small scale, it forms an attractive feature of the Exhibition.

Beyond the Vieux Paris, at the bridge that divides the Champ-de-Mars from the Trocadero, is one of the most striking spots of the great show. To our right, on the sloping ground that culminates with the Trocadero Palace, are scattered the colonial pavilions and palaces,—a medley of domes, minarets and pagodas, snow-white against the blue sky. The most prominent is the Algerian pavilion. It externally presents a specimen of pure Arabian architecture; while inside it is arranged on the model of a street in the old town of Algiers, with low houses, grated windows and bazaars, around which are gathered groups of white-cloaked and turbaned Arabs. The Tunis pavilion has much the same aspect; then comes the striking pagoda that represents Cochin China, the pavilions of Senegal, Dahomey, Madagascar, Liberia, Guiana, the British colonies, Egypt, and Japan.

The general view of the Trocadero is

especially picturesque, either on a fine afternoon, when groups of Orientals, with white garments and bronzed faces, almost delude us into the belief that we are thousands of miles away from modern Paris; or else at night, when the Eiffel Tower is a blaze of light, and from the luminous fountains rise liquid rainbows.

Just opposite the Trocadero, the varied attractions of the Champ-de-Mars extend round the Eiffel Tower. Here, too, may be seen the "Grand Globe Terrestre," a huge sphere that stands on a pedestal eighteen metres high. The sphere itself is forty-five metres in diameter, and a balcony that stands sixty metres from the ground crowns the whole. Inside the globe, the visitor is shown, by means of a cleverly organized mechanism, the rotation of the earth, the motion of the planets, and the whole solar system.

The neighboring Palais de l'Optique also combines instruction and amusement; but an enormous telescope, sixty metres long, is its chief object of interest. The moon appears to the astonished visitor as though she were only fifty or sixty miles from him; and her craters, her rocky peaks and stony wildernesses, thus brought within a comparatively short distance, have a weird and desolate appearance.

Another attraction of the same palace that appeals to less scientific minds is the "Dédale des Glaces," in which the puzzled visitor, surrounded on all sides by mirrors, has not a little difficulty in wending his way; then the Palais du Costume, where on a set of wax figures are exhibited specimens of female costume since an early period of history. The Palais Lumineux (Palace of Light) well deserves its name; an ingenious combination of mirrors and electricity making it appear like an enchanted abode. And there is the Palais de l'Electricité, one of the largest buildings of the Champ-de-Mars, where various electrical machines, French and foreign, may be seen.

These are only a small number of the attractions of this portion of the Exhibition, but other objects of interest demand our attention. Resuming our stroll, this time on the left bank of the Seine, we come to the Palais des Armées, a military exhibition at once ancient and modern. On the ground-floor are the newest and most improved models of guns and cannon, together with the most perfect appliances for helping the wounded on the battle-field. Above, on the first floor, are interesting military relics of the last hundred years: fine portraits of Napoleon and his marshals; uniforms, decorations, sabres and rifles belonging to the great generals of the century and lent to the Exhibition by their descendants. Some of these uniforms, tattered, torn, and pierced by bullets, tell a pathetic tale of heroism and suffering.

One unfinished portrait of Napoleon I. attracts our attention. It represents him before the days of his full power and prosperity. The face is still thin, the hair long, the glance eagle-like in its keenness. The Bonaparte here depicted is neither the mean-looking, sallow artillery officer of 1792, nor the stouter, heavier Emperor of 1815; but a type between the two: more imposing than the first, slighter and more fiery than the second.

Beyond the Palais des Armées, on the same side of the river, we come to what is generally considered as the most attractive spot in the great show—the Rue des Nations, where twenty-two countries have their national pavilions. The general view is indeed a delightful one. Between the buildings and the river runs a broad stone terrace that sets off the varied architecture of the palaces. One of the most effective is

that of Germany; its paintings, in the Renaissance style of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and its red tiled roofs give it an aspect at once bright and quaint. Within are furniture and pictures from Frederick II.'s apartments at Potsdam; the pictures are wholly French, and after one hundred and fifty years' stay in Germany the delicate paintings of Watteau, Lancret and Chardin have returned for a brief visit to the land of their origin.

The Italian pavilion is the largest of any, and its exterior recalls certain portions of S. Marco and of the Doges' Palace. The interior is a vast hall in which are assembled the distinctive articles for which the peninsula is famous: Tuscan and Neapolitan china, rare Venetian glasses, curiously carved wood furniture from Venice, and gold jewelry from Rome.

In contrast to the somewhat showy Italian pavilion is its Danish neighbor, a seventeenth-century country-house in Jutland. It is built of pine wood and has a quaintly picturesque appearance; one can imagine it standing among the quiet forests and near the great lakes of Scandinavia. Then comes Turkey, with its gold filigree ornaments, its perfumes; and, above all, its carpets, which are marvellously soft and brilliant in texture and color.

Close to Turkey, the American Eagle and the Stars and Stripes tell us where we are. The pavilion is one of the largest in the Exhibition; it has four stories, that are occupied by reception-rooms, writing-rooms, a post-office, an information office. Every detail reveals the essentially practical spirit of a young and vigorous people. At the entrance stands an equestrian statue of General Washington, sword in hand.

Hungary comes next and presents a curious mixture of Byzantine, Gothic, Romanesque, and Renaissance styles of architecture,—all copied from Hungarian buildings. Inside is a splendid collection of medieval treasures: fine chalices and missals studded with precious stones, saddles and trappings covered with seed pearls, breastplates and shields exquisitely inlaid with gold and silver. These things carry us back to the days when Hungary was an independent country and its great Magyars rivalled sovereigns in splendor and power.

Between the Hungarian pavilion and the Belgian fac-simile of the Hôtel de Ville of Andenarde, with its Gothic windows and profuse ornaments, the British pavilion has a staid and sober aspect. It represents a Tudor mansion of the time of Henry VIII., and contains many fine pictures by Reynolds, Gainsborough and Lawrence. Fresh young faces of pure Anglo-Saxon type look down on us from the walls, and in the principal gallery is a collection of Turner's weird-looking masterpieces. The pavilion of Norway is chiefly interesting for the relics of Nanssen, the heroic explorer of the Polar Sea. A model of his ship, the *Fram*, and the various shipping implements of his crew always attract an admiring crowd.

Next comes Spain, with a collection of marvellous tapestries lent by the Queen Regent. They are principally of Flemish manufacture, and among the many rare artistic treasures displayed at the Exhibition they are deserving of a special mention. Through the texture of the tapestry runs a fine gold thread that gives peculiar brilliancy to the whole. The blending of colors, the expression of the faces, the soft and rich appearance of these wonderful pieces, are irresistibly fascinating. An historical interest is attached to them; the finest belonged to Charles V., who inherited them from his mother Juana; and they were among the few possessions that he took with him to the monastery of Juth, where

he retired to prepare for death. One of the largest and finest pieces represents a procession of knights in armor; and charming are the boyish faces peeping from beneath the heavy helmets.

It is impossible to gaze at these rich tapestries without thinking of the dead kings and emperors whose eyes once rested on the treasures that now enchant nineteenth-century visitors to the great World's Fair. Visions of Philip II. with his austere countenance, of sad-looking queens and infantas, pass before us as we mentally review the possessors of the tapestries, from wild-eyed Juana, the mad queen, to the present noble Regent of Spain, whose marble bust adorns the entrance of the pavilion.

The Rue des Nations is certainly the most attractive spot in the Exhibition. The pavilions, so picturesque and so varied in their aspect, with the flags of the different nations floating gaily in the breeze; the majestic river that flows at their feet; the motley crowd, speaking every language, that moves to and fro, make up a scene not easy to forget.

From the fascinating Rue des Nations we pass to the industrial exhibition of the Esplanade des Invalides, whose large buildings, somewhat gaudy and heavy in appearance, contain the results of French and foreign industry. Among the wares exhibited by the former are the marvellous jewels of Lalique, who, by a judicious use of enamels combined with precious stones, has created a new style of jewelry of rare artistic beauty. The French Sevres china is very beautiful; but it attracts fewer admirers than the marvellous exhibition of Dresden ware to be seen in the same building.

The largest diamond in the world also draws large crowds. It is fixed on a revolving pivot; and as it slowly turns, catching and reflecting a thousand rays of light, it is indeed curious to note the exclamations of almost reverential admiration that it elicits from the bystanders. Many of these are peasants; they have read in their guide-books or newspapers of the stupendous value of the glittering bauble, and doubtless are calculating how many acres of land and heads of cattle it represents.

The curious medley of past and present that suggests so many philosophical reflections to those who penetrate beyond the surface is perceptible even at the Esplanade des Invalides, where we hardly expect to find memorials of the past among the produce of modern industry.

In the furniture department, among the chairs and tables of the French upholsterers of the day, is a small museum of furniture belonging to the first half of the century. Here we see the gilt cradle offered by the city of Paris to the infant Duke of Bordeaux. Near it is another cradle that belonged to the King of Rome, also a crownless king. Napoleon I.'s well-worn arm-chair stands near the red silk chair of his nephew, Napoleon III. Louis Philippe's very diminutive washing apparatus would hardly satisfy a commoner of the twentieth century. Next to it stands his writing-table, which bears the marks of having been forced open by the mob in 1848. Josephine's tapestry frame, upon which many tears may have fallen, is there; as also the Empress Eugénie's elaborate though decidedly inartistic writing-case.

Our visit to the Esplanade des Invalides being over, we find ourselves back at our starting-point, the bridge of Alexander III., whence the eye embraces a general view of the great show. The pavilions and palaces stand out in the sunshine a vision of beauty, but as transitory as a dream; for, except the two palaces of the Champs-Elysées, all are doomed to disappear when the

Exhibition of 1900 becomes a thing of the past.

A sight less easy to describe than the buildings of the World's Fair, but which is also a source of interest and amusement, is the crowd of tourists that steadily pour into the city of Paris from every part of the civilized world. At this moment Germans and Americans are numerous, English are fewer. Most curious to watch are, perhaps, the provincial French,—a race little addicted to travel, and whose naïve admiration and sturdy resolve to *do* the Exhibition thoroughly are equally visible. Whole families—father, mother, and children; peasant women with their neat *coiffes;* Bretons with wide felt hats; and girls from the Basque country, with bright handkerchiefs twisted among their dark hair, may be met with at every step. The artistic treasures of the Petit Palais attract them less than the bazaar-like Esplanade des Invalides or the Oriental atmosphere of the Trocadero. But their enjoyment is good to see; and we may imagine how, during the long winter evenings to come, their Paris experiences will be retailed for the benefit of less enterprising or less fortunate neighbors.

Before closing this paper we must mention a feature of the Exhibition of 1900 that is worth noticing. On the right bank of the Seine, opposite the Rue des Nations, is a large white building called the Palais des Congrès. Here meetings are held almost daily in order to discuss medical, scientific or philanthropic subjects. On the walls of the building are hung endless plans, maps and tables, giving the statistics of institutions whose object is the improvement of the working classes and of the poor. To a casual observer these things may be dry and uninteresting; and, unless guided by one who is experienced in the matter, the stray visitor can hardly be expected to carry away any very distinct impression of his or her stroll through the Palais des Congrès. Yet the cut-and-dried accounts and long line of statistics, that are at first sight almost repelling, have a hidden and touching significance. They represent noble efforts to aid suffering humanity; and among the different philanthropic works the Catholic institutions of Paris have a prominent place.

We think, as we glance through the printed papers that cover the walls, of the sum of patience, self-sacrifice, heroic and obscure labor, represented by these simple statements of facts and figures, before which we imagine the invisible angels lovingly bow their heads. There we have the different works directed by nuns of various orders; the works founded by the Society of St. Vincent of Paul for the relief of the poor and the sanctification of the rich; the many institutions of mercy whose origin and progress are summed up in a few lines, eloquent in their simplicity.

And, after lingering for a while before these testimonies of the undying charity of the children of the Church, we leave the Exhibition, feeling glad and grateful that the eternal interests of the glory of God and the salvation of souls should have an honored place in the great show of 1900.

THE Blessed Virgin is not the patron of any one, being the Mother of all. Our relation to her is necessary, not voluntary. We can not have God for our Father without having the Church for our mother; and we can not have God for our Father without having the ever-blessed Mother as our Mother.

—*Cardinal Manning.*

THE poorest education that teaches self-control is better than the best that neglects it.—*Sterling.*

Dr. Martin's Wife.

VI.—Sympathy.

MRS. DUNBAR and her husband were sitting at a late breakfast on Sunday morning. Between snatches of dry toast he was reading the paper. Suddenly he laid it on the table and looked at his wife.

"Camilla, your brother is dead!" he said, briefly.

"*Dead!*" she exclaimed. "Is it in the paper?"

"Of course it is," he answered. "Do you suppose I dreamed it?"

She was silent. The same thought was in both minds, but neither cared to be the first to speak it. At length he remarked:

"It is possible he got his death here. If you had not been so quick to call him in, his wife might not be a widow this morning."

"That was more than a month ago," she replied. "If it had been diphtheria he would have succumbed sooner."

"I don't know about that. Sometimes there are complications."

"You may be wrong. He was always going about from hovel to hovel in search of unusual cases. It is more than likely he contracted some disease, or perhaps caught cold in that way."

"Perhaps. Nevertheless, I am inclined to think his visit here may have had something to do with it. If so, we are under an obligation, I suppose."

"What do you mean?"

"To attend the funeral, for the sake of appearance; and, later, to offer some slight compensation to the widow."

"Why should we attend the funeral? It is well known that there was no intimacy between the families. It might be considered an intrusion."

"By whom?"

"By his wife. Probably she shared in his high-spirited independence. It is likely we would be shown the door."

"Not at all!" retorted Mr. Dunbar. "Ninety-nine women out of a hundred would find it a great alleviation of their bereavement to see your name among the list of mourners, Camilla."

"She may be the hundredth," said his wife, dryly.

"Ho, ho!" laughed the banker. "Did you not tell me her father was some sort of a painter or sculptor chap over there in Paris, where the Doctor met her? Believe *me*, she will be only too glad to meet you more than half-way in the future, if you wish to take her up."

"But why should I wish to do it? If she needed any assistance, under the circumstances, it would be proper to do something; but I fancy Desmond was not badly off. He was always a man of simple tastes; and she can not have been used to luxury, born and bred as she was in a painter's atelier. As I said before, it is unlikely she will care for our sympathy. No doubt he found her an apt student. Besides, the memory of what he considered, and what really was, your last insult must rankle fresh in her mind."

"What was that, pray?"

"Don't you remember? The cheque?"

"Pshaw! I don't believe it. He was quixotic."

"Does not the remembrance give you a regret?"

"Not one. He performed a service, as a physician; as a doctor, he was entitled to his fee. To have met him on any other ground would either have placed us under obligations or implied relations between us which did not exist."

"People look at things differently. We had better keep away, for the present at least. Later on I might call."

"That need not deter you from presenting yourself at once. She will take it kindly. Death softens all things."

"That very disagreeable incident has nothing to do with it. As you say, he was quixotic, and on that account I am confident he did not tell her of the occurrence. It would have been another wound to his pride to rehearse the incident, besides a hurt to her feelings. No, I am sure he did not tell her. I am in a dilemma as to what I should do."

"And why, pray? Common courtesy ought to tell you that, Camilla."

"There are other things to be considered. If Desmond's wife is anything like himself, she may give me the cold shoulder; and I confess it irritates me to be snubbed. If she be one of those clinging persons, who, deprived of their oak, must needs twine themselves about some other support, I may be creating untold annoyance for myself by any show of sympathy. You would be the first to close the door on her should it turn out so."

"She is not like that," answered the banker. "From all accounts, she does not belong to the 'clingers.' It is your duty to present yourself at the church, at least."

"I shall not do that at all. It would be worse than not making any appearance. I will write a letter of condolence this morning, and some day next week I may go down to the unearthly spot where they are living and leave a card."

"Don't do any such nonsense, Camilla. Now what you are pleased to call an unearthly spot is becoming quite a fashionable summer retreat; secluded, if you will, but still fashionable. The widow may find herself able to sell out at a large profit some day if she holds on to her acres."

"Well, I shouldn't like to drag out a miserable existence there," said Camilla.

"*You!* It would kill you in a week. Ah, here is Madeleine!"

A white-capped nurse stood in the doorway, holding in her arms a delicate, dark-eyed child, dressed for a walk.

"Come to papa!" said Mr. Dunbar, holding out his hand.

The nurse released her hold, and the child came slowly forward,—not timidly but with a kind of reserve, unlike the usual joyous abandon of a young child.

"How serious she is!" said Camilla, gazing at her with an impersonal glance, as one might at a picture or similar work of art.

"Yes: I wish she would romp and play more," replied Mr. Dunbar, reaching for a lump of sugar, which he was about to place in the tiny hand when the maid interrupted him.

"I beg you will not do that, please, Monsieur!" she said. "Madame does not like that the child have sweets, and it will soil her clothes besides."

"Bother!" rejoined the banker. "How can that hurt her?"

But the little one, awed by a reproving glance from the severe-looking lady at the other end of the table, withdrew her outstretched hand; the nurse quickly lifted her in her arms, and in a moment they had disappeared. The child had not spoken a word during the interview.

"Camilla," remarked Mr. Dunbar, after a short silence, "I'm not a very demonstrative man myself, but I wish you could be more motherly than you are to that little chicken. She seems half afraid of you, and I've never heard a good, rollicking baby laugh from her yet. It doesn't seem natural."

"The child is grave and serious in temperament," replied his wife. "There can not possibly be anything necessary to her comfort that I neglect. She is well nurtured, well clad and well tended. Melanie is an incomparable nurse: she came to me with the highest recommendations, and is above the ordinary maid. She has considerable education; her French is correct, and her manners also are very good. I have ordered her

to speak to the child altogether in French. Madeleine could not have a better teacher. My conscience is clear on the point you mention. Moreover, I am not spasmodic in my attentions. Day in, day out, I am always the same; while I have observed that you are quite variable in your demonstrations toward the child. At times you will hardly notice her for weeks together, and then you will be quite affectionate."

"That may be true," was the answer. "Of late I've been sort of grateful to her for getting well. Her death a month ago might have made a lot of trouble for me, Camilla; and I have felt more kindly to the little beggar ever since."

"You are so inconsistent!" said his wife. "And there is some mystery I can not fathom in your relations toward Madeleine. When she was ill you seemed to be fearful lest any connection with Desmond should work some calamity."

"Nonsense! How you exaggerate!"

"Well, disarrange your plans then."

"That is better, Camilla."

"You know you could not endure him while he lived. Why, then, this sudden interest and this anxiety to have me show some sympathy or attention to the widow?"

"I have my reasons. Apart from them, I am not so entirely a monster as you think. I really felt a pang of regret, and there was a feeling, as I said before, that he may have met his death indirectly through coming here."

"I do not believe it. In my opinion, it would be better to let everything go on as it did before. It will be far less troublesome."

"Camilla, have you not a particle of human feeling?"

"Quite as much as you have," was the cool rejoinder. "Why should I feign sorrow for a man whom I never liked? In fact, I hated him when he was a boy, because my father seemed to fancy him. I loved my father most tenderly."

"Oh, you did! That seems odd, for you, Camilla."

She smiled scornfully and slowly came toward him.

"You can not deceive me," she said. "There is something behind all this. You have discovered something — or think you have discovered something— because of which you do not wish to be altogether out of touch with Desmond's family. I don't believe much in your schemes or your perspicacity; still, I would be willing to help you — at least I *might*—if you would be pleased to take me into your confidence."

"Woman's curiosity!" observed her husband, laughingly, as he leaned back in his chair and lit a cigar.

"Not at all!" she answered, drawing herself up proudly. "You know very well that of ordinary curiosity I have not a particle."

"You would be as likely to thwart as to help me," he said. "At any rate, I shall not tell you."

"Very well," she replied, turning away.

"Don't be vexed," he added. "I was joking. I like to tease you sometimes. There is nothing. What are you going to do about it, Camilla?"

"About what?" she inquired, again facing him.

"About the funeral."

"I shall not go. Later I may send a card,—perhaps call. It depends upon my mood in a few days from now."

"As you please," he said shortly.

After she had gone he passed into the library and seated himself before a desk. For some moments he remained lost in reflection. He was not a man of fine impulses, neither was he capable of understanding them. He was also obtuse. According to his mind, to have once committed a flagrant error was not a warrant against future bungling in the same direction. Although he was

persuaded that Dr. Martin's widow would resent patronage of any kind and would be altogether incapable of obtruding herself, and while he was disposed to think that she had been left reasonably well provided for, it did not occur to him that any woman would resent what he was pleased to term substantial sympathy. Therefore it was that, having opened his desk, he hastily penned a few lines, which he enclosed with a cheque for one thousand dollars to Dr. Martin's widow. This he meant to be the entering wedge in a future of great possibilities.

(To be continued.)

The Transfiguration of Our Lord.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

(Conclusion.)

WHICHEVER way we look at it, if only we look thoughtfully and reverently, the Transfiguration is full of mystery and spiritual knowledge. The Office in the breviary will teach us more.

Antiphon: "Christ Jesus, the splendor of the Father and figure of His substance, bearing all things by the word of His power, making purgation of sins, did this day appear in glory on a mountain."

Sings the Church: "Christ, the supreme King of glory."

Her children: "Come, let us adore."

Then follow the antiphons for the first nocturn:

"Being made little less than the angels, He was crowned with glory and honor, and set over all the works of God's hands. The Lord hath revealed the hidden things, and in His temple all shall declare His glory. He was beautiful in form beyond the sons of men; grace was poured forth on His lips."

Church: "Thou didst appear glorious in the sight of the Lord."

Children: "Therefore did the Lord clothe Thee with beauty."

For the first, second and third lessons the Church calls upon the Prince of the Apostles, who was present during this wonderful manifestation.

Lesson 1: "Wherefore, brethren, labor the more, that by good works you may make sure your calling and election. For doing these things, you shall not sin at any time. For so an entrance shall be ministered to you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. For which cause I will begin to put you always in remembrance of these things; though indeed you know them, and are confirmed in the present truth. But I think it meet, as long as I am in this tabernacle, to stir you up by putting you in remembrance. Being assured that the laying away of this my tabernacle is at hand, according as our Lord Jesus Christ also hath signified to me."

Church: "Arise, O Jerusalem! and be enlightened; for thy light hath come, and the glory of the Lord hath arisen to thee."

Children: "And the Gentiles shall walk in thy light, and kings in the splendor of thy rising."

Lesson 2: "I will do my endeavor that after my decease also you may often have whereby you may keep a memory of all these things. For we have not followed cunningly-devised fables when we made known to you the power and presence of our Lord Jesus Christ; but having been made eye-witness of His majesty. For He received from God the Father honor and glory; this voice coming down to Him from the excellent glory: This is My beloved Son, in whom I have pleased Myself. Hear ye Him."

Church: "In the shining cloud the Holy Ghost was seen and the Father's voice was heard."

Children: "This is My beloved Son,

in whom I have all My pleasure. Hear ye Him."

Church: "The cloud appeared, hiding them; but the Father's voice sounded as thunder."

Lesson 3: "And this voice we heard brought from heaven when we were with Him in the holy mount. And we have the more firm prophetical word; whereunto you do well to attend, as to a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn and the daystar arise in your hearts. Understanding this first: that no prophecy of Scripture is made by private interpretation; for prophecy came not by the will of man at any time; but the holy men of God spoke, inspired by the Holy Ghost."

Church: "Behold what love God the Father hath for us, that we should be called, and should be His children."

Children: "And we know that when He appears we shall be like to Him, because we shall see Him."

Antiphons for the second nocturn: "Thou illuminating wonderfully from the eternal hills, the foolish in heart shall be confounded. Better is one day in Thy halls than a thousand. Wonderful things are told of Thee, O thou City of God!"

Church: "Thou hast crowned Him, O Lord! with glory and honor."

Children: "Thou hast set Him, O Lord! over the works of Thy hands."

The Church calls upon Pope St. Leo for the fourth and fifth lessons.

Lesson 4: "The Lord, in presence of His chosen witnesses, discloses His glory and illuminates that figure [or image] of His which is common with ours, with such brightness that His face shone like the splendor of the sun and His garments like the whiteness of snow. And what took place in the Transfiguration was done principally that the scandal of the Cross might be removed from the hearts of the disciples, and the unimaginable excellence of His voluntary passion might not disturb their faith. But by no less a Providence was the hope of the Church established, when the whole body [of Christ—i. e., the Church] would recognize at the cost of how great a change [from the everlasting dignity of Christ to the humility of His passion] it was endowed; and that the members would promise, each one to himself, a participation in that honor wherewith their divine head, Jesus Christ, had been glorified."

Church: "They are inebriated with the richness of Thy house, and Thou hast given them to drink from the torrent of Thy delights."

Children: "Because in Thee is the fountain of life, and in Thy light we shall see light."

Lesson 5: "The Apostles, then, had to be confirmed and to be brought to the fulness of knowledge, and therefore a further instruction was given them by this miracle. Moses and Elias—the law, namely, and the prophets—appeared speaking with Christ; in order that in that gathering of five men the saying would be most fully verified, that in the mouths of two or three witnesses every word standeth. For what word is more stable, what firmer, than the preaching of that Word with which the trumpets of the Old and the New Testament harmonize and all the records of ancient protestations agree? The declarations of both compacts mutually support each other; for what the preceding ages, under the guise of mystery, foretold, the splendor of the present glory shows forth manifest and clear."

Church: "Master, it is good for us to be here."

Children: "Let us build here three tabernacles: one for Thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias."

Church: "For he knew not what he was saying."

Lesson 6: "The Apostle Peter, moved

by the revelations of these mysteries and overlooking and despising all that was changeable and earthly, was rapt by a certain ecstasy toward a desire of eternal things. And, filled with the exceeding gladness of all this vision, he desired to dwell there with Jesus, where he was rejoiced by the manifestation of His glory. And therefore he saith: 'Lord, it is good for us to be here. Let us make here three tabernacles: one for Thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias.' But to this request the Lord made no answer, insinuating thereby that, although it was not improper, what he desired was not orderly; since except by the passion and death of Christ there was no other means by which the world was to be saved. And by this example of the Lord is the faith of believers supported; since, while we are not to doubt the promises of the Beatitudes, during the term of trial here below we are to ask for patience, not for glory."

Church: "If the ministration of death, outlined by letters in table of stone [that is, the law of Moses, which was so full of threats of death that it is called the law of death], was [promulgated] in glory, so that the children of Israel could not look on the face of Moses because of the glory of his countenance; and yet that [ministration or law] passeth away."

Children: "Much more the ministration of the spirit, which continueth [forever], shall be in glory."

Church: "For Christ was worthy of a much richer habit of glory than Moses, as the builder of a house is more worthy than its walls."

The third nocturn opens with the antiphons: "Hermon and Thabor shall rejoice in Thy name; [this is the manifestation] of Thy arm with power. A light has arisen on the just and gladness to the right of heart. He hath worn confession and beauty, and was clothed with light as with a garment."

Church: "Great is His glory in Thy salvation."

Children: "Glory and great honor Thou wilt set on Him."

The Church takes the Book of the Gospels and reads from St. Matthew: "At that time Jesus took Peter and James and his brother John into a high mountain apart and was transfigured before them." And she calls upon St. John Chrysostom for the seventh, eighth and ninth lessons.

Lesson 7: "Because the Lord had said many things about dangers, many things about His passion, and many things about the persecution and death of His disciples, and because all these things were to be in this present life and were close at hand, while the good things to come were in the future and were as yet but promises—as, for instance, He said that those should gain their life who would lose it, and that He was going into the glory of the Father and would hereafter give them rewards,—in order, then, that by seeing His glory they might be made more assured, He discovered to them, as far as they could understand it in this life, the glory in which He was to return; disclosing it to them that so they might not grieve at their own or at His death, but especially Peter."

Church: "God hath called us in His holy vocation, according to that grace which is now made manifest through the illumination of our Saviour Jesus Christ."

Children: "Who destroyed death, but illuminated life unto incorruption."

Lesson 8: "And now see what He does when He has just been speaking of the kingdom and of hell. For in this which He has been saying—'He that findeth his soul shall lose it; and he that loseth it, by My grace shall find it'

and again in this, 'He shall give to each one according to his works,'—He has designated both the kingdom and hell.

"When He has just spoken of these two, He permits the kingdom to be seen by their bodily eyes. But hell He does not show in the least, for that was necessary only to beginners and the unlearned; and they being already tried and found learned, it is sufficient that they be confirmed by the better things. And this much more truly became Him than the other. Not, however, that He passed that over entirely; for at times He places, as it were, before their eyes the fierceness of hell,—as when He drew the picture of Lazarus, and recalled him who was searching for the hundred pence that were lost."

Church: "God, who made light to shine out of darkness, hath shed light into our hearts."

Children: "To the illumination of the science of the brightness of God in the face of Jesus Christ."

Church: "Who destroyed death, but illuminated life unto incorruption."

Lesson 9: "See now the philosophy [religious feeling] of St. Matthew. He does not conceal the names of those who were present [though himself was not invited by Our Lord]. And this thing St. John more frequently does when He describes truly and accurately the exalted praises of St. Peter. For in this company of the Apostles there was room neither for envy nor for vainglory.

"He took apart with Him, therefore, the chiefs of the Apostles. Why did He take these only? Lest the rest of His disciples or other men should be moved [to follow Him to the mount]; and for this reason He did not name those whom He was to take with Him."

Antiphons at Lauds: "And Jesus took Peter and James and John, his brother, into a high mountain apart, and was transfigured before them. And His face shone like the sun and His garments became white as snow. And Moses and Elias appeared to them, speaking with Jesus. But Peter, answering, said to Jesus: Lord, it is good for us to be here. And while Peter was speaking, behold a bright cloud hid them from their sight."

Anthem: "Let us wait and hope for our Saviour the Lord Jesus Christ, who will reform the body of our humility and make it conformable to the body of His brightness."

Church: "A golden crown upon His head."

Children: "Sealed with the sign of holiness and glory and honor."

Antiphon: "And a voice from the cloud, saying: This is My beloved Son, in whom is My delight. Hear ye Him."

Church: "Thou hast appeared glorious in the sight of the Lord."

Children: "Therefore hath the Lord clothed Thee with honor."

Church: "With glory and honor Thou hast crowned Him, O Lord!"

Children: "Thou hast set Him over all the works of Thy hands."

Anthem: "But we all, beholding the glory of the Lord with open face, are transformed into the same image, from glory to glory, as by the spirit of the Lord."

Church: "With glory and honor Thou hast crowned Him, O Lord!"

Children: "Thou hast set Him over the works of Thy hands."

Church: "Great is His glory in Thy salvation."

Children: "Glory and great honor Thou wilt lay upon Him."

Anthem: "And He took me up in spirit to a great mountain; and He showed me the holy city, Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God; and the brightness of God was upon it, and the Lamb was the lamp thereof."

Church: "Great is His glory in Thy salvation."

Children: "Glory and great honor Thou wilt set upon Him."

Church: "A golden crown upon His head."

Children: "Sealed with the sign of holiness and glory and honor."

Antiphon: "And the disciples fell upon their face; for they were greatly afraid. But Jesus approached, and touching them, said to them: Arise and fear not."

Priest: "O God, who by the testimony of the fathers [Moses and Elias] hast strengthened the secrets of faith in the Transfiguration of Thy only-begotten Son; and by the Voice, sent down from the bright cloud, hast excellently and wonderfully sealed Thy adoption of us as sons; mercifully grant that we become heirs [while here] and partners [hereafter] of the great glory of this same King of glory, who, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth one God forever and ever."

Out of the Crucible.

BY FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

Blessed Ashes.

IN the cemetery of Elsinore, Hamlet, having thrown away with a "pooh" of disgust the skull of poor Yorick, follows the course of his funereal reverie; and, with the aid of his fertile imagination, accompanies the dust of Alexander the Great until he finds it stopping a beer-barrel.

"To what base uses we may return!" says he to Horatio. "Alexander died, Alexander was buried, and Alexander returned to dust. The dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam whereto he was converted might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperial Cæsar dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!"

These thoughts that Shakespeare gives to the melancholy Prince of Denmark are of the kind that can be recalled on this first day of Lent, when the priest traces with the blessed ashes a cross on the forehead of all the faithful and addresses to each one these words: "Remember, man, that dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." A ceremony of admirable symbolism, as are all those of the Church. And her aim is not simply to recall to us that life is short, that death is not far, and that the little that shall remain of us, even had we been famous conquerors or powerful emperors, may serve one day to stop the crevice in a wall or the bunghole of a cask. Though this truth be commonplace, it is always useful to repeat and salutary to meditate upon. The ashes spread over the brow of the Christian have another signification. They warn him to be humble when he thinks of the value he may have; of the position, no matter how considerable, that he occupies in society; even of the good actions he may have performed. They command him to repair the harm he has done; or at least, if the harm is irreparable, to regret it bitterly and with all the strength of his soul.

Apart from any religious sentiment, even for him who expects from death but total destruction, humility and repentance are two beautiful conditions for any soul. For if a man does not live like a mere brute—solely to satisfy his appetites,—he exacts from himself a moral progress, and wishes to become wiser and better. He always hopes to succeed; and the pretence of the aged is that they have been instructed by experience. So they console themselves—badly and feebly—for their physical decline, and rejoice over the hold they have taken on their passions, when, we must confess it, they are but vanquished by the weakness of old age. The fact is

that among the best of us self-esteem and vanity decrease with the years, and regret for the sinful deeds we have committed increases.

Beware of the mature man who cries unceasingly: "I can carry my head high. I have nothing to reproach myself with." It may be possible that he has fulfilled the laws of probity, and even those of honor, such as society has made them. But before his inner conscience he lies, or at least he reveals a pitiful ignorance of himself: a soul without scruples, a heart without delicacy and without true goodness.

For none of us has the right to lift his head with so much assurance and proclaim himself irreproachable. None of us can examine his past without discovering many wrongs toward his neighbor, many failings in the presence of duty. We have all committed grave misdeeds,—if not through perversity, at least through unpardonable egotism, through admiration and love of our beloved person. Yes, all of us, even the most pure. And it is precisely the most pure who suffer most from these importunate recollections.

Therefore, in the eyes of the believer sustained by a sublime hope, as also in those of the unbeliever—I mean him for whom a moral life exists,—there is a deep meaning in the ceremony of the distribution of ashes, which reminds man that death menaces him at all times, and that he must often examine and judge himself humbly, severely, in a spirit of penance and reparation.

Humility is a *very* great virtue. She alone can bridge the distances that laws place between men; for she inspires superiors with sweetness and charity, and inferiors with respect and obedience. She alone can attenuate and render lighter the inevitable injustices of life and of society, in destroying in the strong the instinct of tyranny, and in the weak that of revolt. But how rare are the humble of heart becoming! And how sad it is to assist, as we do to-day, at the arid and miserable triumph of pride and envy, that claims absurd equality for all in the enjoyment of pleasure!

Alas! absolute equality exists only in death. And when I read the deceptive word "equality" over all our monuments, I come to the point of regretting the sombre wisdom of the Middle Ages that painted on the walls a skeleton playing on the violin with a thigh bone as a bow, and leading to the same abyss the crowned king, the pope with his tiara, the captain armed at all points, the beautiful lady smiling into her mirror, the doctor weighed down with heavy books, the farmer with his spade and shovel, the workman with his hammer on his shoulder, and the beggar limping in his rags.

Yes, a modern "Dance of the Dead," a Macabre dance, to the present taste would not be useless, and would induce us to meditate a little on our chimeras and our vanities. It would not have, I fear, the artistic value of the fresco painted by Holbein in the Dominican cloister at Bale; we might, however, multiply the philosophical picture by means of posters and polychromes.

Can we not imagine placarded on all the walls of Paris a composition, made of bright colors and correct drawing, in which one would see Death—thin and elegant, with its bald skull, its cavernous eyes, its hollow nose and its ribs,—blowing into a shin bone as though it were a flute, and conducting to the grave and to eternal forgetfulness the representatives of modern society? Could you not easily recognize in that sinister procession Rothschild and his thousand millions, Eiffel and his tower; a proletary reading the paper that promises him for the morrow the termination of

his miseries; a deputy brandishing his cheque; an anarchist with his bomb under his working blouse; and even an Academician, in his coat embroidered with palms, armed with his inoffensive weapon, and carrying under his arm all his writings in several volumes?

But I am wrong to joke on a day that invites us to serious thoughts; and, better still than the somewhat childish scarecrow of the Macabre dance, the commemoration imposing in its funereal simplicity that the Church observes on Ash Wednesday reminds us of the shortness of the life and work of man, and of the vanity of this world.

It is in one of the popular suburbs and at one of the early Masses, where you meet only the very poor, that I would like a man of the present day, an unbeliever—alas! nearly all of them are so—whom I know to have a sincere love for the people, to see the ashes distributed. Under the roof lighted by the altar candles he would find but few people and of small importance; for you can count those in the working classes who have not been robbed of the consolation of prayer. Working women, servants kneeling near their market baskets, some old people, and a few mechanics with countrified faces, lately come from their villages, assisting at Mass with a bag of implements at their feet,—such would be the modest assembly to be seen.

The friend of the working class would recognize in these the "poor of spirit" and the preferred of Jesus—in fact, those to whom He has promised and reserves a chosen seat in heaven. The spectator would be touched. Seeing placed on their foreheads that dust which, according to the words of Hamlet, contains perhaps an atom of Alexander and of Cæsar, and typifies in a way the image of so many destroyed civilizations, of so many races that have disappeared, he would remember that the whole of history is but a prolonged cry of pain; that always and in all places the fate of the weak and the small was hardly bearable, and that they never found greater relief in their sufferings than in lifting their eyes to Heaven.

In that religious atmosphere, before those people in prayer, the unbeliever would acknowledge then, I fancy, that it was a folly and crime to fight against the faith of the humble that made them love one another and hope in a heavenly Father. He would think of the Gospel, that book of books that has changed the soul of the universe, and that has for nineteen centuries inspired the purest virtues and given peace of heart to countless myriads of Christians. And then—who knows?—in considering the prodigious work of Him who spoke on the mountain, who died on the Cross, and ascertaining that the mouth from which so many eternal truths fell could not lie, he would believe in Jesus Christ, Son of God Almighty,—of the God in whose eyes the stars are smaller than the grains of that dust distributed by the priest; of the eternal Master who, from the depths of the mysterious infinite, reigns on the dust of worlds and on the ashes of suns.

FEBRUARY 24, 1898.

(To be continued.)

IT is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after your own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—*Emerson.*

To do and say the right because it is lovely; to dare to gaze on the splendor of the naked truth without putting a false veil before it; to live by love and not by fear,—that is the life of a true brave man.—*F. W. Robertson.*

The Legend of the Death and Assumption of Mary.

FROM THE "CATALOGUS SANCTORUM," BY PETER DE NATALIBUS.

WE are told that after the dispersion of the Apostles, the Blessed Virgin dwelt in her house beside Mount Sion; and that she sedulously visited all the spots of her Son's life and passion so long as she lived, and she is said to have lived twenty-four years after the Ascension of Christ. And when, on a certain day, her heart burned within her with longing for her Son, so that she broke out into very abundant tears, the Angel Gabriel stood beside her, and reverently saluting her, told her, on behalf of her Son, that after three days she should depart from the flesh and reign with Him forever. And the Angel gave her a branch of palm from paradise, which he commanded should be borne before her bier. And the Virgin, rejoicing, gave thanks to God, and besought two boons of the Angel—first, that her sons, the Apostles, might be assembled at her death, that she might die in their presence, and that they might accompany her to the tomb; secondly, that in expiring she might not behold the Evil One. And the Angel promised her that these things should be. And the palm-branch was green in the stem, but its leaves were like the morning-star.

And while John was preaching in Ephesus, behold it thundered, and a cloud caught him and set him down at Mary's door. He entered in, and Mary marvelled and wept for joy. She told him that she had been sent for, and that Christ had brought him to her. She besought him to take charge of her burial, and to bear the palm-branch before her bier. And while John was wishing for the presence of his brother Apostles, behold they were all transported in clouds from the places where they preached, and set down together before the door of Mary. To whom, while they gazed on one another, greatly astonished, John went forth, warning them of Mary's summons, admonishing them not to weep, nor let it be imputed to them that they who preached the Resurrection feared death.

And when the Holy Virgin beheld the Apostles assembled around her, she blessed the Lord; and they sat around her, with lights burning, and watched till the third day. And toward nightfall on the third day Jesus came down with hosts of saints and angels, and they ranged themselves before Mary's couch. Sweet hymns were heard at intervals till the middle of the night. And then Jesus called her softly twice that she should come to Him; and she answered that she was ready joyfully to yield the spirit. And thus her spirit quitted the body and flew into the arms of her Son. And she neither suffered pain nor her body corruption.

Now the Lord commanded the Apostles that they should carry her body into the Valley of Jehoshaphat and place it in a new tomb that had been dug there, and watch three days beside it till He should return. And straightway there surrounded her flowers of roses, which are the blessed company of martyrs; and lilies of the valley, which are the bands of angels, confessors and virgins. And the angels that had remained in heaven came down to meet the angels that ascended up from earth, and the latter answered and said: "This is she who is beautiful among the daughters of Jerusalem, even as ye have seen her, full of grace and love." Thus her soul was received up into heaven, rejoicing, and was seated on the throne at the right hand of her Divine Son. And the

Apostles saw that her soul was such that no mortal tongue could express its whiteness.

And when the body was laid on the bier, Peter and Paul uplifted it, and the other Apostles ranged themselves around it. John bore the palm-branch in front of it. And Peter began to sing, "*In exitu Israel de Egypto,*" and the rest joined softly in the psalm. And the Lord covered the bier and the Apostles with a cloud, so that they might be heard but not seen. And the angels were present, singing with the Apostles. And all the city was attracted by that wondrous melody.

But the Jews ran to arms that they might seize and burn the body. And the high-priest put forth his hand to overthrow the bier; but his hand straightway withered, and the rest of the people were stricken with blindness. Then the high-priest besought Peter, who promised that if he confessed that Mary was the Mother of God he should receive his sight. And he confessed it and saw. And taking the palm-branch, by command of Peter he touched each man among the people; and such as believed in the Most Blessed Virgin received their sight, but such as believed not remained blind.

And the Apostles laid the body of the Virgin in the tomb, and they watched beside it three days. And on the third day the Lord appeared with a multitude of angels and raised up His Immaculate Mother, and she was received, body and soul, into heaven.

Soul-Force.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

WEAK seem the ample powers of the air
And the imperial currents of the seas,
As naught all earth's electric energies,
To the perpetual soul-force—prayer.

An Honest Minister Speaks Up.

AMID the flood of mendacity that has swept over the country since the Philippines became ours, there have been a few men like Chaplain McQueen, whose honest words prove that not all ministers are incapable of truthfulness when the Catholic Church is concerned. True, they have not been many; but there are thousands of Protestants—not to speak of Catholics—who would not believe there were any at all until it was proved to them. Robert Louis Stevenson once denounced in his best Scotch fashion the zeal of preachers in spreading evil reports of Catholics; and the tragic events now enacting in China have served these godly men only as a fresh text for an indictment of our missionaries. Protestants as well as Catholics, we repeat, know that few ministers are to be trusted when there is question of the Church or her clergy.

Deserving of a niche beside Dr. McQueen for his manly honesty is the Rev. Henry Swift, chaplain of the 13th U. S. Regular Infantry, stationed in the heart of Luzon, whence he sends a notable article to the *Living Church*. To quote largely from Dr. Swift would be but to repeat what has been incessantly reiterated by Catholic writers: whatever Christianity and civilization the Filipinos have they owe to the Spanish friars; the people are conspicuously free from drunkenness, unchastity, and scepticism; convent schools are sprinkled all over the islands, etc., etc. Some paragraphs of the article, however, we must quote:

> The church is the scene of constant activity. Every day there is Mass and hundreds attend; then, besides other services, there is a constant ringing for baptisms, weddings, funerals; and in between you will forever find kneeling figures engaged in private devotion. And again, in every home you will find a little apartment or corner set off as a shrine; and every night from eight to ten the air is vocal with the chanted devotions

of the numerous families, where the voices of old and young join in quaint, quavering chants and tones, learned probably three centuries ago. Throughout there are frequent processions; and it is a common sight to behold a couple of thousand of men and women kneeling on the sod as they are making the Stations of the Cross upon the spacious plaza. Men and women march in separate bands. The men bear images of Christ the Cross-Bearer, the crucifix of Good Friday, and images of the saints; the women bearing the Virgin and images as of Mary Magdalena, and Mary the cousin of the Virgin. All are splendidly attired in robes stiff with elaborate and expensive native embroidery. The expression of every man and woman is of earnestness and reverence....

How far this is tinged with superstition I can not say. I do know, from conversation with men and maturer boys, that they have an intelligent understanding of theological concepts: the Incarnation, Redemption, the divine and human natures of Christ, the Holy Spirit, resurrection, judgment; the significance of the sacraments, etc. I also judge, from what I can observe, that religion powerfully affects their private life in the direction of morality, especially as regards purity, and honesty in their business transactions. (Remember I am now speaking of the native village, as yet untouched and unimpressed with the influence of civilization and Christianity imported by our new American arrivals.) Profanity there is none, and men take off their hats when they pass a cross or a church door, or meet a funeral procession.

It is little wonder that most of the scouts sent over to Manila by the sects have reported that the prospects of Protestantism are poor. Dr. Swift thinks a more reasonable course would be to invite Filipino missionaries to come over and convert us! Shall America bring them her contemptuous unbelief and her vices and religious dissensions? asks this Protestant chaplain.

Shall we disturb them? Shall we tell them that Spain's mission to them was a usurpation; that they are mistaken; that they must learn all over again? And shall a hundred denominations pouring in introduce to them the blessings of sectarianism and of the unhappy divisions of Christendom—the source among ourselves of so much indifference and contempt for religion, or of absolute and despairing unbelief? I am firmly convinced that, while the denominations may do what they will, we should have no part, no intruding here, any more than we should parcel out Italy, Spain and Portugal into dioceses, and send to them a band of schismatical Anglican bishops. Nay, we can learn from this people more of native and active faith than we can give to them. In their churches is no distinction between rich and poor. Their kneeling multitudes will shame our congregations, where often he or she who kneels is a gazing-stock. Their church-going contrasts with our home-staying, or shouting frequenters of Sunday games and races. Their family altars—shall we display the secrets of our family devotions, conspicuous in their rarity? Their reverence will show well beside our profane uses of the sacred names of God and Jesus. There is so much here that should make us humble. I have heard our own soldiers speak of it many times.

A charge often made against the Filipino is that he is hopelessly lazy and improvident. Dr. Swift writes in quite another way:

The people are industrious. You would not suspect it as, riding mile after mile through the ranges of huts, you see men, women and children lolling and sleeping about their abodes. But this is only from nine or ten till about three or four. Environment is a great educator. The sounds of labor begin as early as four in the morning; and there is threshing, digging, spinning, weaving, and so on, till the sun climbs well up, and then follows a long rest and siesta. With the sinking of the sun toward the west the activities begin again, and one can hear the dull sounds of work until nine o'clock at night. I should judge that eight hours a day are spent in active industries

We are grateful to the Rev. Mr. Swift for his valuable contribution to the literature of the Philippine question. Such articles as his make one regret all the more that the bulk of the members of the A. P. A. do not know how to read. When one remembers that Americans have imported nothing into the Philippines but their vices, and that the public libraries of Manila are already stocked with anti-Catholic and immoral books—a soldier has written this in a private letter,—one can not but pity the Filipino whose contemptuous rejection of American "civilization," as it is presented to him, would alone suffice to prove him fit for self-government,—fitter than his conquerors.

Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The Angel of Life winds them up once for all, then closes the case and gives the key into the hand of the Angel of the Resurrection.—*O. W. Holmes.*

Notes and Remarks.

If those who complain of the cost of supporting parochial schools were to examine many of the text-books prepared for the use of pupils in public schools, and were to hear the monstrous opinions on religious subjects often expressed by teachers, the burden laid upon Catholic parishes would seem altogether bearable. Think of a "schoolmarm" in Massachusetts (an "instructor in history") who told her class that Our Lord had "ten brothers and sisters"; and the school committee praised her capability and efficiency! Children naturally look up to their teachers as prodigies of learning, and regard with awe the members of the school committee. It is impossible to correct on Sunday all the wrong impressions received during five other days. The faith is the most precious of gifts, and it ought not to be exposed to the danger of lessening or loss at the hands of teachers whose bigotry and ignorance only mature minds are capable of comprehending. Broadly speaking, it is simply exposing a child to the danger of losing his faith to send him to a public school.

The sad death of the King of Italy, cut down by the hand of an assassin without a moment's warning, gives new emphasis to a lesson as old as human history. As a mere matter of policy, and apart from all question of conviction, the rulers of nations ought to be the staunchest friends of religion. The forces of anarchy and revolution are growing strong under the very eyes of kings; and these forces are recruited not only from the ignorant and criminal classes, but from among men and women who talk smoothly and read much. Education, popularly so called, has not kept these people out of the anarchist camp; religion alone, by teaching the sacredness of human life, the respect and obedience due to authority, and, above all, by holding out to the poor and the oppressed the hope of a future life in which the seeming wrongs of this life will be righted,—religion alone can prevent the spread of anarchy. For years the Italian government has been at war with religion, and has pointed out this great conservative force as the enemy of popular liberty; to-day Italy shudders on the brink of a cataclysm. And when the younger generation, the product of purely secular schools, appears on the scene of action, worse things will be.

Judging from the daily papers, one would suppose that emissaries of the sects in China outnumber Catholic missionaries ten to one, whereas the contrary is the case. During the present reign of terror at least three bishops, several priests and nuns, and a large number of native Christians are known to have been put to death. At Hen-Sien-Fu alone six hundred converts were massacred. The tortures inflicted by the infuriated pagans are too horrible to be described. One valiant Christian, who resisted all inducements to apostasy, had his ears cut off, and finally, after being tortured for four days, expired. Another convert was first stabbed and then burned whilst still alive. The soil of China is saturated with the blood of Catholic missionaries.

Not a week passes in which the need of a Catholic daily newspaper is not emphasized in some way or other.

Further information regarding the Rev. Dr. Krogh-Tonning, the Lutheran divine whose conversion we chronicled in a recent issue, is supplied by a friend of the convert, another Lutheran pastor who preceded him into the Church. Dr. Krogh-Tonning is fifty-seven years old,

and has long been esteemed as the leading Protestant theologian of the Northern Nations. About twenty years ago his studies began to bear him toward the Catholic position, and the publication of his views stood in the way of his advancement in the Lutheran body. He has, however, been a prominent pastor in Christiania; and his treatise on dogmatic theology in five volumes is described by his fellow-convert as "the greatest work ever published on the subject in Danish or Norwegian." The position resigned by Dr. Krogh-Tonning was "one of the most remunerative in the land,"—a fact which puts it out of the power of malicious critics to charge him with insincerity. His favorite prayer was: "O Lord, teach us to know Thy will in truth, to do Thy will in sincerity, and to follow Thy will in obedience!"

As a remarkable instance of what can be done by the whole-hearted zeal of a few devoted men in a good cause, the Rev. Father Norris, of the Edgbaston Oratory, cites the English Catholic Truth Society. Any one who is familiar with the work of this admirable organization must admit that the instance is indeed a remarkable one. We echo Father Norris' prayer for the Society: "Long may it live and flourish to continue the great work it is already so successfully doing!"

A correspondent in Havana who has been there two years or more assures us that Cubans now regard Americans pretty much as they did the Spaniards. And it must be admitted, he adds, that there is good reason for the change in public sentiment. Our country has been ill represented in Cuba. Another correspondent, writing to two of our Eastern exchanges, observes that in an enormous procession, in which thirty thousand Cubans "walked," no American flags were carried,—a symptom now noticed for the first time. But there were Cuban banners and transparencies bearing the legend: "Gratitude for Americans, and Cuba for Cubans." The promise of independence for Cuba recently made by the Republican party came none too soon.

It is gratifying to learn, however, that the example of many fervent Catholics from this country has exerted the most beneficial influence over indifferent members of the Church in Havana and elsewhere. One well-known parish priest is said to have declared that a blessed change has come over his people since the advent of so many practical Catholics from the United States. Their fervor and reverence seem to have roused the same qualities in the easy-going Cubans.

There was a time when Catholic writers alone cried aloud against what is termed "higher criticism" and the pretensions of pseudo-science, but of late there is a marked tendency among purely secular penmen to speak disrespectfully of these various forms of mental distemper. In the Philadelphia *Evening Post*, Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, the southern writer who created the delicious "Uncle Remus" and his friends "Brer Fox" and "Brer Rabbit," writes thus:

> It is becoming more and more difficult to take the investigations of "modern science" seriously. The very term has lost its happy significance. Formerly, and not so very long ago, when the word "science" was employed, it had a real meaning. It was used to describe the results of long and patient investigation; it was something the mind could lay hands upon, as it were. But in these latter days it stands for countless theories and innumerable suggestions and predictions. The man who claims to be a scientist needs no credentials. A line in a newspaper makes him "well-known" or "prominent," as the case may be. He has only to add to his natural gifts the imagination of a reporter.
>
> The intelligent reader is no doubt familiar with the fate which the Scripture has met at the hands

of modern theologians. In the name of "scientific criticism" (sometimes called "the higher criticism" in order to protect it from the attacks of the vulgar crowd), the Bible has been demolished. Men who are prominent in the pulpit have submitted both their faith and their reason to the conclusions of this "higher criticism,"—conclusions which are based on suppositions, theories, suggestions and deductions.

The German theorizers who have put these deductions forward, modestly call themselves "scientists"; consequently their criticism of the Bible is necessarily "scientific." And a great many people are ready to fall in with the deductions and theories of the enemies of the Bible simply because the latter have put a tag on their productions and labelled them "scientific."

Well, these investigators have just as much right to the tag and label as the venders of patent medicines, who are all the time invoking the name of "science" in behalf of their wares. The right is the same in both cases, and perhaps in both the employment of the term is calculated to deceive a certain portion of the public; but thoughtful people are not misled by labels which the real scientists of the age—the men who know enough to be able to approach the Unknowable with real humility—would repudiate with scorn.

If the world were more Christian than it is, it would have been more shocked than it was at the address of Kaiser William to the departing troops at Bremerhaven,—the press and pulpits of Christendom would have rung with denunciation and rebuke. He is reported to have spoken—and we have seen no denial of it—as follows:

If you close with the enemy remember this: spare nobody. Make no prisoners. Use your weapons so that for a thousand years hence no Chinaman will dare look askance at any German. Open the way for civilization once for all.

Could anything be more savage and unchristian than this? But it is generally regarded as "a blazing indiscretion"; and in diplomatic circles, where men speak cautiously, it is only said that "the Emperor went beyond necessity or prudence." But it is easy to judge what will be the effect of that horrible speech on the infuriated Chinese. It will inevitably confirm the inflammatory averment of the Boxers that the plan of Europeans is to massacre all Chinamen and take away their nation. If an extra amount of foreign blood should be shed before Peking falls, Emperor William ought to feel that he will be in some measure responsible for it.

A religious census has been taken up in the city of Manchester, England, with results surprisingly like those yielded by the census of Philadelphia. Thirteen thousand families were visited, and of these one-fourth proved to be non-church-goers, though their children were regularly sent to Sunday-school. Their attitude represented indifference rather than hostility to religion. Only three men could be found in the city who were willing to be registered as atheists.

It is regrettable that religious statistics are to be excluded from the great decennial census of our nation. As a rule, people do not consider questions regarding their religious belief one-half so odious as some other matters about which the census-man is curious. And sociologists, as well as students of religion, are interested in the statistics of this subject.

If Senator Hanna is the clear-sighted and the all-powerful manager he is said to be, he will not long delay the repeal of the odious marriage law enacted in Cuba,—a law which recognizes no marriage as valid unless performed by a civil officer. Politicians do not usually enjoy the introduction of religious issues into a campaign; yet President McKinley, with incredible fatuity, is permitting his administration to be coupled in the popular mind with an infamous anti-Catholic law in Cuba. There are over a million Catholic voters in the United States, and if President McKinley doesn't repeal the Cuban marriage legislation this year, President Bryan may repeal it next year.



A Pledge of Love.

O MOTHER MARY! glad our hearts
As we love's tribute pay,
And sing thy glory on this feast—
Thy coronation day.

O Mother, Queen of heaven's court!
For thy strong help we pray,
That we may nearer be to thee
Each coronation day.

O Mother! in the dread last hour,
When Death our feet shall stay,
Smile thou on us and we shall know
Our coronation day.

For, Mother, since the lilies bloomed
Where thy dear form once lay,
Thy children keep as pledge of love
Thy coronation day.

Myles' Mischief.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XIV.—The Turk's Treasures.

BACK again in their prison—as Myles and Ben now felt this luxurious room to be,—and utterly overcome by all they had seen and heard, they sank down despairingly upon the sofa; indeed it must be admitted that if they did not cry outright, they had at least to choke down a sob. It was at this moment that they were suddenly startled by a voice, quite near them—a voice they at once recognized:

"The mister boys have some fear?"

It was the Turk who stood before them, a cold, cruel smile replacing that obsequious grin which had previously been apparent upon his face. He seemed particularly pleased to find them so overcome by grief and terror.

"The leetle mister boys have my ship seen? Nice enough ship; big too. Dear to me is she; and if one word I say she go, and the leetle mister boys go too."

A feeling of awful dread seized both his hearers at these words, so sneeringly uttered; for they voiced the fear which had been haunting them throughout those terrible hours. Myles and Ben felt utterly incapable of answering him; and the man presently began to change his tone, having succeeded in thoroughly frightening the two lads by all that they had witnessed and by his vague threats of carrying them off. He drew aside the gorgeous drapery of the window and showed them the sky, now gradually clearing and softening into indescribable harmonies of color.

"A big storm has there been," he said. "Lightnings, and big lightnings too."

The light showed the swarthy and repulsive countenance of the speaker as he regarded the sky, smiling and nodding mysteriously. Then he turned to Myles and Ben, saying with something of his former manner:

"I have an eye: I not blind. Know storm will come, most sure. Take not my good boys in leetle ship. Storm go, take leetle misters in boat."

The flash of joy that lit up Myles' face was reflected in Ben's. Could it be possible that this man meant, after all, to deal fairly and to let them return to their homes? Or was he only playing with their fears?

"We want to get home just as soon as we can," said Myles, boldly looking him in the face.

"Yes, yes!" answered the Turk, with an indescribable pronunciation of the monosyllable. "And so we waste the

time. You see plenty nice things; then you go away, if—"

He raised his finger with a strange gesture of command or warning.

The macaw began now to take note of what was passing, as the clearing of the atmosphere aroused it from its lethargy. It screamed ferociously at the boys, but instantly subsided when its master addressed it, and put down its feathery head to be scratched by the rough, beringed fingers.

The captain having touched a spring hidden under the draperies, the latter entirely disappeared, and a handsome and cheerful saloon was displayed to the boys' eyes,—decorated, as the smaller apartment had been, with many and variegated coloring; while upon tables, chairs, and even upon the locker were strewn objects of all sorts—rich stuffs of wonderful dyes, boxes of sandal-wood, ivory and filigree work, vases, plates, and quaint figures; some representing hideous idols, ladies in frocks of delicate pink and white, gold-tipped; or gentlemen in quaint coats and cravats of olden fashion. There were any number of toys, seemingly from every country; and snuff-boxes, caskets, daggers, shields and belts of forms indescribable.

It was as if the treasures of a museum had been suddenly spread out before the inexperienced eyes of the two lads. They stood still, in utter astonishment. Visions of the Eastern bazaars of which he had read flashed into the mind of Ben, and he would hardly have been surprised to see Alibaba himself, Aladdin or the Three Calenders appearing in that wonderful chamber. In one corner of it a metal chafing-dish burned brightly upon a tripod, and sent forth that strange aromatic odor which the boys had previously perceived.

The Turk noted the lads' amazement with satisfaction, gazing around himself and saying with a boastful air:

"Plenty nice tings; yes, very much nice tings."

As he spoke he touched a panel in the wall, which, springing aside, showed cupboards stored with other precious treasures—objects in gold and silver, in lapis-lazuli and malachite, in porphyry and alabaster, with jewels innumerable. Whether these were real or false, the boys could not determine. They were just as dazzling to their eyes.

The Turk touched the spring of a casket and displayed a jewelled bird, deftly fashioned in gold, with rubies for eyes, and emeralds glittering in its tail.

"It is of a much vast price," the man said,—"of no price. It is the huma, the bird of forever living. It has been the pride of an emperor."

Hearing this, the boys regarded it with curiosity and even awe.

"I go for sell to your big rich ones," said the Turk.

"How much will you get for it?" asked Myles, who began to feel tolerably confident again.

"Oh, much—very much!" answered the man, evasively.

"I wonder where he got it?" Ben whispered to Myles. "He must have hooked it."

The captain, still rooting among his treasures with the fierce joy of a miser counting gold, did not, of course, hear this observation.

"Do you think so?" inquired Myles, shocked. He had much the same horror of a thief that he had of a murderer.

Then the Turk seemed to fall into a species of reverie, dropping broken phrases which showed that his mind was far off in Indian temples, in Oriental palaces, in secret mines. Suddenly he roused himself and closed the treasure-house with a sharp spring.

"The mister boys will feed," he said; which was indeed joyful news, though they had for a while forgotten their

hunger in the wonders of this dreamlike ship. They passed into a cabin close at hand, which had a curious resemblance to a bit of tropical forest, so numerous were the plants and flowers there,—flaming scarlet, royal purple or gold. And here at the dinner table sat the same strange figure they had before encountered—the orang-outang, which the captain affectionately saluted as "My Osman Effendi."

Osman arose at once and bowed with a ceremonious gravity before each of the three; then it pulled out the chairs from the table and invited them to be seated. It quietly took a fourth chair and began to help itself to some of the viands, which were brought in swiftly and noiselessly by the Turk who had accompanied Ben and Myles in their tour of the ship. The orang-outang still distinguished Myles by its attentions, seizing choice fruits from the pile in the centre of the board and thrusting them into his hand; while to Ben it offered nothing. The hungry boys, needless to say, enjoyed that repast,—a smoking stew of most savory flavor, fresh and succulent vegetables that seemed as if they had been gathered that morning. And this course was followed by rich and luscious sweetmeats and fruits, which Ben, from his reading, knew by name, and Myles not at all. They saw for the first time the delicate pink flush of the pomegranate, and ate apricots and mangoes, green figs and dates, such as New York venders never display to their customers.

The boys' spirits rose considerably after this, and they began to think the Turk was not so bad, after all; but rather like those genii of old tales who could make wonderful things spring out of the earth almost by a wave of their hand. Once or twice a recollection of the pale-faced boy in the forecastle occurred to Myles, damping his pleasure and renewing his uneasiness; but he tried to put it aside, comforting himself with the resolution that he would put in a good word for that wretched little fellow before parting with the Turk.

Osman Effendi kept the lads in a state of perpetual amusement throughout the meal. Not only did it raise to its lips a glass containing some sweet cordial, drinking with evident relish, but it used a knife and fork, wiped its mouth with a napkin, and helped itself to fruit and sweetmeats with the air of a connoisseur. Once or twice, when the Turk who was in attendance moved these things out of its reach, it turned upon him with angry remonstrance and cuffed him several times about the head and face, at which its master laughed heartily. Once, when Myles was taking a drink of water, Osman seized its own glass and touched it to that of the boy, as one who would drink his health; which caused the boy nearly to choke from laughter.

At the conclusion of the meal the ape placed a chair in front of a small cupboard which hung upon the wall, and, mounting, turned the key, opened the door and brought forth cigarettes. Myles was literally compelled to accept one, though smoking was an accomplishment he had not yet learned; and the animal seemed vexed that he did not at once light it and begin to smoke.

"No, no, my Osman!" said the master, soothingly. "Leetle mister boy he not smoke. You smoke, me smoke."

The orang-outang, seeming to understand, desisted from its attempt to turn Myles into a smoker. Instead, it lighted its master's cigarette, and, returning to the end of the table, sat down, with the funniest imitation of a man smoking, and began to puff away at its cigarette.

When this stage in the repast was reached, the Turk began to unfold his design, which was that the boys should

assist him in conveying to the shore and placing in the hands of certain dealers the goods which they had seen—or at least such portion of them as might be marketable. He told a very plausible story, which, to the mind of Myles at least, was satisfactory. On account of his Turkish dress, he said, he met with great obstacles in the way of business; and it was essential for him to employ good, honest American boys who would do all that was necessary for him. As to the dealers, they were already prepared to receive the goods, and no difficulties need be expected from them.

The irregularity of these proceedings did occur to the more astute mind of Ben. Why did not this man enter his goods, as did other foreign merchants, at the customs? Or why did not the dealers send down their clerks to receive them? It was plain that it was because they feared to be involved in something which was illegal. Now, though Ben perceived all this, and became tolerably well convinced that the Turk was neither more nor less than a smuggler, he was what is commonly known as long-headed. He did not in any way let the captain know that he suspected him; and he also thought it best to keep his knowledge from Myles, who, in his honest indignation, might blurt out the truth and refuse to have anything to do with these nefarious concerns.

Once they got to shore, Ben was sure that they could make their escape from the smuggler. He knew intuitively that if they were to refuse what was asked, they would most probably share the fate of that hapless lad whom they had seen in the forecastle; for the Turk made it quite evident that he would not allow them to depart until they had consented to assist him. Once they had consigned the goods to the dealers, he cared little what course of action they pursued; for he would simply leave this port behind him for a time and take his vessel beyond all reach of accident.

Ben felt that the horrors of which they had been given a glimpse was with a view to frighten them into subjection. He wondered to himself, as he sat and listened, if, even though they consented to the scheme and transported the goods to their destination, this treacherous Turk might not strive to lure them on board again and sail away; keeping them, with the dangerous knowledge they had acquired, close prisoners. He was also puzzled over the fact that the Turk seemed to place full confidence in their honesty.

Fortunately for their present safety, Myles seemed deeply interested in the Turk's projects, especially as that wily personage insinuated that the boys' efforts on his behalf should not go unrewarded. He asked him questions and nodded approval, with the air of a veteran business man. It is true the captain occasionally turned his dark eyes upon Ben with a slight expression of distrust. He did not like the lad's silence; but Ben, perceiving this, roused himself to make some observation or to assent to some proposal, and so lulled suspicion. The Turk at last suggested that they should take some rest, and that early in the morning they should embark on the sloop, which would be already loaded, and which would land them at James' Slip.

Their minds being now quite at ease—for even Ben knew that it was to the Turk's interest to send them ashore,—they shook hands with Osman Effendi, who accompanied them effusively to the door; and, having bade their singular host good-night, they went to sleep in their former quarters, where couches had been prepared. In his prayers Ben made a special petition for their safe deliverance from the hands of this unscrupulous trader; but Myles was

quite confident and hopeful, telling his companion that he intended to say a word or two in favor of the boy in the forecastle. Ben advised him to say nothing until they were safe ashore themselves.

Next morning they were astir early, and were presently on board the sloop with very joyful hearts indeed. The bay after the storm was more glorious than ever, as if sea and sky and the very elements themselves would have made amends for their late hostility to one another and to humanity. The water proved its present harmony with the sky by mirroring its deep blue; and the waves which had lately raged so angrily on its surface rippled gently now, following each other, as do the years, with noiseless footfall. The wind, which had howled and raged and penetrated everywhere in its fury, had subsided into a soft breeze, gently fanning, mildly invigorating. There was an air of deep joyousness over all, as if Nature herself were glad that the storm was over.

Myles talked on,—now to the Turk, now to Ben; though neither was very responsive. The former was anxious as to the success of his new venture, and he more than once uneasily warned the boys of the necessity of holding their tongues about all that they had seen and heard.

"The robbers will come," he repeated over and over; "they will come for get my nice tings."

It was, in truth, not the robbers, but the catchers of robbers, that he feared.

"Oh, we'll be careful!" said Myles,—"now that you're acting right with us. We won't do you any harm, if we can help it; will we, Ben?"

"Of course not," said Ben, somewhat dryly. "We'll do as we're done by."

He caught the old fox's eye as he spoke, and they regarded each other with a look that was not quite friendly. It dawned on the foreigner that this lad suspected. He would find out, if possible; and in any case he would watch him closely. It was against his nature to trust any one as he had been compelled to trust these lads; he resolved that if it were possible to get them into his power after they had performed his commission, then indeed he would take them so far away that their knowledge of his affairs could not be dangerous.

(To be continued.)

The Story of St. Francis.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

IX.

Without a thought of founding an Order, Francis set forth the gospel of penitence, until men, inflamed like himself with a holy fever, left all and followed where he led. He was like a magnet. Those who heard him were drawn to him as the sunflower turns to the sun; and many, beginning by loving him, learned soon to love God. "Peace be with you!"—these were the words with which he always began his exhortations. There was great need of peace, both outward and inward. All over the earth there was stormy war, and in men's hearts were strife and unrest.

Soon this preaching bore other fruit. Those who heard Francis wished to be like him, to follow him, to be as he was—poor for the love of God. The first of these was a boy, of whom we know little except that he loved the saint and followed him about, listening to him, happy if one glance of those earnest eyes fell upon him. We do not even know his name. He flits like a spirit through the pages of the old records, and is then heard of no more. This first companion of St. Francis never wore the habit. Perhaps he died while yet a lad, but it is sweet to think of him.

It is impossible to tell the story of the founder of the Franciscans without some mention of the little family that gathered about him. The one who next after the nameless child heard and listened to the divine call was a rich citizen of Assisi, grave, dignified and learned—Bernard by name,—one of the last persons whom we would suspect of being guilty of what is called fanaticism. He was not one who depended on hearsay: he believed in Francis, but his cautious nature made him wish to be sure beyond all doubt. He hit upon a singular plan. He asked the young enthusiast to spend the night at his house, and pretended to be asleep so that he might the better watch his guest, who passed the long night weeping and saying, "My God! my God!" Bernard hesitated no longer. His wealth seemed mere dross. He wished to cast it aside at once, and follow in the footsteps of this man. This desire he confided to Francis, who said:

"To-morrow we will go to the church and see what the Gospel tells us."

They went the next day; and with them Peter, another whose soul was stirred. With simple faith Francis knelt before the altar and three times opened the missal. At first he read: "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven." Then, opening the book again: "Take nothing for your journey." And still a third time: "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself."

"Brethren," said Francis, "this is our life and our rule, as it shall be of those who may join us."

Thus was the Order of St. Francis established, and its way made plain; though these simple men did not guess what a great event had taken place.

Bernard promptly gave his heart and efforts to the cause that had won him; his possessions he gave to the poor. Peter, in his turn, renounced the little that he called his own; and one more humble hut found place close beside the Church of Our Lady of the Angels.

A week later there was another recruit for this army of the Lord. A gentle young man of Assisi, Egidius by name, heard of this new movement, and his earnest soul turned with longing toward this Francis of whom so many were talking. But he knew not where to find him, and begged of Heaven to give him a sign. Seeking the home of the strange new family, and coming to a spot where the roads diverged, he saw Francis with face set his way.

"Take me, my brother!" he said; and Francis embraced him, led him to his companions and gave him the brown habit, by that time settled upon as the dress of the little band, then so weak and small and with future so uncertain.

As they were going to Assisi for the cloth they met a poor woman, who asked alms for the love of God. Francis, with a look on his face as if he had been an angel, said to Egidius: "Give her your cloak, my brother." And Egidius obeyed so gladly that to Francis both alms and friend seemed to fly toward Heaven.

X.

So now there were four young men at the little home at the Portiuncula, who so far had settled only upon one thing—they would be poor and serve God. Francis, however, with dim foreknowledge as to his future, began to turn his thoughts toward the world. It would have been easier to stay in the calm silence which had grown so dear, but now he had even less wish than before that things should be made easy.

"It is not for our own salvation alone that we must work: God has something else for us to do," he said to the others.

"We are ready," they answered, as confidingly as little children; and then began their first apostolic journey.

They set out in pairs, Francis and Egidius together. When Francis would tell the people to repent and forsake their sins, Egidius would urge: "Do what my brother tells you. What he says is best for you." Egidius had, like his leader, the "grace of joy"; and so the two wandered on together.

After they returned to Assisi others joined them until they were eight. One thing Francis had resolved upon: they must beg their bread from door to door. The disciples of poverty must begin by showing their true colors. They were laughed at, of course.

"You are fine fellows, indeed!" their townsmen would say. "You give away your own property and ask for ours!"

Even the Bishop, always so kind, had a gentle rebuke.

"It does not seem necessary," he said, "to give up everything."

"Possessions cause war and enmity," answered the meek Francis. "We will not have them."

We must remember that those were days in Italy when men had to fight for all they would keep. Even the religious orders were, in a way, influenced by the feudal system. But Francis, seeing the danger, kept out of it. He would have nothing to do with money or with what money represented. If so gentle a soul could be said to hate anything but sin, he hated money. He could not bear to feel it in his palm.

About this time he had one of his visions, in which he saw people of all nations hastening to enrol themselves under the banner of poverty; and with this he cheered his companions and bade them bravely go forth and preach. He sent them in pairs, instructing them to be patient and modest, and not to cease to pray. And so they went, being often mocked at and more often disbelieved in. And this was the second apostolic journey.

When their number reached twelve it seemed necessary to set up some rule of life. It was, when settled upon, the rule of other religious communities, with the further addition that the poverty was to be absolute. Other orders might own lands and treasure: theirs could possess nothing; others might provide for the morrow: these poor men were to trust God for daily food. Another feature of the rule was that it sent its members out to help and save men. It would have been easier to stay in the peace of a settled home, with herds upon the hills, grapes ripening in the sun, and bells calling to the sweet offices of the Church; but the slender hand of Francis pointed another way.

These religious called themselves the Frati Minores (Lesser Brothers); and when the rule was determined upon, they went to Rome to ask the approval of the Sovereign Pontiff. This was not necessary, but they wished to go; and so set out, without provisions,—a dozen barefoot enthusiasts, with good Brother Bernard for leader.

The Pope, Innocent III., was deep in some important problem of Church or State when a poor man, dressed like the humblest shepherd, stood before him. This was contrary to all etiquette and very disturbing, so his Holiness naturally refused to listen. That night he had a dream, in which he saw a little palm-branch become a fine tree; and he was convinced that the palm typified the ill-dressed man he had sent away. The next interview was very different; and Francis and his little band left Rome fortified with the Pope's blessing and armed with his approbation, singing and thanking God.

(To be continued.)

With Authors and Publishers.

—All the direct descendants of the poet Byron—two families representing the fourth generation—are Catholics. Lord Byron, like many others who have died outside the Church, considered Catholicity the best thing in the world for those dear to him.

—In the "Dictionary of National [English] Biography" which, as we have already noted, contains almost thirty thousand names, the name Smith occurs oftenest, as might be expected. One hundred and ninety-five Smiths have been found worthy of a place! The Joneses appear 132 times; the Browns, 102. But the Robinsons—

—It is said that when Lingard's "History of England" appeared, Charles Kingsley—the same whom Newman silenced—complained because Lingard had been granted access to archives which "he used to traduce the blessed Reformation." This illiberal spirit, now happily extinct among real scholars, explains the character of the rubbish that has hitherto passed current among Protestants as history.

—Those who prefer the Psalter as a manual of praise and thanksgiving will be pleased with a booklet compiled by B. S. A. Warner, entitled "Praise and Adoration." It is taken exclusively from the Psalms and other portions of Holy Scripture. As an aid to devout worship after Holy Communion and in hours of adoration before the Blessed Sacrament, this manual could hardly be excelled. It is neatly published by R. and T. Washbourne.

—The Peking *Gazette* is said to be seven hundred years old, and therefore much the oldest newspaper in the world. All the other journals in China are published in the treaty ports, the editors being secure from prosecution only when under the protection of influential foreigners. Many newspapers employ foreigners as "dummy" editors to prevent police interference; for official corruption in China is said to be beyond all imagination, and Chinese boodlers are not more fond of exposure than boodlers elsewhere.

—It is a common and unaccountable delusion of really sane persons to imagine themselves possessed of poetic genius, which is a very rare gift. Even born poets are born in leap-year,—there are not one-fourth as many of them as people suppose, though poetasters are plentiful. Oliver Wendell Holmes once wrote to a literary aspirant: "Poor sensibility and an ear for rhyme and rhythm are very common gifts, and are constantly mistaken for poetic genius by those who possess them and their friends. . . . Of the hundreds of thousands of poems that are written by our educated and intelligent ladies very few are marketable or remembered a week after they are published." The real reason that the manuscripts of such writers are returned to them, he declares, is that "new writers match themselves against those who have proved their superiority. It is just like a village baseball club challenging the Bostons."

—The wonders wrought at Lourdes are now attracting so much attention that medical and scientific scholars often apply to us for books treating of the extraordinary cures wrought at the far-famed shrine. We recommend the work written by Dr. Boissarie, who spent several years as a member of the Medical Bureau engaged in verifying the supernatural character of the cures effected at the famous Grotto. He tells of the prodigies which defied any purely natural explanation that could be advanced by himself or his hundred expert colleagues. Commenting on the marvels of electricity and hypnotism, he says:

> The nineteenth century at its close is accepting ideas and manifestations of the mysterious which, at its beginning, it would have relegated to the domain of the impossible. But the miraculous cures at Lourdes raise our thoughts into far higher regions than do natural scientific phenomena, while they present to the mind questions no more difficult of solution. It is true that to interpret these cures we must rise above the laws that govern matter. But the conception of the universe and the harmonies of the world raise equally insoluble questions; and, as M. Pasteur has remarked, "there is in the bare notion of the Infinite more of the supernatural than in all the miracles that have ever been effected."

—"Christ, the Man-God, Our Redeemer," by the Rev. J. F. X. O'Conor, S. J., impresses one as a set of five rather hastily prepared discourses on the Saviour of the world. The author says in his preface: "There are some who have never had placed before them briefly the whole character of the Divine Being who is at the same time God in all the fulness of the divinity, and Man in all the perfection of human nature. These pages present Him as He is known to be by Catholic tradition, Catholic teaching and theology." Since Father O'Conor allows himself only eighty-seven pages in which to carry out this rather ambitious plan, it is not surprising that some of the chapters should seem somewhat hurried and indefinite. There is room for a good book on the subject Father O'Conor has chosen, and we hope he may soon

have the leisure to revise this little work so as to give it amplitude amd effectiveness. B. Herder, publisher.

—The American Book Co. have added three new volumes to their series of Eclectic School Readings: "Stories of Ulysses," "The True Citizen," and "Discoverers and Explorers." All that young people will care to know about the siege of Troy and the adventures and misfortunes of Ulysses is excellently set forth by M. Clarke. The author of "The True Citizen," although a D.D., does not concern himself about divinity; however, he has produced a very good book for the pupils of godless schools. Mr. Edward R. Shaw, the author of "Discoverers and Explorers," is evidently more familiar with the works of Prescott than those of Bandelier, the master of the new school of historians. And yet, to quote Charles B. Lummis, a disciple of Bandelier, "no student dares longer refer to Prescott or Irving, or any of the class of which they were leaders, as authorities in history."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption. *W. H. Mallock.* $3.50.

The Flowing Tide. *Madame Belloc.* $1.60, *net.*

A Son of St. Francis. *Lady Amabel Kerr.* $1, *net.*

Poor Dear Ann. *The Prig.* 75 cts.

The Bible and its Interpreter. *Rev. P. H. Casey, S. J.* 50 cts.

The Gospel Story. *B. F. C. Costelloe.* $1.60, *net.*

Studies in Church History. Vol. VI. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* $2.50.

Meditations on the Psalms of the Little Office. *Peregrinus.—Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.* 75 cts., *net.*

Currita, Countess of Albornoz. *Luis Coloma.* $1.50.

The Knights of the Cross. Vol. II. *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* $1.

St. Jerome. *Father Largent.* $1.

A Journey with the Sun around the World. *Rev. William McMahon.* $1.50.

Studies in Poetry. *Thomas O'Hagan, M. A., Ph. D.* $1.

The Church of Christ the Same Forever. *Rev. D. McErlane, S. J.* 50 cts., *net.*

Christian Philosophy — God. *Rev. John T. Driscoll, S. T. L.* $1.25, *net.*

The Heiress of Cronenstein. *Countess Hahn-Hahn.* $1.25.

The Nursing Sister. $1.25.

Jack Hildreth on the Nile. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.

Holy Mass: A Morning Paradise. *Very Rev. R. O. Kennedy.* 5 cts.

Giovanni Baptista de Rossi. *Very Rev. T. J. Shahan, D. D.* 20 cts.

Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire. *Samuel Dill, M. A.* $2.

The Spirit of the Third Order of St. Francis. *Father Peter Baptist, O. F. M.* $1, *net.*

The Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau. *Mary Frances Drew.* 60 cts., *net.*

St. Francis of Sales. *A. De Margerie.* $1.

A Book of Spiritual Instruction. *Blosius.* 75 cts., *net.*

The People of Our Parish. *Lelia Hardin Bugg.* $1.

A Month's Meditations. *Cardinal Wiseman.* $1.10, *net.*

The Duchess of York's Page. *Mrs. William Maude.* 70 cts., *net.*

Essays, Educational and Historic. *A Member of the Order of Mercy.* $1.25, *net.*

Episodes of Catholic History. $1.

Meditations for Retreats. *St. Francis de Sales.* 75 cts., *net.*

The Acts and Decrees of the Synod of Jerusalem. *J. N. W. B. Robertson.* $1.60.

An Old Family. *Monsignor Seton.* $3.50.

The Catholic Creed; or, What do Catholics Believe? *Very Rev. Father J. Procter, S. T. L.* $1, *net.*

Leaves from St. Augustine. *Mary H. Allies.* $1.35, *net.*

Vespers and Compline. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* $1, *net.*

The Life of Father Haskins. $1.

The Room of the Rose. *Sara Trainer Smith.* $1.25.

Religion and Morality. *Rev. James J. Fox, S. T. D.* $2.

Oxford Conferences. *Raphael M. Moss.* 60 cts., *net.*

Passages in a Wandering Life. *Thomas Arnold.* $3.50.

The Biblical Treasury of the Catechism. *Rev. Thomas E. Cox.* $1.25.

Was Savonarola Really Excommunicated? *Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P.* 75 cts., *net.*

My New Curate. *Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P. P.* $1.50.

THE AVE MARIA

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Our Queen.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

A WOMAN in the fields of corn
Saw her arise—the Spotless One;
A woman, death-bereft, forlorn,
On whom a ray of glory shone.
"The Mother to her Son," she said,—
"The Mother to her Son!"

The lilies filled her lonely tomb,
As through the azure air she rose;
Her smile set all the earth abloom;
The orphan child forgot her woes.
"The Mother to her little one,—
The Mother to her Son!" she said.

A widowed man stood sadly by
As the Queen-Virgin rose in air.
"The spouse ascendeth to the sky
Unto her Spouse most fair;
She is the spouse of God," he said;
"She goes unto her Spouse!"

The hermit in his narrow cave
Saw her arise in blue and white.
"She stretches out her hands to save
All those that dwell in night;
She stretches out her hands," he said,—
"For me, her stainless hands."

The maiden waiting for her love
Saw the pure Queen among the clouds.
"She flies through space to Him above,—
Above the clamor of the crowds
That soil the earth; her Love is hers,—
Her Love is hers!" she said.

Rapt in the ecstasy of song,
The angels from high heaven lean;
Enoch, Elias, and the throng
Bend low in honor of their Queen.
"The way of sorrows led to this,"
Elias said,—"to this, to this!"

Mary Vaughan.

BY LADY ELIZABETH HERBERT.

MANY details of the lives of members of the Vaughan family have been given to the Catholic world. The life of Clare, originally written by her confessor, was enlarged and translated into English by her cousin, Lady Lovat; and a fresh edition has lately appeared in America. A sketch of her sister Gwladys also appeared in a well-known periodical. But nothing has yet been published as to Mary, the Mother Prioress of St. Augustine's Priory, Newton Abbot, whose life was, to the full, as edifying and supernatural as those of her sisters. She was the fourth daughter of Colonel John Francis Vaughan, of Courtfield, Herefordshire,—a family as illustrious for faith and piety as it is distinguished by birth and position. Out of thirteen children, ten renounced the world to consecrate themselves to the love and service of God.

Mary was born November 23, 1845, and was baptized in the Courtfield chapel three days after, under the names of "Mary Elizabeth Barbara," by the Rev. J. Dawson. She was a very delicate baby, but had been dedicated to Our Lady for seven years. Their old and faithful nurse used often to complain of the difficulty she had in keeping her in blue and white, especially when she

grew older. As a tiny child she had a habit of sucking her blanket till her mouth became quite sore, and her nurse could not cure her of it. At last she said to her: "You are dedicated to our Blessed Lady: why don't you say a 'Hail Mary' and ask her to stop your going on with such a foolish trick?" The little one did so, and never after that night resumed the habit.

With Mary, as also with her brothers and sisters, a most powerful influence over her future life was that of her holy and beautiful mother, who, by her loving example and tender piety, trained all her children in the fear and love of God. As Mary grew older, though full of life and spirits, she showed intense interest in all spiritual things, and had imbibed a deep love for the most holy Sacrament of the Altar. She was full of little holy ingenuities in the house: putting up holy-water stoups in all the bedrooms and filling them with holy water; then arranging little altars in the servants' rooms, where she used often to get them together to sing the Oratory hymns; taking the little ends of the wax candles out of the sacristy to light up the tiny altars, though they were hardly long enough to last out a hymn. She had a very sweet, strong voice, and trained the servants and school-children to sing in the church, which they did admirably. She was devoted to spiritual reading, and was always delighted when given a new book of meditations or the life of a saint.

Very early in life she talked of being a nun; but her brothers used to laugh at her and say she never would be one, as she was so fond of every kind of amusement and fun. She would answer them by saying: "Well, the more I enjoy everything, the more I shall have to give up,—the more I shall be able to do and bear and suffer for the love of God." She was beloved by the whole family and enjoyed every kind of out-of-door sport. To her brother Bernard (now the superior of the Jesuit Church of the Holy Name at Manchester) she was specially devoted; and it is much to be regretted that a few years ago he destroyed all her letters, which would have been most valuable for her biography.

On the 25th of January, 1853, came the great sorrow, not only of her life but of the lives of the whole family, in the unexpected death of their saint-like and beloved mother, which broke up the home altogether and destroyed its earthly happiness. The following year Colonel Vaughan went to the Crimea, sending his children in the meanwhile to Boulogne. Mary was then a little over nine years old. She made her First Communion on the 13th of March, 1855; but was taken seriously ill with scarlet fever and her life was despaired of. Her governess, Miss Pole, wrote on the 14th: "Dear little Mary is dangerously ill; she does not suffer much pain and looks like an angel. This morning she received the last Sacraments with full consciousness. Will you pray for her and get Canon Vaughan to do so? She sleeps constantly; wakes up only to say the prayer on her medal, smiles and goes to sleep again. I am writing by her bedside. Our only hope is in prayer." She had twenty-five Masses said for her recovery; and God accepted them and restored her to life, though she was very delicate for many months after.

It was not till Mary had attained her twentieth year that she obtained leave to follow her vocation, and entered on her postulancy on the 23d of November, 1865. Unbounded was her earnestness and desire to give herself wholly to God; but she was so delicate that it seemed scarcely possible that she could undergo the hardships of a religious life. However, her whole heart was set

upon it; and, co-operating with divine grace, she soon fell into the ways of the house, working very seriously to become worthy of her sublime vocation. She was greatly gifted both by nature and grace; and, being extremely sensitive, refined and enthusiastic, she keenly felt all the little contradictions and trials which such a disposition would necessarily undergo whilst striving to become a perfect religious. She never relented in her war against self and her natural tastes and inclinations; and God, who is never outdone in generosity, gave her in return many great and special graces. Her attraction was all for the hidden life, and she would have desired nothing more than to remain always before the tabernacle, burning as she was with an ever-increasing love of the "Victim of Love," whom she would call her "All."

Sister "Clare Magdalene" Vaughan received the novice's habit and her new name on the 12th of July, 1866. It was in the winter of that year that I first began to know her well. I had gone to Torquay with a delicate child, and used very often to go to St. Augustine's Priory to see her. Thus began an intimacy which ended only with her death. At that time Canon Agar was the chaplain and confessor of the community at St. Augustine's, and was a most holy man, taking the keenest interest in all the souls committed to his care. He was deeply interested in Mary Vaughan, and foretold great things for her in future,—"If only she lives!" he would sadly add. This good priest died in 1872, after having spent twenty years of his life at the Priory.

On the 16th of July, 1867, Sister Clare Magdalene was professed as a choir Sister, I being her godmother. The two daughters of Lady Herries were professed at the same time, and Lady Herries and I stayed at the convent in order to witness the double function.

For a few years after her profession, Sister Clare continued very tolerably well, most zealous in every duty, fervently fulfilling all choir offices, in which her loud, clear voice was invaluable; and still more rejoicing in the hour of perpetual adoration, which brought her still nearer to her Divine Spouse. But then her health began to fail. Three times she was taken with a very serious hemorrhage of the lungs; but, thanks to the goodness of Almighty God, the intercession of our Blessed Lady, and the special blessing of the Sovereign Pontiff Pius IX., she always recovered, to the astonishment of the medical men and of everyone around her. The months of convalescence which followed these attacks were almost wholly given to prayer and holy reading. But she loved community life, and resumed her duties the moment she was allowed to do so.

She naturally disliked needlework; but from a sense of duty gave herself to it, and succeeded admirably both in plain work and embroidery, and in the latter showed wonderful skill and taste. On one occasion there was a question of making a burse for a poor mission, and Sister Clare Magdalene said promptly: "Do you think I could do it? I should so like to try!" All was prepared—pattern traced, silks provided,—and under her skilful and artistic fingers the work was completed in an incredibly short time. Looking at it, she exclaimed: "Really! I do think it looks very nice; but not half good enough for Our Lord. Did you think I should succeed?" One of the Sisters answered: "Yes, because your heart was in it; and what you *will* so earnestly, you can always do." Her expression changed to one of pain and she said: "My heart in a bit of work! No: my heart is with Jesus,—always with Jesus in the tabernacle." To comfort her, the Sister rejoined: "But, after

all, this work was for Him!" At which she again brightened up and looked quite happy.

I have a beautiful little bit of her embroidery, which was a label to the key of the tabernacle in my chapel where our Blessed Lord was. Her devotion to the most Holy Sacrament of the Altar was intense. She had a wonderfully quick way of getting through the work of the office in which she was employed; but when finished, her one idea of rest was to go off to the Blessed Sacrament and remain at the feet of her Divine Spouse. Before and during the periods when she was not confined to the infirmary, she was always on the watch to supply the place of any Sister who might be unable to take her turn at adoration.

When the weather was very cold, she suffered intensely; but when one of the Sisters was sympathizing with her about it, she said: "Well, we must keep the fire *within* burning" (meaning the fire of divine love). "I am just going into the church, where Our Lord will warm both soul and body. Shall I give your heart to Him, too?"

She had great devotion to the Holy Scriptures, and would read a portion every day, besides that contained in the Mass and in the Office. She delighted also in the lives of the saints, and I have many letters from her full of gratitude for any fresh Life which came out, and which I hastened to send to her.

After the last serious illness she had before the one which proved fatal, she grew so stout and well as to be able to follow the rule in a great measure, and even to fast, so that the community hoped she was really cured. In 1881 the sub-prioress, through loss of memory and other infirmities, found herself obliged to resign the office; and, her resignation having been accepted, Sister Clare Magdalene was elected to take her place, to her own great wonder and surprise; for humility and a low opinion of herself were among her characteristics. Looking upon it, however, as the will of God, she devoted herself to her new duties with the utmost care and earnestness; and diligently studied the constitutions of the Order, which had undergone a revision a short time before.

She had been about a year and a half in this office, to the entire satisfaction of the whole community, when the time for the general elections became due, and Sister Clare Magdalene was chosen and canonically elected, at the first scrutiny of votes, as Mother Prioress. She accepted the will of God in this appointment with humble submission, saying in her heart the words of our Immaculate Mother, "*Ecce ancilla Domini. Fiat mihi secundum verbum tuum*"; and entered upon her new duties with the greatest courage, fervor and devotedness.

She proved a true mother to all her community and a model in all religious duties. She fasted and abstained the whole of Lent in the strictest fashion, and often watched night after night to spare her children, many of whom were suffering from influenza. Her tender care of each individual under her charge was shown in a thousand ways. One of the Sisters writes:

"I loved our dear Reverend Mother Clare Magdalene very much, and I feel I owe her a debt of gratitude which I never can repay for the loving sympathy and help which she gave me during a very trying period of my religious life. One day, when I was on my way to the community room for recreation, I met dear Mother coming from the church. She looked full of fervor and delight, and said to me, as we walked along together: 'We each and all have a work to do, haven't we?' And, turning toward the choir door leading to the church, she continued: 'And mine lies

there!' Another time, when I was in the infirmary and was going downstairs, feeling better, she met me and said: 'Let us see which of us will make most acts of the love of God.' I replied, laughing: 'I can tell that before we begin.'"

There are endless little memorandums kept by her children of short addresses written or spoken by her on different occasions,—all showing her intense desire that each one should participate in her burning love for their Heavenly Spouse. Here is an exhortation, scribbled on a bit of torn paper and put into a Sister's hand one Shrove Tuesday night, when going to take her watch from nine to eleven o'clock: "Dearest Sister, let us both love *immensely* to-night, for all the poor, miserable, worldly souls who so often are committing so much sin at this hour. Let us unite in consoling *Him*, our Spouse and our All."

Here is another, in answer to a little note of sympathy sent by one of her children when, by the doctor's orders, their loved Mother was having her teeth extracted. It is scribbled in pencil: "My darling child, your sweet little note did me so much good, and made me feel that you and I are one in mind, heart and soul, which is just what our holy Father wants us to be. I am feeling better this evening, though very done up all the morning. I did not sleep all night, and felt as if a cup of tea at six would have been refreshing. But my God and my All was far more so; so I struggled on to Holy Communion. About twelve more teeth will be taken out on Tuesday; but I must not distract you in your retreat. How wonderful Our Lord is in His love and care of each one of us! Let us show how grateful we are by being faithful to His most precious graces." This fragment is signed: "Your own devoted and loving mother, who loves you as her pet lamb."

(Conclusion next week.)

Dr. Martin's Wife.

VII.

DURING the interval between the death and funeral of Dr. Martin Bridget assumed the entire charge of the household. The Doctor and the faithful servant had always taken every care from the young wife's shoulders. She had seemed to them almost like a child; neither of them was aware of the energy which lay dormant in that slight frame.

It was Bridget who received the condolences of friends, quietly dismissing all visitors with the information that Mrs. Martin could see no one. It never occurred to her that there might be anything important in the letters which poured in; she reasoned that if they contained anything disquieting, so much the more could they wait. In this way it happened that the funeral had been over for some days before Bridget, thinking to arouse the mind of her mistress from the apathy which had followed her violent grief, quietly placed before her one morning the accumulated correspondence of the week.

One of the first envelopes on which her eye rested was that containing the cheque sent by Mr. Dunbar. It seemed to her the most brutal species of cruelty, serving to arouse anew the slumbering resentment she had striven so hard to control. Her promise to her dead husband was ever present to her mind. What he would have wished, what he would have done, was the rule by which she endeavored to guide herself. Without a word she restored the cheque to its envelope and returned it. She heard no more from the Dunbars, and her most fervent desire was to forget them.

Little by little she resumed her usual light household duties and occupations. Companionship she desired none save

that of her child, who at first spoke incessantly of his father. She evaded his questions, not wishing, as she thought, to sadden the innocent heart of the boy. But after a while he ceased to speak of him altogether, and then she would fain have kept his memory alive in that childish soul. To her surprise she could seldom retain his interest on the subject nearest her heart. Like a butterfly he would poise for a moment on the edge of her thought, and then his attention would flit away to the flowers, the clouds, the lake. Or as she sat holding his hand, telling him about something his father had said or had liked, the boy would suddenly start up, saying: "O mamma, I am so hungry! Perhaps Bridget has a little tart for me in the kitchen." Or, "I am tired sitting here, mamma. I want to run and play with my top."

"You take the child too serious, ma'am," said Bridget one day when the lady, sad and distraught, came to her with the complaint that the boy had forgotten his father. "Sure what is he but a baby? Not fou yet. How could you expect him to be remembering the father always in his little mind? And you couldn't have the heart, ma'am, to sadden the child with your moan. Come to Bridget when you'd like to talk about him that's gone. 'Tis here you'll find a ready ear and a warm heart at any hour of the day or night. Didn't I rock him in his cradle the same as I've done for the little fellow? But what's the use of saying what you knew before? Only don't mind worrying the boy. When he's of an age to understand, you can set before him his father's example; and 'twill be a great help to him, ma'am. 'Twill be like a picture always forninst his eyes. He's going to be the dead image of him too, ma'am. God grant he'll be like him in every way! Don't be expecting *too* great things of him now. I make bold to warn you,—he's only a baby."

"I know it," answered Mrs. Martin. "Yet, Bridget, I was just his age when my mother died. I grieved and grieved till my aunt thought I would die. I well remember going to a secluded spot in the garden, where I felt sure no one would find me, and lying face downward on the grass in an agony of sorrow. And at night I would awaken suddenly, realizing her loss. Bridget, I shudder now at the thought of that lonely little child."

"But you were a girl, ma'am; and girls are as different from boys as—as—well, I can't compare them at all. And your boy has his mother,—ah, ma'am, the mother is all the world to a child! He will hardly miss any one else. Don't forget that. Yourself had no one maybe."

"I had a kind and loving aunt," was the response.

"A hundred aunts isn't equal to one mother,—the right kind of a mother, I mean; though a hundred careless, selfish mothers wouldn't count with one good aunt, such as there does be seen and heard of at times. And when all is said, as I told you before, a boy isn't a girl, and you couldn't make him like one. From the cradle to the grave 'tis keeping worries out of their way and coaxing them we must be if we want to keep the men in a good humor."

Mrs. Martin sighed.

"My husband was not like that," she said, sorrowfully.

"No, he was not, ma'am," promptly answered the old woman. "If he was the same as the others, he'd have been alive this day. But the world can't be made up of martyrs."

"There are thousands of doctors who would have done what Desmond did, Bridget," said her mistress. "We know that in almost every way he was by far the superior of every man we have

ever known; but duty is a very strong point with physicians. I wonder that more of them do not fall victims to their devotedness in the cause of suffering."

"I know all that," rejoined Bridget. "But, firm as they'd be in their duty, ma'am, it isn't one man in nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand would have gone at the call of a woman that treated him as Miss Camilla treated poor Dr. Desmond. 'Tis that made him a martyr. And when the boy gets older, if you can set the story before him in a way that he needn't know the name of the enemy—for that's what she is, no more, no less; and Dr. Desmond wouldn't want above all things that he'd ever know,—'twill be the finest example and encouragement to him that ever was. But now, poor baby that he is, leave him to his plays and his running about the garden. Don't be finding fault with an innocent angel for what he's not capable of understanding."

Mrs. Martin made no response, and Bridget resumed her work.

Later in the afternoon, when the child was asleep, and his mother busy with some light needlework in the arbor, where her husband had always liked her to spend as much time as possible, because of the fresh air, Bridget made her appearance, holding a paper behind her. She had donned her usual afternoon attire since her master's death—a black gingham frock, neat black cap and white apron. Mrs. Martin glanced up from her work.

"What is it, Bridget?" she inquired. "Has some one called?"

"Never a one," was the reply. "Who'd be calling in this place? Them that's coming have all come; they'll be like not to come again till yourself goes about returning their visits."

"That will not be soon," said her mistress. "It seems to me now that I can never visit again. You know how it was: we always went together."

"I know you did, ma'am," observed Bridget, wiping a tear from her eye. "'Twill be a hard task on you the first time; but if you're to live here, you'll bid to be friendly with your neighbors. They've all been very kind. You're a young woman yet, ma'am; and you have to think of the boy. It would be in no way proper or reasonable that you'd settle yourself for a hermit. But that isn't what I came to speak to you about. I have news for you. I read it in the paper just now."

Mrs. Martin looked up calmly.

"I can not think of any news that could affect me much, Bridget," she said. "What is it?"

"Shall I read it out, ma'am?" asked Bridget, seating herself on a bench near the rustic table.

Knowing that the required permission would give much pleasure to the old woman, Mrs. Martin gave it.

"Here it is, ma'am, for you; and may God forgive me if I can't—if I can't—say I am sorry!"

"Why, Bridget, you are talking in the most incomprehensible way! Of what and whom are you speaking?"

"Of them Dunbars, of course."

"Well? Is the child dead?"

"I don't know about that, ma'am. Here's what it says: 'Failure of Dunbar the banker and broker. Sudden collapse. Disappearance of the principal.'"

Mrs. Martin took the paper from her hand and soon became aware of its contents, which were highly sensational. Dunbar had failed in a bear market; all the creditors were clamorous, angrily surrounding his office and residence. The story gained in interest by the fact that Dunbar and his wife had disappeared.

"Well, well!" exclaimed Bridget, when her mistress had finished reading the article. "I didn't get that far on when I brought out the paper to you. 'Twas

what I'd expect of them—the cowardly pair! In danger of their lives I've no doubt they were, as well they deserved to be. I'll engage they didn't go away without filling their pockets full of gold first. 'Twould be like them to leave the child behind, for fear she'd be a hamper to them in their race. Miss Camilla is heartless enough for that very action, ma'am."

"No, Bridget," said Mrs. Martin, in a low voice. "No mother could be so heartless as that. Doubtless the child will be her greatest comfort now. She will have time to become acquainted with her. If this news be true, I fear her society days are over."

There were tears in the large beautiful eyes as she spoke.

"Wisha!" said Bridget impatiently, regarding her mistress from beneath frowning, shaggy brows. "'Tisn't to cry for *them* you'd be doing, ma'am, I hope! Sure the greatest theologian in all the world wouldn't require that."

"I am afraid you are giving me credit I do not deserve," said Mrs. Martin. "I was thinking of my poor husband, and feeling sure that he would have done—or tried to do—some friendly or sympathetic act for them. And the tears came in spite of me—because—because, Bridget, my heart does not feel in the least softened toward them in their hour of misfortune. Should I do anything—is there anything I could do? What would he have done?"

"He'd have given them asylum from their creditors, I'll be bound; or offered it, anyway. He would have been equal to that, ma'am."

"Yes, I believe he would. But I am not equal to it, Bridget."

"Small blame to you for that, ma'am. 'Twould be a mortal sin for you even to think of it,—you that haven't enough ambition left in you to walk the length of the garden, and that have to spare all you can for the education of the boy. They'd stick to you like leeches, ma'am, if they'd get any foothold at all. That kind always does."

From day to day for a considerable time the papers were filled with details of the failure: the sale of the magnificent house and its furnishings, as well as the unavailing efforts of the police to discover the hiding-place of the fugitives. Then the excitement subsided; soon some new event took its place, and the Dunbars were forgotten, save by that portion of the public that had suffered from the failure.

In the pleasant rose-covered cottage poignant grief was succeeded by a quiet but enduring sorrow. The boy grew large and strong,—the mother seeing always through tear-dimmed eyes some new likeness to his dead father. His comfort and pleasure were the sole care, his future the only dreams of the two women who petted and adored him.

(To be continued.)

Clothed with the Sun.

BY MARION MUIR.

UP from immeasurable deeps, through lands
Shorn of all promise, over blinding sands,
She cometh; mighty for her vanquished foes,
Treading beneath the serpent coil of woes,
Crowned with the primal glory of the stars.
And look, false prophets, how your cruel bars
Are snapped and shattered as she walks abroad,
The last supreme Evangel of your God!

All evil things of sea and shore and air
She hath encountered; sorrow for her share,
The one lone land whereof men made her Queen;
Nursed upon pain, all bondage she hath seen.
But her weak hands wrung courage from despair,
Glory from torment, peace from bitter care.
Now flees the brood of darkness; for the sun
Clothing her steps proclaims her cause is won,—
Proclaims the Child of her who mourned afar
Lord of all lands where light and justice are;
Strong as the Seraph's elemental fire,
Sweet as the hope all broken hearts desire.

Out of the Crucible.

BY FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

Christian Renaissance.

IT is an undeniable fact that a great number of minds, disgusted by the vulgar realism of the modern world, and revolting finally against their own intelligence—that can only widen and shorten indefinitely the limits of mystery without ever reaching and penetrating it,—having been seized by an irresistible craving for an ideal and for faith, have returned freely and of their own accord to the religion of Jesus Christ, to its sublime teachings and fortifying practices.

One of my friends, a charming poet, a mind full of metaphysical dreams, and who composed a doctrine all for himself—a kind of Buddhism, so far as I can make out,—recently confessed to me his philosophical defeat.

"Yes," said he, "I have passed ten years of my life trying to persuade myself that all was illusion and nothingness, and my system worked marvellously.... But the other day when my little girl was so ill, I just simply began praying a good God, a Heavenly Father, to preserve her to me in this world, or at least give her back to me in another."

From this day I consider him as another assured and immediate recruit to the large family of Jesus Christ; and many others will likewise return. For official atheism must become resigned; men are already beginning to desert its schools of lies where there is nothing for the heart. They have finally discovered that these schools are filling France with pride and despair, and that from all sides manifest signs justify us in predicting a victorious Renaissance of the Christian Idea.

It is, for instance, rather more than an indication and a symptom—it is, let us say it clearly, an act of faith—that you will find in the words pronounced in Besançon a few days ago by Mr. Ferdinand Brunetière. I do not call it a "discourse," for it was a brief speech addressed to a small number of people; but it is impossible to say more in fewer words.

After having ascertained the breaking up of that stupid philosophy called "natural religion"; after deciding that one can not deprive a religion of its supernatural spirit, of its dogma and of its discipline; after realizing that evident truth, that what virtue remains in us comes to us by heredity or by the education of Christianity,—the resolute speaker still added a patriotic reason to all the philosophical and moral reasons that bring us back to faith; very justly observing that throughout the whole world the interests of Catholicism and of France are closely united,—or, better said, are one and the same.

It is to be regretted that, distracted by the somewhat periodical scandals with which we are afflicted, we have not paid more attention to that speech, veritable model as it was of concise and genuine eloquence. Anyhow, all goes to prove that Mr. Brunetière will soon develop the plan traced in that beautiful page, and will give us a masterly study on the subject.

But if in this return to Christianity Mr. Brunetière is called, perhaps by the force and method of his reasoning, to exercise on grave and studious men as much influence as a Bonald, the minds that are, above all, lovers of art—and they are very numerous to-day—will remain wrapped in and penetrated with a pious atmosphere after having read the very interesting, and, I must hasten to add, profoundly sincere book of J. K. Huysmans, "The Cathedral."

If, as says the proverb that is justly

applicable here, all roads lead to Rome, Huysmans has surely taken the longest. Some years ago an unhealthy attraction made him study the mysterious abominations of Satanism. And to read first "Là-Bas," followed by "En Route," one could think, not knowing that the first of those tales is purely imaginary, that Durtal—that is to say, Huysmans—ran to take refuge in the monastery of La Trappe on coming out of some black Mass. The fact is that the incorrigible and disdainful writer, so hard to satisfy in all things, in literature as in cooking, came to the point of being disgusted with himself one day. That sentiment, which he has often expressed with the most energetic frankness, was finally destined to assume in his scrupulous conscience the form of repentance. Whosoever repents feels the necessity of being pardoned; and there exists only one tribunal where indulgence is infinite and absolution perfect, and that is the confessional. Durtal, therefore, hurls himself into penance. You find in "En Route" pages of a singular and penetrating emotion on that crisis of his soul, and from that time he became a Christian.

Now, in the course of his devotions, this Christian who remains a rare artist, and is, moreover, a man of science, has positively fallen into ecstasies over the cathedral of Chartres. That is the origin of his new book, almost entirely consecrated to the glory of the marvellous church, in parts transfigured by the most extraordinary caprices of imagination, and in others described with the minute exactitude of a guide.

"The Cathedral" is now in the hands of everybody. I am not commissioned by the editor to make the literary criticism of it, and so am not obliged to ask myself whether or not the judges were just when they reproached Huysmans with using certain words and comparisons recalling too forcibly his naturalistic works, and accusing him of having emptied into his book all the strangeness of his mystical library.

We well know what an especial artist Huysmans is, at the same time trivial and refined, often introducing a crude word in a delicate thought; a great searcher of old books where one finds eccentricities, and never hesitating to shock if he can cause astonishment. Will we never adopt the good habit of accepting a writer such as he is, when we recognize in him an original temperament as well as superior talent? After all, most people will overlook the eccentricities, somewhat too marked, that spoil "The Cathedral," in reading so many beautiful things on the art of the Middle Ages—on Gothic architecture, on the stained-glass windows, on the primitives, on sacred music; as also so many home scenes of an exquisite simplicity, as well as so many outdoor pictures drawn with the most enjoyable picturesque touch. And I especially recommend you the Low Mass in the crypt; it is a bit of art.

But let us leave literature aside. When Huysmans touches me is when he is human, when newly converted; having lived to middle age almost solely through his senses, having used his mind only in the difficult but amusing gymnastics of letters, he now suffers in having to develop within himself an interior life; yes, it is when he deplores in accents of penetrating sincerity the lack of ardor there is in his piety, and the aridity of his heart in prayer.

I then remember with fear that God vomits the lukewarm out of His heart. For I know those sufferings to be a just punishment for those who, alarmed in the decline of life at the emptiness of their souls, look into it with anguish, to gather religiously the remains of hope and faith. Alas! from the early hour

we have wandered far from the Cross; during the heat of the day we have lived away from it, and it is only toward evening that its shadow lengthens and reaches us. The moment is no doubt propitious to us, for all is going to leave us. We then return to the tutelary Cross; we embrace it with a gesture of distress and we try to pray. But we have not passed for nothing long years in indifference to eternal matters, and it seems to us as though the sweet prayers of our childhood wither on passing through our impure lips.

Take courage, nevertheless. You have somewhere said, my dear Huysmans, with the humorous turn of mind that characterizes you: "God can not be hard to please if He accepts such as I." I shall add, "And as I." I have heard that phrase which I find so touching laughed at. Indeed it is too full of discouragement; we must not speak thus. It shows a lack of confidence against which the whole Gospel protests. Remember the woman of Samaria, Mary Magdalen, the belated workmen, the prodigal son, the lost sheep, the preference given to the repentant over the persevering one. Let us therefore pray without doubting the Divine Mercy. However arid our prayers may be, they have their virtue. Are we not already freed from much wickedness and lowness that was in us? Do we not feel less unjust, more resigned, more humble,—above all, more charitable?

Where did I read the other day among the malicious things addressed to you, but of which I take my share, that all that affected us was the fatigue of *blasé* old bachelors? And, firstly, why not? It is not such a bad thing, after all, to wish to make a proper end; and, for my taste, there is nothing more indecent and grotesque than an old man playing juvenile parts. The men of the seventeenth century (whom you are wrong in treating so lightly, my dear Huysmans, for they were great Christians) had the wise custom of retiring from the world during the evening of their days for the purpose of putting a space between their lives and death, and consecrating their old age to meditating on eternity. There is no more worthy death. Have we not the right to imitate them?

Still, believe me, there is something else. A breath has passed—"*Spiritus flat ubi vult*,"—and religious words have been pronounced by mouths from which one would never expect to hear them. Poor Verlaine began. Remember his admirable chants of repentance in "Sagesse." Later, you wrote your two brave and curious books. And I also, though my work has nothing edifying in it,—I bring my contribution to that Christian effort. By another road, but directed to the same goal, has Mr. Brunetière started; and he can not be called, I suppose, a poet and a victim of nervousness.

I put the question to all sincere minds. Is it not a very remarkable fact, and can it be called a coincidence, that many secular writers altogether independent and disinterested (as they can expect as an immediate result of their action but mockeries and insults) should confess so publicly their return to religious beliefs? And is not that a manifest proof that amidst such ruins accumulated on the sentimental, philosophical and social bankruptcy of this disastrous end of a century, Faith remains standing like the imposing cathedrals which, firm on their foundations for so many centuries, attest the immovable strength of Christianity and the durability of the Church?

MARCH 10, 1898.

(To be continued.)

THE shadow of a great man has some reality.—*Ganganelli.*

The Red Room at Tolliver.

BY HAROLD DIJON.

I.

I WAS about to leave my law office for the night when Ammi arrived with a note from his mistress. The note asked me to come at once to Tolliver House, the home of the writer,—Mme. Tolliver, as she was always called.

The summons perplexed me, and opened a wound time had not yet healed. Three years before the period of which I write, I met and loved Clarice Tolliver, the only daughter of the woman now summoning me to her. This event took place while we were visiting Washington. Business had called me to the capital. Clarice was there with friends. My love was returned, and we both wrote Mme. Tolliver to lay our case before her. We were converts to the faith, our relatives quiescent over our conversion; I was independent of my profession, and we only waited a favorable verdict. My letter was not answered, and Clarice was peremptorily called home.

Once after this I wrote Clarice. She sent me a pitiful reply, in which she stated that her mother had just reasons for refusing to consent to our marriage, and she entreated me to forget her.

From that day I heard of Clarice only occasionally, as leading a lonely life with her mother in the gloomy house at Tolliver, just outside the limits of the town in which I practised law.

"Is your mistress ill?" I inquired of the Negro Ammi, who stood waiting an answer to the missive he had just placed in my hand.

"The doctor's been up to see Miss Julia," Ammi replied. He and his wife had been Mme. Tolliver's servants before she married, and they continued to give her the name she went by when a girl.

Ammi's reply was indirect, like the man himself. It irritated me.

"If Mme. Tolliver is ill, why do you make a mystery of it?" I said sharply. "Why don't you speak out?"

Ammi scratched his white woolly head in an abstracted way, then asked:

"Is you gwine wuth me, Marse 'Cannon?"

I looked at him sternly. His eyes fell before mine, and he made an awkward, deprecating sort of bow.

"Go on!" I commanded. "I'll follow."

He shuffled before me out of the room. A few moments after we were driving noiselessly over the sandy road that led from the seaport to Tolliver House.

Mme. Tolliver, by the terms of her husband's will, had been left sole owner of a large estate, to the exclusion of her son George, a boy of fifteen when his father died; and her daughter Clarice, then a child not more than two years old. George's youth was a wild one; and he died—some said of delirium tremens—away from home. After his death his mother, who idolized him, isolated herself completely from society. In fact, she appeared again in public on one occasion only, after her bereavement.

Ammi had a quarrel with a boon companion of George Tolliver, one Saul Kent. Some time afterward the man was found dead on the roadside, stabbed through the heart. Ammi was tried for the murder, and Mme. Tolliver came to court to swear to an alibi for her servant. The trial took place nine or ten years before the opening of this narrative, and while Clarice and I were away from home at school. But I have heard that appearances were much against Ammi, and that it was only Mme. Tolliver's testimony that saved his life.

My thoughts were not occupied with these past occurrences, but with Clarice, whom I expected to see, when we drove

up to the great iron gates in the high stone-wall that surrounded the heavily wooded walks about Tolliver House.

Ammi got down from the buggy, drew a key from his pocket and unlocked the gates. He then led the horse into a drive through an alley of pine trees, and, with feeble haste, relocked the gates.

I viewed his proceedings with some astonishment; and when he was again seated beside me, I turned to him and asked brusquely:

"Do you mean to tell me that you lock everyone in when you leave the house?"

He shook the reins to impel the horse into a trot, and replied, looking away from me:

"No one gwine ter want to go out, Marse 'Cannon."

"Suppose some one wanted to get in?" I questioned.

"No one gwine ter, when I's away, Marse 'Cannon," he answered.

Did the man mean to be impertinent, or was he acting under orders from his mistress? While I was musing thus the horse suddenly turned into a narrow driveway and drew up before a side entrance to the mansion.

"I begs pardon, Marse 'Cannon!" he said. "Miss Julia done give up visitin', and the big door's cluz up."

The house consisted of a main building facing south, with two wings running north; and very cheerless it looked in the chill December night. The side door at which I alighted was open, and its entrance lit up by a yellow glow proceeding from a lamp held by Becky, the wife of Ammi, who stood at the head of a staircase leading from the hallway to an upper story.

Ammi preceded me up the stairs, and, taking the lamp from the woman, spoke to her in a tone too low for me to catch the words. Becky nodded her head, and hurried down the corridor which led to the eastern wing of the house.

Down this same corridor I followed Ammi to the western wing till he reached a half-open door, before which he listened a moment, and then threw open for me to enter.

"Marse 'Cannon!" he announced; and, with a bow, backed out of the room, leaving the door open after him.

"Come nearer, Mr. Duncannon, where I can see you," said a feeble voice; and I advanced in the direction of the speaker.

The apartment was furnished with many mirrors and much gilding, and with floral decorations printed on the walls. The glasses were clouded, the gilt tarnished, the flowers faded.

Amid these vanishing splendors, on a broad, low bed, and propped up by many pillows, lay Mme. Tolliver. I had been told that Clarice inherited her beauty from her mother: there was no trace of beauty in the face of the woman before me. She was haggard; her eyes were sunken in their sockets, and the hand she held out to me in greeting was that of a skeleton covered with a parchment glove.

"I should have sent for you earlier in the day, but Ammi was needed here, and I had no one else to send," she said.

I told her that I was glad to come at any hour; and she went on to state what her looks betrayed: that she was in wretched health, that at any moment she might die.

"I can not put off making my will any longer," she said.

Her voice sank to a whisper as she spoke, and she looked at the point of death even then. She was in no fit state to talk; but I could not advise her in her critical condition to postpone what should have been attended to before, so I took the chair she pointed to at a table on which were writing materials and a pair of shaded lamps.

"Whenever you are ready, Mme.

Tolliver," I said, and dipped my pen in the ink.

"I will state my wishes, and you will put them in legal phraseology," she said, and began to dictate.

First she mentioned a considerable sum of money which she willed without reserve to her daughter Clarice.

"I shall speak to you about Clarice later on," she remarked. "And all else that I possess besides, in stocks and bonds and lands," she continued to dictate, and now her voice was strong,—"all my property, real and personal, after the payment of the legacy to Clarice, I will, for a purpose known to him and to my daughter, to my faithful friend and servant, Loammi Fordyce—"

The pen dropped from my hand at these words.

"Ammi," she said, quietly. "Before his emancipation he belonged to my father; and, following the custom of house servants, he took his master's name."

Forgetting how ill she was, I declared that what she had done was atrocious.

"You knew of my love for your daughter, and you sent for me to draw up a will that virtually disinherits her. And for whom!" I interrupted myself to exclaim. "Mme. Tolliver, is this man, Ammi, cognizant of the disposition you wish to make of your property: that the very house we are in is to be his, if you have your way?"

"The house we are in!" she moaned. "Yes, Ammi knows the house is to be his, poor fellow! He has consented to take it."

"Consented to take it!" I repeated to myself. The woman was mad; did not her looks show her to be deranged? I stood up and said soothingly:

"You are ill, Mme. Tolliver. Shall we put this off till another time?"

She stared at me and emitted a sound that was as much a sob as a laugh.

"You think me mad?" she asked. "No, I am not mad. You do not understand, Mr. Duncannon; it is not necessary that you should. Please to proceed with my will."

She had the reputation of being a proud woman, and she deserved to be so considered. Seeing that I hesitated, she sat erect in her bed.

"I sent for you to make my will, not to question me. I will not be questioned. Proceed as I dictate!" she commanded, and pointed to the table.

For an instant my opposition was overpowered, and I took up my pen only to lay it down immediately.

"Mme. Tolliver," I said, "you shall not make of me an instrument to the hurt of Clarice and to the benefit of a man I do not trust."

"It is sufficient that *I* trust him," she replied.

I told her that I would not argue the matter with her, adding:

"Permit me to ring for Ammi."

"You would only confuse him," she said, shaking her head. "All he knows is that he is to live in this house—" she paused, and I heard her stifle a groan.

The wind blew wildly among the trees about the house, and showers of dead leaves were swirled rustling against the windows.

"Pardon me, Mme. Tolliver!" I said; "but are you in the power of Ammi in any way?"

She was about to speak when some one opened a window at the far end of the corridor, and a blast of wind rushed into the room through the open door behind me. The lamps flared, and the papers on the table were blown in confusion about the apartment. I ran to close the door, and at that moment there came from the direction of the eastern wing a shriek of despair,—a shriek such as we read comes from the throats of the lost. And while the cry

still reverberated in the corridor, the window was shut down violently.

Appalled, I stood listening, and then turned to rush out of the room, when Mme. Tolliver called to me in a voice that echoed the cry I heard:

"Don't go there! Come back, come back!"

She lay propped on her pillows, gasping for breath; and, catching up a glass of water, I ran to her side. She seized on my arm and held it in a convulsive clasp.

"Pay no attention to anything you hear in this dreadful house!" she panted. "Tell no one of it. Promise me—for the sake of Clarice!"

"For the sake of Clarice!" I echoed, my brain in a daze.

"Yes, for the sake of Clarice! Oh, you would deny Ammi the possession of this house!" she laughed, and then sobbed outright—dry, tearless sobs. "You asked me if he had any power over me," she went on abruptly. "What would you say if I told you that Ammi's word might have placed me in a prison,—that a Tolliver might have died on the gallows—"

She stopped as abruptly as she began, and after a short interval asked me quietly to give her a spoonful of the medicine on the dressing-table.

I did as she directed; and, seated by her bedside, listened to her dictating the terms of her will.

"You think Clarice will be injured," she said; and catching up a hand-bell that lay among the bedclothes, rang it.

From an adjoining room came Clarice. Not the one I had known, but a tall, pale woman, her face clouded with deep sorrow. She entered the room swiftly, a wistful look in her wan eyes; and we both failed in the essay we made to speak.

"Clarice," inquired Mme. Tolliver, in a gentle tone, "do you approve of the terms of my will?"

Clarice turned to me and said:

"I beg you to do as my mother wishes; you may trust me it is for the best. Will you?"

My answer was promptly to collect the scattered papers and resume my place at the writing-table.

Mme. Tolliver gave a sigh of relief; and calmly, as if there had been no interruption, she resumed the dictation of her strange will.

Ammi and his wife Becky were to live at Tolliver till the occurrence of an event Ammi would make known to me. At the same time he would hand me a letter. After the requirements of this letter had been fulfilled, Tolliver House and the personal estate before mentioned were to revert to Clarice. A further stipulation was made that Clarice was to allow Ammi and Becky a handsome income during their lives.

"When you have read the letter Ammi is to hand you, you will understand why I objected to your marrying Clarice," said Mme. Tolliver.

I glanced at Clarice, but her face told me nothing.

"You will remain here, Clarice?" I inquired, meaning in the event of her mother's death.

"Always—"

"Ring for the witnesses,—ring twice: that is the signal," interrupted Mme. Tolliver.

It was evident that everything had been carefully arranged beforehand with Ammi. Puzzled and anxious, I gave two pulls at the cord of the bell.

"I will rest till they arrive," said Mme. Tolliver; and closed her eyes as if to sleep, thus preventing further conversation between Clarice and myself.

Presently I heard a horse trot down the alley of pines, and shortly after the hoofs of several horses sounded on the drive. There was a little commotion as of dismounting horsemen, then the tread

of heavy footsteps in the corridor, and the entrance of two men, whom I recognized to be neighboring farmers.

Mme. Tolliver looked anxious as she greeted the men, who backed awkwardly as if afraid of their presence in the room; and from my position by her side I heard Ammi whisper to her that Becky was in the red room. This reassured her, and she turned with a forced cheerfulness to the business in hand.

The signing and witnessing of the will was quickly dispatched; but Mme. Tolliver was not at ease till the men had left the house, after having refused the refreshment she proffered but did not press them to take.

"I can not offer you a room for the night," she said to me; and held my hand while she added: "Good-night, and thank you for what you have done!"

While she spoke Ammi returned to the room, and, with his usual non-committal air, announced that the buggy was in readiness for my return to town. Never had I so disliked the man. I bade him begone, declaring that I was not yet ready to leave.

His countenance betrayed no emotion as he bowed and left the room.

Clarice came up to me and said:

"You mean well, but your staying on can do no good. I beg you to go now."

Such a dismissal left me nothing to do but to take up my hat and cloak and leave the house.

(Conclusion next week.)

WE do not say that Mary did not owe her salvation to the death of her Son. Just the contrary, we say that she, of all the children of Adam, is in the truest sense the fruit and the purchase of His Passion. God has done for her more than for any one else. To others He gives grace and regeneration at a *point* in their earthly existence; to her from the *beginning*.—*Newman*.

Devotion of African Children to the Mother of God.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

IT is a remarkable fact that of all the dogmas of our faith the one which is the chief stumbling-block to the heretic, which is assailed most fiercely by the unbeliever—the divine maternity of our Blessed Lady,—is the very one that the untutored mind of the savage accepts most readily, believes most unquestioningly, cherishes most fondly. Even the African race, uncivilized and degraded though it is, the lowest in the scale of nations, forms no exception to this rule.

The facility wherewith devotion to Mary as the Holy Mother of God can be instilled into the hearts of these benighted children of nature is strikingly apparent when one reads the accounts given by the Sisters of Notre Dame of the difficult, self-denying, laborious, yet most successful work carried on by them among the natives of the Congo State. With the adults, it is true, little can be done on account of their want of intelligence, their distrust of Europeans, their gross ignorance, and the revolting superstitions to which they are wedded. But the little Negresses placed, often at a very early age, under the care of the Sisters,—many of them orphans, others children rescued by government officials from the slave-trader,—take kindly to the truths of religion, and afford really astonishing instances of faith and piety.

Not the least remarkable feature of their piety is their affection for and devotion to our Blessed Lady,—"Mama N'Zambi," as they fondly call her; this name meaning the Mother of God. Their simple minds are troubled with no doubts regarding her Immaculate Conception; they need no decree of an ecumenical council to define and promul-

gate the dogma of her divine maternity. Brutish as the Negro is found to be in many parts of Africa, the little children under the care of the Sisters of Notre Dame prove singularly receptive of the truths of religion; and we can not but suppose that there linger among these inhabitants of the Congo some faint traditions of our holy faith preached to them by Portuguese missionaries some three centuries ago.

And our Blessed Mother repays most generously the veneration and affection of her dark-skinned clients. Many are the graces she obtains for them, many the favors wherewith she rewards the labors of their wise and kind teachers.

When some little girls were sufficiently instructed, the Sisters desired to place them in a special manner under the protection of Mary. For this ceremony the Feast of the Immaculate Conception was chosen, an altar being erected outside the chapel, and a banner representing the Annunciation hung behind it. With this the children were enraptured. They gathered around the little altar, never weary of gazing upon the sweet countenance of their beloved Patroness. With clasped hands and an expression of deepest reverence on their swarthy features, they sang the *Ave Maria* and a simple hymn composed for the occasion. Then the act of consecration to Mary was read, and round the neck of each child was placed a necklace of blue beads from which a medal of Our Lady was suspended.

All who had received the Sacrament of Baptism were permitted to wear a rosary round their necks as a mark of their dignity as Christians. How proud they were of this distinction! On one occasion a native woman asked a little girl to give up her rosary to her, offering at the same time to pay whatever might be considered as an equivalent. But the child was highly offended, and turned away with a blunt, contemptuous refusal. One of her companions hearing of the incident exclaimed: "Sell my rosary! I would rather die,—I would have my head cut off before I would suffer it to be taken from me!" Nor must it be supposed that this attachment to the rosary was nothing more than a child's delight in a pretty string of beads or a savage's superstitious value for his fetish: the little Negresses took great pains to learn the prayers.

Writing to the Mother General, the Sister Superior observes: "I only wish that you could witness the piety of our children during the month of May. You would be really touched by the recollection they display whilst assisting at the services in honor of our Immaculate Lady. These consist of the Litany of Loreto chanted in Latin or in Fiote (the native dialect), two or three decades of the Rosary, and a hymn in Fiote. A statue of Our Lady of Lourdes, almost life-size, which stands beside the altar in the chapel of the Jesuit Fathers, surrounded with lighted tapers and lovely bunches of flowering grasses, is an object of great attraction to our scholars. One sees them gazing at it with an expression of unfeigned faith and affection."

The arrival of a large and handsome statue of our Blessed Lady, sent from the mother-house at Namur, gave a great stimulus to their devotion to the Queen of Heaven. Every day without exception they brought fresh flowers to deck the altar; and as they were not allowed to leave their work to go to look for flowers, they spent part of their recreation time in gathering them, one vying with another as to who should get the finest and prettiest blossoms. And the good Sisters say it was wonderful to see how tastefully and symmetrically they arranged the bouquets. "Sister," they remarked one day, "when first we came to you, we

wondered what you wanted with the flowers; we thought you were going to eat them. Now we understand that you like them because they are beautiful; and we like them too, and so we gather them for dear Mama N'Zambi."

"Perceiving such good dispositions on the part of our little pupils," the Sister writes, "I took occasion to propose that they should try to perform some little act of virtue in honor of Our Lady, telling them at the same time that I was sure nothing would give her so much pleasure. All the children are very indolent, and some are inclined to be quarrelsome. To the latter I suggested that they should endeavor to be particularly gentle and patient. Now it is no uncommon thing when any little dispute arises among them to hear them say one to the other: 'Be quiet! We must not quarrel or we shall pain our beautiful Mother in heaven.' As they delight to hear about the Blessed Virgin and to sing her praises, the happy thought occurred to the Father who instructs them to write in Fiote and put into verse the whole history of Our Lady of Lourdes. This poem, if it may be so called, consists of thirty-four couplets. Our little girls are committing it to memory, and will soon be able to sing it all through."

On the third Sunday in September, the Feast of Our Lady of Dolors, a solemn procession takes place at Kimwenza, in the mission of the Kwango. The little Negresses all wear their gala dresses of some light color; a few wear white frocks, with a string of pearls twisted round their head like a crown. Some of the older ones, who are Christians, are chosen to carry the statue of the Virgin Mother. They have long veils of white tulle. The Sisters say their black faces and woolly heads present a singular appearance under the semi-transparent veils. Before and behind the statue the other scholars walk, reciting the chaplet. The boys from the Fathers' school join in the procession, wearing white smocks with crimson sashes, and carrying a statue of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The whole cortege makes the round of the mission, while the childish voices, singing sacred canticles, resound far and wide. May it not be hoped that their echo will reach to the throne of the Most High in heaven, offering to God and His Holy Mother the homage of the Congolese people, and drawing down upon them abundant graces?

After Benediction has been given at the altar erected outside the Sisters' chapel, the procession forms again and returns, chanting the Litany of Loreto, to the church of the Fathers. This ends the ceremony,—one which the poor little Africans dearly love and look forward to most eagerly.

Does not the fact that devotion to our Blessed Lady strikes root so easily in the virgin soil of the souls of the African children, that the personality of the Mother of God attracts them so forcibly and impresses them so profoundly, prove unquestionably that the Catholic religion may truly be called the religion of the natural man in the best sense of the term, inasmuch as it alone answers to every need of the human heart?

One reason for believing in Our Lady's Assumption is that her Divine Son loved her too much to let her body remain in the grave. A second reason is this: she was not only dear to the Lord as a mother is dear to a son, but also that she was so transcendently holy, so full, so overflowing with grace. If Eve, the fair daughter of God, never would have become dust and ashes unless she had sinned, shall we not say that Mary, having never sinned, retained the gift which Eve by sinning lost?—*Newman.*

An Irish Country Wake.

BY C. DORGAN.

GENERALLY early in life enrolled in the Scapulars, the Irish peasant in death is robed and "waked" in the Brown Habit of the Order. It is the outward form of a ceremonial religiously adhered to and practised by the people, and for which provision in countless instances is made beforehand,—years numbered by decades not infrequently; for, with the blessed candle used in the administration of the sacraments by the priest at the last moments, the Brown Habit is piously laid in that corner of the family trunk or large strong box sacred to the family circle.

Candles, five in number, burn on a table in the death chamber; and as each arrival comes and pays a tribute of respect to the memory of the dead, and that of condolence to the living, he or she kneels in prayer at the bedside for some short while. Then, rising, and gazing pensively on the face of the corpse, she—if the sympathizer be a woman—after a few moments usually takes a seat in the room, and, with an invocation for the soul of the departed, a pinch of snuff out of the saucer handed to her by one of the watchers at the bedside; and he—if the sympathizer be a man—joins the menfolk in the kitchen, where he is given a new clay pipe packed with fresh tobacco, and over which he soon grows eulogistic, touching the good qualities of the deceased, after he, too, has ejaculated his "Lord ha' mercy!"

An air of deep solemnity is never absent from an Irish country wake; and a reverent respect for the dead is ever a marked characteristic of the Irish people, be their failings what they may. Very rarely indeed anything occurs to profane the religious observance of the occasion. The elder men talk in low monotones, the women in whispers; while the young people of both sexes—who are allowed a certain latitude to divert themselves throughout the long vigils, and who congregate together as the night advances—seldom if ever permit their exuberance to assume the proportions of boisterous merriment.

Of the many quaint usages of the traditional rite or custom, we would say that the chant of the "keeners" is quaintest. At irregular intervals, both day and night, certain of the kinswomen of the departed stand over the corpse and raise a lamentation,—their arms rising and falling and bodies swaying in tuneful motion, as it were, to their plaintively-sung grief. It is wondrously affecting too. There is in the voices of the "keeners," even though harsh at times, and in the meaning of the Gaelic words, something weirdly mournful and pathetic. And no other voice is heard nor movement given: every tongue is hushed, every figure bowed and motionless; all wear sad and solemn faces, and many are moved to tears during the continuance of the wailing plaint.

Needless to say, the usual prayers for the dead are at various times recited; it is a part of the unwritten ritual of an Irish country wake. The spectacle is as impressive as the practice is edifying. Immediately after the word is whispered around, each one rises and kneels on the floor to his or her chair, and responds in earnest, supplicating tones to the prayers said by the person kneeling nearest the corpse. And no matter how or where employed in the homestead, or what the hour, all join in the humble petition, whose recital usually lasts some twenty minutes, during which time the droning tones of the many-voiced response alternate and contrast with the sharp treble of the principal interceder.

To be sure, regard is had for the creature comforts of life; but, naturally, nothing like that hospitality with which the race is credited is dispensed on such an occasion. Only once or twice in the course of the long night, as a rule, refreshments—and these always in a liquid form—are handed around to the men in cups or glasses, as the case may be, out of which each one, sitting, drinks at a draught his share. It is reserved only for the women, and then only for the few who remain all night, to be given substantial fare;—for the watchers of the dead who, as the wee hours of the morning advance, are regaled with strong tea and sweet wheaten "bustable" bread in the shadow of the kitchen chimney-corner.

And so the order of an immemorial custom goes on, and is repeated until the last stage, or "coffinin'," is arrived at, when gentle hands reverently lay all that is mortal of the loved one in the coffin, which in a few hours more shall be consigned to earth. It is here that the grief of the mourners is most acute. A little while and they shall gaze on the face of the dead no more. And they circle round and "keen" and sob their souls' most poignant sorrow, and kiss and kiss the icy-cold forehead with passionate love and veneration; while, eventually, when the coffin is being sealed, every turn of the screws adds another pang to their riven hearts.

It is written, "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool"; so also it is written, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." And the self-adulation which influenced not less the learning of the age than its luxury led gradually to the forgetfulness of all things but self, and to an infidelity only the more fatal because it still retained the form and language of faith.

—*Ruskin.*

High Church Casuistry.

BY WILLIAM F. P. STOCKLEY.

CATHOLICS hardly know to what desperate mental processes some High Church divines—in honesty of a sort, if not in innocency—drive themselves and their people.

The Protestant Episcopal bishop of Maryland is our witness. He quotes his Prayer-Book, which says that the minister shall "after the blessing immediately eat and drink what remains of the consecrated bread and wine." That bishop protests against a High Church clergyman who does not so eat and drink, but who "habitually reserves for purposes of after use. This is clearly in direct violation of the command that they should be immediately consumed; and I must and do require your strict obedience in this respect to this express command of the church." Reservation is forbidden, says that bishop. Reservation is commanded, says the High Church Bishop Grafton, of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.

Notwithstanding the words quoted above, this is how the second bishop's High Church casuistry proceeds. He notes that the service has said: "We *and all others* who are partakers of this Holy Communion." He adds: "All others" mean all those for whom some of these particular elements are to be taken out of church." (!) Therefore he concludes: "When you are commanded to consume '*all that remains*,' it means all that remains after you have reserved for 'all others.'" And therefore the Protestant Episcopal Prayer-Book commands reservation of the sacrament.

Will some of your readers appeal to the common-sense of Jews, Turks or infidels, and ask what those words mean—"all that remains" and "we and

all others"? Ask Catholics too. Ask even High Churchmen. For truly some High Churchmen must feel that this sort of casuistry is deplorable.

I do not say the High Churchmen have no standing in the Anglican or even in the Protestant Episcopal Prayer-Book. The book was a compromise; and those unhappy bad Catholics and their followers who made it up now palter in a double sense down the ages with their unlucky successors. The proof of this is to compare the Anglican Ordinal, or the Anglican Articles, with Catholic authoritative words on one side, or with more direct Protestant confessions on the other. Still, out of it all, the High Churchman has much to be said for himself when he declares it is his voice you hear through the stammering lips of these ambiguous formularies.

All the more wretched, then, is the casuistry in a bad sense, of which those are specimens above. And these things the modern "Catholics without the Pope" drive themselves to. How long will they deal thus unjustly with their minds, not to say their souls?

Take another instance. "The sacrament was not by Christ's ordinance reserved." Would not any poor soul in its innocence think that those words meant to condemn such reserving? Suppose a Presbyterian said: "There are no bishops by Christ's ordinance." Or a Baptist: "Baptism was not by Christ's ordinance given to infants." What would he mean if he put such words into his confession of faith?

This miserable eluding of the plain, literal and grammatical sense has come upon Episcopalians by trying to follow those uncertain and unsettled compromisers of Tudor times. What are they to us, Lord Halifax suggests,—those official breakers-down of altars, those defamers of sacraments, those triflers with Catholic antiquity, those worshippers of Cæsar, not knowing what they did? But if indeed they *are* nothing to these reverent men of modern times, to these wanderers from their real holy home, why will these really holy and humble men of heart wrong their souls by thinking things are as they ought to be, not as they are?

Just consider this confusion, of which the following is one more example. St. Philip Neri lived in Rome when the young Jesuit missionaries used to go off to their fierce home and horrible deaths in England. The gentle Oratorian saint would hail these young heroes of Catholicism and Popery as *flores martyrum* (flowers of the martyrs). Well, now, may we ask our common-sense men, *which* was then the church of the established clergy of to-day—the Jesuits' and St. Philip's church, or Cecil's and Topcliffe's church? Yet—oh, most wonderful!—clergymen of the Establishment to-day are found to call their children after those saints who gloried in the deaths of those martyrs.

After this we need not be surprised at High Church confessors sickening their weary hearts, one would think, by telling poor folks that it is a sin to be troubled by their ministers teaching them from place to place diametrically opposite doctrines of religion,—doctrines that are confessedly known by revelation alone, if known at all. Yet this is done. Troubled consciences are told to try to recognize the virtue of listening to contradictory teaching without being troubled. And so victims are dulled or made indifferent, or driven into profane controversy, or else—for which they rather boast—sometimes out of the city of confusion into the bosom of the Mother of Saints.

Ah, if those who see clearly were but worthy of the light! Pray for those who are in the mists; pray for ourselves, lest, by our carelessness and guilt, we be blasted with excess of light.

Notes and Remarks.

Anent the Boxer movement against the foreigners in China, it is noted that St. Philip of Jesus was martyred in Japan under pretence of anti-foreignism about three hundred years ago. St. Philip—or Felipe las Casas, to use his family name—was born in Mexico in 1572, and spent his early years in reckless indulgence. Later he was sent to the Philippines; and there, after a time, he was converted, entered a Franciscan monastery and became an austere penitent. On his way to Mexico he touched, with a few other friars, on the Japanese coast; whereupon the Emperor Taicosama pretended to be in dread of a Spanish invasion—feared that the soldier would follow on the heels of the missionary, as Lord Salisbury would phrase it—and put the friars to death. The history of St. Philip suggests two interesting reflections to the Rev. J. F. Shehan, who has contributed a timely notice of the saint to the (N. Y.) *Sun*: "About a quarter of a century before the *Mayflower* sailed, and about two centuries before the colonies threw off the English yoke, the New World gave the Old a Christian martyr.... The first to shed his blood for Christ in Japan was one of the much-vilified Filipino friars, a native of North America." St. Philip is the patron of his native city, Mexico.

The death of M. Paul Joseph Henri De Monzie-Lasserre, the historian of Lourdes, which took place last month at the family homestead in Dordogne, France, will be mourned in every part of the civilized world; for there is hardly a modern language into which his writings, especially his "Notre Dame de Lourdes," have not been translated. Indeed this is by far the most widely circulated book of the century. No author of our times has done more for the honor of the Mother of the World's Redeemer—published her praises more widely, defended her claims more valiantly—than Henri Lasserre.

He came of an ancient family of Bourgogne, distinguished for virtue and valor; and his own parents were model Christians. He was a lawyer by profession, and a member of the bar of Paris; but his fame was won in the world of letters, which he entered in 1859, first as an editor, then as an author and publicist. Instantaneously cured of a grave malady by the Water of Lourdes, he wrote a history of the supernatural events which occurred at that place in 1858. This work gave the first movement to those grand pilgrimages which have excited the wonder of the world. It was followed by others, which quickened innumerable hearts to a more loving devotion toward the Mother of God and the Mother of men. The death of our distinguished friend is the passing away of one of the most chivalrous knights that ever consecrated himself to the service of the fairest, purest and best of all God's creatures.

Those who seem disposed to shoot sectarianism into the Filipinos will get small encouragement from Mr. Bryan's speech of acceptance at Indianapolis last week. "A majority of the Filipinos are now members of one branch of the Christian church," is the answer he returns to the apostles of the gunpowder gospel; and the following words on the bearings of imperialism on religion are equally plain and honest:

> The religious argument varies in positiveness from a passive belief that Providence delivered the Filipinos into our hands, for their good and our glory, to the exultation of the minister who said that we ought to "thrash the natives [Filipinos] until they understand who we are"; and that "every bullet sent, every cannon shot, and every flag waved means righteousness." We can not approve of this doctrine in one place

unless we are willing to apply it everywhere. If there is poison in the blood of the hand, it will ultimately reach the heart. It is equally true that forcible Christianity, if planted under the American flag in the far-away Orient, will sooner or later be transplanted upon American soil.

If true Christianity consists in carrying out in our daily lives the teachings of Christ, who will say we are commanded to civilize with dynamite and proselyte with the sword? He who would declare the divine will must prove his authority either by Holy Writ or by evidence of a special dispensation. The command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," has no Gatling gun attachment.

When Jesus visited a village of Samaria and the people refused to receive Him, some of the disciples suggested that fire should be called down from heaven to avenge the insult. But the Master rebuked them and said: "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of; for the Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them." Suppose He had said, "We will thrash them until they understand who we are," how different would have been the history of Christianity!

These words of a man transparently honest and sincere—as even his political enemies admit—constitute the most refreshing episode of the campaign thus far. They may lose Mr. Bryan a few votes, but they will certainly gain him many.

In America, hardly less than in England, has news of the death of Lord Charles Russell been received with profound regret. In several important cases of litigation between the two countries—the Fisheries Question and the Venezuelan boundary discussion—he was England's chief representative; and it was his rare fortune to win equal applause in both countries by his masterly and conscientious conduct of these cases. Lord Russell was the first Catholic Chief Justice appointed since the Reformation; his marvellous knowledge of the law, even more than his forensic eloquence and his tact in the management of witnesses and juries, lifting him head and shoulders above the most conspicuous of his contemporaries. He was an ardent Irishman and defended Parnell in the famous Piggott forgery case, in which his closing speech lasted six days. "It embraced the whole history of the English government in Ireland," says one account; "and at its conclusion he broke down and wept." The lamented Chief Justice died in his sixty-eighth year, and during his whole life he bore himself so that there was nobody in England who was not aware that Lord Russell was a Catholic. God grant him rest!

There are only two English-speaking priests in Peking; however, there are a number of Sisters of Charity from Ireland, one band of whom devote themselves to the care of lepers and the friendless poor. Peking was formerly called Se-yun-tien-fu. It received its present appellation when the Chinese emperors removed the government from Nanking to the northern part of the empire, in order to oppose the incursions of the Tartars. Peking signifies north royal residence. It is a strongly fortified city, the walls being enclosed and protected by a broad and deep ditch. It lies in a plain which stretches to the south for ten days' journey, and is bounded on the north by numerous mountains. The heat in summer is deadly, though the rainfall in July and August is always abundant. The allied armies now marching on Peking are exposed to perils almost as great as those encountered by Napoleon in his Russian campaign.

"The Bishop left his written wishes to the effect that there should be neither eulogy nor flowers at his funeral; and that the little catechism of his school-boy days should be buried with him." These are the concluding words of a well-measured sketch of the late Bishop Healy, of Portland, in *The Pilot*. A shepherd so wholly devoted to his flock could have had no eulogy so fitting as the tears of the people; a man so

genuinely religious thought much of prayer and little of tuberoses; while the solidity and the simplicity of his faith were happily illustrated by his wish to have the well-thumbed penny catechism of his boyhood laid beside him in the coffin. When a few months ago occurred the twenty-fifth anniversary of his elevation to the episcopate, his repugnance to eulogy led him to preach the jubilee sermon himself. It was an eloquent pæan in praise of the priests who labored with him, but there was no word about himself. Yet he has written his name in large characters upon the history of New England, especially of Maine, where his memory will long be in benediction. *R. I. P.*

The Chinese minister at Washington recently said of Bishop Favier, of Peking, that "he is a real Chinaman." Some men would hardly consider this a compliment, but it is unquestionably a compliment to a missionary. Monsignor Johnston, Cardinal Vaughan's secretary, is quoted as saying:

In olden times Catholic missions in China were more successful than they are to-day. I think it was because the old missionaries went with their lives in their hands without government protection. "You may murder us if you wish," they said; "there will be no one to retaliate: we are here simply for the salvation of your souls." The Chinese could understand and admire this simple devotion; they loved the missionaries and they were safe in their hands. Now it is quite different. . . . It was thought a fine thing when missionaries first began to receive consular support and when official protection was extended to the Catholic religion. It has not resulted in an extension of the work, and now we realize the full and terrible extent of the mistake.

A few days after Monsignor Johnston uttered these sentiments, the Democratic candidate for President of the United States, in a formal speech accepting the nomination, said:

Compare, if you will, the swaggering, bullying, brutal doctrine of imperialism with the golden rule and the commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Love, not force, was the weapon of the Nazarene; sacrifice for others, not the exploitation of them, was His method of reaching the human heart.

A missionary lately told me that the Stars and Stripes once saved his life because his assailant recognized our flag as a flag that had no blood upon it. Let it be known that our missionaries are seeking souls instead of sovereignty; let it be known that, instead of being the advance-guard of conquering armies, they are going forth to help and to uplift,—"having their loins girt about with truth, and their feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace; wearing the breastplate of righteousness and carrying the sword of the spirit." Let it be known that they are the citizens of a nation which respects the rights of the citizens of other nations as carefully as it protects the rights of its own citizens.

The anti-religious Cuban marriage law has been annulled—not a day too soon, the political bosses declare. It took a long time and required the expenditure of a vast amount of energy to nullify that iniquity, though it was the work of a moment and of one man—a blundering general. We are disposed to divide the credit of revoking the Brooke edict between the Bishop of Havana and Mr. Mark Hanna, who is as wise in his generation as anybody. One of the evils of expansion most to be dreaded is the centering of power in individuals to make laws which it will require the machinery of the government to nullify.

On the occasion of the second anniversary of the landing of the American troops in Porto Rico, the Republican party in Ponce issued a proclamation which is no less remarkable for bigotry than stupidity. Until July, 1898, it declares, the Porto Ricans had no liberty of thought, but now their faith is free. Among the blessings for which they are indebted to our government, the proclamation enumerates "the divorce law, which guarantees domestic peace." The New York *Sun*, which ought to know—must know—better, says Porto Rico has "cause of gladness."



The Apostles' Prayer.

BY FATHER KENNEDY.

THE Twelve Apostles had a prayer
They made together some time ere
They went away;
That prayer they taught where'er they preached,
And through the ages it has reached
To us this day.

I.

All things were made by One alone,—
All that we see or can be known;
And that was God.

II.

Jesus, His Son, a man became,
To take away our sin and shame;
This earth He trod.

III.

Upon a cross for us He died,
By Pontius Pilate crucified
In shame and pain.

IV.

Good Friday was that day of woes,
But with the Sunday's sun He rose
To life again.

V.

From Olivet He rose on high,
Blessed His followers from the sky
With hands outspread.

VI.

From thence He'll come one day again
To judge the actions of all men,
Alive or dead.

VII.

We in the Holy Ghost believe,—
The God of Truth that can't deceive
Or be deceived.

VIII.

And all the truths His Church doth teach,
As if those truths Himself did preach,
Must be believed.

IX.

We all in God's sweet family,
In heaven, earth and purgatory,
Pray each for all;

X.

And God doth show His clemency,
Forgiving all our sins when we
For mercy call.

XI.

Our bodies from the dust shall rise,
To meet the Saviour in the skies
With ecstasy;

XII.

And glorious body, then, and soul
Shall reign with Christ throughout the whole
Eternity.

Myles' Mischief.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XV.—To the Rescue.

MR. CHICHESTER had placed the affair of Myles' disappearance in the hands of the police; but still he was by no means at rest upon the subject. He arose early and ordered the carriage to be at his door in half an hour. His first care was to stop an instant at Mr. Macartney's house to inquire if there was any news of Myles, which he scarcely hoped; and to reassure Katie by telling her that he was going to drive down along the wharves, where something might be heard of the missing boys.

Poor Katie looked pale and anxious. She had not remained awake as Mrs. Morris had done; for the sleep of youth is stronger than any misfortune and overcomes it. But she had awakened more than once with a start, and had cried herself back to sleep when she remembered that Myles was gone no one knew where. Susan, too, was fairly overpowered by grief and anxiety.

Mr. Chichester next told the coachman to call at an address in Henry Street

and pick up Art Egan, who, having seen the foreigner, would be of much use in identifying him. Art was fortunately in the house and soon appeared at the basement door.

"Jump up quickly, my lad!" said Mr. Chichester; and they were off at a rapid trot before Art could quite realize the glory of his new position, seated on cushions of gray in that luxurious coupé. Mr. Chichester appeared to be lost in thought, sometimes muttering a word to himself or shaking his head.

At the Police Station they saw the inspector, who promptly took down Art's statement, and listened with due attention to what Mr. Chichester had to say. But the officer had no news as yet to give.

"We sent out a general alarm last night, when we got your message," he said. "Nothing has been heard of the lads yet. I guess there *is* something behind it. Boys are not kidnapped much these days."

Mr. Chichester's suggestion that he would bear any needful expenses was received with an approving "All right!" and the inspector promised to leave nothing undone to find the whereabouts of the missing lads.

Mr. Chichester bade his coachman drive down along the wharves; for the old gentleman hoped that he might discover something quite independently of the police, especially if the Turk had carried out his promise and brought the boys back, with merely such delay as the storm had occasioned.

Art was in a fever of exultation. The grand driving about town with this "nob," as he mentally called the old gentleman, and the visit to the awful precincts of police headquarters, was an experience for which he could never be too grateful. Why, even Myles' adventures with the Turk would be scarcely more exciting.

"I'm sure I had lots more fun by staying ashore than Myles and Ben had by going," he reflected.

Sometimes Mr. Chichester put a brief question to him:

"You say the stranger was low-sized and very dark?"

"Yes, sir."

"He talked of taking the lads for a sail down the bay?"

"Yes, sir."

"This Ben is, I hope, a boy of good character?"

"Oh, indeed he is, sir! And not half so full of mischief as Myles."

After which there would be silence between the oddly assorted pair for some time, while the carriage rattled over the stones; and the wharves, with rows of tall, spire-like masts, appeared to the gaze. They drove along for a considerable distance, when suddenly an interruption occurred which caused the coachman to stop the horses. At first Mr. Chichester paid no attention, leaning back, absorbed in thought, and supposing that the delay was caused by some unusual traffic. Finally he put his head out of the window and inquired what the matter was. The answer caused him to alight from the carriage, signing to Art to follow. A crowd had collected, in the centre of which could be seen the tall figure of a policeman, who seemed engaged in a dispute with two boys, who were eagerly representing something to him, which he appeared to receive with decided incredulity. The crowd was made up as such crowds usually are: street boys, wharf-loafers, with here and there a workingman who had stopped his work for a moment, or a shipping-clerk on his way to or from some of the offices.

As Mr. Chichester drew near he saw the face of one of the boys distinctly; he also had an impression of an uncouth figure in foreign costume, with a fez

upon its head. He hurried along, closely followed by Art, who cried out eagerly:

"That's the Turk, sir! Oh, that's the very man!"

Mr. Chichester paused a moment on the outskirts of the crowd to listen. The Turk was making a furious indictment against the boys.

"Two rascals!" he was shouting in his foreign voice. "One boy, two boy. I watch them and I see. They have the bundle. They steal, they smuggle. I come for give news to the mister policeman. I good man. I want him catch rascals."

Myles and Ben regarded him with stupefied astonishment while he made these astounding charges, with the wildest of gesticulations.

"Where they steal from I know not, nor from where they take bundle. Maybe from some villain ship, from some bad enough den of thieves."

"He gave us the goods himself!" said Myles, indignantly. "He brought us to his horrid black ship and kept us there since yesterday."

"Oh, if I speak the English!" cried the Turk, shaking his fist at Myles. "Oh, the lies,—the very bad lies!"

"He asked us to go for a sail," broke in Ben, "and brought us to his ship down the bay. Then he tried to make us land these things; and when we said we wouldn't he first wanted to drag us back on board the boat; and then, just as soon as the policeman came up, he said we were thieves."

"Why wouldn't you land the goods?" asked the policeman, with a sneer.

"Because we were sure they were smuggled or stolen," said Ben.

"We told him we wouldn't land them even if he put us in irons!" cried Myles, stoutly. "And then he made his Turks catch hold of us, and we yelled and the police came."

"Oh, you're a precious pair!" retorted the policeman. "You can lie like old Nick himself. Come along! For once we'll take an Eastern's word for it. It takes a thief to catch a thief, and he's trapped the two of you nicely."

Myles and Ben looked despairingly round. The fear, the horror that seizes upon a decently brought-up lad at being handled by a policeman and taken along in the sight of a jeering crowd overpowered them both. Some of the bystanders were ready to sympathize with the boys and to disbelieve the Turk. But there is an almost proverbial tendency in the officers of the law to hold fast to preconceived opinions, so the more stalwart of the two prepared to move forward with a hand on the shoulder of either boy, leaving his companion to bring along the Turk as a witness. At this juncture Mr. Chichester appeared.

Myles gave a glad cry:

"O sir,—O Mr. Chichester!"

"Officer," observed that gentleman, "I happen to know something about this matter. In fact, I have already called at police headquarters with regard to it. I also have a witness here who can throw light upon it. I will accompany you to the station."

"Who are you?" asked the policeman, in a somewhat bullying tone.

"That, indeed, matters little," replied Mr. Chichester. "But here is my card, and I am senior partner of the firm of Chichester, Thomas & Co."

The officer, hearing this and glancing at the card, calmed down.

"As for that fellow," continued Mr. Chichester, pointing his cane at the Turk, "do not let him escape. I chance to know that the story told by these boys is true. To my own personal knowledge, they are daily attendants at a reputable school, and can have no connection with such miscreants except in so far as they themselves have explained. The story of their being

taken aboard of this foreigner's vessel has already been told to me by my young companion here."

The Turk had changed countenance considerably at sight of Art, especially when he found him to be accompanied by a prosperous and influential gentleman, who had evidently espoused the cause of the two other boys. Still, he continued to rage and foam furiously, denouncing the lads as thieves and smugglers and "bad enough ruffians," till the policeman peremptorily ordered him to "shut his jaw."

At the Police Station the matter was, of course, soon disposed of to the satisfaction of Myles and Ben. Their story fitted exactly with that which Mr. Chichester had heard from Katie and Art; and as the old gentleman made himself altogether responsible for their release, and appearance as witnesses if so required, he was enabled to take them triumphantly home in his coupé. What would have happened but for his influence it is difficult to say; for who would have believed the word of two friendless boys? Katie and Susan would have been powerless to help, and would scarcely even have known what had befallen them; and Mr. Macartney was on the other side of the continent.

It did not prove an easy matter to convict the Turk. Those who knew of his smuggling operations, and others who must have guessed that his wares had been dishonestly obtained, naturally denied all knowledge of him and would not give any information. The vessel disappeared from the bay as if by enchantment, no doubt according to a secret arrangement of its master. The police were, however, enabled to learn enough to corroborate the boys' story. Such a vessel as they described had unquestionably lain there for a fortnight.

As far as Myles and Ben were concerned, the episode of the Turk was closed forever, and they were enabled to go back to that quiet and peaceful life to which they were restored by Mr. Chichester's luxuriously cushioned coupé. How it affected their feelings and their ambitions shall be briefly told hereafter. They had one deep regret, which they confided to Mr. Chichester—that they could do nothing to help that pale and miserable lad of whom they had caught a glimpse in the forecastle of the ship. Mr. Chichester sympathized with them, and would have used any efforts in his power to procure the lad's release from such durance. But the ship having vanished, nothing could be done now; so that he only came back to Myles and Ben, occasionally, as a shadowy spectre of unhappiness. His fate they were never to know.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Story of St. Francis.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

XI.

Thanking God because they were permitted to renounce all that made life comfortable—it sounds strange, does it not?—Francis and his companions journeyed on toward Assisi, preaching in market-places and fields and also in lordly halls. At one castle every inmate, noble and servant, was seized with an impulse to follow the Brothers, and could be restrained only by a promise from Francis to found an Order which should in some way include those who must stay in the world.

Near Assisi, on the banks of a little winding stream, the brethren tarried for some months, living chiefly on roots and herbs. Raw turnips were a luxury, and bread almost unknown. Francis, being urged, now began to preach in Assisi; and people soon stopped saying "madman," and whispered "saint." The

teaching of Francis was practical in the extreme. He taught charity as well as penitence; and it was his heavenly diplomacy which, more than any other cause, set free those citizens who were in a state of serfdom.

The Brothers were driven from their poor hut at Rivo Torto by the rudeness of a countryman, who insisted upon stabling his donkey there. However, the Portiuncula was near, and they were not sorry to return to it; and gladly promised an annual basket of fish to the Benedictines in exchange for its kindly shelter.

Other young men began to ask and receive admission to the Order. There was Brother Juniper, the innocent and childlike, concerning whom Francis said, "Would that I had a whole forest of such junipers!" The stories in which he figures would make a book by themselves, but there are several incidents which set forth his character so perfectly that they must not be omitted.

One day a certain Brother was ill, and wished, he said, for a pig's foot to eat. Thereupon Brother Juniper immediately seized a knife from the kitchen and cut off one of the feet of a fine pig belonging to a neighbor's herd. When reproved for this act, which to him had seemed quite natural, he asked pardon of the pig's owner so sweetly that the man sent the entire animal to the convent.

At another time the sacristan of the cathedral of Assisi left him in charge of the church while he went to get his dinner. He could not have known Brother Juniper so well as we know him. As soon as the sacristan's back was turned, a poor woman strayed into the church begging for alms. Brother Juniper had no money to give her, so he looked around, and seeing some beautiful little silver bells upon the altar hangings, cut them off and presented them to her,—to her astonishment, no doubt. When the superior heard of this, he called Brother Juniper to him and scolded him so earnestly that he became hoarse. When the erring Brother noticed this hoarseness he made a fine "hasty pudding" and took it to the superior, assuring him that it would help his throat. So the two ate the pudding together, "more refreshed by devotion than by the food," says the quaint record.

Brother Juniper was so humble that he constantly sought mortification. We read of his playing at seesaw in order to make people laugh at him; which they did, you may be sure, with great pleasure and heartiness.

Another companion especially dear to Francis was Brother Leo, for whom Francis invented all sorts of names. He was "Pecorello," or "little sheep," or "little lamb of God." The relationship between the two was most beautiful. Brother Leo lived in the Order more than sixty years, and must have been a very old man when he died; but he was ever the adoring soul, the tender, humble follower of Francis, and the same modest "little lamb of God."

There were other members of the little band who were particularly useful and beloved, but to learn of them you must search in the numerous records of the life of St. Francis.

XII.

The saint now extended his labors to neighboring provinces, where his preaching was much needed. It is hard for us to realize the sad darkness which had settled down upon so many souls. Some were groping, some were heedless; nearly all had strayed far from the standard which it was the work of Francis to set up again. He adapted himself to all. To the ignorant he was simple, to the learned he was eloquent. Sometimes a strange loss of the orator's power came over him. At such times he

would only say "God bless you!" and then go away.

He was a true father to the little band who followed him, and a tender one. He reproved those who fasted to excess, and would carry grapes and other dainties to the sick when occasion arose. The only thing which seemed to irritate him was the tendency to possess any worldly goods.

"Go thy way, Brother Fly!" was his rebuke to one who desired to join the Order but who wished to give his wealth to his relations instead of to the poor.

"Brother Fly!"—he said that often. Who but Francis could have invented the phrase?

He would have preferred to have his community live without shelter; but that being out of the question, he insisted that their houses should be as poor as possible. Once, when he was absent, the officials of Assisi built a comfortable building for the Brothers. When Francis returned, his grief knew no bounds. He got upon the roof and began to tear off the tiling, asking the others to help him. But those who had built it said: "This is the property of the city. You break the law if you injure it." And Francis had to submit.

The beds of the Brothers were just little heaps of straw; their dishes were made of clay or wood. He was more hard with himself than with the others. When forced to sit at the tables of the great he would sprinkle ashes upon his food. "Brother Ash is pure," he would say to their astonishment. Once, when very weak and ill, he was persuaded to eat some chicken; but as soon as he was well again he appeared at the gates of Assisi with a rope around his neck and led by a Brother. "Behold," he said to everyone he met, "a glutton who pampers his body!"

Once, in his absence, the Brothers were keeping Easter by a little feast,—eating something which we, no doubt, would call poor enough, but which was a forbidden luxury to Francis. As they sat at table he entered, clothed in a beggar's rags, and asked for alms. He would not sit with the rest, but took his seat upon the ground. "So should a Friar Minor eat," he said. The lesson was heeded.

One rule knew no bending: the friars were never to handle money. One day a rich layman, coming to their little chapel to pray, left some money at the foot of the crucifix. A Brother saw it and laid it away,—thinking, perhaps, of some use to which it could be put. When Francis heard of this, he ordered the man to take it between his teeth and throw it in the filthy dirt of the road.

It is a mistake to suppose that the Brothers did not work. Each had his trade, which he followed, receiving in return for his labor anything except money. Francis himself was an expert carver of wood; but one day when the thought of a vase he had been making disturbed his mind during his devotions, he threw it into the fire. A fanatic? I suppose he was one. Probably a greater than he received that name in His day.

It was then the age of chivalry, and everywhere knights were setting out with a token of a fair lady upon each shield. "Poverty shall be *my* lady," said Francis. "Our Lord loved her. The world has despised her." And he wore her colors while he lived.

(To be continued.)

Ostracism, from the word meaning a shell, was so named from the custom of voting with little shells filled with wax, on which the vote of banishment was written with a piece of pointed metal. We all remember how the countryman voted to ostracize Aristides the Athenian, just because he was so tired of hearing him called "the Just."

With Authors and Publishers.

—The longest word in the English language is said to be "nonintercommunicability." Here is a sentence from a recent biography: "But the free kirk of the north of Scotland are strong antidisestablishmentarians."

—A complete general index of the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* is now in press and will be distributed with the October number of that publication. Articles will be indexed severally under subject, author and title; and the result is sure to be extremely valuable not only to those who possess a complete file of the *Quarterly*, but to all who have to compile bibliographies.

—Lady Amabel Kerr's "Life of Our Lord" (Catholic Truth Society) will give children a connected and sufficiently full account of the words and works of the world's Redeemer. It will also be useful, because of its simplicity, to older persons to whom the reading of a heavier book would be impossible. Lady Kerr's name makes it unnecessary to praise the unfailing good taste that pervades this little red-covered booklet.

—The enterprising firm of Rand-McNally has issued a cheap atlas of China, containing maps and descriptive matter pertaining to general conditions and the present crisis in the Celestial Empire; and a brief review of its history, government, religion, people, industries and relations with foreign powers. The maps are both recent and accurate, and the letter-press fairly useful. As an aid to the reading of books of travel in China—likely to be very popular for a while—this atlas has a mission.

—Father McSorley's learned and unctuous paper on "Devotion to the Holy Ghost," first published in the *Catholic World*, is now issued as a pamphlet by the Catholic Book Exchange. The response to the Pope's Encyclical, which was given to the world three years ago, has been slow, but signs of a more general awakening to the importance of devotion to the Holy Spirit are happily multiplying. Father McSorley's paper is, considering its brevity, astonishingly persuasive and instructive; and the fervent spirit of the latter half of it lifts it gloriously above the aridities of purely academic discussion.

—A "Religious of St. Andrew's Convent, Streatham," whose initials, "E. C. B.," are already known to many readers, has prepared "The Convert's Guide" for the use of persons entering, or lately entered, into the Church. It consists of advice which seems to be fruit of some experience and much observation; and though it is not a guide to all the duties of a convert, it contains many helpful hints bestowed in a kindly spirit and with much discretion. There are many passages which the reviewer is strongly tempted to quote; but it is enough to say that, both for converts and for young pastors who have to deal with them, this little book has considerable value. It is beautifully printed and bound. Catholic Truth Society.

—A passage in St. John's Gospel narrates that when Our Lord was urged to condemn the woman taken in adultery, "He stooped and wrote upon the sand"; whereupon the accusing Jews "went out one by one, beginning at the eldest even unto the last." Commentators on this passage record the ancient tradition that the words written by Christ were the secret sins of the self-righteous Jews who clamored for the woman's execution. Now comes Professor Gregory, of Leipsic, with the announcement that he has discovered some ancient manuscripts at Athens, Athos and Dessau, which purport to give the actual words written by Our Lord. According to these documents, the leaders of the Jews on that occasion were Eldad, Horan and Muman, and the words written in the sand were these:

> Eldad killed his friend, Modar, in the wilderness.
> Horan cheated Banan's widow out of her house.
> The wife of Arved was forced to yield to the power of Muman.

How old the documents discovered by Professor Gregory really are is not yet known with surety; but, whatever their age, they prove the existence of the tradition to which commentators refer.

—The Very Rev. Dean Kinane has added another edifying and instructive volume to the long list of his published works. The title sufficiently explains its object and scope: "Purgatory, Its Pains and Consolations; the Motives and Means to Relieve the Suffering Souls; How to Escape Purgatory." Among many testimonies in favor of purgatory, Father Kinane quotes two prayers for the dead contained in the missal called "Cursus Scotorum," which was used in the Irish Church from the time of St. Patrick to the end of the sixth century. This ancient missal—also known as the Bobbio Missal because a copy was found in recent times at Bobbio, Italy,—has two Masses for the dead: one for deceased priests, the other for the faithful in general. The prayers are as follows:

> Grant, O Lord, to him, Thy servant deceased, the pardon of all his sins in that secret abode where there is no longer room for penance. Do Thou, O Christ, receive the soul of Thy

servant, which Thou hast given; and forgive him his trespasses more abundantly than he has forgiven who have trespassed against him.

Propitiously grant that this sacred oblation may be profitable to the dead in obtaining pardon, and to the living in obtaining salvation. Grant to them (the dead as well as the living) the full remission of all their sins, and that indulgence which they have always desired.

—A capital idea is carried out in a text-book for students of Greek prepared by the Rev. N. J. Stoffel, C. S. C., of the University of Notre Dame. It is designed to fill the wide gap between the grammar and ordinary exercise-book, thus removing the difficulty which has discouraged so many young persons in the study of the Greek language. The book is intended also for reading at sight in advanced classes, and the author was happily inspired to present in chronological order an epitome of the New Testament narrative similar to the well-known Epitome Historiæ Sacræ. There is a full vocabulary, so arranged as to give the student all needful assistance and at the same time to inspire interest in the Gospel narrative. Father Stoffel has produced a book which supplies a distinct need. Students and teachers of Greek, we are sure, will be grateful to him. University Press, Notre Dame, Ind.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption. *W. H. Mallock.* $3.50.

The Flowing Tide. *Madame Belloc.* $1.60, *net.*

A Son of St. Francis. *Lady Amabel Kerr.* $1, *net.*

Poor Dear Ann. *The Prig.* 75 cts.

The Bible and its Interpreter. *Rev. P. H. Casey, S. J.* 50 cts.

The Gospel Story. *B. F. C. Costelloe.* $1.60, *net.*

Studies in Church History. Vol. VI. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* $2.50.

Meditations on the Psalms of the Little Office. *Peregrinus.—Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.* 75 cts., *net.*

Currita, Countess of Albornoz. *Luis Coloma.* $1.50.

The Knights of the Cross. Vol. II. *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* $1.

St. Jerome. *Father Largent.* $1.

A Journey with the Sun around the World. *Rev. William McMahon.* $2.

Studies in Poetry. *Thomas O'Hagan, M. A., Ph. D.* $1.

The Church of Christ the Same Forever. *Rev. D. McErlane, S. J.* 50 cts., *net.*

Christian Philosophy — God. *Rev. John T. Driscoll, S. T. L.* $1.25, *net.*

The Heiress of Cronenstein. *Countess Hahn-Hahn.* $1.25.

The Nursing Sister. $1.25.

Jack Hildreth on the Nile. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.

Holy Mass: A Morning Paradise. *Very Rev. R. O. Kennedy.* 5 cts.

Giovanni Baptista de Rossi. *Very Rev. T. J. Shahan, D. D.* 20 cts.

Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire. *Samuel Dill, M. A.* $2.

The Spirit of the Third Order of St. Francis. *Father Peter Baptist, O. F. M.* $1, *net.*

The Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau. *Mary Frances Drew.* 60 cts., *net.*

St. Francis of Sales. *A. De Margerie.* $1.

A Book of Spiritual Instruction. *Blosius.* 75 cts., *net.*

The People of Our Parish. *Lelia Hardin Bugg.* $1.

A Month's Meditations. *Cardinal Wiseman.* $1.10. *net.*

The Duchess of York's Page. *Mrs. William Maude.* 70 cts., *net.*

Essays, Educational and Historic. *A Member of the Order of Mercy.* $1.25, *net.*

Episodes of Catholic History. $1.

Meditations for Retreats. *St. Francis de Sales.* 75 cts., *net.*

The Acts and Decrees of the Synod of Jerusalem. *J. N. W. B. Robertson.* $1.60.

An Old Family. *Monsignor Seton.* $3.50.

The Catholic Creed; or, What do Catholics Believe? *Very Rev. Father J. Procter, S. T. L.* $1, *net.*

Leaves from St. Augustine. *Mary H. Allies.* $1.35, *net.*

Vespers and Compline. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* $1, *net.*

The Life of Father Haskins. $1.

The Room of the Rose. *Sara Trainer Smith.* $1.25.

Religion and Morality. *Rev. James J. Fox, S. T. D.* $2.

Passages in a Wandering Life. *Thomas Arnold.* $3.50.

The Biblical Treasury of the Catechism. *Rev. Thomas E. Cox.* $1.25.

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Two Ways.

BY MAY CARROLL.

A SOUL was wavering on the brink of sin,
Hard struggling 'twixt the evil and the right:
A scoffer passed with sneering smile,—within
The conflict ceased, and angels wept that night
O'er one more fallen 'neath the tempter's might.

Another stood where life's two paths diverge,
And wavered 'twixt the right one and the wrong;
A helping hand was reached, the good to urge,—
A soul was saved, recalled from sin's dark verge;
And, lo! triumphant swelled the angel song.

The Book of a Medieval Mother.

BY THE REV. THOMAS J. SHAHAN, D. D.

IN face of the incredible output of modern pedagogical literature, few reflect that the Middle Ages had a respectable series of books on the education of children. From the works of good old Cassiodorus and Ennodius of Pavia in the sixth century down to the days of St. Thomas of Aquin and St. Bonaventure, there is quite a library of "Instructions," "Discourses," "Monitions," and the like; sometimes addressed to the public in general, sometimes drawn up for the formation of royal youth. The Middle Ages heard less talk about methods of education; were less accessible to the thousand whims and vagaries that get themselves accepted by ignorant or careless municipalities, only to rouse in the end a sense of disgust and shame, such as has lately found expression at the Capital of the Nation. They laid, and rightly, more stress on the ethical views of life—duty, calling, responsibility, right and wrong; and were unable to conceive any education that was not framed on the basic principles of immortality, revelation, and final judgment. This world was God's footstool, and the generations of mankind were His beloved children journeying ever to a condition of endless joy, of perfect and enduring love.

So the Middle Ages educated first the heart of man. For this they had many pedagogical instruments,—the molding power of personality and example instead of a feeble bureaucratic imperialism of text-books and manuals; the chastening action of great penances and of sublime renouncements. They had, too, the assiduous reading of the Scriptures, at least in the venerable and familiar Latin of the Vulgate. They had the Lives of the Saints—a celestial pedagogy for every class and calling. They had the rules of monastic orders and brotherhoods, the monuments that an all-transforming faith incessantly uplifted in every Christian land—churches, cathedrals, monasteries, with all the lovely handicraft that educated eye and hand, heart and brain. They had the educating controversies of the empire and the priesthood, with their extensive literature; they had the wars of the Crusades with their expansive

influences; the luxurious wild growth of the vernacular tongues; the powerful compressive action of the Latin tongue beneficial to thought and expression. Heresy, Islam, the missions, kept open and healthy the minds of the men of the West.

We must not imagine that thinkers like Albertus Magnus, Roger Bacon, and Raymund Lullus were so very rare merely because their names or their lucubrations have not reached us. "All literature," says Goethe, "is only a fragment of fragments." We know now that the Roman schools of Northern Italy and Southern France never quite interrupted their traditions of teaching, either in curriculum or method; that the Irish teachers of the eighth and ninth centuries were the saving bridge of several secular sciences; that the monasteries sheltered scholars, sciences, books; above all the spirit and passion of learning, the holy root from which knowledge springs eternal. Who created that positively new thing in education—the University—but the priests, students, abbots and bishops of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, quite in keeping with the *Zeitgeist?*

One of the most curious pedagogical monuments of the Middle Ages is the "Liber Manualis," the work of a woman—Dodana, Duchess of Septimania (Southern France), in the ninth century. Not that the women of that century were unable to read and write—at least a number of the more distinguished in society, and all those who lived in the numerous monasteries or were sent there for a better training. Whoever has read "Ekkehard," the beautiful historical romance of Scheffel, knows the wide field of woman's activity at this time. The genial and contemporary chronicler, Einhard, has left us a pen-picture of the education of the daughters of Charlemagne, that must have been true of many other women, noble and plebeian.

It was long thought that Dodana was a daughter of Charlemagne; but recent researches of Leopold Delisle, the eminent medievalist, leave little doubt of the falsity of this opinion. In any case, she was a lady of high birth; for in 824 she was married, in the imperial palace at Aix-la-Chapelle, to Bernard, the young Duke of Aquitania and Septimania and Count of Barcelona, son of William of Gellone, one of the great warriors of Charlemagne,—another Charles the Hammer, who cleared the Riviera of Arabs, fixed his standard in their city of Barcelona, and died a Benedictine and a saint. He enjoys the additional later glory of a vast epic, "Chanson de Geste," written in honor of "Guillaume au court nez."

From the union of his son Bernard and the Lady Dodana was born another William, whom the fates of war and diplomacy kept a hostage at the court of Charles the Bald after the bloody battle of Fontanet (841), as a gage of the fidelity of his great southern vassal. In the same year another son was born to Dodana, whom the father bore away to Barcelona, leaving the mother in charge of his city of Uzès. He had never treated her as a Christian husband; the charms of the beautiful and ambitious violinist Judith, second wife of Louis the Pious, had long drawn him to her side, until the oppressions and scandals of their government grew intolerable, and Bernard was compelled to fly to his Provençal strongholds, there to wait the outcome of the fratricidal struggle of the children of Louis, which opens and conditions the medieval life of France and Germany.

It is to her eldest son, William, that Dodana writes, or rather dictates, by the hand of her scribe Vislabert, the little book just mentioned. Its composition

occupied her for more than a year. It is exactly dated—a rare thing for medieval books; she began it on the Feast of St. Andrew, November 30, in 841, and ended it on the Feast of the Purification, February 2, in 843. We hear, therefore, in her pages the voice of a Carlovingian mother across one thousand years of history. The manuscript was known to Baluze, Pierre de Marca D'Achery, and Mabillon, but has been fully published only in our own day.*

The young hostage at Aix-la-Chapelle had left a great void in the mother-heart of Dodana. With unusual courage she will ease the aching by writing a book to her dear son. And the writing becomes a sweet daily task, a kind of *journal intime*, that acts as a strong search-light over the manners and consciences of ninth-century Christians of the class and type of Dodana. She writes:

> Men know many things that are foreign to me, and to other women like me—but to me more than the others. Still, He is always present to me who can open the mouth of the dumb and make eloquent the tongue of childhood. . . . Therefore, my son, I send you this discourse, or manual [*sermo manualis*], that it may be like one of those splendid chess-boards that recreate young men; or like one of those mirrors in which women love to gaze that they may compose their features and be pleasing to their husbands. Thus, my son, you shall use this book. It is a mirror in which you may see the image of your soul, not to please the world, but to please Him who created you out of nothing. Indeed, I am deeply concerned for you, O my son William! My soul is forever consumed with the desire of your salvation. In that hope I write you these pages.

She might well be anxious; for though saints like Arnulf of Metz and Wandville of Fontenelle came out of the court, its atmosphere was corrupting. The battle-horse and gleaming sword, the rank of count and fair lands to govern, were the great prizes of service with the Karlings as elsewhere; but the earlier pages of Gregory of Tours and the annals of the time show that the passions of men were little, if any, different from those of earlier and later days. A pretty acrostic that forms her own name opens the book into which she has breathed all her noble heart,—it is an invocation to God that He may protect her son William, for whom her heart is torn with anguish. Then come seventy-three chapters, curiously short and long, like the broken cries of sorrow and the tender gossip of love,—the outpourings of the illimitable sea of a mother's affection. She converses with him on the love of God, the greatness of God, all the attributes of the Divinity; on the Trinity,—a touch of those transitional ages in which there echoed yet some sounds of the great Christological struggles. She recalls to him the virtues of faith, hope and charity; the duty and manner of prayer; his obligations to his superiors, his neighbors, the priests and the teachers who have charge of him. Had Ruskin known this little manual he would surely have quoted from it in his "Pleasures of (Medieval) England."

Conduct is based on faith; hence the rest of the work is taken up with the moral duties of the young man: the trials of life and how to surmount them. Sorrow, persecution, disappointment, sickness will come, and who will shelter his bruised and torn heart? He must become a perfect man; he must preserve himself spotless. Already the Christian ideas which gave rise to the character of the chevalier and the gentleman crop out even in the intimate communings of a saintly mother. The little book is full of unctuous prayers and ejaculations that she would have him utter often for his prince, the Church, his father, for the dead, for "the very good and the not very good"; among other things, *pro versis et litteris compositis tuis*—"for

* "L'Education Carlovingienne, le Manuel de Duodha." Edité par E. Bondurand, Paris (Picard), 1887, 8vo, pp. 271. The name is variously spelled: Duodha, Dhuodana, Duodana, Dodana.

your verses and literary compositions." Perhaps the young William already handled the lance and the *framea*, or short sword of the Franks, with more skill than the *calamus* of the monk.

From this noble mother the young page of kingly race, destined to inherit those corners of France and Spain that have never long coalesced since their first disruption from the empire by the Visigoths, learned that there is a higher authority than man; that riches and power are nothing in His eyes; and that the saints of the family are the ones to imitate, not the turbulent warriors;—his grandfather, the venerable William, rather than his father, the worldly Bernard. Withal, she repeats often the lesson of love, respect and loyalty to his father, who is always her good lord and spouse. "In all things obey him; be the prop of his old age, if so be that he reach old age. Cause him no sorrow while he lives; despise him not when you, too, become a great and powerful man." This "work of her weakness"—*opusculum parvitatis meæ*—is all one cry of tender affection; willingly does Dodana efface herself, and liken herself to the humble woman of Canaan, seeking only the crumbs that fall from the table of wisdom, and seeking them for her beloved son.

Charles the Bald was no great or amiable character. Yet Dodana would have her William be mindful of his own nobility—his *magna utrinque nobilitas;* and be no lip-server, but a man of heart; the king's stainless liegeman, incapable of the intrigues that disgraced the family of the Karlings since the death of the great Emperor.

The pages devoted to the Church and the priests are worthy of the faith of Dodana:

> The priests are the successors of the Apostles, with power to loose and to bind.. Their task is to ravish its prey from the unclean spirit, and to restore it purified to its heavenly destiny. They care and provide for the altar that stands hard by their dwelling. They are the guardians of the sacred vessels of God which we call souls. The lips of the priest are the repository of knowledge; we seek the law from him, for he is the angel of the Lord. Like watchful doves, the priests direct their flight to the windows of heaven, and thus deserve the name of friends of God. Honor, therefore, all good priests; listen to them; and when you meet them kneel not alone before them but before the angels who precede them. Receive often at your table the priests of God, together with the pilgrims and the poor. Let them be your advisers, the ministers of your bounty, which will be one day multiplied to you.... Confess often to them in secret, with sighs and tears; for, as the doctors teach us, true confession freeth the soul from death....Beseech them to pray for you, and to intercede with God who hath made them the intercessors of His people.

More than once Dodana borrows from natural history comparisons that are apt and moving, even if the facts be as far-fetched as they are betimes in the pages of Saint Francis of Sales or Rodriguez. The duty of mutual help Dodana deduces from the example of the deer that lean on one another, turn and turn about, when crossing broad and dangerous rivers. She would have William read often the choicest books of the Fathers; he will then be like those doves who have drunk from crystal waters, and thereby acquire a sharpened vision against the hawk and the vulture.

Cruel domestic experience and the mother-instinct tell her that the life of courts and palaces is a perpetual snare for youthful virtue. She knows only one remedy—prayer,—the remedy of Christ and the saints. So the pages of her little book are made sweet with many unctuous prayers, most frequently taken from the public prayer of the Church, the canonical hours. Thus, unconsciously, she reveals to us a side of Catholic life that Dom Guéranger has so often admirably illustrated in his "Liturgical Year,"—the powerful influence that the daily official services of Catholicism exercised on the whole society of the Middle Ages, creating vocabularies, literatures, poetry, arts,

music; interpenetrating and spiritualizing the whole medieval man.

This admirable "Handbook" of a mother ends, like a last will and testament, in tears and benedictions, with recommendations of her many dear departed,—a whole necrology such as is often met with in the contemporary "confraternities of prayers." In her blessings it has been well said* that she is like an ancient priestess performing with all solemnity the ritual of her domestic hearth,—

> My son, God give thee the dew of heaven and the fat of the earth. Amen.
>
> May He vouchsafe thee abundance of oil, wine, and wheat. Amen.
>
> May He be thy buckler against all enemies. Amen.
>
> Be thou blessed in the town, in the country, at the court; blessed with thy father, blessed with thy brother; blessed with the great, blessed with the little; blessed with the chaste, blessed with the sober; blessed be thy old age, blessed be thy youth, even to that day when, hero of many combats, thou shalt set foot in the kingdom of the soul. Amen.

In a closing effusion she recommends her son, now sixteen years of age, to master this wise advice, and to break it betimes, like food, to her other dear son, whose name she does not know; for the father had taken him away hastily before baptism. She feels that her days are drawing to an end. Lonely chatelaine on the terraces of Uzès! She has much to do to cope with the creditors of her husband, among whom are some Jews. Grief and pain have reduced her bodily strength. She will not see the flourishing of youth in her second boy. In an acrostic that spells the name of her beloved William she reminds him that this journal—for such it is—was finished on his sixteenth birthday (November 30, 842), the Feast of St. Andrew, "near the time of the coming of the Word."

In a codicil she comes back upon the 'sweetness of her too great love, and the sorrow she has at not being able to gaze upon his beauty.' She begs him to have pity upon her soul, and urges upon him, in terms of exquisite pathos and tenderness, the duty of praying for her eternal weal. Finally, she beseeches him to put down her name on the family necrology, among the Guilhems, the Cunegondas, the Withbergas, the Gaucelins, the Heriberts, the Rodlindas, the Gerbergas,—noble dames and lords of her great family. For her tomb she dictates the epitaph to her scribe Vislabert,—"that all who visit it may pray for the humble Dodana, whose body made of earth has returned to the same."

Artless, broken in style, overlapping, without literary order or ornament, the Book of Dodana, nevertheless, appeals to every heart, especially to that multitude of men and women of a later day to whom the habit of introspection has become a second nature. This is the journal of a soul,—but not of a soul that has cast its moorings, like Amiel, and gotten out on the turbulent sea of doubt, amid incessant storm and lightning, relieved only by depressing calms and mists. It is the journal of a saintly soul, the colloquy of a Christian mother with her son; of a woman fit to be the ancestress of the Blanches and the Elizabeths of another century; close spiritual kin to women like Madam Craven and Eugénie de Guérin. She knows the Scriptures and cites them with ease; some smattering of erudition graces her paragraphs; her Latin, perhaps corrected by the scribe, is rude indeed, but terse, clear and direct, with flashes of brilliancy.

The sorrows of her race did not cease with her death. Bernard, her wayward husband and son of the saintly Guilhem, was beheaded for rebellion in the year 844. We do not know that she survived him. Her beloved William, for whom

* Mgr. Baunard, "Reliques d'Histoire," Paris, 1899. p. 61.

alone this medieval Monica walked our valley of tears, was captured at the siege of Barcelona in 850 and put to death. The second son, baptized Bernard, lived only to take vengeance on Charles the Bald; after fruitless attempts, he perished in a skirmish in 872. The strong lives of both are now forgotten, save by the toilsome chronicler of dates and names. But the pages of their mother's "Handbook," wet with her tears and aromatic with her virtues, have drifted down from age to age; and are likely to edify in the centuries to come many a similar heart, whether it beats upon a throne or beneath the roof of some humble cottage. Love is strong, and death is strong; but a mother's love, like Rizpah, defies time and the elements, being a godlike thing.

Dr. Martin's Wife.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LIFE'S LABYRINTH," ETC.

VIII.—Reverses.

FOR several months life went on placidly at the Red House. But it was a season of great monetary depression, of sudden panics,—a time when great fortunes were made and lost; and Mrs. Martin awoke one morning to find her little all swallowed up by the failure of the bank where she had deposited a considerable sum of money, that had been withdrawn from one enterprise to await another, which she had been assured by the firm in question would yield a larger income. Her house was all that remained to her, and she at once decided that it must be sold as soon as possible, as she had only a few hundred dollars besides what she had lost.

As usual, Bridget was an invaluable help and consoler, although the good woman felt the situation far more deeply than she would permit herself to show. Her mistress said not a word for some days as to what she proposed doing; but one night, after little Maurice had gone to bed, she called Bridget into the dining-room and began to reveal her plans.

"Bridget," began Mrs. Martin, "you know, of course, that it will be necessary to sell this house."

"Why not rent it, ma'am?" inquired the old woman. "'Twould be a pity to let it go out of your hands entirely. 'Twill increase in value every year. 'Tis such a pretty place too, and will be growing prettier all the time. There's nothing at all like it around this neighborhood."

"I can not keep it," said her mistress. "The rent would not support us, and I have nothing else now. Besides, I have a little plan in my mind which I shall need money to develop."

"How much money will you need, ma'am, may I ask?"

"A thousand dollars at least," replied Mrs. Martin.

"I have twice that, ma'am, in the savings-bank. The way things are going 'twould be far better for me to take it out of that than maybe lose it in a few weeks, the same as yours went. We can't tell what may happen in these days, ma'am."

"Why, Bridget, I could not take your money under any consideration,—you know I couldn't!"

"Might I ask what would you be thinking of doing, ma'am?" the servant calmly went on, ignoring the protest.

"I intend to open a dressmaking and millinery establishment."

Bridget lifted her hands in amazement. She was about to speak, but Mrs. Martin continued:

"You know I have a talent for both crafts, Bridget. Haven't you often said there were no costumes more beautiful

than mine anywhere,—no bonnets or hats more charming, though I always contrived them myself?"

"To make two or three gowns and hats in a season is one thing, and to turn them out by the wholesale is another," said Bridget. "I'm afraid you're not considering the difference."

"I have lain awake several nights thinking it all out, Bridget," answered Mrs. Martin. "I shall engage a house in an up-town neighborhood and employ first-class help. What is worth doing at all is worth doing well. Perhaps some of my old acquaintances may patronize me. I shall send out cards. All this will require money."

"The money is to your hand whenever you want it," said Bridget, grimly.

"But I can not take your money!"

"'Tis all the same whether now or later on, ma'am. And for what do you think I'm saving it? I have no one to leave it to when I die but yourself and Master Maurice. What's the differ to take it now, when you need it, or to get it after I'm dead, when maybe you wouldn't need it at all? Anyway, isn't it better to take the chance of making something by it now than to lose it maybe in them thieving banks?"

"But I have heard you say more than once that you meant to leave it to the orphans."

"My own orphan is nearer to me than them I never saw," replied Bridget. "By your leave, ma'am, I'll go into town now and get the money."

Mrs. Martin reflected a moment; then she took the rough, toil-worn hand in hers, and, stooping, pressed her lips to the knotted fingers.

"God bless you!" she murmured, with a sob in her voice. "Without you I should be alone indeed."

"Well, well, now! did any one ever see the like of that?" exclaimed the old woman, drawing her hand away. "'Tis weak-minded you're getting with the dint of worry and trouble. To kiss the hand of the like of me! Indeed 'twill be a good thing when you're started at something; too much brooding isn't good for anybody. And sure you won't sell the place, ma'am?"

"Well, not just yet, Bridget, since you have come to my aid," said Mrs. Martin. "There is no hurry about taking the money out of the bank,—that is, no immediate hurry. I would like to go in to-morrow myself and look about me. The sooner the thing is done the better."

"I thought maybe you'd like to take up painting again, ma'am," said Bridget. "That would be far more becoming to you."

"There would be no money in it, Bridget; and money is what we need. Maurice must be educated, you know,—and well educated."

"True for you, ma'am,—true for you," rejoined Bridget. "After a while you might do something in that line. You don't know yourself how well you can paint. Them pictures in the drawing-room is speaking. I heard the master say your talent was great."

"Desmond was partial," observed the widow, sadly. "I could not earn bread and salt at painting, Bridget."

"Have your way," answered the old woman. "Maybe 'tis all for the best. But I can not bear to think of you at the dressmaking."

Mrs. Martin smiled sadly.

"In England it is the fashion nowadays for the nobility to go into trade."

Bridget curled her lip.

"'Tis myself that wouldn't care to mention them as an example. Money is all they cares for, however they gets it. The more of it comes from the bleeding hearts of the poor the greater they glory in it. I wouldn't even you to the like of them, ma'am."

Mrs. Martin took up her lamp.

"I do not think we shall be in each other's way. London is a long distance from America. Can you have breakfast at six, Bridget? I will need a long day in the city."

"To be sure I can, ma'am," was the reply. "And now go to your bed. You'll bid to be up early."

A few days after this mother and son were walking in the garden.

"Mamma," inquired the boy, "is it true that we are going away from this pretty house?"

"Yes, darling: we are going at the end of the week."

"When shall we come back?"

"I do not know, Maurice. Perhaps we shall never come back."

"Oh, that would be too bad, mamma! I don't want to go away from this pretty garden."

"We shall be near a great, beautiful park, where there are many trees and beautiful flowers, dear. And you will go out walking with mamma or Bridget every day, and see the fine carriages and the little children with their nurses. And after a while you can go to school with other boys."

The child's eyes brightened.

"Oh, that will be nice!" he exclaimed. "Let us hurry and go, then, mamma."

Releasing her hand, he ran to tell Bridget that very soon he would be going to school with other little boys. His mother looked after him with a sad smile. From the terrace where she stood she could see the white monuments in the cemetery where her husband lay. She would miss her daily visit to the dear grave: her greatest regret was to leave it. But it would not be neglected—that she knew. As long as Peter lived the grassy mound would be tended with loving care; and from time to time she would be able to come and tell her cares and anxieties to him who slept below.

A few days later, their preparations being finished, the little family set out on their journey. The evening before the widow took her child by the hand, and, followed by Bridget, went to make her farewell visit to the cemetery. Maurice soon broke away from his mother, who fain would have detained him at her side. Passionately fond of flowers, the little fellow gathered them in profusion as they went along.

"For papa's grave," he explained, laying some of them in Bridget's arms, while he ran away for more.

"Oh, the darling!" exclaimed the old woman, looking at her mistress, who now walked silently beside her. "Do you see, ma'am, how he thinks of his father? I wonder does the master see him now, and he running along with his little hands full of flowers. 'Twill please him if he does."

"I think our loved ones see us from above," answered Mrs. Martin. "Surely the father watches over his boy."

They found Peter kneeling beside the grave, which he had just covered with starry white clematis.

"Bridget did tell me you would come to-night to say good-bye," said the old man, taking off his cap. "And I thought it would be good to decorate some the dear grave. I thought to go first before you came, madam; but now I will."

"Thank you,—thank you, Peter!" said Mrs. Martin, deeply touched. "When I am far away from here I shall always feel that my husband's grave is carefully tended."

"And so you may, ma'am," observed Bridget. "I'll warrant there will be no time that you'll care to visit the place but you'll find it as it is now—green, fresh, and the myrtle watered every day. And look—God bless him!—look how Maurice is dropping his beautiful posies all about!"

The child was softly stepping from side to side, dropping a flower here and there. Peter glided noiselessly away as Mrs. Martin knelt beside the grave; her little son nestling between her and Bridget, his hands folded as he was accustomed to hold them at his morning and evening prayer. If she had been alone, the widow would have given full vent to her emotions; but the presence of the old woman and the innocent child restrained her. Most fervent were those parting prayers.

When they were finished, the trio walked home through the twilight, lingering long in the garden of the Red House, which was to be their home no longer. Mrs. Martin had been fortunate enough to rent it for a term of years to the daughter of a neighbor who had been recently married. At that same hour the next evening little Maurice stood at an open window overlooking the subdued rush and roar of night in the great city.

"The lights are pretty," he responded to a question of Bridget's. "Everything is pretty; but I like my own lovely garden best, mamma."

(To be continued.)

Sympathy.

BY DAWN GRAYE.

GRIEF well I knew! — her hand in passing greeting
Had oft with leaden weight lain on my heart;
Again by a dear one's bier sadly meeting,
In her train I followed — stricken, apart,—

To the gloomy realm toward which she bent her way,
And knocked upon the portals of Despair.
Gently from within the warden answered: "Nay!"
(For 'tis an angel guards the closed doors there):

"Nay, not of those who enter here art thou,
Since faithfulest friends have wept for and with thee;
I see still shining, starlike, on thy brow
To mourner Love's best gift—tears of sympathy."

Mary Vaughan.

BY LADY ELIZABETH HERBERT.

(Conclusion.)

THE Bishop of Plymouth has published a quantity of the touching and beautiful thoughts of Mother Clare Magdalene in a little book entitled "Thoughts and Aspirations of a Loving Soul," which one wishes were in the hands of everyone who seeks after perfection. But two notes of hers, written to a novice "Before Clothing" and "Before Profession," are not included in that series, so I insert them here:

"My dearest chosen one of Him our only Love, whom I thank with all my heart that He in His love has drawn you so far; though there are still some steps to take before the great day comes. No doubt you have had much light and grace during your retreat, which will help you on during the year of trial; but you will see that our Immaculate Mother will make it sweet to you. You are *so* sensitive to hard looks, cutting words, which, recollect, your mistress has every right to give you; so mind you make good use of it all. And when you begin to feel hurt or pained, turn directly to Our Lord interiorly and say: 'All for Thee.' And then He will look upon you with such intense love that, though you may not see Him with your bodily eyes, I am quite certain you will feel a peace and sweetness which He alone can give when one suffers from creatures.

"I know you will feel my not being able to say a word to you in passing, nor you to me. But let us make use of this by offering it up in reparation to our victim Spouse for the blasphemies He receives from so many in this world of sin and misery. Life is so short that there is no time to lose one moment;

therefore, have nothing more to do with human love, but try to supernaturalize it all. If you are very generous with Our Lord, you will soon fly on to perfection. You know you have a *heart*, and that Our Lord is jealous of every bit of it. Yes, every ache and pain, every sorrow or trial, every temptation or difficulty, must be gone through in the spirit of a true *victim*. You see how I preach. It is only because I am so anxious that you should give yourself unreservedly to Him our All; and think nothing hard to bear when done for Him. What poor creatures we are, after all! We seem so terrified at the cross, when we should delight only in following our crucified Spouse. When we meet, let us always say, 'My God, I love Thee!' or some loving aspiration so as to set each other on fire.

"This note is for your own eyes only. When you have read it, burn it, saying: 'I will possess nothing but my Jesus.' I wanted to paint you a chalice, though I have not done it yet; but I hope you will have it later."

The following—"strictly private"—was written before profession:

"My own loved Sister and bride of my only Love, who so soon will be your Spouse too! I write 'private' because then I feel I can speak out to you from my whole heart, which is brimful of joy and delight at your happiness. All this past year I have felt it a duty to be apparently distant and even cold, as I know our hearts are so congenial that almost a look is enough to make us love each other more; so, knowing that holy obedience would never allow a little novice (who has to be crushed and wounded until most of her poor human nature has disappeared) to take special notice of any one, I tried to help you by being silent and praying for you all the more. But now I can venture to come a little nearer; for you know we must have one heart and one soul, and help each other up to heaven as long as we live. I love to think how purely and brightly you have been getting ready for that union with the King of kings. I hope your heart will always be as pleasing to Him as it is at this present moment. When you were sad and desponding, did I not tell you *the day would come?*

"Let me entreat of you, in the midst of your love and joy, to be very, *very* calm. Calmness is such a help to receive our loving Lord's most precious graces and to prevent their escaping. O Sister dearest, we can never understand the extent of the marvellous grace of being His spouse! I quite long for the moment when you will pronounce your vows. But I must say no more, as your hours now are so precious to prepare. One thing I beg of you to ask of Him for me, and that is an immense increase of His love. Ask Him this, if you can possibly think of it, very soon after pronouncing your vows. I have let time pass without painting anything for you. But I will do so soon, and something very special for your office-book. All praise to God for His love for you!

"Your always devoted sister and friend in Him, "C. M."

A few words were added by her after the profession:

"My sweet little Sister and bride of Him our great All! There is no need to say one word to you, for are not your heart and soul overflowing? Oh, let them overflow into that burning Heart of love, and be buried deep down, out of sight of all that is passing away! I thought it would please you to have a little painting of my own, which I finished the day before our retreat. It is only fulfilling my promise.... Oh, I want you to be so perfect, so calmly fervent, so intent upon our Victim of Love in that little white Host, where we shall

ever learn wondrous lessons and secrets which He loves to reveal to those whose whole mind, heart and soul are, with intense generosity, concentrated upon Him alone! I never mind now looking up to you when we meet; for I always feel we make an act of love to Our Lord in each other. It comes so natural to do so. I can see that your way to heaven is not by great mortifications, but by great love....

"Do you know He gave me such a bad headache yesterday that I had to go to bed before Compline? And to-day it is nearly as bad; yet what does it matter when He wills it? Indeed, let us treasure every little ache and pain to unite with His often bleeding Heart for poor sinners. Let us burn with love together, so as to make one strong light. I wish the whole community could be one great blaze of love before the Blessed Sacrament."

It was with thoughts such as these that this saintly Mother's soul was filled. But, alas! her time on earth was well-nigh spent. Some few weeks after Easter, 1884, she showed symptoms of an alarming nature, together with extreme weakness and languor. She always had a great dislike of receiving visitors, and would never go to the parlor except when obliged to do so, and from a sense of duty. One morning especially she was feeling unusually weak, and one of the Sisters came to announce that a stranger was waiting for her. She had to rest two or three times on her way to the parlor in order to get her breath; but at last said to the Sister who was anxiously accompanying her: "Now I can manage. We will go and complete the sacrifice."

As I have said before, she had an extraordinary amount of human love and sympathy for all who suffered. One of the Sisters wrote:

"Our dear Mother was always most kind and loving to us all; but she had a special gift for consoling any one under any sort of suffering, although so frequently suffering herself. She always managed to say the right word at the right time; and with a kind look or soft speech would cheer the heart of any one of us who was inclined to feel sad or depressed. Her heart seemed burning with the love of God. On meeting some of us she would say, with a bright smile: 'Oh, how we must love our dear Lord! How we must love the Blessed Sacrament!' She would speak of the Blessed Virgin with childlike simplicity and love. 'What a Mother we have!' she would sometimes exclaim. 'What should we do without such a Mother? Oh, how we ought to love her!'"

The medical man of the convent came to see her and prescribed as much rest as possible, together with all the nourishment she could take. It seemed to answer for a time, but in August she became worse. The doctor then said that her lungs were in a very bad state, and that complete rest was absolutely necessary. So she gave up her choir duties,—though as she hoped only for a short time. The disease, however, made rapid progress; fever and want of sleep wore her away, and the next step was to the infirmary. She spent a whole week in her bed, where she could be kept perfectly quiet; but very little improvement followed. The month of September came; and her uncle, the Bishop of Plymouth, who often visited her and the community, became very much alarmed at her state, and sent his own physician from Plymouth to examine her case. Alas! his opinion coincided with that of the doctor of the community; and both declared that, humanly speaking, recovery was impossible. They added that a sudden hemorrhage might come on, and then she would be gone in a moment.

She suffered much from fever and exhaustion, but was always sweet and patient and even cheerful and bright under it all. Now and again for a few weeks she would rally and be able to walk across the room, which raised the hopes of many. Innumerable were the prayers and Masses offered for her recovery, both by her community and by a multitude of relatives and friends; but Our Lord had prepared His loving spouse for life eternal, and she was ready and willing to go to meet and possess forever Him whom she had so earnestly and ardently loved.

In the month of December she received a visit from her brother, then Bishop of Salford, but now the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. This was an immense pleasure to her. She felt rather better at that time, and was hopeful of recovery, as so many consumptive patients are; and the delusion was fully shared by the community. But her holy and well-beloved brother was by no means sanguine about it, and told me on his return that he had no hope. He visited her once or twice every day during his stay, and advised her to make an entire sacrifice of her life into God's hands, and then to leave all the rest in peace and in accordance with His holy will. This the good nun did promptly and without reserve, and felt the greatest consolation from the act.

On the Feast of the Holy Innocents, feeling somewhat better, she walked out of her private room into the infirmary, a distance of a few yards only. There she sat and chatted quite cheerfully for a while; but later on she complained of feeling cold and weary and returned to her room. Between six and seven in the evening she went to bed; and whilst the community were reciting Compline (at about seven) she asked for a cup of tea, and the Sister brought it to her at once. Whilst in the act of taking it, she gave a strange cough, which instantly struck the Sister as being a "very bad sign." The next moment the dear dying Mother cried out, "Blood!" which, in fact, poured forth freely. She grasped a little statue of Our Lady close by and tried to say something, but fell back motionless. In that supreme moment of struggle she must have given up her precious soul to God, just as the nuns were singing, "*In manus tuas, Domine!*" on the Sunday evening of December 28, 1884. The Sister in attendance had hastily rung the bell; but the fearful suddenness of the beloved Mother's death did not give time for any of the Sisters to reach her room,—not even those who were at a little distance.

Her uncle, the Bishop of Plymouth, performed the funeral ceremony; though he deeply felt her loss, as it came so much more suddenly than had been anticipated. The Very Rev. Dr. Lapôtre preached a most impressive sermon on the occasion; which he could do better than any one, having known the dear Reverend Mother and been her spiritual director ever since the death of Canon Agar. Five other priests attended the last sad ceremonies, and the sorrow throughout the diocese was universal. Father Magnier, a Redemptorist, wrote to the community the following beautiful letter, which he has given me leave to insert here, at least in part:

"That Mother Clare Magdalene was a favorite child of our Blessed Lady is to me a matter beyond doubt. Were I asked what I noticed most in her, I should answer first of all that Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament was the very centre of her being; and next to this and bound up with it came her wonderful love and devotion to our Immaculate Mother. She was, as far as I can judge, a true child of Mary; and, in the words of St. Alphonsus, 'with devotion to Mary all other good things came to her.' Or,

in the words of your holy Father, St. Augustine, *Vita per Mariam*, — true Christian, true religious life from the hands of Mary. She was called away very quickly, very suddenly; but she had, nevertheless, time and mind and strength to call on her Mother—'Hail, holy Queen!' It is a great consolation to me that those were her last words; for St. Alphonsus says that a true child of Mary can not be lost. You will all know that her death was a keen sorrow and disappointment to me. I had great confidence in Our Lady of Perpetual Succor: I thought she would cure her. But I have no difficulty in believing that she has done far better in taking away her favorite child. Perhaps she saw some dangers of which we had no suspicion, and she hastened to rescue her from them; or she hurried the time of her exile that she might have her with her *in patria*.

"After Jesus and Mary, her love was centered in her children; and indeed it was no ordinary love. She would gladly have given her life and her blood for the community. I shall always remember her as the most generous of souls, very dear to Our Lord and His Holy Mother, and devoted to her Sisters and her children. She will not *now* mind my saying these words in her praise, and I offer them as a tribute of affection and respect to her memory. I have not ceased to pray for the eternal repose of her soul. May she rest in peace! Her sudden death and the great grace I believe it was to her is a lesson to us who remain. It brings Our Lord's warnings very near to us. May we profit to the full by the lessons and the warnings!"

May such examples help us all, onward and upward, in our daily lives, that we may be worthy to share in the rewards promised to those who love Our Lord with all their souls and strength!

The Red Room at Tolliver.

BY HAROLD DIJON.

(Conclusion.)

II.

IT was about a fortnight after the events just related that I returned to Tolliver House to help bury the mother of Clarice.

She was laid in the private cemetery situated in a corner of the park. Few southern plantations of the old time are without their family burial-places. Beside the minister who met us at the grave—Mme. Tolliver did not become a Catholic with her daughter—and the gravedigger, who was Ammi, no one was present at the funeral save Clarice and myself.

The minister departed immediately after the performance of the burial rites, and Clarice and I stood waiting to bid each other farewell; while Ammi, who, by the terms of Mme. Tolliver's will, was the richest man in the county, filled the grave of his mistress.

It was a raw, cold Christmas Eve. A drizzle of rain fell, that sogged its way through the fringed masses of pine that formed a canopy over the graveyard.

"I promised mother to bid you good-bye at the grave," said the girl.

"You are not bound by that promise, Clarice," I returned. "Why go back to that gloomy house? It is killing you."

"It killed my mother," she answered; "but it will not kill me."

"Why not come to *my* mother?" I entreated. "You know the welcome she would give you."

"Well, when you have read the letter Ammi is to give you, you will realize the impossibility of my doing what you ask," she said.

"When *will* that letter be given me?"

"Perhaps in a month's time, perhaps not till after long years—"

She paused abruptly, and uttered a faint cry of alarm. Becky was running toward us, and calling to Ammi to come quickly,—adding that he was wanted in the red room.

Ammi threw down his shovel and hurried in the direction of the house, followed by his wife.

"What is the matter in the red room, Clarice?" I asked, turning to her.

She looked at me strangely, and her reply was stranger than her look.

"Thank God, my mother is dead!" she said.

I gazed at her while, carried out of herself and oblivious of me, she wailed: "Mother, mother, it was all a great mistake! It would have been much better to tell the truth: we could have lived down the shame, but how am I to live through this!"

She beat her hands together. It was terrible to witness her mental anguish.

"Clarice," I exclaimed, "come with me! Do not return to the horrors of that house. Whatever they may be I do not seek to know. I only ask you to let me help you to forget the past."

She shrank back quickly; but then, making a strong effort to compose herself, she said:

"You must pardon me. I have had much to overcome to-day. You say you love me, and I believe you do. Show that you do by leaving me: do not seek to come into my life again—"

Here she broke off; and, drawing her veil about her face, she walked swiftly toward the house.

III.

During the months that followed I occasionally met Ammi in the town, whither he came to purchase provisions for Tolliver House. I always asked him for news of Clarice, and if the time was near at hand for him to give me Mme. Tolliver's letter. To the first he would reply that Miss Clarice was "right peart"; and to the second that he did not know.

But when November came he answered my question about the letter by saying: "I's mighty oneasy, Marse 'Cannon; the time's mos' done come." And a sennight after he came in haste to call me to Tolliver House. His countenance was overcast with a deep grief, and he cried: "Marse 'Cannon, the time's done come at las'! May the marciful Lord be good to us all!"

"Why, what has happened, Ammi?" I asked, pitying his distress.

"When you's done see eberythin'," he said, "I mus' give you the letter Miss Julia done tell you 'bout. I ain't sayin' nothin': ole Ammi might say somethin' Miss Julia doan' want him ter say."

When we arrived at Tolliver, Clarice was waiting for us on the stairs at the side entrance.

"You will go with Ammi to the red room," she said; "and then he will give you my mother's letter."

Ammi led the way down the corridor to the eastern wing. The entrance to the wing was obstructed by a pair of doors heavily padded with felt. Ammi opened the doors noiselessly, and as they fell back there came forth a sound of weeping and lamenting.

I looked at Ammi. His face was ashy, his lips trembled.

"Is that the red room?" I asked, and pointed to the open door of a room through which slanted a light emitted from a lamp within.

Ammi essayed to speak, but his voice broke down in a hoarse cry. He was silent, and made a gesture for me to follow him.

I obeyed, expecting to find a solution of the mystery that perplexed me; and what I saw when we reached the open door was a mystery greater than the one I wished to solve. There, in a room the windows of which were boarded up,

on a mattress beside which Becky knelt and rocked herself to and fro in distress, arrayed in clothes for his grave, lay the dead body of George, Mme. Tolliver's son,—he who was said to have died nearly twelve years ago. He had been a handsome youth. The corpse was that of a man prematurely old, with face and limbs emaciated with disease.

"Marse 'Cannon," cried out Becky, "tha's my young Marse George! No one done get him when he was alive, doan' say they's come for to take him now,—doan'!" And her voice became choked with sobs.

Ammi strove to reassure his wife; and when some degree of composure had been restored to her, I asked when George Tolliver died. That morning at dawn, Ammi replied.

"Now you done see Marse George, suh," he went on to say, "will you be so 'bleegin' as to come to the libery and read Miss Julia's letter?"

The library was situated immediately under the red room. It was a gloomy apartment, made more so by the closed blinds and curtains that barred out the sunlight, and necessitated the lighting of the lamps on the broad centre table, at which I seated myself to read the contents of the bulky envelope handed me by Ammi.

"Miss Julia an' Missee Clarice live in this room mos' times till Miss Julia tooken sick in bed," he informed me; and, asking me to ring when I needed his services, he left me alone.

It was early in the afternoon when I broke open the envelope directed to me in Mme. Tolliver's slight lacelike calligraphy. The clock struck five when I finished the last page of her sad and sinful story. But all the pity I had for the mother was swallowed up in the grief I felt for Clarice's spoiled youth, spent in this room so close to the horrors of the red room above.

IV.

"My weak indulgence, cards, drink, bad company ruined my son," wrote Mme. Tolliver. All too late she strove by the exercise of her will to reform George by keeping him at home. Several times she almost succeeded; but on every one of these occasions he had been enticed to the city, his chief snare a gambler named Saul Kent.

Once when George had been away for weeks, his mother became alarmed and sent Ammi to find him, and bring him home if possible. After a lengthy search, Ammi found his young master in the company of Kent and other persons of a like character.

George had been losing heavily at cards, and, dispirited and wearied for the time of dissipation, he was not unready to return with Ammi. This proceeding was opposed by Kent, who made an attempt to thrust Ammi out of the house. George, in defence of his servant, sprang on Kent and gave him a thorough beating. A distorted account of the quarrel got abroad, and it was said Ammi had struck Kent.

A physical wreck, George was taken sick after his return home, and during his convalescence his mother prevailed on him to consent to take a trip to Europe with her. Clarice was then a little girl at boarding-school. Fearing Kent's influence over her son, Mme. Tolliver gave Ammi most imperative orders to deny admittance to all callers. It was shortly after this that it became reported that George was dead.

This report was the means of bringing about a meeting between Kent and George. Kent believed the report, and sent Mme. Tolliver a statement of what purported to be her son's indebtedness to him. His statement was not noticed, and Kent came to Tolliver.

The men met accidentally in the hall, whither George had wandered, weary

of the confinement of his room. The dining-room opened on the hall, the table laid for dinner, and into this room George led Kent. A quarrel ensued; George snatched from the table a knife having a long, keen, narrow blade. A second after, one of the causes of George Tolliver's ruin lay on the floor, pierced through the heart. An ill man already, in less than an hour after Kent's death, the doors of the house barred to all comers, George Tolliver lay on his bed, prostrated by disease and the horror of the deed he had done.

The remainder of the afternoon and all the evening the dead man lay in the dining-room,—a room never again used. In consultation with Ammi, Mme. Tolliver decided for him to carry the body to a cross-road some miles from Tolliver House, and leave it there to be discovered; no fear that an innocent person might be accused of the murder presenting itself to her mind. This was done that night, while Mme. Tolliver and Becky removed the further traces of the crime committed in the house.

The body of Kent was found, and near it a knife recognized in town as belonging to Ammi. The finding of this knife, the loss of which Ammi could not account for, in conjunction with the story of his quarrel with Kent, led to his arrest for the murder.

Mme. Tolliver did not fear that Ammi would betray her son; but, to save a faithful servant's life and her pride in her name, she appeared in court on the day of the trial and gave testimony that Ammi had not been outside the grounds of Tolliver House on the night in which it was supposed Kent was murdered, or for days previous.

During the mother's absence, a word inadvertently dropped by the almost distracted Becky revealed to the son the true state of affairs. His reason, that before had tottered, gave way completely, and when Mme. Tolliver returned with Ammi she found her son a maniac.

He never recovered his reason entirely; but in his maddest moments he was gentle and docile in the hands of Ammi, and with Clarice when years afterward she came back to Tolliver House. His mother he never recognized, and her love he returned with a madman's aversion.

On the receipt of Clarice's letter, and of mine asking her blessing on our love, Mme. Tolliver was thrown into consternation. Her daughter's marriage would almost make necessary a revelation of the secret confined within the walls of the red room; and, at whatever cost to herself or to others, she determined that no one outside Tolliver House should learn of her son's state or of the crime that led up to it.

Clarice was called home; and the horror of her brother's situation, which she but then learned, made it easy for her mother to prevail on her to break our engagement. And it was by her mother's commands that she abstained from passing the gates of Tolliver House, except on rare occasions when Mass was offered at a neighboring station.

"I proved to my daughter," said the old lady's confession, "that you would not marry her if you knew the truth about her brother. I have told you the truth, now that it can not injure him. In these last days, Clarice has told me I made a great mistake in concealing the truth. Perhaps I have; but as you read these my last words, are you not thanking me from your heart for having saved you from an alliance with a name on which there is the stain of madness and crime?"

My answer was to lay the pages of the confession on the glowing coals in the grate, and to ring the bell and ask Ammi to request his young mistress to come to the library.

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George Tolliver was buried secretly, as his mother wished. Justice had no ends to gain by the revelation of his crimes and sufferings, and his past was buried with him.

It was not easy to gain Clarice's consent to be my wife. A day came, however, when she was persuaded that when the shadows lie behind, the sun is before.

We live in a pleasanter house than Tolliver; and with us dwell an aged couple, Ammi and Becky, respected and welcome partakers of the happiness God has been pleased to grant us.

Out of the Crucible.

BY FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

Childhood and Prayer.

I HAVE recently had a visit from the son of one of my best and oldest friends, who has lately left the Seminary of Saint Sulpice, and has been installed as vicar in a very poor parish of one of our Parisian suburbs. The young priest, burning with zeal, rejoiced over the fact that his lot had been thus cast in the midst of the people and of misery; being certain of finding there, sooner than elsewhere, the occasion for exercising his ministry of consolation and of charity, and firmly resolved to do all in his power to bring back to God all the souls that he could. But on the very morrow of his undertaking he could no longer hide from himself the extreme difficulty of his enterprise. Among other confessions, he made me this deplorable avowal. Only one-third of the children born in the parish of which we treat have been baptized, and it is a still feebler minority that frequents the catechism class and receives any kind of religious instruction. We, therefore, can permit ourselves no illusions. Soon in this very Christian part of France there will be no more Christians.

Those who call themselves freethinkers (surely by antiphrasis, for their intolerance is well known) can be proud of the result attained in twenty years. For it is over twenty years, if my memory serves me right, since the crucifix was definitely suppressed in the "school material," according to the graceful expression of I don't remember which important municipal personage; and that it was replaced (at least I believe it was) by the table of weights and measures,—a rather superfluous object, let it be said between us; as the greater number of the little suburbanites are destined to know soon enough, and but too well, what a liter is.

As to the catechism, you are aware that they have abolished such an old-fashioned monument of fanaticism and superstition from the schools; in place of that reactionary book, which treats only of virtues to be practised and duties to be performed, they have distributed the little manuals which speak of their rights to those young citizens who do not always know how to blow their noses properly.

Moved by curiosity, I have looked through some of those opuscules: they are characterized in general by their notorious stupidity. In one of them, under a picture in which one sees a gentleman in his tilbury passing an old man ballasting the road, I read this odd inscription: "As a result of universal suffrage, Mr. —— is, notwithstanding his large fortune, the equal of the road-laborer."

This object-lesson made me reflect; for I well know that when one and the other will have voted according to his ideas, the gentleman in the tilbury will continue to enjoy his large fortune, and the road-laborer will continue to break

stones. I wonder if the catechism is not in the right,—the poor old catechism which also considers Mr. —— and the road-laborer equal at death, but which counsels the first to be charitable and the second to be resigned? Thus it fights against selfishness and pride in the one, against revolt and envy in the other; and establishes in our poor world a little happiness and justice whilst patiently awaiting better things in another.

These reflections will appear shocking and scandalous, I fear, to the district delegates who are dead against the catechism in the schools, as though it were an obscene book, and who, being almost all Freemasons, knowing the "acacia" and having seen the "light of the third apartment," are, as it would appear, better instructed than humble Christians in the mysteries of life and on the destiny of the human soul. But the indignation of those wrong-sided inquisitors does not alarm me. Indeed, I do not see what could prevent me from denouncing the ravages already made in the laboring classes by secular teaching, ostensibly neutral but in reality hostile to every Christian idea.

Those ravages are abominable, and the revelations made to me by my young friend the vicar have made me shudder. Yes, it is dreadful to think that in one of the miserable quarters of Paris, in the centre where the benefits of religion would be most necessary, two-thirds of the children are ignorant of the very name of God and have never prayed.

Among all the spectacles that mankind can offer, is there one more pleasing, sweeter, more touching, than a child in prayer? His mother has placed him on his knees in her lap, holds him, with both arms around him, and joins his little hands in hers. She makes him repeat, one by one, the words of the short prayer,—if he be very small only a few words, such as the simple supplication, "My God, I give Thee my heart!" if he be a little older, the admirable text of the "Our Father" and the sweet appeal of the "Hail Mary."

If it be the morning, the child raises his eyes toward the azure sky, and the two mirrors of purity contemplate each other. Is it night time near the shaded lamp in the warm and peaceful room? Then it seems that in the shadow behind the white curtains an angel stands immovable and assists at this adorable act of faith, afterward to go and give witness of it in Paradise. No doubt the child does not yet understand the sacred words he pronounces, but he knows that his mother is happy in hearing him repeat them; he looks at her and sees her smile; he feels that she is encircling him with a still tenderer caress; and a religious instinct is awakened in him.

As to the mother, the best moment of her life is that in which she presents to God her child. What a tender joy! She prays with him, for him, and by him. The sentiment of respectful fear that the greatness of Divinity at times inspires in us is not then felt by her. She is full of a confiding abandonment. She is certain that God will grant the supplications addressed to Him by so pure a mouth; she does not doubt that He who is the infinite strength and absolute science will be touched by so much innocence and weakness. Then, there is an Immaculate Mother, the Blessed Virgin, who is the channel of all graces and heavenly favors, and who will certainly obtain what another mother asks through the lisping tongue of her child.

Yes, Christian prayers, you are most pleasing to Almighty God, and you take a sublime flight toward His glory. Liturgical hymns sung by the priest, canticles in all languages thrown out by the full voice of the assembled faithful,

harmonious storms of the organs that shake the body of vast cathedrals, choruses of pilgrims moving toward a sanctuary which awake the mountain echoes, pious sobs of the afflicted beside some tomb, dolorous moans of penitent souls, passionate words of the monk or the nun in ecstasy in his or her cell,—yes, you rise to the throne of the Almighty. But, above all things, He is a Father; and in the immense, eternal chorus of voices that praise Him and confess Him, He always hears very tenderly, I am sure, the innocent prayer of little children like the twittering of the birds.

The man who in his childhood knew how to pray can never forget it. The passions and struggles of life, the revolt of the mind and of the senses, can lead him, no doubt, to incredulity,—nay, to the worst excesses of negation and of blasphemy. A trace of the faith of his first years always remains at the bottom of his heart, as the characters of an ancient manuscript on the parchment. Let some great sorrow, some profound physical or moral distress come, and, oh, how he will at once recall the distant hour when, kneeling in his little bed, he felt near his cheek the warmth of his mother's face, teaching him the *Pater* and the *Ave!* Then generally he crouches down, and, veiling his face with his hands, sends forth the cry that springs from the depths of man's soul—"My God, have pity on me!"

That cry from a shipwrecked soul—I know it well—is the lighthouse that shines in the dark; it is the port, it is salvation. I feel a just anger against those who, seized by an inconceivable madness, pretend—and they have coined the word—to "dechristianize" France. They certainly will not succeed. The destiny of the Church is always to be militant in this world; her periods of progress and decadence are only movements of the tide, and at this very moment we know the tide is rising. But is there, in truth, an act more wicked than to rob the people of faith and prayer? For both come naturally to the humble and simple of heart; it is even one of their privileges, and they find in them, better than do we in whom the weeds of pride grow continually, an admirable viaticum for the hard journey of life. Alas! at the present hour great harm has been done; it grows more serious with each passing day, and they are preparing generations of miserable beings who will struggle between revolt and despair.

How not grow alarmed before such a future? Above all, how not grow indignant at the thought that those who help so noxious a cause are not even in good faith; and that such a bourgeois politician, ready to vote a big budget to expel God from the schools, would be dismayed if his *dame* and his *demoiselle* had no religion, as he expresses himself in his insipid language?

May the fact that I point out to him to-day—the number of children that remain unbaptized, without the shadow of a religious thought—make that man look into himself; and if some evening, in the intimacy of his family, he finds himself touched by the picture, always noble and beautiful, of his wife teaching the last-born some childish prayer, may he blush at his hypocrisy, and think with horror that that bread of the soul which he grants to his own dear ones he tears away from the poor!

MARCH 24, 1898.

(Conclusion next week.)

ONLY misunderstood religion can estrange us from beauty, and it is a sign that religion is true and rightly understood if it everywhere leads us back to the beautiful.—*Lessing.*

Concerning China and the Chinese.

BOOKS like "The Court of Peking" (London, John Murray), "Another China," by Mgr. Reynaud (Dublin, Brown & Nolan), and "New Glories of the Church" (Baltimore, Murphy & Co.) ought to have a special interest, particularly for Catholic readers, at a time when so many erroneous opinions are in circulation concerning China and the Chinese. We are not sure that the books mentioned—the first that come to mind—are still in print, but there are others no less interesting and edifying—lives of martyrs like Blessed Perboyre, Father Schœffler, and many more who have laid down their lives for the cause of Christ in the land on which the gaze of the whole world is now fixed. These books, besides giving thrilling accounts of hardships bravely borne and of glorious martyrdoms in our own time, are full of the most reliable information concerning the country and people of whom outsiders know so little.

But first let us tell of the spiritual profit to be derived from these works. In his eloquent preface to "New Glories of the Church" Cardinal Wiseman says:

> No one can read these pages without being struck by the wonderful unity and identity of the acts and sufferings of the Church in all its ages. It is ever "filling up those things that are wanting of the sufferings of Christ."... The same persons appear in the conflict—bishops, priests, deacons, catechists, acolytes, virgins, old men and mere children. There are almost the same instruments of torture and death—the rod, the rack, the gibbet, and the sword.... There are the same interrogatories and the same answers,—the same holy defiance and divinely-inspired contempt of pain, torture and death; there is the same wonderful illumination of the knowledge of God in the mouths of the simple and of children; the same intense detestation of paganism, the same burning and tender love for Jesus and Mary; the same consuming zeal for the glory of God and of His Church. We could believe ourselves to be reading of the martyrdoms of Spain, Bithynia, and Sicily.... This most touching and stirring volume speaks to us with the voice of an apostolic warning, summoning the faithful to fidelity in the conflicts in these latter days, and to constancy even unto death. It shows us that to this hour the Church is the same and the world is the same—antagonist and irreconcilable; for the world will not change and the Church can not.

The China of the ordinary tourist's acquaintance differs very materially from the real China with which missionaries of the Church come in contact. Bishop Reynaud bears testimony to the fact that intelligent, thoughtful, patient, industrious, naturally religious, fond of home and its traditions, the Chinese, once converted, form a race of stalwart and fervent Christians, giving, not seldom, the example of the most perfect virtues. That the inhabitants of China are a people practically devoid of all morality, endowed with the most villainous dispositions, and largely incapable of real conversion to Christianity, is a distinct calumny which should long since have become obsolete. Most Europeans who have written of the Celestial Empire have lived *beside* the Chinese, Bishop Reynaud has lived *among* them for many years; and his work, "Another China," constitutes a valuable addition to Western knowledge of the most populous of Eastern empires, whose people have been systematically misrepresented by consuls and diplomatists, traders and tourists, transient missioners and travelling journalists.

"The Court of Peking" is a condensation of the most interesting portions of Father Ripa's "History of the Chinese College," published at Naples in 1832, in three large volumes. The author spent thirteen years at the court of Peking. If such works as these had more numerous readers, the public would have very different ideas about China and the Chinese.

THE world is upheld by the veracity of good men: they make the earth wholesome.—*Emerson.*

Notes and Remarks.

Another curious illustration of the fact, recently adverted to in these columns, that the American people prefer their rulers to be Christians at least in name, is afforded by a report in one of the morning papers. The Republicans of New York are looking for the right candidate to succeed Roosevelt in the governorship; and the New York correspondent of the Chicago *Times-Herald* gives out this bit of confidential gossip: "It was said the Governor [Roosevelt] asked how Ambassador Andrew D. White would do; but was told that some writings of Mr. White, when he was president of Cornell University, destroyed his availability." Of course the writings referred to are Mr. White's lucubrations on "The Warfare between Religion and Science,"—a strange medley of fact and fable, betraying prejudice and ignorance of the crassest kind.

Mr. Robert E. Lewis, an American residing in Shanghai, makes it clear in the *North American Review* that even before the Boxer outbreak the Chinese government was unwilling to protect the stranger within its gates. "Arson and murderous assault have been indiscriminately perpetrated upon consuls, diplomatists, missionaries, scientists, customs officers and business men. Roman Catholic priests and convents, however, have been rather more often the victims of the malice of the people." In another place Mr. Lewis is more specific: "Of attacks on missionaries, two-thirds or more are directed against Roman Catholics." Possibly this fact explains why the French government deemed it necessary to procure for Catholic missionaries that special official status of which our scrupulous sectarian brethren complain so loudly. Catholics themselves are not agreed as to the wisdom of accepting this doubtful favor, and arguments of considerable weight might be adduced on either side. But the opposition of the sectarians is a much simpler matter; they vote as Victor Hugo voted in the French Chamber. He never listened to the discussion of any question, but was careful to vote on them all, explaining his policy in this way: "I am guided by this little gentleman in spectacles facing me; he virtually tells me which way to vote. As we are invariably of a different opinion, I remain seated if he gets up, and when he remains seated I get up on trust."

The religious condition of Italian emigrants in foreign countries has claimed the attention of the venerable Pontiff whose name is associated with so many other great works of zeal. Through Cardinal Rampolla, the Holy Father has addressed a letter to the bishops of Italy urging them to adopt measures for the more thorough instruction of their people in the essentials of religion, and requesting them to send out missionaries with all large bodies of Italian emigrants. The action of the Holy See is proof of the truthfulness of statements which excited angry resentment at the time they were made.

The Sage of Springfield (Mass.) who edits *The Republican* is not strong on theology, as was demonstrated lately in this magazine; but the correspondents of *The Republican* occasionally express wise opinions on religious subjects. We quote an example:

> We have always been taught that religious teachers among a people non-Christian, and therefore presumably in the greatest spiritual danger, were to affront the infidels and suffer accordingly. This is what the old martyrs did, and we were told that in this conduct consisted their glory. Now, however, the Presbyterians, Baptists, and others

are sending cable messages to all their missionaries to the heathen Chinese to leave at once and go to a place of safety. They are not to delay. They are to run away from their little terrified bands of converts and to "go to Shanghai at once, and if necessary to proceed to Japan for safety." In other words, so long as they can teach the heathen in "safety" they are sent to do so; but as soon as persecution arises they are to flee. After all, were the old teachers of the Christian religion foolish or are the present teachers wrong? It would appear that religious duties to the heathen ought to be the same in one age as in another; and what becomes of "Quo Vadis," and all that line of thought? For my part I am puzzled; and I shall never again be able to hear the old martyrs' hymn, each of whose verses ends with "who follows in their train?" without thinking of a locomotive.

The correspondent does not say, though there is evidence in his letter that he remembers, that Catholic missionaries have been put to death with monotonous regularity in China for the last three hundred years. They did not desert their flocks in the hour of danger, nor did they cable their home governments to "avenge us." There are missionaries and "missionaries."

Father Schmitz, of the White Fathers, declares that the future of the Church in Upper Congo, Africa, is as promising as the most zealous could wish; and the missionary experiences he recounts persuade one that he is not over-sanguine. But the most interesting passage of his letter—it is published in the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*—is that which refers to Gelaze Mazeva, a converted chief possessed of remarkable native eloquence, who often preaches to his tribesmen. Here, for example, is an extract from a funeral discourse delivered in a graveyard:

Listen well to what I am saying. All shall come at our death to sleep here at the foot of this cross. We shall come simply to sleep; our bodies alone will rest here, the haunt of hyenas and in the shade of the palms which you have just planted. But our souls will sleep not: they will go, as in a dream, to the good God to rejoice and receive their reward. During that time our bodies will repose here in their burial robes until the dawn of the great day—the day of judgment. On that day we shall awaken at the first crowing of the cock; that is to say, angels with trumpets larger than elephant's tusks. They will sound, and we shall awake,—all of us. The wicked, too, shall awake. The rest of us, brave people of Kapakwe, shall meet one another again here; our souls shall re-enter our bodies to see the wonders of God.

After we have been raised from our graves we shall recognize one another, we shall rejoice in one another's society, and we shall all assemble for the great journey, to assist at the judgment. I shall be your Kirangozi [leader of caravan]; we shall march like soldiers in rank and file; the chief will lead his people, wives will follow their husbands, children their mothers; not one will be missing. All of us shall go to judgment without fear; for our souls shall be sure of being numbered among the good to dwell with God, and not among the wicked condemned to an eternity with the devil.

On that day we shall see many come from the sides of the mountain and the depths of Grand Lake; many will hide their faces in their hands and cry, "*Koue, Koue!*"—like toads croaking in the swamps. They shall lament for not having believed in God and received baptism. Yes, yes; "*Koue, Koue!*" like so many toads.

Here the speaker noticed a hardened sinner not far away, who persisted in not attending catechism class.

You also, my brother, listen to me: "*Koue!*" Learn this cry now: "*Koue, Koue!*" Because if you are not converted you will not sing during eternity. So be it! I have finished.

"The orator," concludes the missionary, "stepped down from his chair of granite to receive the congratulations of the crowd and mine, which came from the depths of my heart."

Whenever secular newspapers and magazines touch on any question of public morals, they assume, as a rule, an utterly flippant tone; sometimes, in their anxiety to "give the public what it wants," they take a stand that is nothing short of criminal. We are all the more pleased, therefore, to read in the *Casket* the following sober words quoted from the *Century Magazine* for July:

The two great plagues which threaten American society to-day are the sensational press and the sensational theatre. These institutions are conducted upon the same principle, or lack of principle, and upon the same general lines. The theory upon

which they act is that the great bulk of the public, the mass from which they draw the greater part of their revenue, is not only incapable of appreciating what is intellectual, instructive, wholesome or inspiring in the printed page or in the drama, but is addicted naturally to what is morbid, abnormal, audacious, startling or unclean, and will pay handsomely for the gratification of a depraved appetite. In other words, the scheme is to make money by pandering to vice, at the cost of the wholesale demoralization of the youth who are to be the backbone of the American nation of the future.

It is a pleasure to record that most of the books that have enjoyed large "runs" during the last two years have been unusually free from objectionable features; but the newspaper and the theatre were perhaps never so low-toned as they are to-day. Regarding the theatre the *Century* uses this vigorous but not exaggerated language:

Words, gestures, actions, and innuendoes which would have been resented instantly and fiercely fifteen or twenty years ago, now excite merriment only, not indignation. Nor is this callousness a phenomenon peculiar to the cheaper theatres, or what are supposed to be less cultivated audiences. It is even more conspicuous in the most fashionable houses.

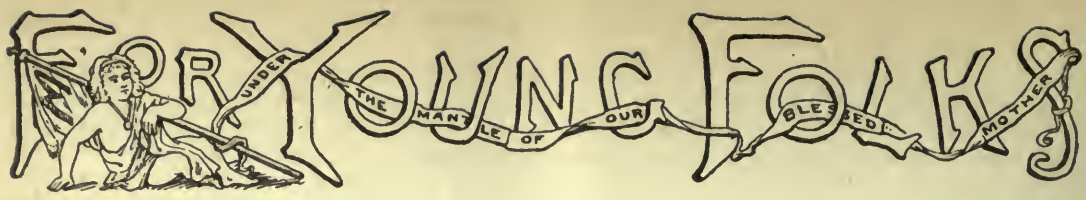
There ought to be many other magazines, newspapers, statesmen, lecturers and preachers saying such things as these to our self-righteous people, just now bent on "Christianizing" certain Catholic countries.

Richard Davey's essay in the current *Fortnightly* will do a good turn if it serves to remind certain governments anew that they themselves create the anarchists and the assassins and the socialists of whom they stand in dread. François Coppée's statement of the conditions in France, which will not be suspected of unfriendly bias, is singularly reinforced by Mr. Davey's account of the ingenuity with which all references to the Deity are excluded from school-books, and of the inevitable results of such exclusion. We quote some lines:

One would readily imagine their authors believed the word of God to be almost the wickedest an infant's lips could pronounce. "Nature" takes His place with a very poor grace. The little child thus early trained in official agnosticism soon learns to think it is "the thing" to show contempt for the religion of its parents. If God does not exist, or is merely a wondrous force which takes no interest whatever in its creations, why address it as "Our Father"? As to His Son, the less said about Him and His origin the better. With practically a very elementary education, but with a brain teeming with half-digested theories, the lad goes out into the world to fall an easy prey to the professional socialistic agitator. The cabaret and the *petit verre*, assisted by an abominable class of journalism and literature, do the rest of the work, and our youth soon becomes a pest and a danger to himself, his family and neighbors. His lot is a hard one, and his heart is full of bitterness and envy. Sometimes he sinks to the level of the lowest of criminals, even to parricide; at others, if he possesses an unusual amount of imagination, he takes, like Sipido, to "sniping" princes; reasoning, logically enough: If there is no God to appeal to in the hour of trouble, and no future state of reward or punishment, why should one man have better opportunities for enjoying this world than another? He does not exactly wish to murder an empress, a president or a prince, but to kill a principle at variance with the logical consequences of the education he has received.

No one doubts that this evil spirit will yet be exorcised from France. The nation which stands so far above her sisters in missionary labors and in charitable works can never be long estranged from the faith. One only wonders how long it will take to learn one of the simplest lessons of human history.

It was recently noted in this magazine that all the lineal descendants — two families — of Lord Byron are Catholics. In the new edition of Byron's works, published by Murray, there are a number of hitherto unpublished letters, in one of which the poet writes: "When I turn thirty, I will turn devout. I feel a great devotion that way in Catholic churches and when I hear the organ." In another of these interesting letters he records his intention of placing his daughter Allegra in a convent and having her brought up "a good Roman Catholic and (it may be) a nun."



Myles' Mischief.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

XVI.—Home Again.

IT would be impossible to describe the trembling anxiety with which Katie rushed to the door when she saw a carriage stop there. Susan followed with a slower gait. Mrs. Morris was with them. She had arrived very early that morning, feeling the need of some companionship in the terrible suspense which had all but prostrated her. Now she stood silently, tearfully, in the background, with her hand pressed to her heart.

"Hurrah! here we are!" cried Myles, forgetting for a moment the imposing presence of his benefactor, and thrusting his head out of the carriage window.

Katie would have replied "Hurrah!" but was struck dumb with shyness by the presence of Mr. Chichester, whom she had recently seen in such splendid surroundings. So she only stood with beaming face, while poor Susan sobbed aloud, and Mrs. Morris, unable to speak, grew deadly pale.

"I've brought Myles back safe, my dear," said the old gentleman to the happy little girl, who now, on a sign from him, drew timidly near; "and he has promised never to go a-roaming any more, especially with Turks."

This last sentence he added with a mischievous glance at the boys, who, a trifle sheepish, stood upon the sidewalk with Art.

"And here I chance to find a two-dollar bill quite lonely in my pocket," said Mr. Chichester. "Now what would you think of dividing it up and having a celebration of some sort in honor of your return home?"

"No, sir!" said Myles, holding back. "You've done too much for us already; and Ben and I thank you, and we won't forget you, sir."

"Well, well!" said the old gentleman. "Keep your promise of coming to see me; and I mustn't lose sight of Ben or Art either. Good-bye, my lads!"

Here Mrs. Morris came hastily down the steps, her pale face aglow.

"O sir," she said, "can I ever thank you enough? You have given a widow back her only son."

"Madam," said Mr. Chichester, "you exaggerate my part in the affair. I was glad to do anything I could. I have sons and grandsons of my own."

And he raised his hat with a courtly grace which belonged to a day which was even then a bygone one.

Here the boys broke into a hearty cheer, which caused Mr. Chichester to smile, the while he drew back into his carriage in some alarm. But it was a very quiet neighborhood. The church took up one whole side of the street; and there was only that little row of quiet houses, and most of their occupants were out or very busy during the day. It is true some curious heads peeped out of upper windows, but none there would show themselves openly or make any vulgar demonstration of curiosity.

When Mr. Chichester had driven off it was found that in his parting with Katie, who had been quite unable to speak and had let some tears fall on his kind old hands, he had left the crumpled greenback in her pink and white palm. Myles was at first inclined

to reproach his sister, but the little girl said that she had been so excited she never noticed.

Mrs. Morris, having nearly smothered Ben in her embrace, somewhat to his mortification, went home to get dinner ready. She declared she would give a party the following week to celebrate the return of the wanderers; which, indeed, she did, to the great enjoyment of all concerned. But that episode need not enter further into this story, which must now be brought to a close.

The present problem for the young people was how to divide the money which Mr. Chichester had left in their hands. Neither Katie nor Myles had ever handled so much ready money. It was agreed that each of the four should have fifty cents; though Ben and Art at first declared that they were not entitled to as much as the others, to whom Mr. Chichester had actually given the sum. But Myles and Katie overruled this suggestion. The bill was changed at the corner drug-shop, and each became the possessor of half a dollar. The disposal of the money was quite an anxiety for the Macartney children. Ben usually had pocket-money, as his mother was indulgent, and in easy circumstances besides. Art quickly spent his share in marbles, nuts and candy.

Susan killed the fatted calf for Myles, interlarding her expressions of delight at his safety and wonder at his adventures with reproaches for his mischievous ways, and very severe threats of what would be done to him if he got into such mischief again.

Early next morning Katie asked Myles to accompany her once more to Miss Mills to secure the coveted twelve-cent doll. Miss Julia was there, and she shook her long curls and grew quite romantic over Myles' adventure and the rescue by Mr. Chichester. She begged the lad to tell her all about it.

"And what did this dreadful person look like?" she asked.

"He looked something like him," said Myles, pointing to the Turk who stood in unruffled majesty in the far corner of the shop whence he had never been dislodged by any buyer. He was one of Miss Julia's sad speculations, upon which her invalid sister upstairs had condoled with her, and which always brought to the grim visage of Lucas Meyers that sardonic smile which now crossed it when he heard the boy's answer to Miss Julia's question. That answer had indeed very much startled the good lady. It seemed to bring the matter home to her in a peculiar way; besides, she was sensitive about the Turk, so that she merely muttered:

"Oh—ah, indeed!"

"Of course the real Turk was uglier," Myles went on; "and he had an awful grin, and his eyes flashed when he tried to drag us back into the boat."

"Oh, how very dreadful!" shuddered Miss Julia.

Katie shivered too, but stood quite still, staring at her new acquisition—the twelve-cent doll.

Lucas Meyers bent over his work in the far end of the shop. He seemed more than ever like a wooden image. Only his chuckle and the delicate movements of his fingers amongst the works of a watch, which he had spread out before him, betrayed life.

"And the Turk really tried to cut off your heads?" inquired Miss Julia, in a thrilling whisper.

"Oh, no, ma'am!" responded Myles, bluntly; "he never tried to do that."

"But he might have done so," she persisted, "with one of the dreadful scimitars those people carry."

"He didn't carry any," said honest Myles, with a shudder.

"It was probably concealed about him," argued the imaginative lady.

"I don't think so," said Myles, more doubtfully, sending his thoughts back to the baggy trousers.

"Or he could have produced it from some place of concealment at any moment," went on Miss Julia; for the good, simple spinster dearly loved a tale of horror.

Katie stared at her, as if fascinated. Perhaps she was wondering if Miss Julia had ever been carried off by a Turk. She seemed to know more about it than Myles did. Myles did not dispute her last assertion. Concealed scimitars might have existed, but concealed they certainly were. Lucas Meyers' grin was becoming more sardonic than ever.

"Then, too, that odious bird!" said Miss Julia. "It was probably of some baleful species."

"Ben said it was a macaw—a kind of parrot," replied Myles.

Miss Julia shook her head; she had her own theory.

"He might have torn out your eyes," she observed, tragically.

This was an uncomfortable suggestion, especially as Myles had had some fear of the sort, and had much disliked the look of the bird. He shifted from one foot to the other uneasily. Certainly Miss Julia was making him realize the perils he had escaped.

"He was chained," he said, feebly.

"But the chain might have been unloosed by the monster whom you say lay concealed behind the curtain!" cried Miss Julia.

"The Turk was in the next room, I think," declared Myles.

Miss Julia cared nothing for trifling details of that sort. She shut her eyes and waxed eloquent; she shook her curls vehemently as she dilated upon the situation.

Katie was thoroughly frightened and stood close to Myles, as if she could never be sufficiently thankful to our Blessed Mother for bringing him back safe from all those horrors.

"You have been mercifully preserved from a thousand dangers, my boy," concluded Miss Julia. "You have indeed cause for gratitude, and for sorrow at your own imprudence."

"Yes, ma'am," said Myles, meekly.

Then a customer claimed Miss Julia's attention; and Myles, followed by his sister, went and stood near the old watchmaker, who cast one swift glance at him from the dark, inscrutable eyes under their heavy brows. The glance was one of amusement and inquiry. Myles watched the old man's fingers moving so lightly and swiftly; while Katie gazed with intense admiration at the number of dolls of all ranks and conditions which lined the show-case. There were dolls in the tip of the fashion, in rich velvets and silks; dolls as housemaids, Negro wenches, soldiers, Indian chiefs, brides and nuns, babies and Chinese.

"It must be hard to make watches," observed Myles.

"Everything is hard that is worth doing," said the watchmaker, relapsing into a silence which remained unbroken for a moment; then he suddenly raised his head, gazing full at Myles. "Shall it be still the whaler and the frozen seas or the tropic woods?" he asked.

Myles, much disconcerted, blurted out that he did not think he should like seafaring, after all.

"The magic of the sea it fades very oft when to us known," remarked the German. "Boy, believe me, I have loved it, dreamed of it and of the enchanted shores of lands that are distant. I have for that left my home and have toiled and suffered and endured. It matters nothing. Only listen: some there are with the sailor's heart that burns when it is off the water, and some there are with the wandering foot that can never

quiet stay. But of these you are not."

Myles was awestricken.

"For your friend who has with you gone, perhaps," continued the old man, "he has a dreamer's eye. Go now, or my work spoil. But remember, the words of age hold the seed of wisdom."

He quietly returned to his occupation, without again raising his head; and Myles stole away with Katie.

At De La Salle Myles was soundly rated by his teachers—for the news of his adventure had spread thither,—and threatened with dire chastisements if he ever carried his mischief to such an extent again, dragging with him an irreproachable lad like Ben Morris. The boys had jests of all sorts at his expense, so that the subject of his expedition with the Turk became a terror to him. He also received a stern letter from his usually indulgent father, saying that if he heard any more pranks of the kind, he would send him to some very strict and distant college.

To Ben alone did Myles ever after that open his heart upon the subject. For the episode of their visit to the Turkish ship formed the theme between these two for many a midsummer talk or a winter night, seated by the fire; and sometimes these reckless boys half regretted that they could not have paid other visits to that floating treasure-house in the bay; and, half-confessed and promptly suppressed, came a wish, in moments of exultation, that they had been really carried off to see strange countries and wonderful sights. But the thought of lonely little Katie always brought Myles back instantly to reality; while Ben remembered that in that event he might have had to answer for his mother's death.

"Besides, we might have been sold for slaves," said Myles; "and they might have tried to force us into being Mohammedans. Of course we wouldn't consent to that; and then perhaps they'd have cut off our heads."

Ben said nothing; but the idea thus suggested had a certain attraction for him, as was seen in the glow on his pale cheek and the light in his blue eye.

"Worse than that," observed Ben after a pause, "do you remember that boy in the forecastle?"

Myles nodded, his eyes full of tears at the recollection.

"We might have been like that,—dogs for everyone to kick," continued Ben.

"Ben," said Myles, "it was *that* more than anything else that made me give up the idea of a whaler."

"Yes, it influenced me too," admitted Ben. "And yet some time, perhaps when I am older—"

"I'll never go to sea!" interrupted Myles, emphatically. "I couldn't sleep in dirty bunks like those we saw, nor live in places like that forecastle."

He confided as much to his friend Mr. Chichester, whom he continued to meet on the cars and to visit as often as his sense of propriety permitted. The old gentleman highly applauded this resolution, bade Myles stick to his studies, and promised that he would do all he could to advance him in any career he chose, especially if it were commercial. He did much to brighten the lives of the two children, who continued to regard him and his beautiful home and the lovely lady and children there as belonging to a brighter world.

Ben and Art came in for a share of Mr. Chichester's good offices; though he always preferred his first friend, Myles, and Myles' sister Katie. It was noticeable that Myles daily became more steady, more manly, more resolved on being successful, till as time went on neither in school nor at home did any one hear of "Myles' mischief."

(The End.)

The Story of St. Francis.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

XIII.

It is time to tell you a little of the story of St. Clara, between whom and St. Francis there existed one of the strongest and most sacred friendships ever known between mortal man and woman. At the period we first have record of her she was a young girl in Assisi,—a lady born, pious, charitable and most beautiful; content, no doubt, with the place in life which her position and family had marked out for her. And then she heard Francis preach. To others his voice may have brought contentment with the quiet life of home: to her it was a bugle call to action, and she wished, like Francis, to give up all for God.

On Palm Sunday, 1212, Clara went with the rest to the cathedral of Assisi; but when the others went forward to receive the blessed palm-branches, she kept her place; seeing which the bishop himself advanced and gave her the emblem she had no courage to claim. That night—the bishop, it would seem, being aware of her flitting—she left her home, taking with her some of her servants, and went to the little chapel in the valley, where Francis and the other brethren awaited her. They went out to meet her, carrying torches and singing hymns of praise. No time was lost. In a few minutes she had donned a coarse serge robe, and her beautiful hair had given place to the veil of religion. Then the little maid was given into the care of the good Benedictine Sisters, about two miles away, and the Second Order of St. Francis was begun.

It is not pleasant to write of wrathful storms, though you may be very sure that there was one when Clara's people discovered that she had thrown away her life,—for that was what her action seemed to them. But the worst, as it appeared in their eyes, was yet to come. In two weeks another dove had flown from the home nest. Agnes, a child of fourteen, had joined her sister. This time there were not only tears and angry words, but there were blows and kicks as well. Twelve men of the family were opposed to one little girl; but, as the old biographers tell us, God wrought a miracle. Agnes became so heavy that her persecutors could not carry her, and they finally returned home, sullen but conquered. The two sisters were duly installed at the little sanctuary of St. Damian, where others made haste to join them.

The two communities worked for a common cause, though the members saw one another but seldom. "Poor Ladies" was their chosen title. When fourteen years later Francis died, Clara, then an abbess, called herself an orphan. She survived him twenty-seven years, carrying out his wishes, contending for the principles he had set forth. Pope Alexander IV., who canonized her, called her "the duchess of the humble and the princess of the poor."

Now we will go back to Francis, whom we left with his little family in the poor place they called home. As time went on a grave question kept presenting itself. Did God wish him to go afar, preaching as he went, or should he choose the contemplative life? He left the decision to two persons: one the humble Brother Sylvester; the other, Clara, the holy virgin of St. Damian's. Both said: "Go, in the name of the Lord!" Francis needed no other word. He wished to go that instant. It was then that he first began to preach to the birds, as if they were waiting for his message. "I am very sorry," he said, "that I never before talked to my

little brothers the birds. They were eager for the divine word."

We must not take all that he said too literally. Many puzzling things would be made clear if we realized that holy men have often spoken more or less in words of which we must gather the inner meaning. The love of Francis for the dumb animals was one of his strongest traits, and his control of them something so wonderful that we can not comprehend it. For my part, I love to believe that the swallows stopped chattering when he bade them; that he tamed the fierce wolf of Gubbio; and that the grasshopper sang for him. He was a poet as well as a saint, and often spoke in parables, as poets have a way of doing.

So he went on from one town to another, healing strife, bravely telling men of their sins, bringing peace and hope. They used to ring the bells when they heard he was coming, and would have cut his poor tunic into pieces that they might keep it, already sure that it clothed a saint. So many persons begged to take the Brown Habit that Francis was perplexed; for the home at the Portiuncula was already crowded. There was the usual result. Like bees when the hive overflows, they began to swarm. This brought a grief to Francis. His loving heart could not be weaned at once from the first followers from whom he must now separate.

But there was one comfort. Twice each year, on the Feasts of Pentecost and St. Michael, they were all to meet at the little mother-house in the valley.

XIV.

In 1213 Francis, being then near the age at which Our Lord suffered death, was seized with a new idea. The blood of men, both Christian and infidel, was flowing like water in the contest for the possession of the Holy Sepulchre. Was there not, he thought, an easier way to subdue the blind hordes of the East? Could not love do what the sword had not done? He prepared with all zeal for a journey to the Orient, and embarked at Ancona, in company with another Brother. Contrary winds drove them to Illyria, on the opposite coast, where, finding that there was small hope of getting farther, he decided to return. But he had no money — of course this sweet money-hater had not, — and he and his companion hid in the hold of the vessel behind some horses. While waiting to sail some one brought them provisions, which the heavenly stowaways were glad to share with the crew when their trip was prolonged, and all were threatened with starvation.

After a stay with his brethren he set out again, this time the faithful Brother Bernard being with him. We find them in Spain, walking upon the highway or threading the bypaths, — Francis always in advance, in an ecstasy that his biographers call a kind of intoxication. But soon the severe illness of Francis drove them back to Italy, and so ended the second attempt at carrying the Cross to foreign countries.

The years between 1214 and 1219 are silent ones, but out of them we can gather one incident — the meeting in Rome of Francis and Dominic Gonzago, a Spanish priest. The Spaniard had had a dream the night before (how much holy men were taught in dreams in the olden days!), in which the Blessed Virgin had told him that two of her servants were to reap a rich harvest of souls. One, she said, was Dominic himself; the other, a poor man, roughly clad. When, next morning, he chanced to see Francis he knew him and kissed him. "And they were made one heart and one soul in the Lord," says the chronicle. Thus did the founders of the Franciscan and Dominican Orders meet in the narrow streets of Rome.

This may be the right time to speak of the famous Indulgence of the Portiuncula. It became known to St. Francis in a vision that his dearest wish would be granted: that all who confessed their sins and visited the little chapel of the Portiuncula with contrite hearts should have plenary absolution.

"For how many years do you ask this indulgence?" inquired the Pope,—a newly-elected Pope, by the way.

"Not for years, Holy Father, but for souls," said Francis. Then he explained and told of his vision.

It was ever hard to refuse the sweet, patient, loving Francis, son of Pietro. His Holiness the Pope did not. He gave him what he asked, but limited the privilege to one day in the year. This afterward came to be known as the Great Pardon of Assisi.

The chapel was consecrated and the indulgence announced; and from far and near thousands came trooping to the favored spot that had but a few years before been simply an humble chapel tumbling to the ground for want of care, and almost forgotten except by the birds of the forest and one poor priest.

In 1219 the Order numbered over five thousand members, and all were summoned to the Pentecostal chapter; for there were important things to be settled. From every direction the brown friars came trooping, trudging along the dusty way with tired but willing feet, not knowing where the next poor morsel of food was coming from, but cheerfully saluting every wayfarer with the words, "The peace of God be with you!" Cardinal Ugolino, of Florence, a close friend of Francis, came too, with his fine retinue. The comfortable building that the townsfolk raised by stealth was given up to him, while huts made of rushes were hastily thrown together for the brethren. As for food for five thousand—Francis had not so much as thought of that. But the people had, and they brought everything that was required; not only food but dishes; and "they were happiest who had brought the most," says the old record. There was an election, a general settling and talking over of things, and, silently as they had come, the Brothers dispersed.

"Now," said Francis, "I am going on another journey, and one to a far country."

(To be continued.)

Lafayette's Awakening.

The children of America have recently presented a fine statue of the heroic Lafayette to his countrymen. It is interesting to recall, in connection with this gift, the occasion on which the young Marquis first seemed to awake to the justice of the colonists' cause.

In 1776, at an aristocratic gathering in Paris, the brother of George III. made some laughable remarks about the people over the sea who were foolish enough to think they could prevail against the English crown. Many of the noblemen present had never before heard any direct information concerning the demands of the Americans, and they were much diverted by what seemed to them rebellious and absurd insolence. One young man—almost a boy, in fact, for he was but nineteen—was silent until the others were through talking; then, as if waking from a dream, he strode up to the king's brother.

"I wish to join the Americans. I wish to help them to fight. Tell me how to go about it," he said.

We all know the rest. He helped America in her struggle, and for more than sixty years he remained her warm friend. Even those who could not discern the justice of the colonists' cause agreed that in Lafayette the world possessed one of the noblest of patriots.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The *Bookman*, announcing a book of Galway folklore from the pen, as it is said, of the extremely clever Irish poet, Mr. W. B. Yeats, hopes "that Mr. Yeats will give the best of his mind to poetry," though the folklore book "will be welcome." The *Bookman's* apprehensions are groundless, so far as the Galway book is concerned. Mr. Yeats is only to collaborate with Lady Gregory, who will do most of the work on the volume.

—One of the new writers who holds undisputed sway in his own field is Mr. James Huneker, a man of mixed Hungarian and Irish blood. His first success was "Mezzotints in Modern Music," and his latest is an elaborate study of Chopin. Huneker's earliest ambition was to become a priest with leisure for music; or, as he puts it, he aspired "to carry off the combined laurels of Bossuet and Franz Liszt." Burnand, the editor of *Punch*, is another writer who aspired to serve the altar; and still another is the Canadian poet, Louis Fréchette, who was detected in the act of writing verses at the Petit Seminaire,—verses so superior for a lad of his years that the professors could hardly believe him guilty. He subsequently studied law and has had a career both in politics and journalism.

—Four tastefully published booklets, all well worthy of the care bestowed upon them, are afforded by the English Catholic Truth Society: an able study, by A. Streeter, of "Sandro Botticelli," whose pictures rank amongst the highest and grandest creations of the world's religious art; an equally excellent study of "Fra Angelico," whom Montalembert calls "the greatest of Christian painters," by Virginia M. Crawford; a short sketch of "The Inner Life of St. Francis of Assisi," drawn from the famous "Speculum Perfectionis," attributed to Brother Leo, the privileged disciple of St. Francis; and "Catholic Customs," a guide for the laity of England. It is astonishing how much useful information and wise instruction the compiler has crowded into this little book of only 92 pages. As customs differ considerably in different places, this guide would not be altogether suitable for American Catholics; however, it would serve as a model for a similar manual. There is a directness about the instructions which could hardly be excelled, and the arrangement is the perfection of order. It is pleasant to learn that it is still the custom in many places in England not to sit at all during a Low Mass. Speaking of the obligation of hearing Mass and resting from servile work on holydays of obligation, the compiler quotes the following words from the "Catholic Dictionary" (Sunday); they are worth requoting on their own account and as a further recommendation of "Catholic Customs":

> At present a man who simply hears Low Mass satisfies the letter of the Church law. But if he absents himself from sermons, if above all he does not use the opportunity the day of rest affords for increased prayer, for reading good works, for instructing his family and the like, he will in many cases sin against his own soul. . . . A man is in a bad way if he makes a practice of hearing a Low Mass and spending the rest of the Sunday in frivolous recreation.

—We are indebted to the Text Book Publishing Co., of San Francisco, for an important pamphlet, entitled "Education in California." It contains three notable letters by the Rev. P. C. Yorke, on Smaller Colleges, the State University, and the School Board of San Francisco. Efforts to create a monopoly in education are not confined to the presidents of Stanford and Berkeley, and educationalists everywhere will be interested in what Father Yorke has to say on the administration of the State system in California.

—A learned English priest, the Rev. J. D. Breen, O. S. B., has published a pamphlet on "Sacerdotalism in the Old and New Testaments," which is remarkable for the amount of argument and evidence he has crowded into little space. The subject is, indeed, so large that Father Breen's thesis is in parts little more than what is technically called a brief; but the proof is all there, enforced by very stiff logic. A strong point made by the author is that rejection of sacerdotalism and the principle of mediation implies rejection of the Bible as a rule of faith. In this country, as well as in England, there is work for this pamphlet to do. Published by R. and T. Washbourne.

—The late Henri Lasserre was a prolific as well as a graceful writer. Public opinion in France has long since assigned him a high rank among contemporary authors. He is best known, of course, for his wondrously popular book, "Notre Dame de Lourdes," but a complete list of his writings would include numerous other works besides the following: "L'Esprit et la Chair," "Théorie Matérialiste," "Théorie Catholique," "Philosophie des Macérations" (1859); "L'Aveugle et sa Compagne," "Histoire Vraie," anonymous (1860); "La Prusse et les Traités de Vienne," anonymous (1860); "La Pologne et la Catholicité" (Rome,

1861; Paris, 1862); "Les Serpents: Etude d'Histoire Naturelle" (two editions, 1862); "L'Evangile Selon Rénan" (1863; 28th edition, 1864); "L'Auteur du Maudit: Conte Vraisemblable" (9th edition, 1864); "Le Treizième Apôtre," followed by "Retour de l'île d'Elbe," a narrative in the style of M. Rénan (1864); "De la Réforme et de l'Organisation Normale du Suffrage Universel" (1873); "Bernadette (La Sœur Marie Bernard)"; and "Les Episodes Miraculeux de Lourdes." The success of these publications must have consoled M. Lasserre for the failure of his translation of the Gospels,—a work which was discountenanced in Rome, though undertaken with the best of intentions, and approved by high authority in France. While editing the *Contemporain* he wrote many important articles, which, though widely circulated, have not been collected in book form. An open letter to M. Zola anent his infamous book about Lourdes will long be remembered as a remarkable example of vigorous writing. It has often been likened to Stevenson's famous letter to Hyde. Few men of our time had greater faith in the apostolate of the press than M. Lasserre, and it is to be hoped that his zeal and disinterestedness may have many imitators among Catholics of all countries.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption. *W. H. Mallock.* $3.50.

The Flowing Tide. *Madame Belloc.* $1.60, *net.*

A Son of St. Francis. *Lady Amabel Kerr.* $1, *net.*

Poor Dear Ann. *The Prig.* 75 cts.

The Bible and its Interpreter. *Rev. P. H. Casey, S. J.* 50 cts.

The Gospel Story. *B. F. C. Costelloe.* $1.60, *net.*

Studies in Church History. Vol. VI. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* $2.50.

Meditations on the Psalms of the Little Office. *Peregrinus.—Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.* 75 cts., *net.*

Currita, Countess of Albornoz. *Luis Coloma.* $1.50.

The Knights of the Cross. Vol. II. *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* $1.

St. Jerome. *Father Largent.* $1.

A Journey with the Sun around the World. *Rev. William McMahon.* $2.

Studies in Poetry. *Thomas O'Hagan, M. A., Ph. D.* $1.

The Church of Christ the Same Forever. *Rev. D. McErlane, S. J.* 50 cts., *net.*

Christian Philosophy — God. *Rev. John T. Driscoll, S. T. L.* $1.25, *net.*

The Heiress of Cronenstein. *Countess Hahn-Hahn.* $1.25.

The Nursing Sister. $1.25.

Jack Hildreth on the Nile. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.

Holy Mass: A Morning Paradise. *Very Rev. R. O Kennedy.* 5 cts.

Giovanni Baptista de Rossi. *Very Rev. T. J. Shahan, D. D.* 20 cts.

Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire. *Samuel Dill, M. A.* $2.

The Spirit of the Third Order of St. Francis. *Father Peter Baptist, O. F. M.* $1, *net.*

The Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau. *Mary Frances Drew.* 60 cts., *net.*

St. Francis of Sales. *A. De Margerie.* $1.

A Book of Spiritual Instruction. *Blosius.* 75 cts., *net.*

The People of Our Parish. *Lelia Hardin Bugg.* $1.

A Month's Meditations. *Cardinal Wiseman.* $1.10. *net.*

The Duchess of York's Page. *Mrs. William Maude.* 70 cts., *net.*

Essays, Educational and Historic. *A Member of the Order of Mercy.* $1.25, *net.*

Episodes of Catholic History. $1.

Meditations for Retreats. *St. Francis de Sales.* 75 cts., *net.*

The Acts and Decrees of the Synod of Jerusalem. *J. N. W. B. Robertson.* $1.60.

An Old Family. *Monsignor Seton.* $3.50.

The Catholic Creed; or, What do Catholics Believe? *Very Rev. Father J. Procter, S. T. L.* $1, *net.*

Leaves from St. Augustine. *Mary H. Allies.* $1.35, *net.*

Vespers and Compline. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* $1, *net.*

The Life of Father Haskins. $1.

The Room of the Rose. *Sara Trainer Smith.* $1.25.

Religion and Morality. *Rev. James J. Fox, S. T. D.* $2.

Passages in a Wandering Life. *Thomas Arnold.* $3.50.

The Biblical Treasury of the Catechism. *Rev. Thomas E. Cox.* $1.25.

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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In Desolation.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

I.

MARY, Mother of Sorrows!
Reach forth a hand to me,
Out of the inner darkness
Stretching my arms to thee.

II.

Let me but clasp thy garment,
Mother! whose tears are o'er.
A sinner laden with sorrows
Asks help to bear one more.

Out of the Crucible.

BY FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

Confidence and Confession.

IN writing the first phrase of his "Confessions"—"I am undertaking an enterprise that has never had a model, and the execution of which will have no imitators,"—Rousseau has proved himself, one may say, a forgetful historian and a bad prophet. For all know that in the primitive Church the penitent accused himself aloud before the assembled faithful; and neither is it ignored that since the famous book of the Geneva philosopher, a number of writers have not hesitated to give up to the public the most indiscreet avowals regarding their private life and their innermost sentiments.

Let us hasten to add that among all the revolutions unchained by the genius of Jean Jacques Rousseau in politics and customs, this one at least has yielded some magnificent results. Through it literature was renewed; and this appeal to sincerity has given us some masterpieces. No writing is more interesting, more absorbing or has more chances of enduring than that in which a man of good faith tries to expose his soul in all its nakedness, and show it as it is. After all, it is not an easy task. Between the brain that remembers and the hand that holds the pen and must impress the remembrance, there is an almost impassable abyss, guarded by self-esteem and shame. Yes, beware of printed confessions. One can generally apply to them what has been wittily said of certain translations: they are "unfaithful beauties." The portrait of the painter made by himself is always flattering.

And, on the contrary, what courage did the Christian of heroic times need when, kneeling before his brothers, he humbly confessed his faults and begged for forgiveness! Let us whisper it: it was too beautiful. We are no more in the Roman catacombs, and the Church has very wisely instituted the secret confession, exacting from the priest of God absolute secrecy, and placing him in the shadow of the confessional.

For any one desiring moral perfection the examination of conscience is an absolute need. I know not in which

comedy some one gives utterance to this banality: "I call only on the people I esteem." And a clever man answers: "If one called only on the people one esteems one would hardly see any one, and there would even be days in which one could not return to one's own home." Under this irony there is an incontestable truth. When we establish (and we all do it from time to time) the balance of our lives, we discover without difficulty (and I am speaking of the least wicked among us) many thoughts, not fewer words, and a certain number of actions of which we are not proud. Not only in thinking over the little good we have done, we can very often say with Titus, *Diem perdidi*, but we also recall words and actions that bend our heads with shame. Even apart from every religious sentiment, this moral account gives excellent results.

Yet this examination is not sufficient for us; and after having made it, it is a veritable necessity for many of us, at least, to show some one the condition of soul we are in. They are wrong who laugh at tragic confidences. In certain solemn and painful hours of our lives it is absolutely necessary for us to confide into the bosom of an Arbate or a Theramenes. We speak to him in vile prose, in an ordinary and familiar style, and not in pompous Alexandrine verse. Therein lies all the difference. The wisest—and yet they are not always the wisest in so doing—unbosom themselves only to one friend whose discretion has been put to the test; but there are some who even give up their moral secrets to the first-comer, so great is this necessity in the human heart.

How is it, nevertheless, that these confidences seldom relieve us? Ah! it is because poor man is a creature of contradictions. At the same moment that an imperious need impels him to confess all with frankness he is held back and restrained by a feeling of fear and shame. Even to the most feeling and faithful friend we only show the truth arranged and incomplete, having taken the precaution of forgetting no circumstance that can be advantageous or can excuse us. There comes a day when the weight of a misdeed is too heavy for us. We ask an affectionate confidant to share our burden for an instant. He hears us with indulgence, and then addresses to us some words of consolation. But wherefore all this if on leaving him we are conscious of having hidden from him some of our malice? We remain all the more sad and ashamed, with the added remorse of having deceived our friend.

Such confessions resemble those of book-writers, which, as I have remarked, need verifying. You recall the beautiful page in which Jean Jacques, with the accents of the most touching repentance, accuses himself of having in his youth, whilst lackey at Mme. de Vercelli's, attributed to a young maid the theft committed by himself. Now, his enemies have pretended, since the publication of his book, that it was not a valueless ribbon he had taken, but a silver spoon. I can not believe it; for that fragment of the "Confessions" vibrates with sorrow and sincerity. And, after all, absolutely speaking, the fault remains the same. But if Rousseau in his narrative has really replaced the spoon by the ribbon, it is only a proof of the natural perversity of man to avow a misdeed with all sorts of attenuations and excuses.

I therefore repeat that the same thing happens in all confessions. One does not expose the truth in all its nakedness; one does not call things by their names. Very rarely will a man say out clearly to another: "I have sinned against honesty. I have betrayed my friend.

I have been ungrateful. I have been wicked. I have been a coward." It is here that the strength and greatness of Christian confessions appear.

Unhappy creature, swaying under the weight of thy sinful recollections, draw near and quietly put aside all human respect. Thou must not fear to inspire horror or disgust in the unknown and anonymous one whom thou art going to choose as thy confidant. His lips are closed over thy secret by the sacramental seal. He who listens to thee in that small cell can not even see thy face; he will not see thee blush. Speak! confess all thy sins! He will answer thee with paternal indulgence, will speak to thee of mercy and pardon. He will naturally exact that thou repair the harm done; but if it be too late and it is impossible, he will be satisfied with thy contrition and a sincere repentance. Then he will impose, as a sole and gentle penance, that thou perfume thy soul with beautiful prayers; he will raise his hand above thy head, pronounce some Latin words, and thou shalt retire consoled, absolved, and feeling thy soul as light as though angel's wings were growing on it.

But to obtain all that, thou answerest me in a cry of pain, one must not doubt of the virtue of that sacrament: one must believe. Grown-up child of a civilized world, is that, then, so difficult? Dost thou not feel burning in thee a single drop of the Christian blood which for many centuries has run in the veins of thy race? Dost thou not still hear resounding the miraculous word that cured the ancient world from its corruption, and that vanquished the ferocity of the savage?

Unhappy one! listen not to those who tell thee that faith is dead and that humanity became enfranchised from its past a century ago,—that is to say, yesterday. To promulgate the new law (I admit that it is an effort toward progress) it was necessary to cover France with scaffolds and Europe with the blood of long wars, without having calmed the moans of all who suffer. Jesus Christ, on the contrary, gave but His blood for the triumph of His divine thought; He wished to endure all the tortures of criminals; and His work is intact after nineteen centuries. And wherever thou findest men less wicked and less unhappy, wherever palpitates a little justice and goodness, look! thou shalt see through all the remembrances that the God-Man left us, on His passage among us, the sacred gibbet rise.

I was for a long time like unto thee, poor sinner with the troubled soul,—O my brother! Perhaps not more than thee was I a great sinner. But only the hypocritical Pharisee has the audacity to say, "I am pure." And Joseph de Maistre is right in declaring that the conscience of an honest man is still an abominable sight. Like thee, I was very unhappy, and instinctively I sought for a confidant full of mercy and tenderness. I have found him.

Do as I did: reopen the Gospel and return to the Cross. Casting aside thy pride, present thyself before the tribunal founded by Jesus, where sits a mercy that surpasses our most sublime dreams of justice. Only yesterday were we open-mouthed before the act of mercy of those magistrates who excused a poor mother for having stolen a piece of bread for her children. God's minister who awaits thee in the confessional asks of thee only some tears of repentance to wash away the stains of thy soul; for he holds his power from the Owner of infinite goodness, who on Calvary freely forgave the repentant thief, and, moreover, opened to him the glorious road that leads to eternal life.

March 31, 1898.

(The End.)

Dr. Martin's Wife.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LIFE'S LABYRINTH," ETC.

IX.—More Changes.

"IF you only wouldn't wear your hat so plain, ma'am!"

"My hat is very well, Bridget,—I think. You know I do not care for much trimming."

"But always in black, ma'am,—you who are so young and good-looking!"

"Bridget, you almost vex me. I who am a widow!"

"Sure I never forget it, ma'am. But if only for the sake of Master Maurice, not always to be wearing that veil; and for the business, ma'am. 'Twould be a great advertisement for you to wear some of the pretty gowns you have made. Black and white, now. That is very stylish they tell me, and it is mourning too."

"I do very well as it is. I have no need of such an advertisement."

"And will you never alter your way of dressing at all, at all?"

Mrs. Martin looked in the glass. She had just been trying on a new bonnet. During the short interval of dulness between the winter and spring season she had been paying some attention to her own wardrobe.

"I am getting to be an old woman, Bridget," she finally answered, with a smile. "Six years since—" She did not finish the sentence.

"You are little past thirty, ma'am. And—I don't believe in widows myself," Bridget rejoined, sturdily.

"Bridget!" exclaimed her mistress,—"you whom I have always thought scarcely less devoted to the memory of the dead than myself!"

"And why am I not? Do those in heaven want anything but what's best for those they've left behind? Doesn't good Master Desmond from the heights of heaven see you toiling and worrying here, and wouldn't he rather you'd be in comfort and plenty with those he admired and liked whilst he was in this world?"

"What do you mean, Bridget?" asked her mistress, sinking into a large arm-chair, and looking up wonderingly at the grim features and firmly-set lips. "What are you trying to say?"

"I'm not *trying* to say anything, ma'am: I'm just saying it. There's the best chance ever was known to sell out the business to the French forewoman; and you'll let it go by, I'll be bound!"

"It would be folly on my part to deprive myself of a means of livelihood. And what could I do if I should sell the business?"

"Do, ma'am! Why you could have your choice of two of the best men that ever drew breath, barring our own dear dead Master Desmond. You could step out of this into your own carriage—only to name the day. Better friends than Dr. Middleton or Mr. Parker no one ever had; and either one of them would be falling over the other to make you the offer of himself if they'd see the slightest chance, or you'd give them a bit of encouragement."

"Bridget, I can not be angry with you," said her mistress. "But you are mistaken in your opinions this time. It is for the sake of Dr. Martin and of Maurice that those gentlemen have taken such an interest in me. They are both so fond of the boy."

The door-bell rang peremptorily.

"That's Dr. Middleton! I know his ring. And he's come to see Master Maurice in the middle of the morning, when he's sure to be at school!"

With these telling words she vanished.

Mrs. Martin rose, put her work away and went to meet the visitor. He was a man of about forty-five, with grizzled

hair, strong, grave features, and the kindliest brown eyes in the world. She extended both hands without the least embarrassment. He took them in his, looking down on her protectingly from his six feet of manliness.

"It was such a beautiful day," he observed, "I thought you might like to take a drive. And I had something to say to you."

"Thank you!" she answered. "But I am afraid I can not go this morning. I am expecting a young man with some samples. He might come during my absence."

"Do you never have a *real* holiday?" he asked, sitting down. "I thought you told me last week you had dismissed your sewing girls."

"All but one or two," she rejoined. "I never send them all away. We are seldom without something on hand. And between seasons I must plan and purchase for the next."

"I see!" he said. "You are a busy woman. But, at any rate, you can spare me time for a few words."

"Certainly. I am entirely at your service. Some new charity patient?"

Notwithstanding her many duties, Mrs. Martin had found time to interest herself in her poorer neighbors; and Dr. Middleton had often called upon her to help him with her sympathy and Christian kindliness in his large and varied practice.

"Yes; but this is a case of charity at home. It is about Maurice I wish to speak to you."

Mrs. Martin was all alert.

"About Maurice! O Doctor, nothing has happened to him?"

"Oh, no! I saw him just now in the park playing marbles with some boys of his own age."

"In the park! Are you sure, Doctor? It is school-time, you know!"

"Yes, I know it very well. The last time—which was, perhaps, the tenth—I resolved to speak to you about him if it should occur again. And I am such a coward about hurting you that I am afraid I purposely went around another way on more than one occasion. Cruelly enough, I was about to take you driving to-day so that you might see for yourself."

"You do not mean, Doctor, that he has been playing truant?"

"I am loath to say it, but really it seems like that. He is a nice little fellow, but he would be much better in firmer hands than yours."

"But, Doctor, I never dreamed that he was not in school. I could not think him capable of deception of that kind."

She was trembling, voice and limbs. It had been a great shock.

"Mrs. Martin, there are few boys who do not deceive their mothers to a greater or less extent. And playing truant is not really a *crime*."

"No, but the deception! And Maurice so innocent, and I supposed he liked his school so well."

"My dear friend, as I said before, he needs a firmer rule than yours—and Bridget's. He has not, he never will have, his father's strength of character. And you have done with him precisely what you should not have done by placing him at a private school where the majority of pupils are girls and the boys babies of five or six. He should be at a boys' school."

"But it was to save him from bad example and evil association that I did it, Doctor. He is such a little fellow—so frail and slight—I dreaded sending him among a crowd of rough boys."

"He is slight but not frail. He needs a little wholesome discipline, and roughing it will not hurt. On the contrary, it is especially good for a boy like him. I am fond of Maurice, as you know, and I am very solicitous about his future. He is

wasting his time and learning nothing at a school where they do not even take enough interest in him or have conscience enough to inform you of his truancies, which are not infrequent."

"Doubtless they think I keep him at home."

"That may be. However, it is not the place for the boy."

"What can I do?"

"At his age I was in college."

"Doctor! He is only ten!"

"I know it. I, too, had lost my father. If Desmond were living it might not be necessary. A wise and kind father is everything to a boy, Mrs. Martin."

"I have failed then," she said, sadly,—"I have failed!"

"No, you have not. But you can not do him justice alone. You are too feminine a woman to rear a boy like him without outside helps. What do you wish him to be?"

"A good man, first and above all things," she answered.

"That is understood. But what career would you prefer for him?"

"Desmond would have wished him to be a doctor. He left him his library with that intention."

"Very well. Time and inclination alone can determine that. But we can, to a certain degree, shape his future course. When can you have him ready for school?"

"What school?"

"St. Ignatius'."

"Would you take him away from me, Doctor?"

"It will not be far. You can see him every week, and he will be with you during the vacations. They have a fine set of men there."

"You are cruel; you have never had a child!" she said. "He is all I have in the world."

"I want him to be a comfort to you when you need him," said the Doctor, ignoring her reproach. "If I might, I should take great pleasure in assisting to pay for his education. But I know that is not necessary, and that you would not allow me to help."

"I thank you, Doctor!" she replied,—"I thank you with all my heart. You are a true friend. Pardon my harshness! It was the cry of a mother's soul."

"Say nothing about it. When can you have him ready? The spring term begins next Wednesday."

"So soon?"

"The sooner the better. Be a brave woman. Believe me, it hurts me beyond measure thus to wound you. But it is a kind cruelty, and you will recognize it as such when you have had time to reflect. You must know that I have only one desire at heart—to serve you: to smooth the rough places over which you must travel, to remove whatever obstacles I may from your path, to help you make a man—a true man—of your boy. I loved his father."

"Ah! have you not proved it?" she said. "Say no more."

"But one word. What is nearest my heart I will not utter, knowing that it would be powerless to move you."

She raised her hand deprecatingly.

"Have no fears. I shall respect your undying devotion and love for him who sees us both," he added. "For the rest, to-day, no doubt, you have thought me severe; later you will thank me."

"Ah, you are good!" she said.

He smiled, looking at her as though she were a child.

"Shall I call for you on Monday?" he asked. "Will Maurice be ready?"

"Yes, yes: on Monday. But when shall we make the arrangements?"

"I will attend to that, if you will permit me."

"There will be no difficulty, Doctor,—do you think?"

"None at all. Once or twice I have

spoken of Maurice to the rector. He knew Desmond. You will like him."

"It is very sudden. But everything will be in readiness for Monday. At what time do we start?"

"Half-past two will be a good hour. It will give us time to reach home before dark. The sooner a disagreeable thing is accomplished the better."

"Yes. I forget,—did you say two?"

"Half-past two."

"Very well. But how can I tell him at first? It will break his heart, the poor little fellow!"

"He will recover,—trust me, he will recover," said the Doctor, resuming the brusque manner which often concealed the kindness of his heart.

On Saturday the Doctor came in to see how things were progressing. He found Mrs. Martin and Maurice in the sitting-room surrounded by a pile of clothing. A new trunk stood in the middle of the floor, in front of which the boy was dancing with delight.

"Well, well! what is this?" asked the Doctor. "Some one seems to be very happy."

"Some one *is!*" cried the boy. "See this fine new trunk, Doctor, and all my clothes! We are just going to pack—mamma and I."

"Isn't it absurd?" said Mrs. Martin. "Almost two days yet before he starts and he has already begun to pack!"

"He is glad to go, then?" inquired the Doctor.

"Glad! Indeed I am. There will be lots of boys and games and big woods and a gymnasium, mamma says. Oh, it will be fine!"

"But not all play, my boy," remarked the Doctor, pulling one of the short, crisp curls. "I think I see some books waiting to be put into that trunk."

"Oh, yes,—a big pile of them!" said the boy. "Some were papa's and some are mine. But mamma thinks I won't need any books I had at Miss Gibson's old school."

"You did not like it at Miss Gibson's, then,—did you?"

"It was a baby school. And I don't like girls."

"That is why, perhaps, you did not trouble to go there very regularly?"

The boy's face flushed; he looked at his mother and then at the Doctor. By a slight lifting of the eyebrows Mrs. Martin indicated that the subject was not to be pursued further. After a few moments she led the way to the other room; the Doctor followed.

"I did not tell him that you saw him playing truant," she said. "It would have embarrassed him to know he was seen; and he is so fond of you."

Doctor Middleton looked at her with a quiet smile.

"I was not very far wrong when I said Maurice needed a firmer hand."

"Ah, but it would have humiliated him!" she replied.

The Doctor shook his head.

"The argument could be spun out indefinitely if we began it," he observed. "You are a brave little woman, but you *are* a woman."

"And you can not understand how a mother feels," she rejoined, with perfect good-nature. "And I am to lose him so soon!"

(To be continued.)

FLACOURT, in his History of Madagascar, gives a sublime prayer used by the people we call savages: "O Eternal, have mercy on me, because I am passing away! O Infinite, because I am but a speck! O Most Mighty, because I am weak! O Source of Light, because I draw nigh to the grave! O Omniscient, because I am in darkness! O All-Bounteous, because I am poor! O All-Sufficient, because I am nothing!"—"*In a Club Corner.*"

Handy Prayers.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD.

IN these days we hear a good deal of the "handy man" and his practical doings. Handiness is a really useful thing,—coming to the point and doing what it does with the least waste of time or exertion. So also, it seems, we ought to pray. The regular official prayers have often an air of composed things. The phrases are at times unreal enough, as when one recites, "O my God, I would rather die a thousand deaths than offend Thee in the smallest particular!"—which in most cases can not be a true or a sincere protestation. It is, however, frequently forgotten that the printed prayers are intended as suggestions or aids to sluggish thoughts; for there are many who know not what to say or what to think, and, in default of a guide, will say nothing. A person addressing a king or a minister with his suit would not produce much effect were he to read from a paper. A few ardent, natural words setting forth the hardships of his case would have far more weight.

Is it not the commonest feeling of all that we can not get ourselves to be conscious of the vast importance of our salvation, the immensity of the point at issue? We do not *see* it, it is so far off. To see it, as we shall see it one day, is a gift to be prayed for. And yet how odd it is that at times a thing will strike us in the most vivid fashion—we know not why! The clouds break, twilight appears, and we dare to hope or fancy that some of those lines will come chiming back to us as we go about our simple duties.

Here are a few aspirations growing out of a state of mind and feeling,—all genuine and to the point:

OPEN MY EYES.

Open my eyes that I may see;
 Open my mind that I may know;
Open my heart and set it free
 From this corrupting world below.

Open my hand that I may give,
 Deny myself, for others feel;
Open my life that I may live,
 And all endure with nerves of steel.

Open my lips that I may pray;
 Open my ears that I may hear;
Open the way by night and day,
 That I may walk in love and fear.

DRAW ME, GOOD LORD.

Draw me, good Lord, unto Thyself,
 Else I remain as cold as ice,—
Bound to the earth, to flesh and pelf,
 Indifferent to things of price

How dull my soul! My words are dead;
 Small taste have I for things of worth;
The world is ever in my head,
 And my true love is earth and—earth.

O gracious God and Good above!
 Enroll me in Thy blessed tribe;
Give me that wondrous thing, Thy love,
 Which few can feel and none describe.

PRAY TO KNOW.

Oh, that I could understand!
 And yet how sorely have I tried!
I walk as in a foreign land,
 I grope about and wait outside.

Yet to the saints, engrossed with Thee,
 The longest life seems not too long;
For such too fast the moments flee;
 The weak are stronger than the strong.

SHOW ME THE WAY.

Show me the way and what to do,
 How to walk and how to try,
To shun the false and grasp the true,—
 How to live and how to die.

Show me the way, and make me know
 How to ask and how to press,—
Not in mere idle words of show;
 That I may wait and Thou mayst bless.

Show me the way and let me know
 How to serve Thee night and day;
How to live and how to go,
 How to work and how to pray.

WHY AM I SO FAR AWAY?

This is the greatest gift of all—
 To know, to feel and understand
The stake by which to stand or fall,—
 How large it is, how great, how grand.

Lord! why am I so far away?
 Why opens wide this gulf between?
In vain I strive, in vain I pray,—
 I have no staff on which to lean.

Then waken me, good Lord, in time,
And snatch me from this cruel fate,
Before I hear the dismal chime
That clangs the sentence, "Ah, too late!"

AFTER COMMUNION.

Go with me, Jesus of the Cross,—
Go with me now and all the day;
For I shall surely mourn Thy loss
Unless I learn to make Thee stay.

WAKE ME.

God, wake me from this sloth of death
In which my trivial days slip by,
As I do waste my precious breath,
And feel the Truth, but vainly try.

Wake me before the final day,
Ere all the golden hours are spent,—
When, shivering, I must go the way,
Account for what was only lent.

Turn me away from worldly things,
And give me the immortal taste,—
A relish for the heavenly springs,
And loathing for this puddle-waste.

Rouse me from this dullard's dream;
Lift me from what is near to far,—
Things to see not as they seem,
But let me see them as they are.

INGRATITUDE.

Oh, where is all my gratitude
To Him who gave me all I have—
Life and health and strength and food,
And everything that man can crave?

I take it as it were my due,
As though it came to me of right,—
Reserved for all the choicer few,
Won by myself, and single might.

An instant, all is overthrown.
Beware! within a single day
Health and wealth and power are gone,—
Who gives it all, takes all away.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

Who thinks that says "Thy will be done,"
So lightly every morn and night,
That he contracts the sin to shun
And undertakes to do the right?

And he that says "Thy kingdom come,"
Commits his life in every way,
And binds himself, through good and ill,
To help that kingdom night and day.

AT EARLY MASS.

Just fancy this!—that I have seen,
Of this common workday morn,
The Lord upon this table mean,
In yet another stable born!

I am not of the common crowd
Who pass me in the busy street.
Well might I call to them aloud:
"Ah, your Lord you did not greet!"

So through the day I still recall,
With lofty pride and glad accord,
The chance that did not them befall,—
That I this morn have seen the Lord.

STINGINESS TO GOD.

How niggardly I serve the Lord,—
As much, as little, as I may!
I give the least I can afford,
And then am free for all the day.

Have I not made a bargain fair?
The thing is done,—I've paid my tax:
Some decades said, some formal prayer,—
So hey the world! and now relax.

My soul, O God, this coming night,
Into Thy hands I do commend!
Then give me faith and give me light,
Lest the deep slumber bring the end.

Oh, let me say it from the heart,
And feel and *mean* it in Thy sight,
That I may stay or may depart,—
Whate'er befalls, that all is right!

COLDNESS TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

Devout we bow before the throne;
And yet we feel nor joy nor grief,
And in our heart perforce we own
The wished-for end will bring relief.

How strange! And we may seek in vain
Why do we not with fervor burn;
Should we not go away with pain,
And count the hours till we return?

So, Jesus, sitting on Thy throne,
Descend upon this land of night,
Nor let Thy presence be unknown,—
Give us Thy warmth and give us light.

WEEKDAY BENEDICTION.

Oft do we, through the chequered day,
Wander along 'mid things profane,
In trifles losing all our way,
'Mid idle scenes and gossip vain.

Yet when the foolish mood is past,
We to Benediction go,—
Lo! is the earth all overcast,
The God of Heaven is below!

Oh, did we think how much it means,
How Heaven can touch these lowly things,
'Twould lift us to celestial scenes,—
We'd hear the note the angel sings.

THE HOST.

Of all the wonders sung and praised,
Think on the miracle of Bread!
The moment when the Host is raised
We steal one look, then bow the head.

Yet though I seem to know and feel
The wonders all before my eyes,
My soul is dull, my heart is steel,—
The marvels bring me small surprise.

Alas! it is but strict routine.
Omitted, it would bring me pain;
Contented I repeat the scene,
Again renew it and again.

Jesus, how little do I know
Of Thy great Mass, of Thy great ways!
Vacant I look, as at a show,—
Nothing strikes and little stays.

Oh, let me see beyond the Host,
And hear the Great Eternal's voice,
Know the great issue, "Saved or lost!"
That I may wail or may rejoice.

Joseph de Maistre.*

I.

IF there is one trait more than another which may be said to have distinguished the illustrious subject of the following sketch, it is that of self-effacement. We may search through his complete writings without finding more than an occasional allusion to the days of his childhood and youth. So engrossed was he with the needs of his time and the work of his contemporaries that he never dreamed of thrusting upon them anything of his private personality. Thus it is that, save for a few letters or a very slight reference to them at rare intervals, we learn from him but meagre particulars of his earlier years.

This brave Savoyard, enamored of his mountains and deeply attached to the dynasty of the Duchy of Savoy, was not of rustic blood. His father was a magistrate and senator of high repute, who had rendered faithful and signal service in the councils of his native land. His mother belonged to a distinguished family of Savoy.

Joseph, the eldest of five brothers, was born on the 1st of April, 1753, at Chambéry. His mother was an intelligent and pious woman, and his earlier years were passed entirely under her somewhat austere but refining influence. Later he was confided to the Jesuits. His youth was similar to that of many other young men belonging to families who had preserved in the eighteenth century, in the midst of relaxed morals and feeble faith, the traditions of a time more religious and austere. From his earliest childhood he had been trained to habits of piety and virtue; and while still a very young man he became affiliated to what in our modern days are known as religious societies or sodalities. The habits of his childhood De Maistre never lost, and to these later affiliations he always remained faithful.

Toward the end of the last century, when France began to be agitated by the spirit of revolution, there were still in certain portions of it favored spots which preserved their profound and satisfied calm. Traditional institutions were respected; the paternal government of a wise and benevolent monarch was appreciated by his contented subjects. Such was the case in Savoy, which, participating in all that was best in France and Italy and speaking both languages, did not share in the unrest of either. The distinction of caste, so marked in France, was of far less importance in Savoy. The clergy were recruited from all classes; the nobility, not enervated by the luxury of their neighbors, gave to the service of the country men of distinguished military and magisterial ability. They did not possess a tithe of the privileges granted to them in France, and consequently led a far more simple existence. Church and State were in accord; and, though without doubt many defects existed, all were contented. The spirit of religion tempered the secular administration, thus presenting the most normal form of human organizations.

Joseph de Maistre, then entering upon a brilliant manhood, which had been nurtured amid such surroundings, was

* Joseph de Maistre, par George Cogordan.

naturally optimistic. It was the fruit of his education, the result of the situation in which he found himself. For him the Catholic religion was the best of all religions; the traditional monarchy of Sardinia, the best of all monarchies; and the contented, virtuous little world wherein he lived, the best of all possible worlds. It is small wonder, then, that as his horizon grew larger, his thoughts more expansive, his absorption in the needs of humanity should lead him to become the theorist of a social order which he believed to be originally designed and intended by God for the government of mankind.

We may well believe that his early environment was the principal feature in the development of this spirit, which clung to him all his life and pervaded the memories of his infancy and youth. In the traditions of all mankind one finds the legend of the age of gold. Individuals, like nations, idealize the reminiscences of their earliest years. So it was with Joseph de Maistre, who, though among the most disinterested and sincere, was not one of the least imaginative of men.

At that time the influence of Rousseau was so universal that hardly any one escaped it altogether, and it left upon De Maistre a passing touch of opinions and theories, all of which he was at a later period to combat most ardently. In 1784 he pronounced a discourse on the exterior qualifications necessary to a successful magistrate, which is not only in the style of Rousseau, but re-echoes his best thoughts. Such language, from the lips of so young a man, drew forth the encomiums of his colleagues, particularly as he exemplified in his own person the manner of man he had portrayed. Exemplary in his morals, he spent much time in study. He began to accumulate treasures of various kinds of knowledge, not omitting theology or that species of psychology commonly known as occultism,—a fad of the last century as of the latter period of our own. He also joined the Freemasons, which had not yet been denounced by the Church. But his stay among them was of short duration.

At the close of the eighteenth century Chambéry possessed an intelligent and cultured society. Letters, poetry, the arts were there welcomed, appreciated, fostered. Young De Maistre was not averse to mingling in the world where circumstances had placed him. He was neither the mysterious dreamer nor the severe magistrate; but a young man full of life and gayety, distinguished for his wit and repartee. From these first successes may be dated the love of society which he always retained, and which often served him as a solace in days of future disappointment and disillusion.

In 1774, with the death of his mother, for whom he always preserved a most filial regret, he lost the only woman who ever exercised a real influence over him. For the rest, they occupied but a small interest in his life. By nature he was almost an ascetic; and though late he married, and became an excellent husband and father, he did so from a sense of duty. In a letter relating to the proposed event, he dwells more particularly on the happiness he hopes he may be able to confer on his future bride than on that which he expects for himself. Although the wife of his choice was not an intellectual woman, she made him an affectionate companion, which was all he expected or desired.

Before the period of the Revolution, De Maistre was known as a Liberal. Left to itself, the Duchy of Savoy would never have revolted. But, owing to the identity of language and the constant intercourse of two countries separated only by an artificial barrier, the spirit of unrest was soon disseminated.

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE LIBRARY

In 1792 the invasion of Savoy was decided upon. While the royal army crossed the mountains in great haste, the French troops of General Montesquieu scattered themselves about the cities and hamlets. Here they soon found new adherents, — some through sympathy, others through fear. De Maistre did not share in these sentiments. He departed with his family; but returned later, in obedience to a decree which commanded the refugees to do so under penalty of confiscation of their property.

But his stay was not destined to be of long duration. He refused to pay the war tax levied upon Savoy, haughtily declaring that he would give no money to fight the royal army, of which his brothers formed a part. This attitude rendered him an object of suspicion. A requisition was taken out against him; he was obliged to fly in haste at the moment when his wife was about to bring into the world her third child, whom he was not to see for more than twenty years. He went into Switzerland and established himself at Lausanne.

Lausanne, during the greater part of the eighteenth century, was a centre of intellectual culture. Some remnant of the society which had gravitated about Mme. Necker still survived in 1793. Joseph De Maistre soon became acquainted with the most desirable residents, including French emigrants, as well as some Savoyards who had put the Lake of Geneva between them and the French authority.

Among these latter was the family of the Marquis Costa, an intimate friend of De Maistre, and an officer in the army of the King. They met every evening to relate the news, exchange opinions and discuss their hopes and fears. De Maistre was the soul of these reunions. Neither exile, nor privations nor anxiety for the future could alter his serenity; or, rather, such was the versatility of his nature that in moments of the deepest dejection the least distraction would restore his good humor.

It was there and then that he first began his literary career. The King of Sardinia had requested him to transmit to him political reports. He responded by sending whatever he could learn or divine of current or probable events; but, oppressed by the thought of the Revolution which was spreading all about him, he hoped that he might be able to combat in print the sentiments which it was inspiring among the people. Thus it was that the ex-Senator of Chambéry became a writer.

His genius had need of such a stimulus; for De Maistre had not really the temperament of a littérateur in the sense in which it is usually understood. He would have chosen it neither as an occupation nor a recreation. He took notes in order to fix and remember his ideas; he composed books in order to propagate them. So it happened that at a period of life when imagination is most fruitful—up to the age of forty or thereabouts—having nothing to say, he held his peace. When the hour of action was drawing near—that is, when the horrors of the Revolution began to menace all he held most dear, to destroy the institutions to which he was most strongly attached, to dethrone the legitimate sovereign of Savoy,—not being a man of the sword, he took up the pen. For him, to write was to act.

To spread his opinions and convictions regarding the license which was at that period masquerading under the name of Liberty, he wrote "Lettres d'un Royaliste Savoisien," published in 1793, without the name of the author. In these letters he announces with confidence the re-establishment of the old régime; for the best manner of convincing the Savoyards of the necessity of rallying around their King is to declare that the

monarchy still exists. He also promises that they shall be received neither with severity nor reprisals; only the ring-leaders shall be punished; and even they may count upon the indulgence of the King if, avowing their guilt, they will throw themselves at his feet. To the King he would recall, if he dared, the saying of Charles II. of England, on his return to the throne, to those who had also recommended pardon and forgetfulness. "Yes," said the King: "pardon for my enemies, and forgetfulness for my friends!"

While he was in this exalted state of mind, the King was defeating his own best interests. The hand of Austria was visible in the course now pursued by Victor Amadeus of Savoy; and a treacherous hand it proved to be. From this time dates De Maistre's hatred of Austria, whose perfidy and duplicity he never hesitated to stigmatize. And from this time forward De Maistre gave himself up more and more to political questions, principally sociology. In a letter to Vignet des Etoles, written in August, 1794, he outlines the plan of a great work to which he is devoting his time. This plan was to study the origin and exercise of sovereignty and the right of insurrection; a fourth part, on experimental politics, was to demonstrate the truths contained in the preceding portions. This compilation was published, later, in his posthumous works, under the somewhat ironical title of "Benefits of the Revolution."

When De Maistre reflected on the fruits of that eventful period, what surprised him most was the disproportion between its causes and its effects. He saw very ordinary men, almost involuntarily, often without any defined purpose, pressed onward by a force inexplicable even to themselves. So, at least, De Maistre reasoned, and he was far from being alone in his reflections and conclusions. What could this force have been, he meditated, except the will of Providence itself for its own divine intentions? The Revolution was not the work of men. They neither foresaw nor desired nor originated nor conducted it. It was the work of God. And how and why?

To De Maistre this question was easy of solution. He believed—and, in spite of appearances, there are those who still believe—that France has a special mission to fulfil in the world: namely, to march at the head of Christianity. This mission not performed, ignored, even spurned, God punished, and still punishes, France by revolutions. It may be said—and truly—that in such cases the innocent are more often punished than the guilty. What of that? Has it not been a divine law from the very beginning, albeit incomprehensible to our feeble intelligence, that the innocent invariably suffer with and for the guilty? Their blood seems to possess a mysterious power of redemption and purification.

Having no faith in the permanency of the republic, De Maistre believed in the re-establishment of the monarchy, after the work of purification should have been achieved. And, to a certain extent, he was a true prophet; for, in his "Considérations sur la France," he traced almost exactly the program which led to the restoration of Louis XVIII. This book soon became the breviary of the disaffected, of the refugees; in short, of all those—and they were numerous—who still hoped for better things. And although the work appeared anonymously, the author was known, and the name of De Maistre was on everybody's lips. Such was the success of the book that several months later, when Bonaparte entered Milan, the fifth edition was already in circulation in the libraries of that city. A great number of copies were bought by

the officers of the army, including the general-in-chief.

Napoleon had not yet developed the arbitrary spirit which later became his ruin. On reading these sublime pages, eloquent with the love of God and the part He plays in the development of kingdoms as well as individuals, he felt himself to be the possible instrument of a future which should realize for France all the loftiest hopes of her most disinterested sons. At the same time he conceived for the writer a great admiration, which, though short-lived, was while it lasted thoroughly sincere. Very soon the course of events, with their kaleidoscopic changes, converted the future Emperor into one of De Maistre's most violent adversaries.

(To be continued.)

The Newcomer to Warminster.

BY MARY CROSS.

"ISN'T it a pity about Dr. Lynton? Why, you don't mean to say that you have not heard!"

Mrs. Fyfe, the queen gossip of Warminster, brought an afternoon call to a climax with these words. Both Mrs. and Miss Severn regarded their visitor with increased interest.

"You forget that we have been away for three months and have only just returned," said Mrs. Severn. "We have not yet heard any news worth discussing. What has Dr. Lynton done?"

"He has married in haste, let us hope not to repent at leisure, though it is to be feared he will. Only a few weeks ago he was called to a consultation in the country, and there and then lost his head or his heart—perhaps both. At any rate, he has married his patient's daughter; and I hear that she is a little nobody, raw and unsophisticated to a degree. Now, how can the unfortunate man expect to get on?"

"She may rise to the occasion," said Mrs. Severn.

"My dear, they do that only in novels. I'm afraid he has nipped his own career in the bud. A woman like that is absolutely certain to drag him down. She can't help it: she does it unconsciously; and however much his friends may pity him, they can render no assistance."

"But have you seen the—er—lady?" asked Mrs. Severn.

"Not yet. I really don't know whether to call or not. It is easier never to begin an undesirable acquaintance than to break it off, you know. What *can* have possessed him?"

"We always thought the Doctor very sensible," said Ella.

"Well, I suppose he must have lost his senses," declared Mrs. Fyfe, rising. "He was the very last man I should have expected would make a foolish marriage; but there's the fact, and we can't get over it."

"Poor fellow!" sighed Mrs. Severn; but Ella laughed.

"Perhaps Dr. Lynton is very happy, and all your pity is being wasted," she said. "Why should we be dismal? We have not to put up with the young woman; so what, after all, does the marriage matter to us?"

Mrs. Fyfe retreated, not exactly with flying colors; and as soon as she had disappeared Ella Severn consulted the engagement book.

"We had better call on Mrs. Lynton to-morrow," she observed. "We have nothing else to do."

"What for, pray?" demanded her mother, sharply.

"For fun, of course,—to see how that sort of person behaves herself at home."

"I assure you I am not at all interested in that sort of person," answered Mrs. Severn, with high disdain. "Dr. Lynton

need not flatter himself that I will condescend to any acquaintance with his plebeian wife."

"You prefer that he should flatter himself that we are aggrieved by the marriage; that he and everybody else should say that we ignore the woman through jealousy and disappointment? It will be very much better to be in a position to say that we called but found Mrs. Lynton an utterly impossible person, as of course she will be."

And the young girl quietly rejoiced at the thought of snubbing her successful, if unconscious, rival, and of being the means of ostracizing her.

"There is something in that," agreed Mrs. Severn, slowly. "I suppose we had better do as you suggest."

Consequently mother and daughter drove to Queen Square, wherein the Doctor's house was situated. It looked as if it had been newly decorated in honor of the bride. A "painty" smell hung about it; its window-boxes were gay with flowers, and all its brass and glass glittered in the sunshine.

As the Severn carriage drew up, the curtains at one of the windows were fluttered as by a retreating figure; the movement suggested that Mrs. Lynton had been on the watch for callers. A boy in buttons opened the door, and as he gazed inquiringly forth a voice from the inner regions was heard to say:

"Will-yum, what do you mean keeping folk standing on the doorstep? Show them ladies in here immejut."

William obeyed, opening wide the door of a cheerful sitting-room; and a short, stout young woman advanced, drawing the pins out of her hat as she came, and tossing it unceremoniously on a chair. She had very red cheeks, rather fine grey eyes, very white teeth, and a mass of jet-black hair arranged in the teapot-handle style. The three women surveyed one another for thrice as many seconds in dead silence. The Severns were stricken dumb; matters were so much worse than they had expected—or, perhaps it should be said, had hoped; and the lady of the house, with one arm akimbo, evidently waited for them to speak first.

Mrs. Severn recovered. She raised her pince-nez and surveyed the Square as if she had never seen it before, making the only remark that occurred to her:

"Very pleasant locality."

"Ah! it's nothing to the country. You like best just where you was brought up, I dare say. I don't know as I ever shall take to the town."

"You will like it better when you get to know people," said Ella.

Her hostess pouted, tossed her head and smoothed her dress.

"That's just where the Doctor puts his foot down," she replied. "He don't want me to know people."

Ella's eyes telegraphed a comprehension of the Doctor's discretion to her mother, who agreed through the medium of a smile. The other lady tapped on the table with her fingers, and, having apparently racked her brains for an interesting subject of discourse, asked:

"How many servants do you keep?"

"Five," said Mrs. Severn, stiffly.

"Eh, come! that's something like! We have to get on with only three here and that beat in buttons. I'm not above putting my hand to anything, I'm sure; but it seems to me your work in a town is never done. In the country you can let your curtains hang for months; and as for smuts, you never see 'em."

Mrs. Severn rose. She really could not discuss town *versus* country from a housemaid's point of view, and her powers of endurance were exhausted. She uttered a most frigid "Good-morning!" whilst Ella contented herself with a stony British stare and a slight inclination of her head. They did not

go through the formality of leaving cards. As Mrs. Severn observed, the line must be drawn somewhere, and she drew it long before reaching persons such as Dr. Lynton's wife.

"There is something very strange indeed about that marriage!" declared Ella, excitedly. "Dr. Lynton never lost either his head or his heart over that woman. There is a mystery about it."

"Perhaps she knew something to his discredit and he had to marry her to escape exposure."

"Well, it is safe to predict that he will end by wishing that he had chosen exposure, if he has not to bear it also," said Ella. "One of these days the truth will out,—depend upon it!"

Already she was promising herself and her acquaintances much amusement at Mrs. Lynton's expense. She would entertain her "set" with a graphic account of her visit to that lady, and in a short time Dr. Lynton would find himself and his rustic bride the laughing-stock of Warminster. She was a capital mimic; and though this accomplishment made her feared and disliked by present and prospective victims, in a way they enjoyed its display. She felt that she could do full justice to Mrs. Lynton without rousing any one's wrath.

A favorable opportunity would no doubt present itself at Lady Morris' "At Home," one of Warminster's most fashionable functions.

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Lady Morris' rooms were crowded when Ella and her mother arrived. They made a point of being late everywhere, not even excepting church. The habit let others know that there were many claims upon their time, and also that they were superior to the rules that bound ordinary individuals.

They were not long in perceiving Dr. Lynton conversing with a distinguished author, and looking very happy and very handsome, not at all as if he had any skeleton in his cupboard—the "young person" was not to be seen. Ella murmured that he had probably left her at home to attend to the smuts and the curtains.

"How very well Dr. Lynton looks!" murmured a dear old lady beside her. "Well, he is quite as good as he is clever, and I am sure we all wish him happiness and prosperity."

"How can he expect either with such a wife?" asked Ella.

The old lady looked shocked; and Mrs. Fyfe joined them with such an amiable expression that Ella knew she was about to say something spiteful.

"Delightful gathering, isn't it? Most enchanting music! Wasn't it a ridiculous mistake to describe Mrs. Lynton as anything but perfectly soo-weet?"

"I can't agree with you," answered Mrs. Severn, calmly and distinctly. "I consider her the most hopelessly under-bred person it was ever my misfortune to meet."

"And she can't even speak decent English," chimed in Ella.

"Well, my dear, of course we don't expect you to praise her," said Mrs. Fyfe. "Still, I am sorry for your taste. Everyone else is charmed with her; even old Sir Humphrey, and you know how fastidious he is. There! she is going to sing again. Bee-yew-tiful! No wonder her husband is proud of her!"

Mrs. Severn and Ella gazed at the radiant, lovely girl whom Dr. Lynton was escorting to the piano, and then at each other.

"But that is not Dr. Lynton's wife," said the elder lady, coldly.

"Well, I think *I* ought to know!" retorted Mrs. Fyfe, tartly.

"Possibly, but it is clear that you do not. That young lady certainly is not Mrs. Lynton."

"You mean to say that Dr. Lynton

introduced to me as his wife a person who is not his wife?" inquired Mrs. Fyfe, indignantly.

Mrs. Severn drew herself up. With her most aggravating air of social supremacy, she replied:

"I mean to say that that is not the Mrs. Lynton who received Ella and me when we called upon her recently to congratulate her on her marriage. There is imposition and deception somewhere. It is not for me to say or to judge who is responsible for it."

Mrs. Fyfe rustled away; but a little later she returned, accompanied by Dr. Lynton, to whose polite bow the Severns barely responded.

"Apparently there is a mistake—a misunderstanding," he said, courteously. "Mrs. Fyfe informs me that you and Miss Severn called upon my wife. I assure you that neither she nor I was aware of your visit until this moment."

"Mrs. Lynton herself received us," said Mrs. Severn, obstinately.

"But she could not forget having done so, I am sure. Do you remember the date of your visit?"

"We called at Queen Square on the 20th. *We* are not likely to forget it," said Ella, half laughing, half sneering.

"But Mrs. Lynton was not in town on the 20th," he answered, after a brief reflection; "consequently she could not have received you. May I trouble you to describe the lady who did?"

"Oh, it really does not matter!" said Mrs. Severn, who was beginning to feel uncomfortable; whilst Ella looked incredulous, and Mrs. Fyfe's eyes danced.

"Pardon me, Madam! I think it does. I really must beg you to assist me in discovering who impersonated my wife," urged Dr. Lynton.

After a slight hesitation, Mrs. Severn supplied the description, her daughter contributing a few maliciously-realistic touches. The Doctor had some difficulty in keeping a smile of amusement confined to his dark blue eyes.

"That must have been our housemaid Sarah," said he. "We brought her from the country in the hope of training her properly, but already her impudence and multitudinous followers have led to her dismissal. Perhaps she thought you had called to inquire about her character. But I am glad she did the honors of the house so creditably that you believed she was its mistress."

With that he bowed and retired.

In Old New Mexico.

THIS is the land of Mañana—the land of to-morrow. Old Mexico, when she withdrew her señors, soldados and alcaldes, left the deserted region in joint possession of this soothing sobriquet; and the Mexican of the States (for such is the dusky native styled) lives strictly in accord with the title. The motto of his humble "adobe" apparently reads: "Never do to-day that which may conveniently be put off till the morrow." Nor will we upbraid him for thus inverting that harsh northern saw. Observation has taught him that yon same fervent sun will remain in that same sky throughout the summer and winter too. So why make undue haste? Why grunt and sweat under a fierce midday sun, when the next morning will be cool and balmy? Why hustle to cram so much life into one day? To-morrow will be another day identical in essentials to the present. So let us be happy to-day and to-morrow too. A philosopher is your Mexican.

Objectively, the writer makes this the occasion of correcting an erroneous notion concerning this territory, which the adjective "new" may possibly have led the reader to entertain. There is

little that may properly be termed new in New Mexico. As, apparently, most everybody and everything came to old New England in the *Mayflower*, so to old New Mexico almost a century earlier came most everything that has since been adopted into the native civilization. In fact, were it not for the contradiction involved, she might be styled the land of yesterday; for most of her glory lies behind her. The oldest existing civilization in the United States is here. Tradition claims that Cabeça de Vaca, an associate of the ill-starred Narvaez, passed through the Mesilla Valley in 1536. In proof of this a numerous generation strewn along the Rio Grande rejoices in his name, which, prosed by the translator, means nothing more than "head of a cow."

Historical facts begin with the arrival of the brave and energetic Coronado in 1540. This tireless explorer, at the head of a band of kindred spirits, came up the Rio Grande. Thence they tramped north and east, over the parched plains, as far as the Missouri; they pushed to the northwest until they were stopped by the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River; they traversed the desert to the west through Arizona until they came to the Gulf of California. Travellers who have almost suffocated when rolling over these parts on a handsomely-appointed Pullman car can readily appreciate what must have been the hardships of these adventurers then plunging for the first time into those deserts, which even to our day remain partly unexplored.

Alas! they were not acting solely in the cause of science or religion, these venturesome Dons. Visions of precious metals wrought into ornamental shapes, all ready for the hand of the plunderer; mirages of rich cities all ready for the occupancy of the conqueror, as Cortez had recently discovered hundreds of leagues to the south,—these were some of the *ignis-fatuus* that led them on. But in all the native villages of New Mexico not a fragment of gold did they find. They did find, as Cortez had found, a resident people of temperate, frugal and industrious habit, civilized in a way. These were the Pueblos, an Indian people, who tilled the soil and dwelt in large communal houses made of stones and sun-dried mud, or adobe, several stories in height, and in some instances containing a thousand compartments. The word *pueblo* means a village or a people; and these natives, as well as their curious habitations, have since been generally known by that name; though now they are largely confounded with the effluvial from Mexico.

How long they had dwelt here prior to the Spanish occupation is matter for speculation. History disowns them. They are equally unlike the roving Indian of the plains and the more cultivated Aztec. They possess a tradition of having come from the north, fighting inch by inch against the southward invasion of a fierce foe, until at last they came to these mesas, or table-lands, and built permanent fortress homes. This explains the mysterious cliff dwellings which, like swallows' nests, mark the faces of cañon walls for hundreds of miles in southern Utah and Colorado, northern Arizona and New Mexico. In any event, when the Spaniards came, the Pueblos had local ruins, which were the subject of traditions centuries old. It must be remembered, however, that here antiquities are accomplished rapidly. The ordinary adobe becomes a ruin at about its twentieth year; and a chance sand-storm drifting along may heap centuries of dust on it in the space of an afternoon.

Along with the explorers came the missionaries, and these came to stay. Their equally restless energy was directed into entirely different channels. They

came to uplift the native, to Christianize and advance him as high as possible in the arts of civilization. Soon missions dotted the whole vast territory. The Indian readily adapted himself to the status of the Spanish peasantry. But upon the gradual withdrawal of the mission Padres, his education fossilized, and at present he is not altogether enterprising. He prefers to till the soil by precisely the same methods practised by his great-grandfather before him. Even the primitive plow—consisting of a forked limb, and dragged through its perfunctory ceremony of tickling the ground by a thong attached to the horns of an ox—may happen to meet your eye. The sickle is the most advanced implement for reaping the grain, which is still threshed out on the bare ground under the hoofs of horses, cattle or goats.

Just why our Indio-Mexican clings so stubbornly to the old Spanish life is hard to explain. Judging from his physiognomy, he can boast of but little Spanish blood. Yet his language and religion are steadfastly Spanish; and he has the Castilian courtesy, kindness and hospitality. Withal, he reproduces old Spain as poor, as happy and as quaint, here and now as ever it was at home.

By virtue of the aseptic qualities of the local atmosphere, New Mexico is winning wide recognition as a sanitarium for sufferers from the white man's dread plague. Many of the present active business men of the territory came here solely to obtain a longer lease upon life's fascinating troubles. Others, who speak of "back East" as home, have come out to develop the rich ore deposits, and the inevitable Englishman is not unfrequent. But the Mexican continues numerically in the ascendant, still retains his Old-World ways, and furnishes us with a prototype of our new fellow-citizen in our "recently acquired possessions."

A Hint to Readers of History.

A WORD IN DEFENCE OF ST. JEROME.

THE only way to understand the past is to look at it always through the eyes of contemporaries. We have the advantage of knowing what has happened, and we can not avoid injustice by judging the characters of history by the light of our knowledge. We should try to make the fullest allowance for difficulties no solution of which had as yet been arrived at; for incidents which the wisest could not have foreseen; and for a shaping of ends wholly inscrutable. In the case of every individual whose conduct comes under historical review we ought to judge by intentions; and if his career affords evidence of uprightness, we are bound to accord him all the praise bestowed by those who played their parts with him.

If we are inclined to be shocked at the coarseness of St. Jerome's letters, for instance, or at the harshness of his polemics, we should remember that he was born in the midst of a semi-barbaric population, and that ferocity rather than meekness was the fashion of his day with the champions of orthodoxy. Their opponents, of course, were men of the same stamp—strenuous and intense to the last degree. It must be admitted that in many of the saints of earlier ages there was an inevitable narrowing of the spiritual energies on account of strict avoidance of all unnecessary intercourse with others. St. Jerome's conceptions of Christian holiness undoubtedly differ from those of St. Francis de Sales, and it need not be said that certain of the former's letters could not possibly have been written by the latter. There were many centuries between the two men, and the world had naturally undergone a mighty change.

But the editor of the Springfield *Republican* can not make allowance for the difference of tone between the ancients and ourselves; and in a reply—if it can be called such—to our defence of the virginity of Mary he insists that St. Jerome is not to be excused of pruriency. We will not, as we are expected to do, scorn the scholarship of Dean Farrar, but only remark that critics among his own countrymen and co-religionists acknowledge his incapacity for escaping from modern ideas. No, we do not despise the authority of Dean Farrar, but we happen to know its exact weight.

Another non-Catholic and Englishman has something to say about St. Jerome which is very much to the purpose. We quote from a recently-published work by Samuel Dill, M. A., entitled "Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire," pp. 126, 127. The learned author is dealing with the very letter which the Springfield man considers so indecent:

> The whole letter to Eustochium, in which that well-known passage occurs, suggests other considerations which should be kept in view in reading the criticisms of ancient moralists on their own times. Probably every modern reader of that letter is lost in astonishment that it could have been possibly addressed by any man to a young woman belonging to one of the greatest families at Rome. It handles, without the slightest restraint or reserve, sins and temptations of the flesh to which we now hardly allude. It is absolutely inconceivable that any moralist or preacher of our times, however earnest or fanatical, should address a woman in such a style. This is not said with any intention of depreciating St. Jerome, whose character emerged unstained from the fiercest ordeal of malignant calumny in his own time, and has borne the scrutiny of fifteen centuries.
>
> He would be a daring man who would charge St. Jerome with pruriency. But we may fairly say that the writer of the letter to Eustochium is likely to let us know the very worst of his generation; and that he will not throw the veil of conventional ignorance over deeds of darkness which our more timorous delicacy has been accustomed, at any rate until lately, to treat as non-existent. Whether unflinching candor or studied reserve is the best tone to adopt with regard to moral evil, is a question which need not be discussed. But that difference of tone between the ancients and ourselves should never be forgotten in studying the character of a distant past. By keeping it in mind we may be saved alike from Pharisaism and from an ungenerous judgment of times which have made a self-revelation of which we should be incapable.

It ought to be plain to the Sage of Springfield, Massachusetts, that his scholarship, on two points at least, is neither so broad nor so deep as it might be. But we shall not criticise him severely this time. Words like "ignorance" and "bigotry" are harsh, and we should have employed others; though our esteemed contemporary ought to be willing to allow somewhat for righteous indignation. It seemed to us a monstrous thing indeed for the editor of *The Republican* to impugn the virginity of the Mother of Our Lord and to charge a great doctor of the Christian Church with pruriency.

There is no denying the fact that *The Republican's* two leading editorials do betray, to put it very gently, a lack of rudimentary knowledge and an intolerance of the teaching of the Church. Our fault, which we frankly admit, was this—in forgetting that the average Protestant is incapable of understanding what the honor of the Blessed Virgin means to a Catholic; and in not remembering that editor-men like our Springfield friend sometimes write without restriction, and do not expect to be taken too seriously even when they write on very serious subjects.

WHAT mysteries prove is that man's mind has, by God's aid, been lifted to its highest, and that God is higher still. The philosopher who thinks that to him there should be no mysteries does not think that there should be none to the peasant. Yet surely the intellectual difference between man and man must be small compared with that between man and God.—*Aubrey de Vere.*

Notes and Remarks.

The inconsistent attitude of those governments that wax indignant because China expels or massacres Christian missionaries must often have appealed to thoughtful persons. We are glad that a French journal has not missed the opportunity of bringing this glaring incongruity home to the nations of Europe. John Chinaman is represented as speaking in this way:

> Yes, it is true we have put a number of missionaries to death. But how can you think that a crime? Didn't you Frenchmen murder the Archbishop of Paris and with him a number of priests? Didn't you massacre magistrates and generals? Don't you persecute the members of your religious orders? We admit that we are antagonistic to the Jesuits; but how do *you* treat them, and what did you do to Père Oliviant? And you Englishmen, have you not put people to death for their religion in Ireland? Are you not punishing them for it now? Are you not using the strong arm as you please in South Africa and India? You Russians, have you not played the tyrant in Poland? Are you not doing it in Finland to-day? And you people of Europe without distinction, did you not allow three hundred thousand Armenians to be butchered by fanatical Turks without raising a hand to save them? If you wish me to be sparing of human lives and human rights, you must set me an example in that respect.

The Chinaman is credited with being a past-master in the gentle art of prevarication, but his Christian and Occidental brother is hardly in a position to make homilies to him.

After a stay of six weeks at Harvard, the Cuban teachers have sailed for home, bearing away pleasant memories of their visit and leaving as pleasant ones behind. According to the American superintendent of Cuban schools, Mr. Frye, "the teachers have done a great deal more than we thought it possible for them to do." The earnestness and talent of the visitors were not the only facts that impressed the people of Boston; for, adds Mr. Frye, "the Cuban people stand before the American nation in a much stronger light. And the fact that during the entire visit no word of gossip or criticism has been whispered about a single Cuban woman must impress upon all fair-minded observers the fact that Cuban women possess unusual strength of character." Ninety-eight per cent of the visitors were Catholics. Their fidelity to their religious duties was admired even by their Protestant hosts, who, to their credit be it said, gave small encouragement to the proselytizers. It is to be regretted that those "liberal" Catholics of prominence in Cuba who recommended the banishment of religious instruction from the reconstructed school system, did not accompany the expedition. A visit to the United States would do them good.

> The trouble with the sects is that they have undervalued the press as a religious teacher.
>
> —*Daily paper.*

The trouble with the sects is that they have abdicated their old position in favor of the press, and seemingly to take up work that properly belongs to the press. They preach sermons on literature, art, sociology and municipal corruption; but they are not disposed to touch upon questions of morality,—they leave the press to do that in its own way. They are of the same school as the Scotch preacher who refused to sing an offensive song which he had overheard on the way to meeting, but which he vigorously denounced. "I'll no sully me leps wi' it," quoth the domine; "but I'll allow me clerk to whussel it for you."

Readers of this magazine will share the grief of the faithful of the Diocese of Nagpur, India, over the unexpected death of the Rt. Rev. Charles Pelvat, which took place on the 23d ult. We say unexpected, though to the Bishop

himself the summons could not have been a surprise. In a recent letter to us he spoke of being worn out, sorrowful unto death at the sight of so much misery; but, in consideration for the feelings of the flock so devotedly attached to him, he doubtless concealed as much as possible his weak condition, and exhausted his remaining strength in his efforts to encourage his co-laborers and lighten burdens which at times seemed almost too heavy to bear. He died of cholera, to the dangers of which he was constantly exposed in visiting the famine-stricken natives of his vast diocese. It may truly be said that he laid down his life for the sheep entrusted to his care. We shall have something more to tell about the death of this self-sacrificing prelate, having just received a long letter full of touching details. Meantime we bespeak the prayers of our readers for the repose of his soul. The usual remittance for the famine sufferers this week is sent to the Sisters in charge of the orphans at Nagpur.

As the opening of the new school year draws nearer, it may be well to remind Catholics of the claims of their parish schools, their Catholic colleges and academies. It requires the combined influence of the Church, the Christian home and the Christian school to train the youth in the way they should go, so many and so persuasive are the allurements that invite them into other paths. Constantly and in a hundred new ways experience enforces upon parents the lesson that the best inheritance they can possibly leave their children is a genuinely Catholic education.

Mr. Booker T. Washington, an earnest and cultured Negro of whom his race has good reason to be proud, believes that education will solve the race problem; and his argument, which appears in a widely-circulated secular magazine, deserves careful study. "What the colored people are anxious about," he writes, "is that with industrial education they shall have thorough mental and religious training; and in this they are right." The value of industrial training as a preventive of criminality is shown by the fact that less than one per cent of the Negro convicts of the country are men who have received any sort of manual training whatever. Moreover, the public schools, so far, have not seriously begun to help the colored man and brother. They are nearly always inferior in teaching and equipment, and in most of the Southern States they are open during a few months of the year only. Finally, Mr. Washington's words are, in their way, a cogent plea for some such modification of the national school system as shall afford the Negro, the Indian, and the White who desires it an education that will include the three R's without excluding the fourth one—Religion.

One may enjoy reading the following paragraphs from an article in *The Saturday Evening Post* without fully sharing the author's optimism. It seems to us that missionary work in China has been put back half a century; however, it is undoubtedly true that, in spite of all drawbacks, the forward march of Christianity is assured:

> And if any one thinks that this outbreak will stop or even halt the growth of Christianity he is very much mistaken. Look for a moment at the wonderful figures of nineteen centuries! The number of converts on the Day of Pentecost was only three thousand; at the end of the first century it reached only three hundred thousand. Even at the close of the tenth century there were only fifty million Christians in the world. Come a little further, to the days of Luther in the fifteenth century, and we find only one hundred millions. But begin with 1800 and for every year of this century we have an increase of over two

millions, until to-day there are in the world nearly six hundred million Christians. Seventy years ago the Bible was read in only fifty languages and dialects—to-day three hundred.

At the height of her greatness Imperial Rome ruled one hundred and twenty million people. To-day Christian nations govern eight hundred million people. The whole spirit of modern law and order and progress is in the growth of Christianity; and neither life nor money nor distance nor zone is an obstacle to its steady and inevitable conquest of the entire world. Never was it more vigorous than to-day.

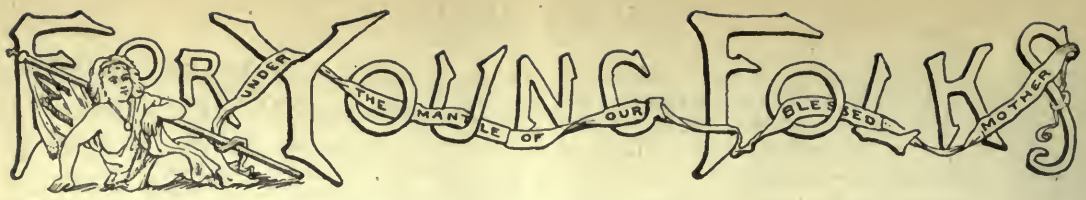
It was not from legal text-books alone that the lamented Baron Russell acquired his marvellous grasp of the principles of equity: his thorough knowledge of the teachings of the Church and his strong sense of natural justice had very much to do with making him the most eminent jurist of his time. Once, when he was Attorney-General of England, he is said to have scandalized the respectable world by casually remarking that a starving man had every right to appropriate his comfortable neighbor's extra loaf of bread. "It was not good law," says the *Pall Mall Gazette;* "but he regarded it as good democracy and good Catholicism, and that was enough for Sir Charles Russell."

That the Catholic Church is not a debating society—that it is governed by a hierarchy and not by popular suffrage—is a truth that can hardly be too often enforced; on the other hand, it is true that those who are, under God, directly responsible for the government and well-being of the Church are usually open to intelligent suggestion and to wholesome and well-intended criticism. The question of how far such criticism can go without deteriorating into insolence is a difficult one; but as we have often pleaded for the hierarchical prerogative—the right "to rule the Church of God,"—we feel that it is only fair to present another view of the subject. Speaking before a large gathering of English Catholics, Father Alphonsus, O. S. F. C., said:

No greater harm can come to any institution than to remove it from the possibility of criticism. It makes men understand that they are not irresponsible, and that authority is, after all, for the benefit of the many and not the few. Authority's best auxiliary is criticism. Discontent grows—it does not break with a sudden force upon any institution or State. If authority is conscious of its gradual expansion it can guide it by judicious adaptation of means to an end; but if it is unconscious, or—what is the same thing—if it refuses to realize the extent of the discontent, it is too often swept away in the cataclysm its own density and foolishness have precipitated. History shows over and over again that where free criticism is allowed, institutions change by the slow progress of law and not by revolution. England and France in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries present an object-lesson in this respect; and the freedom with which we criticise our institutions and responsible authorities is perhaps the best safeguard for their permanence and beneficence.

It is understood, of course, that the speaker advocated the criticism which is temperate, respectful, constructive and discreet. The evil of free speech is that most critics insist on advising the bishops violently. Upon such a practice there is no need for comment.

One of the last acts of the late King Humbert was to confer a decoration on a Piedmontese priest, Father Sebastian Falletti, for his fidelity to a parishioner condemned to a fate worse than death. The man was accused of murder; and, the net of circumstantial evidence seeming hopelessly conclusive, he was sentenced to imprisonment for a term of thirty years, three of which were to be under the maddening condition of solitary confinement. Father Falletti, convinced of the man's innocence, undertook his vindication, and after seven years of devoted effort was entirely successful. When the King heard of the incident, he wrote to the priest, expressing his admiration and requesting him to accept the decoration.



One Sweet Prayer.

JESUS taught us long ago
One sweet prayer to love and know;
We will say it, you and I,
To our Father up on high.

I.

Father kind, we bless Thy name:
May all creatures do the same.

II.

Reign in us as on a throne,
And our hearts be all Thine own.

III.

Here on earth Thy will be done
As by angels: everyone
Uncomplaining like Thy Son.

IV.

Give to us this day our bread;
May our souls on Christ be fed!

V.

Pardon us and bid us live,
As each other we forgive.

VI.

Keep temptation's wiles away,
Nor toward evil let us stray,
But be ready—watch and pray.

A Candidate for the Presidency.

BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

HAVE you ever considered the idea of electing a president for the boys of the United States? Mark me: I don't mean a boy president, but a president of the boys.

The men elect their president every four years, and make no end of fuss about it. There are many questions to consider, and their candidates have to be up on every last one of them. The money question and the tariff question and the expansion question,—there appears to be something seething hot to be settled all the time.

But the candidate for president of the boys need have but a single qualification: he should simply be the bulliest fellow in the world; and, being such, would naturally be an American. Moreover, he need be up on but one question—the question of every boy's having a good time.

For this office I have a candidate to propose; and I here bespeak your consideration for him in the event of such an election being pulled off. He is not unused to responsibilities, nor are honors new to him. Besides, he himself is the father of boys, and of a whole lot of them. Shouldn't that be something in his favor,—I mean, providing he had acquitted himself well at home? Of course I can't begin to tell you what he does for his own boys every day, but I want to tell you here what he did for his boys one day; this story comes from Oshkosh.

* * *

On the day that the mayor of Oshkosh reached the office of the mayor of the city of Chicago there was trouble within, and very serious trouble.

It was like this. The mayor of Chicago had gone fishing. But in the absence of the mayor of the city of Chicago, the comptroller of the city becomes acting mayor. Now, the comptroller of Chicago in a business way is a big man,—a very big man. The balance sheet of the city of Chicago is decidedly a bewildering affair. There are millions to disburse and millions to be accounted for. The affairs of a great city make a vast deal of bookkeeping; and though the comptroller can not personally attempt

all of it, he must supervise it, direct it, and, what is of great importance, understand it.

There are enormous contracts to check, and startling estimates to prepare, and amazing figures to plod through; and this until your head is fairly besotted with debits and credits, and offsets and rebates, and sinking funds and rising funds.

Of a consequence, the comptroller of Chicago, being always very busy, is, at the most favorable times, a hard man to reach. Having tried it, I say this advisedly. The anteroom of his offices is much of the time like a barber-shop, where each must with (or without) patience take his turn.

But fancy, on top of all this work, being called in to assume in addition all the duties of mayor! Isn't that rather, I don't say adding to his responsibilities, but piling it on, good and hard?

No wonder Mr. Lawrence Burns, actual comptroller, chairman of the board of public works, and acting mayor of the city of Chicago, sitting in the mayor's office that afternoon, was a bit terse and crusty. In fact, it surprised the mayor of Oshkosh, sitting by visitor's courtesy in the office with him, that the overburdened man wasn't terser and crustier. The desk he worked at was very near buried under piles of documents. Two messengers guarding the outer door were by turns pushing the crowd back, and carrying in to Mr. Burns—who, please remember, is my candidate—all sorts of very particular messages from all sorts of very particular people; to the most of which the acting mayor replied with a kind but very particular "No!"

The pressure on the messengers was really something terrific. Contractors, financiers, lawyers, street railway magnates, aldermen. No politicians,—of course not; I believe there aren't any in Chicago. But all other sorts of people waited without.

And the busy Mr. Lawrence Burns, comptroller and acting mayor, talked to one and scratched a message to another and denied admittance to a third; but all the time kept digging at the mass of documents which must be gone through; and between times dictated to his stenographer, instructed his secretary, and explained in a concise, courteous way to the mayor of Oshkosh all about the workings of the police pension fund system of Chicago.

For the mayor of Oshkosh, passing the small towns, had come all the way from Lake Winnebago to investigate the plan of pensioning the "indignant and fallen policemen of Chicago." At least, so young Tommie Burns, captain of the Gladiator nine, told his men; for he so understood his father to state at lunch that day. Tommie didn't catch the remark exactly right; but he could catch a liner or a foul tip off the bat exactly right just about every time.

Chicago's system of pensioning indigent and disabled policemen is said to be the best in the world. Have you ever noticed, by the way, that everything Chicago has is the best in the world? You will, anyway, as you grow in years and wisdom. And Oshkosh, being a progressive town, wanted some of these good things.

Mr. Lawrence Burns might be said to be the inventor of the police pension system; he was known far and wide among municipal financiers as the father of it; and not only as the father of the pension system, but, less widely, as the father of seven other Burnses, big and little,—some slight, some serious; but, oddly enough, all boys.

There actually were seven of the Burns boys; and Mr. Lawrence Burns was much prouder of any one of them, from

Jack the oldest to Terence the youngest, than he was of anything to his credit in the way of municipal reform. In between Jack and Terence there came Ed and Ned and George and Tommie and Bartholomew, or Bartie, aged eleven. Bartie, by the by, though he had no city permit, carried a gun—an air-gun,—and was credited by the mud-turtles in Vernon Park with rather a bloodthirsty disposition.

"This appears, Mr. Burns," ventured the mayor of Oshkosh, as the comptroller attempted to resume the thread of his pension explanation, "to be—a—your busy day. It's really a bit too much of an imposition for me to worry a man who's driven the way you are to-day. Let me get out quietly and come back to-morrow."

The comptroller smiled patiently.

"The worst of this will be over by four o'clock," he replied. "To-morrow will be just as bad. I want to follow the matter with you this afternoon as far as the sinking fund, and to-morrow we can take up one or two of the administrative features. Now—"

A young man rushing in from a private entrance cut off the comptroller.

"Somebody on the long-distance 'phone, Mr. Burns, wants you very particularly."

"Get his name, Robert."

"He won't give it, sir. He claims to have an appointment with you at three o'clock."

It lacked ten minutes of three.

Suddenly a messenger came from the outer door.

"Mr. Phillips, chief engineer of the drainage canal, would like to see you; and General Fitz Symons is waiting this ten minutes, sir."

"Get the name off the wire, Robert," repeated Mr. Burns firmly to the one. "I will not answer without it. Tell Mr. Phillips I can not possibly take up canal matters this afternoon," said he to the other. "He will have to wait till the mayor gets back. That will be two weeks. Tell General Fitz Symons I will talk to him at a quarter-past three. Now, as I was about to say," he resumed, turning to the mayor of Oshkosh, "we have found in our experience that two per cent on the saloon licenses and three-fourths of the dog tax, together with one-half of one per cent of the salaries roll, provide an ample fund for us—"

"I can't quite get his name, but I think it's some West Side alderman," reported Robert from the telephone.

"Just excuse me a minute, Mr. Buck!" begged Mr. Burns of the mayor of Oshkosh. "Hello?" he cried, retiring hastily to the telephone box in the next room. "Who's this?"

"I want the comptroller."

"This is the comptroller. What do you want?"

"I want the city hall!" bawled the speaker at the far end of the wire.

"Come and take it away, then!" retorted the city's acting guardian, thinking he recognized the voice of a West Side councilman. "I know you Westsiders have had your eye on it for a year."

"I'm the captain of the Gladiators!" insisted the far-away.

"The what?"

"I want the comptroller, please."

"This is the comptroller!" roared Mr. Burns, impatiently.

"Is that you, pa?"

"What?"

"This is Tommie."

"Tommie! Is that you? What do you want? Talk quick, Tommie!"

Then Tommie did talk quick; he could do it, especially after a rank decision. In a moment Mr. Burns walked back to his desk, but his face wore an expression of concern. It was so plain that the

mayor of Oshkosh inquired at once whether anything was wrong.

"Something wrong certainly," replied Mr. Burns, knitting his brows.

"Nothing serious, I hope?"

"Well—rather—for me."

"Not sickness?"

"Oh, no!—nothing of that sort. But Tommie has a baseball game on at three o'clock, and he says I promised to umpire it for him. I'll be hanged," declared the acting mayor of Chicago, "if I see how I am going to make it! I probably made the engagement before the mayor left town and then forgot all about it."

But for the troubled expression on Mr. Burns' face the mayor of Oshkosh could have burst into a laugh.

"I am particular," continued the comptroller, "to keep my engagements with the boys." (Listen to that!)

"Send your secretary," suggested his grace of Oshkosh.

"Secretary!" exclaimed the desperate comptroller. "They would run him off the field. Now, if I could only find a *satisfactory*"—Mr. Burns' eyes took on light—"substitute. Mr. Buck, would *you*—there's the idea! If *you* would help me out!"

"How?"

"Umpire the game for half an hour?"

"But, my dear sir, I haven't played a game of baseball for twenty-five years."

"That doesn't matter. Under the new rules, they play nine men on a side; and three strikes usually put a man out, you know."

"I remember that."

"You know a base hit from a balk?"

"Coming from Oshkosh, I ought to."

"The pitcher is allowed three balls, and then there are the foul lines," Mr. Burns ran anxiously on. "And a foul tip caught off the bat counts for a strike—but will you undertake it?" cried he.

"They might undertake me."

"No, no! If you were less than mayor I wouldn't venture to send you. But a substitute of equal or higher rank,—you see! Mr. Buck, take the Polly L to Loomis. Here are franks, and you are right at the grounds—show the General in now, Harvey—my dear sir" (to the mayor of Oshkosh), "you have simply saved my life—Oliver, show Mr. Buck to the Clark Street station."

Mr. Burns talked very fast, and, as soon as he had Mr. Buck started, wiped the sweat from his forehead with great relief and a large handkerchief. Then, General Fitz Symons entering, Mr. Burns plunged into an intercepting sewer and was soon quite cool.

But it now became the turn of the mayor of Oshkosh, whirling rapidly to his fate, to perspire. He found without difficulty the private preserves of the Gladiators; but there was some delay in securing admittance, until Tommie was sent for and accepted the apology which the honorable substitute offered. Tommie then notified the captain of the Invincibles that the game would open with the mayor of Oshkosh as temporary umpire,—Tommie clung to the idioms of the diamond.

But if the mayor of Oshkosh perspired at the idea of umpiring the game, I shall not attempt to describe the condition he found himself in after action began.

"Play ball!" exclaimed the substitute umpire, which seemed to him a perfectly safe proposition. He had heard other umpires say that. It was easy. But in the fourth inning, when it came to a man on third and a man on first trying to steal second, and the pitcher trying to scare him without balking, and the batter trying to bunt, and the catcher pretending to throw it to second but throwing it to short (which was Tommie), and the man on third trying to steal home, and Tommie (which was short) pasting it home very hot, and

the umpire trying to get out of the way of the ball and out of the way of the catcher and out of the way of the runner sliding right between his legs for the home plate,—well, you may call it perspiring; but if I had my choice of words it would go in as something far wetter, and I know the mayor of Oshkosh would underscore it too.

"Judgment!" screamed Tommie Burns, pointing an awful forefinger at the man from Lake Winnebago. There were five Burnses among the Gladiators, and two more on the substitutes' bench waiting for some one to get killed. "Judgment!" roared Tommie hoarsely, advancing from the infield on the unhappy official. And the mayor of Oshkosh, looking wildly around to see whether the regular umpire was not by chance in sight, waved his hand officially at the runner who had stolen second (unopposed), and cried:

"Come in!" which, as luck would have it, was dead wrong.

Then up spoke the captain of the Invincibles—Kelly—just plain Kelly; but he hailed from Polk Street and carried a steam calliope somewhere in his throat. He was illiterate, yet he was tolerated in polite society because of his rare executive ability and his phenomenal upper curve.

"Huh!" piped Kelly, but like a fire-tug. "Look a dare! H—— wouldn' dat 'a' kill y'? D' ball ain't 'a' bin t' secun' at all! Wat eh y' givin' us, Oshkosh?" he thundered, in a voice of rosin.

It looked like a riot.

"Judgment on the home plate!" bellowed Tommie, endeavoring to give Mr. Buck a hint of where he was at.

"Safe!" cried the umpire, because he had heard other umpires say that, too. Unfortunately, in this instance the runner was clearly out. There was an uproar: ten men in knee-breeches fairly tore their hair.

The mayor of Oshkosh looked instinctively about for his trusty chief of police, and bitterly regretted leaving him at home. Five Burnses, reinforced by the two substitutes, made a mass play at the umpire. His very person seemed in jeopardy when, to his inexpressible relief, a gentleman was seen breaking his way through the mob. It was Mr. Burns.

"Hello!" he called out, with a bright and sunny smile. "Hello, Kelly! Hello, Tommie? What's the matter with you fellows? Take your places, you villains, or I'll call this game forfeited to the Invincibles! What's the row? Wrong decision? What is it? Why, yes: he's out, of course. Mr. Buck, I'll reverse you. Ha, ha! You see, boys, Mr. Buck came as a sub only to accommodate us. If he hadn't come, you wouldn't have had any game. Where's my duster and mask, Tommie? Ah, here we are! Come, play ball; no monkey business. Runner out. Get back to second, McGeveny. Just take a seat on the players' bench, Mr. Buck; we'll be through here in an hour, and then we'll go to dinner and back to the office."

So saying Mr. Burns took hold. Order shaped itself in sixty seconds. The game began again, and ran as smoothly as a curling-iron; it was marvellous.

"Strike!"

"Ball!"

"Two balls!"

No more trouble than cube root. Even Kelly and the Polk Street bleachers subsided. When a runner tried to steal second and the catcher threw him out, the acting mayor of Chicago tore across the field so fast you could have played dominos on the tail of his duster; and the spirited way in which he beckoned the man home without a word from himself or anybody else made Mr. Buck mildly envious.

And from the game home, and the mayor of Oshkosh with him, went Mr. Burns; and dinner with the Burns

family, and it all went quietly and smoothly. And at table Mr. Burns discussed nothing but the close features of the game: no business or anything of that sort. Think of that! Ed and Ned and George and Jack and Tommie and Terence and Bartholomew—all, though in turn, had their say. It was like Grandpa Anson and the orphans.

Then, for the evening, back to the big office for three hours' quiet, hard work in behalf of the "indignant and fallen policemen"; then Mr. Lawrence Burns, comptroller and chairman of the board of public works and acting mayor of Chicago, bade the Duke of Oshkosh good-night, and went home and to bed. But of all the praiseworthy features of the day, the mayor of Oshkosh thought, and I think, the best was the way in which the overworked man, who is my presidential candidate, kept faith with his boys.

The Story of St. Francis.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

XV.

Lands that would seem near to us now were indeed far countries in the days of St. Francis. To reach them, one had to travel on foot or in clumsy vehicles, or on the backs of slow, sure-footed animals, over rough roads beset with dangers; but to Egypt Francis went. We do not know how many companions he took with him, but we are certain that Brother Illuminati, a wise and gentle soul, was of the party. The crusading army was in Egypt, and the soldiers rejoiced in the coming of the humble man, who soon proved that he was more brave than any of them. From one of their records we glean an opinion of him: "We saw Brother Francis, founder of the Order of Minors. He was a simple man without letters, but very lovable, and dear to God as well as to men."

Francis saw a great battle, one in which thousands of Christians were killed or taken prisoner. After that he was more determined than ever to go to the sultan and try to change his heart. This was no light attempt. The sultan had offered a gold piece for every Christian head; but Francis had no fear. Martyrdom would have been for him the highest joy. He dared not court it, not deeming himself worthy; but he would have welcomed it with rapture. He knew just one word of Arabic—*soldan;* and the Saracens, hearing him repeat it, led him to the ruler he sought, and who seems to have been rather a kind and tolerant person for a sultan. He listened to Francis with pleasure.

"Have a fire lighted," said the holy man. "Then I will go into the flames with your priests, and we will see who endures them best."

At these words the various religious functionaries around the court began to slip quietly away.

"Let me go into the fire alone, then," suggested Francis; amused, no doubt—for he was human,—at the disappearing disciples of Mahomet. "If I come out unharmed you will believe me."

The sultan would not agree to the ordeal. His people, he said, would not permit it; but after his unwelcome guest had gone he sent him valuable gifts, which Francis promptly returned.

"Take them for your poor," said the sultan's messenger.

"No," answered Francis. He would have given his life to win the sultan's soul: he would not have his gifts.

He was absent at the sultan's court about one month, and fifteen months away from his dear Italy. He landed at Venice in the spring of 1220, a sick and weary man. We have a sweet picture of him wandering upon one of the islands,

where the birds were singing among the flowers. The Brothers wished to say their Office, but the birds twittered so loudly that they could not hear their own voices.

"My little brothers," said Francis, "be so kind as to wait until we have recited our hours." And immediately the birds were silent; while the religious blessed God and continued their prayers.

As he drew near Bologna some chance words met his ears. A passer-by was speaking of the friars' house. You who are, I trust, beginning to understand how quick Francis was to defend his Lady Poverty, will not be surprised to learn that he ordered every member of the community at once to leave the house that people were speaking of as belonging to the friars. Even the sick were carried out and laid for a while in the street. They all went back at last, but not until the Cardinal had taken possession of the house in the name of the Church. Even then you may be sure that Francis would not enter it, but took lodgings with the Dominicans near by.

On reaching his own dear convent, the Saint found that little innovations had begun to creep in. For instance, it is said that Brother Elias, in charge during his absence, came out to meet him wearing a fine tunic. Francis at once asked for one like it, which he donned, saying with a pompous air, "Good-morrow, good people!" instead of his usual salutation, "Peace be with you!" That done, and they ashamed, he put on his coarse gown again and discoursed upon the beauties and advantages of poverty.

Soon after this he startled everyone by resigning his post as active head of the Order. His many infirmities were increasing; and, besides that, he said he wished to taste the sweetness of obedience. He was now free to resume what may be called his preaching journeys, but he never went over the sea again. We hear of him once followed about by a little tame sheep, which was to him an emblem of his Lord. He gave it finally to the Poor Ladies, who made of its wool a warm tunic, which reached the humble Francis shortly before his death.

The spring chapter of 1221 was memorable for one thing—the presence of him whom we now know as St. Anthony of Padua. Then he was unknown, one among thousands. The Saint whom multitudes in every part of the world invoke to-day was but a simple Brother Minor, worn with toil and exposure and thin from illness and long fasts.

(Conclusion next week.)

Dogs of War and Dogs in General.

You have heard the phrase, "Let loose the dogs of war." This expression once had a real meaning. In the Middle Ages dogs were employed for carrying fire toward the cavalry of the enemy, in order to frighten their horses and make them stampede. On their backs they carried a kettle of burning resin, the odor, smoke and flame of which served to make an alarming object. Underneath the kettle was a stout jacket of leather, which protected the dogs in case the hot resin was spilled.

The dog is useful in many ways. He is a hunter or a fisher, a shepherd or a watchman. He draws the sledge of the Eskimo and helps the scavenger of Constantinople. In circuses he becomes a clown or an acrobat. He is often a guide and a nurse. In olden times he used to be a turnspit, toiling in a treadmill while the meat roasted before the fire. He saves lives, often at the risk of his own; and is ever man's faithful and unselfish friend.

With Authors and Publishers.

—On Trinity Sunday the Irish Catholic Truth Society distributed its first batch of penny booklets—sixteen in number. Of the quality of these publications it is enough to say that they include a story by Lady Rosa Mulholland Gilbert, another by Father Sheehan, and a short study of "Our Personal and Social Responsibilities," by the same strong author.

—The average price for a copy of the "Bugge Bible"—taking into account all the purchases made during the last decade—is three hundred dollars. This version of the Bible was published in 1551, and takes the name from its peculiar rendering of a verse of one of the psalms: "So that thou shalt not nede to be afrayde for any bugges by nyghte." *Bugge* appears to have been the ancient equivalent of *bogey*.

—Mrs. Severn, Ruskin's heir and literary executor, requests all persons having letters written by him to forward them with a view to selection for publication. Mrs. Severn thinks that, while a collection of "characteristic and worthy" letters would undoubtedly be of value, much of Ruskin's correspondence ought to remain unpublished. This is a judgment in which many of the lamented author's admirers will with difficulty acquiesce. To them every scrap of paper bearing one of Ruskin's whimsical sentences is of interest.

—The popularity of "Robert Orange," the sequel to "The School for Saints," is as gratifying as it is surprising, in view of the uncompromising Catholic tone that pervades the work. It is now announced that the author, John Oliver Hobbes—or Mrs. Cragie, to give her her real name—is at work on a new novel to be published next spring. It will deal with English Protestantism, which Mrs. Cragie, being a convert, has had plenty of opportunity to study. Her father is a deacon in one of the London meeting-houses.

—One of the American exhibits at the Paris Exposition consists of a complete bibliography of the books and pamphlets written by American Negroes. The list, compiled under the auspices of the Congressional Library, shows that twelve hundred colored men and brethren have taken their pen in hand, and always to write on serious subjects—freedom, slavery, emancipation, etc. A secular journal notes an interesting fact in connection with the list: "*Many of these earlier writers were educated in the West Indies.*" That is to say that while our country still held the black man bound to the plow or the whipping-post, the Catholic West Indies were teaching him to read and write and think. Significant fact!

—The announcement that Bishop Anzer is about to establish a Chinese Catholic newspaper in his diocese recalls the fact that the Japanese have long supported a first-rate Catholic publication, *Tenchijin*. It is said to be one of the most influential periodicals in Japan and is often quoted by its pagan exchanges.

—"The Bright Side of Humanity," by Dr. Edward Leigh Pell, soon to be published by the B. F. Johnson Co., Richmond, Va., is described as "the first serious attempt that has been made to present the distinguishing noble traits of all races." We have hastened to comply with a request to publish this announcement. What a refreshing volume "The Bright Side of Humanity" will be! Like other travellers, the author will describe what he is probably most familiar with.

—The Romanes Lecture at Oxford was this year delivered by Dr. Murray, the famous dictionary-maker, who took for his theme "The Evolution of English Lexicography." One of the points made in the lecture was that a Dominican friar, Geoffrey the Grammarian, scored "a momentous advance" in lexicography in 1440 by the compilation of his *Promptuorium Parvulorum*, or Children's Repository. The work, which is a vocabulary embracing 10,000 words with their Latin equivalents, was the first lexicon to appear in print (1499), and passed through many editions from the presses of Pynson, Wynkyn de Worde and Julian Notary.

—A name of growing splendor among Catholic penman over-seas is that of Hugh Clifford, the British Governor of North Borneo. He has published a number of stirring essays in the best English magazines—among them an exquisite study of Catholic missionary life in *Blackwood's*. The Sir Hubert of literary journals, the *Athenæum*, gives these interesting details regarding him: "Mr. Clifford has the distinction of being the youngest governor in the British service, having been born in 1866. He first visited the Malay peninsula, now so familiar to him, at the age of twenty, and by his own unaided exertions acquired a knowledge of the language. In 1887 he was sent on a special mission to the Sultan of Pahang, when he succeeded in putting down an insurrection and in bringing the

Sultan under British protection. Anything from the pen of a man of such wide experience ought to be read with interest." Mr. Clifford's novel is being written "in intervals of suppressing rebellion and attending to affairs of state."

—The plain people in Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler's popular romance, "The Farringdons," have ideas of their own about the connection between a bad liver and irreligion. Discussing a newcomer to the neighborhood, Mrs. Hankey says:

"Mr. Tremaine is one that has religious doubts."

"Ah! that's liver," said Mrs. Bateson, her voice softening with pity; "that comes from eating French kickshaws, and having no mother to see that he takes a dose of soda and nitre now and then to keep his system cool. Poor young man!"

"I hear he goes so far as to deny the existence of a God," continued Mrs. Hankey.

"All liver!" repeated Mrs. Bateson. "It often takes men like that. When they begin to doubt the inspiration of the Scriptures, you know they will be all the better for a dose of dandelion tea; but when they go on to deny the existence of a God, there's nothing for it but camomile."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption. *W. H. Mallock.* $3.50.

The Flowing Tide. *Madame Belloc.* $1.60, *net.*

A Son of St. Francis. *Lady Amabel Kerr.* $1, *net.*

Poor Dear Ann. *The Prig.* 75 cts.

The Bible and its Interpreter. *Rev. P. H. Casey, S. J.* 50 cts.

The Gospel Story. *B. F. C. Costelloe.* $1.60, *net.*

Studies in Church History. Vol. VI. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* $2.50.

Meditations on the Psalms of the Little Office. *Peregrinus.—Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.* 75 cts., *net.*

Currita, Countess of Albornoz. *Luis Coloma.* $1.50.

The Knights of the Cross. Vol. II. *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* $1.

A Journey with the Sun around the World. *Rev. William McMahon.* $2.

St. Jerome. *Father Largent.* $1.

Studies in Poetry. *Thomas O'Hagan, M. A., Ph. D.* $1.

The Church of Christ the Same Forever. *Rev. D. McErlane, S. J.* 50 cts., *net.*

Christian Philosophy — God. *Rev. John T. Driscoll, S. T. L.* $1.25, *net.*

The Heiress of Cronenstein. *Countess Hahn-Hahn.* $1.25.

The Nursing Sister. $1.25.

Jack Hildreth on the Nile. *Marion Ames Taggart* 85 cts.

Holy Mass: A Morning Paradise. *Very Rev. R. O. Kennedy.* 5 cts.

Giovanni Baptista de Rossi. *Very Rev. T. J. Shahan, D. D.* 20 cts.

Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire. *Samuel Dill, M. A.* $2.

The Spirit of the Third Order of St. Francis. *Father Peter Baptist, O. F. M.* $1, *net.*

The Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau. *Mary Frances Drew.* 60 cts., *net.*

St. Francis of Sales. *A. De Margerie.* $1.

A Book of Spiritual Instruction. *Blosius.* 75 cts., *net.*

The People of Our Parish. *Lelia Hardin Bugg.* $1.

A Month's Meditations. *Cardinal Wiseman.* $1.10. *net.*

The Duchess of York's Page. *Mrs. William Maude.* 70 cts., *net.*

Essays, Educational and Historic. *A Member of the Order of Mercy.* $1.25, *net.*

Episodes of Catholic History. $1.

Meditations for Retreats. *St. Francis de Sales.* 75 cts., *net.*

The Acts and Decrees of the Synod of Jerusalem. *J. N. W. B. Robertson.* $1.60.

An Old Family. *Monsignor Seton.* $3.50.

The Catholic Creed; or, What do Catholics Believe? *Very Rev. Father J. Procter, S. T. L.* $1, *net.*

Leaves from St. Augustine. *Mary H. Allies.* $1.35, *net.*

Vespers and Compline. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* $1, *net.*

The Life of Father Haskins. $1.

The Room of the Rose. *Sara Trainer Smith.* $1.25.

Religion and Morality. *Rev. James J. Fox, S. T. D.* $2.

Passages in a Wandering Life. *Thomas Arnold.* $3.50.

The Biblical Treasury of the Catechism. *Rev. Thomas E. Cox.* $1.25.

The Nerve of Foley, and Other Railroad Stories. *F. H. Spearman.* $1.25.

Opportunity, and Other Essays and Addresses. *Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D.* $1.

A Daughter of France. *Lady Martin.* 60 cts.

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LI. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 8, 1900. NO. 10.

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Thecla.

BY ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

OUR Anemone we named her
When, a winsome guest, we claimed her;
April's flow'ret, pink and white,
Was our maiden at first sight;
Shy, too, as a little fawn
From its native woodland drawn.

Still the cheeks are pink and white,
Eyes still twinkle with delight;
Slender, tall, with modest ways
As in childhood's artless days;
With an added charm and grace
Mantling all her form and face.

Sympathy is woman's dower,
Sweetest fruit of sweetest flower;
Sympathy is Thecla's charm,
Swift, responsive, tender, warm;
With a touch that takes the sting
From all human suffering.

Our Anemone we called her,
Call her still with smiles to-day;
For the world has not enthralled her,
And her graces round her play
Like those morning breezes when
She first blossomed at "The Glenn."

JULY 2, 1900.

THAT which we foolishly call vastness is, rightly considered, not more wonderful, not more impressive, than that which we insolently call littleness. And the infinity of God is not mysterious: it is only unfathomable; not concealed, but incomprehensible. It is a clear infinity, the darkness of the pure, unsearchable sea.—*Ruskin.*

The Holy Cross.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

IN the course of the year there are two feasts exclusively for the Holy Cross. At Passiontide there are many feasts in which the Holy Cross must necessarily be commemorated and with which it is intimately connected; and during that sacred season of Lent many instruments of the Passion not so important as the Holy Cross—such as the crown of thorns, the sacred lance and nails, and the holy winding-sheet—have each a special festival for itself. But on two days later on in the year the Church takes advantage of two miraculous events in history to bring before the minds of her children the remembrance of the Holy Cross.

On May 3 we celebrate the Feast of the Discovery of the Holy Cross, and on September 14 that of the Recovery of the Holy Cross. These two feasts we will now group together. Our subject, then, arranges itself thus: (1) Types of the Holy Cross. (2) The Holy Cross itself. (3) The Discovery of the Holy Cross. (4) The Recovery of the Holy Cross. (5) The Reappearance of the Holy Cross.

Numbers three and four—that is, the *Discovery* and *Recovery* of the Holy Cross—are fully treated in the Office of the feasts for the 3d of May and the

14th of September, and will be given presently. We will first glance briefly, then, at numbers one, two and five—the types, the reality, and the reappearance of the Holy Cross; because a short consideration of these will put us in a better frame of mind to understand and profit by the Office.

Out of the many types prefiguring the Holy Cross in the Old Testament two stand out pre-eminent: first, Isaac carrying the wood; and secondly, the immolation of the Paschal Lamb. If we would give it our attention and try to realize it, there are few things so touching in the Bible as the narrative of Abraham and Isaac ascending the far-off hill, which was reached after three days' journey. I do not know why Abraham left the attendants behind; perhaps that they might not witness any of the pathetic scenes that should of necessity accompany the father's sacrifice of an only son, born to him according to promise, and given to him in his old age. Abraham had, 'tis true, another son, Ishmael; but he was the son of the Egyptian bondwoman and not the child of promise.

When I think of Abraham about to sacrifice his promised child, I always recall these words of Holy Scripture: "I say to you that God can out of these stones raise up seed to Abraham." And it seems to me that God put on the lips of Abraham those very words while he was ascending the hill and questioning himself how he could become the father of a great nation if he were to lose this son, who was born to him in his old age, and (as he understood) born to be the means whereby he was to become the father of a great nation. "I say to you that God can out of these stones raise up seed to Abraham." How great was the faith, then, of Abraham to believe against all belief in the promise and power of God! "And it was reputed to him unto justice." It was, furthermore, the greatest act of his life; not the obedience alone but the faith also,—the faith even more than the obedience; for the just man liveth (primarily) by faith. May we not ask of God to increase our faith? I believe, O Lord, in all Thy words and promises; help my unbelief.

But it is the wood on Isaac's back that especially typifies and prefigures the Holy Cross; and the innocence and obedience of Isaac typify the two most characteristic virtues of Our Lord, or at least those on which the Prophets and Apostles have laid most stress: "As a sheep shall He be led to the slaughter; and as a lamb before its shearers, He shall be dumb and shall not open His mouth." That was His innocence. St. Paul testifies His obedience: "He became obedient unto death, even to the death of the cross."

The wood here carried by Isaac was, then, a type of the Holy Cross. Isaac, guileless and obedient, saying, "My father behold the wood and the fire: where is the victim for the sacrifice?" not knowing that he himself was the victim,—Isaac was a type of Our Lord; and Abraham, with the fire and the knife, a type of the Eternal Father,—the knife His justice, and the fire His love.

The second type of the cross was the wood on which the Paschal Lamb was roasted. First we will give Almighty God's command, and secondly we will see what the great Suarez says of it. Now, the command is found in Exodus (xii, 2–15). It reads:

"This month shall be to you the beginning of months; it shall be the first in the months of the year. Speak ye to the whole assembly of the children of Israel and say to them: On the tenth day of this month let every man take a lamb by his family and his house. But if the number be less than may

suffice to eat the lamb, he shall take unto him his neighbor that joineth to his house, according to the number of souls which may be enough to eat the lamb. And it shall be a lamb without blemish, a male of one year. According to which rite also you shall take a kid; and you shall keep it until the fourteenth day of this month; and the whole multitude of the children of Israel shall sacrifice it in the evening. And they shall take of the blood thereof and put it upon both the side-posts and on the upper door-posts of the houses wherein they shall eat it. And they shall eat the flesh that night, roasted at the fire, and unleavened bread with wild lettuce. You shall not eat thereof anything raw nor boiled in water, but only roasted at the fire. You shall eat the head with the feet and entrails thereof; neither shall there remain anything of it until morning. If there be anything left, you shall burn it with fire. Thus you shall eat it: you shall gird your reins and you shall have shoes on your feet, holding staves in your hands. You shall eat in haste; for it is the Phase (that is, the Passage) of the Lord. And I will pass through the land of Egypt that night, and I will kill every first-born in the land of Egypt, both man and beast; and against all the gods of Egypt I will execute judgments: *I am the Lord.* And the blood shall be unto you for a sign in the houses where you shall be; and I shall see the blood, and shall pass over you; and the plague shall not be upon you to destroy you when I shall strike the land of Egypt. And this day shall be for a memorial to you; and you shall keep it a feast to the Lord in your generations with an everlasting observance."

Suarez comments on these words as follows: "It is, first of all, to be noted that here there are two precepts containing two feasts and solemnities of the Jews—namely, that of the Pasch, or Phase; and that of the Azymes, or unleavened bread. These two are often confounded and one is substituted for the other, because both began at the same time; but, in truth, they are entirely distinct."

Our author then gives a description of the unleavened bread, which we would gladly follow; but it does not fall within the range of our subject, and would take us too far out of our way.

"But the other [i. e., the precept of the Pasch] was affirmative," continues Suarez, "and contained two commands. The first is in these words: 'And the whole multitude of Israel shall immolate the lamb at evening.' Now, this precept supposed that the preparation of the lamb began on the tenth day of the month [the day of immolation was the fourteenth]; and it supposed, moreover, that the lamb was to be of one year and without blemish. And the second is contained in these words: 'They shall eat the flesh on that night, roasted at the fire.' That is to say, the first precept commanded the immolation, the second the eating of the lamb."

The reader will at once be struck by the similarity of this to our Holy Mass: the Victim is immolated at the Consecration and eaten at the Holy Communion.

"The sacrifice of the Paschal Lamb was a figure no less of the Blessed Eucharist than of the Cross," Suarez says again. "When, therefore, the one sacrifice of the lamb was a type of the twofold sacrifice of Christ—the bloody and the unbloody,—it equally typifies both in what they agree and what is principal in them; that is, so far as the Victim offered is concerned, which is the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. But as to the things in which they are not alike, it could not, manifestly, typify both; but in one detail it prefigured one, in another the

other. For instance, inasmuch as it was a bloody sacrifice, in that point it represented the Sacrifice of the Cross; inasmuch as it was to be a permanent sacrifice, and, furthermore, appointed to be eaten, it represented the Sacrifice of the Altar. Thus among many doubtful points of detail, I look upon it as certain that the eating of the lamb took place before midnight. The lamb was roasted, fastened to two pieces of wood—an upright and a transverse beam, in the shape of a cross."

A holy writer gives the following description of the ceremony as it was performed by Our Lord and His disciples on the night of the Last Supper:

"Most touching was the scene of the immolation of the lamb to be eaten by Jesus and His Apostles. Three lambs were immolated for them in the temple; a fourth was immolated in the supper-room, and was the one eaten by them. The vessels and necessary instruments were in readiness, and the attendants brought a beautiful lamb decorated with a crown.... The lamb was fastened with its back against a board by a cord round its body, and reminded me of Jesus tied to the pillar and scourged. The son of Simeon held the lamb's head; Jesus made a slight incision in its neck with the point of a knife, which He then gave to the son of Simeon, that he might complete killing it. Jesus seemed to inflict the wound with a feeling of repugnance; and He was quick in His movements, although His countenance was grave and His manner such as to inspire respect. The blood flowed into a basin, and the attendants brought a branch of hyssop, which Jesus dipped in it. Then He went to the door of the room, stained the side-posts and the lock with blood, and placed the branch which had been dipped in blood over the door....

"Meanwhile the son of Simeon had completed the preparation of the lamb [had opened up the body and taken out the entrails, and was now going to pass the upright wood through the open body of the lamb; while the cross-wood was to keep the foremost legs apart and the body open, that so it might be more easily roasted]. He then passed a stake through its body, fastening the front legs on a cross-piece of wood and stretching the hind ones along the stake. It bore a strong resemblance to Jesus on the cross; and was placed in the oven, to be there roasted with the three other lambs brought from the temple."*

What was the form of the cross itself? "On this point the ancient Fathers are silent," observes Suarez; "but later writers, in their explanation of the Gospel, relate that it was fifteen palms in length, and strong enough to support a human body of more than ordinary weight. A more recent writer says it was formed of four parts: the upright, of the aforesaid length; the transverse, of which we read nothing but which is supposed to have been in proportion to the upright; the third piece was the wood to which the title was affixed; and the fourth, a piece let down into the ground."

In regard to the last, Suarez says very properly: "I doubt if there was such

* "The Dolorous Passion," by Anne Catherine Emmerich. May I venture to say a word or two in a note? It is with regret I have learned that there is in some quarters a prejudice against "The Dolorous Passion." Within the last year I have had, for a twofold reason, to consult most approved authorities on the Passion of Our Lord; in some details, perhaps, but in no important matter, have I found "The Dolorous Passion" to disagree with these. I have been rather struck, indeed amazed, at the closeness wherewith "The Dolorous Passion" follows those authorities. And now I have just read twenty folio pages in Suarez on the institution of the Pasch and on some difficulties connected with the details of the solemnity; such, for instance, as if the multitude of the people of Israel were to slay the lamb on

a piece. For I do not see how it would not have been much easier as well as much firmer to insert the wood of the cross itself into the earth or into a hole prepared in the rock. All the Fathers of the Church speak of the height, length, depth and breadth of the cross."

"He went to the place where He was to be crucified," says St. Augustin, "bearing His own cross. If impiety regard it, it is but ignominy; but if piety, it is the strongest bulwark of the faith. Impiety sees a king bearing for the sceptre of his kingdom the wood of his cross; but piety sees a King bearing the wood on which He was to be nailed. Thus was He typified by the crowns of kings; thus, too, was He to be despised at all times in the eyes of the wicked; and by this was He to be glorified in the hearts of His saints. For was not Paul hereafter to say, 'God forbid that I should glory in anything but in the cross of Our Lord Jesus Christ'? And bearing that cross on His shoulder, did He not commend it to us? And did He not thereby bear the candelabrum of candles that was to be lit, and whose light was not to be hidden under a bushel?"

But, most beautifully of all, the great Pope Leo observes: "The Lord being delivered up to the will of the raging multitude, was commanded for the mockery of His royal dignity to be the bearer of His own punishment, that the prediction of Isaias the prophet might be fulfilled when he said: 'Behold, a child is born to us, and his royalty is upon his shoulders.' When, therefore, the Lord was bearing His cross, which He was to change for Himself into the sceptre of His power, this was indeed a stumbling-block to the impious; but thereby was a great and deep mystery made manifest to all the faithful. The most glorious Conqueror of the devil, the most sublime Master of all the evil powers, in the sweet humility of His triumph displayed the trophy of His conquest, and introduced into royalties and kingdoms the adorable sign of salvation by the meek and unalterable patience wherewith He bore it on His sacred shoulders."

It will not be without use to delay one moment on the question whether, when Simon took the cross, Our Lord was relieved from bearing all or only a portion of it. We will follow Suarez, as he discusses it briefly and satisfactorily.

"It may be understood," he says, "in two ways: First, that the cross was not wholly taken away from Christ, but that Simon was engaged to carry it with Him. It is thus that St. Cajetan understands it. He says: 'They put the cross on Simon, that he might carry it behind Jesus; for Christ supported it in the front and Simon behind; and in this manner the Cyrenian walked behind Jesus.' And this explanation seems to be conformable with what St. John says in his Gospel: 'And, bearing His cross upon His shoulder, He went out into that place which is called Calvary.' This would seem to imply that He carried it all the way to Calvary. And this holy pictures [and the Stations of the Cross] seem to confirm. Secondly, these words, however, might be explained in another way; that is, when meeting Simon, they

the one evening, were they to do so in their own homes; or were lay-people allowed to sacrifice, or was sacrifice to be offered out of Jerusalem. There are various explanations of these and other difficulties offered by learned and saintly writers, and differing very widely from one another; and I have found "The Dolorous Passion," in its meditation on "The Last Pasch" (chapter vi), following the most approved opinion, without knowing it; for I presume the poor nun of the Third Order, hunted out of her convent by the French Revolution and constantly swooning on her bed of pain, never even suspected, much less knew, that there were various opinions and views held by saints and learned men on these matters. I beg you will excuse me for trespassing thus upon your patience.

placed the cross upon him and he carried it *after* Jesus. That word 'after' may mean in the order of place: Jesus went first, and Simon followed carrying the cross. In this latter way St. Jerome, St. Augustin, Origen, St. Athanasius, and others understand it. And it would seem to have a good deal of likelihood with it; because Our Lord, exhausted with His sufferings, was either failing in the way and from time to time falling to the earth, or He was walking more slowly than they wished, when they were in a hurry with His death for fear of a tumult among the people, and because the next day was the Sabbath. But it all happened by God's wishes and is full of mysteries."

The sign of the cross shall reappear in the day of judgment. We are not left in doubt of it. St. Matthew says: "Then shall the sign of the Son of Man appear in the heavens; and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn; and they shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven." That this sign shall be no other than the cross of Christ all the Fathers, with one consent, teach,—St. Chrysostom and all the Greek Fathers; also St. Jerome, Hilary, Bede and the Latin. The Church herself in the Office sings:

> This sign in the heavens shall be borne
> When the Lord to judgment comes.

An interesting point remains to be discussed. Shall the cross of Our Lord be the individual material cross of wood upon which He suffered on Calvary? I myself do like to think that it will be so; and that God will reunite its different parts as He will our dust. Indeed I can not think of anything else. But we turn to the Fathers, for they are our guides.

St. Chrysostom says: "He did not leave the cross by itself on earth; but He took it with Him to heaven. And with it He shall make His second most glorious appearance."

St. Ephrem: "We shall see the precious and lifegiving cross shining in the heavens, and by it the utmost ends of the earth shall be made bright beyond the brightness of the sun. And when this standard shall be seen by all, and this sceptre shall appear in the heavens, then shall all know that the King Himself is going to appear,—He who once hung by nails on this very cross."

On this point I quote with satisfaction a sentence of Suarez: "There are many who are of opinion that *this cross shall be preserved forever in heaven*,—changed, as it were, into the state of incorruptibility of glorious bodies; for the reason that it had been in a special manner the instrument of our Redemption, and the altar on which Christ offered Himself in sacrifice."

The words of the sacred text, however, do not indicate any more than that *a cross* will be there. It may be formed, for all we know, of light or fire. The saints tell us that it shall be seen over the whole world. St. Augustin declares that in its brightness, the sun or the moon could no more be seen than the stars with us at midday.

St. Ephrem objects that the cross of Calvary would be entirely too small to be seen over the whole earth. Hence he and others think that it is not the individual cross of wood but a cross formed of light that shall appear. St. Anselm seems to hold this opinion; and some think they find it in St. Thomas. What Suarez says with regard to this thought makes us feel more kindly to it: "By adopting this opinion we are saved from the necessity of multiplying miracles, and are brought in greater conformity with the ancient Fathers."

My impression is, however, that the ancient Fathers were ever multiplying miracles with regard to this very cross of our Divine Lord; and, if I mistake not, it was one of the ancient Fathers

that spoke of the Sacred Humanity as "a road graven with miracles." But on this matter of the ancient Fathers, and the cross, I open an old calf-bound tome of Ferraris, of two centuries ago, at the word *crux* (cross).

Bosius says: "Such is the goodness of God that, for the consolation of His faithful people, He has imparted to the cross such virtue that, though it suffices to satisfy all by the particular distribution of particles of it, yet it in no way suffers any diminution."

That looks like "multiplying miracles," does it not?

St. Paulinus, writing to Severus, says: "By the energy of the divine power, and *by a continual miracle*, the cross, having a living strength in dead matter, has from that time [the time of its *discovery*] so satisfied the daily longings of an almost uncountable number of people, that it has not suffered any loss, but remains, as it were, intact,—all that immense number daily venerating the whole cross and daily taking away portions of it. But this imperishable virtue and indestructible solidity it drinks in, assuredly, from the blood of that flesh which suffered death upon it and did not see corruption."

And St. Cyril of Jerusalem: "Five loaves were multiplied, we are told, into five thousand. The wood of the cross gives testimony to us of this miracle. It remains with us [intact] to this day; and yet so many, moved by faith, have taken particles from it from this place that they have all but filled the whole world with portions of it."

Ferraris quotes these from Baronius, and then he quotes Baronius himself: "This assertion, three times repeated by St. Cyril, and declared in eloquent language by St. Paulinus, ought to shut the lips of those doubters and questioners who object that one cross could not be divided into so many portions and found scattered in so many parts of the earth."

Ferraris: "The title of the cross was found at Rome in the Church called the Holy Cross of Jerusalem, on the 21st of January, 1492, written out in Greek, Hebrew, and Latin characters."

My heart asks me to believe that it will be the individual cross of wood that was on Calvary which shall appear at judgment. There is nothing to prevent me from believing it, and I give my heart the satisfaction of doing so.

There is no necessity of recalling to the devout mind the infinite contrast between the shame of the cross on Good Friday and its glory on the day of judgment; between the shame of the cross here in the eyes of mortals on earth and the glory of it on that day before the angels of heaven. Here it was and is a stumbling-block to the Jews and foolishness to the Gentiles; there it is and will be, in the words of one of the martyred Fathers, "the sign of the Son of Man rising in the east, and appearing unto the west, outshining the splendor of the midday sun, and proclaiming the coming and appearance of the Judge." Oh, let us bear it here! Let us reverence it; let it hang above our beds; let us kiss it as we retire to rest. May it be the last thing we shall kiss on this earth! May it be borne before our mortal remains, and may we behold it with joy when it is borne before the Eternal Judge on the great accounting day!

(Conclusion next week.)

THE love of St. Ambrose for the poor was so great that he even melted down the consecrated vessels in a time of great necessity. "If," said the Saint, "the Blood of Christ redeemed their souls, shall not the vessels which hold that Blood be used to redeem their bodies?"

Dr. Martin's Wife.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LIFE'S LABYRINTH," ETC.

X.—A Change of Fortunes.

AS Dr. Middleton and Mrs. Martin came away from the college, leaving Maurice standing on the porch with the rector, the mother looked back. The boy waved his hand. "Good-bye, mamma!" he cried, joyfully; "good-bye!" He was smiling; she could almost see the flashing of his blue eyes, always so full of light when he was pleased. For some moments she walked beside the Doctor without speaking. Then she said:

"I am very glad, Doctor, that you suggested this. He will be happy, I know; and it will benefit him to be under the influence of those good men at the college."

She sighed, and he saw that she was trying to force back the tears.

"Boys are difficult to understand," he said, reading her thought. "Maurice does not seem lonely at being left behind, but it is because the situation is new. In his case it is particularly so: he has been kept so close to you that it is like a bound into liberty."

"He has been restrained very little," observed Mrs. Martin. "There are times when I reproach myself for having been too indulgent. And yet he has never been hard to control. I am afraid I do not know boys. Maurice is a perpetual revelation to me."

"You will see that he will love you and his home all the more for this separation," replied Dr. Middleton. "He will grow strong, self-sustaining and manly under the tutelage he will receive at St. Ignatius'."

They parted at the door of Mrs. Martin's house. Bridget received her kind mistress with open arms. They wept together. Mrs. Martin had not so completely lost her self-control since the death of her husband. The faithful servant soon perceived this, and quickly subdued her own emotion.

"Don't give way so, ma'am!" she said, unfastening her mistress' bonnet and cloak, and clasping her in a motherly embrace. "Sure 'twill only be Sunday till you see him again, and how glad he will be to get home to us! Think of that, ma'am."

"That was a mistake," answered her mistress. "Once a fortnight only they receive visitors at the college, and on the first Thursday of the month they are allowed to come home."

"Well, even so," continued Bridget. "Time flies swift, and you are always busy. If he had to go, ma'am, there's only one way to do, and that's to take it as easy as possible. Don't fret like that, ma'am. I can't bear to see it."

"Oh, it is not his going that is breaking my heart!" cried the weeping mother. "It is that he does not seem to care. He was smiling when I left him; he appeared to be delighted with everything he saw. He clung to the rector's hand as he might have done if he had been his father."

"And wasn't that a nice thing! How fine to think he is in a place where he likes those about him and where they'll like him! And 'twill be so good for his health, with them new-fashioned gymnasts and things he told me they had. Sure he's but a child, ma'am."

"And I am growing to be a morbid, complaining woman!" exclaimed Mrs. Martin, in a burst of relf-reproach. "I wanted the baby to be a thoughtful child while he was still an infant, and now I am wondering why he is not a man before he is in his teens."

"If it's about the sorrow of leaving home you're speaking, ma'am," said

Bridget, with a peculiar closing of her eyelids, "men are very seldom sorry to do that. They like to see the world. You'll be getting used to that while Master Maurice is at college; so that when he's finished and off to Paris in the hurry to learn to be a fine doctor like his father, you won't be moaning that he's not breaking his heart at leaving you. It's what every mother must get accustomed to, especially regarding boys."

"But his father—wasn't he different when he was a little fellow, Bridget?"

Bridget drew in her underlip, and was silent for a moment as if in deep thought.

"As far as I can remember, ma'am, he was every inch a boy. They really worshiped each other, the mistress and him, just as you and Maurice do. But he was as eager to go off to Paris as—as—a bird flying south after the warm weather."

She did not add—what she also remembered—that Desmond had never been separated from his mother until he was twenty-one, or that all his plans for Paris had been made under the impression that she was to accompany him thither. But circumstances having rendered this impossible, he was forced to go without her; and she died before his return. Devotedly fond as she was of Maurice, the older he grew the more Bridget found herself contrasting him with what his father had been at the same age; and she was reluctantly obliged to admit that there were serious depths in the nature of her first nursling which his child did not share.

"'Tis very restless he is," she would say to herself. "He seems to be always wanting something new to amuse himself with, and not taking to his books and his classes as his father did. But maybe that's the difference between the two mothers. This one is like a child herself in some ways, and the other was very grave and not playful at all. And Maurice is fine beyond compare when the likes of boys that's going now is considered. 'Twas the Doctor that was different from every boy that ever was seen,—that's the truth of it!"

After such mental soliloquies as this Bridget would be particularly kind to Maurice, to whom she would feel that she had been doing an injustice. They were always followed by an extra supply of cookies or molasses candy,—a confection in which she excelled, and for which she would be rewarded by an outburst of affection and gratitude on the part of the child. After escaping from the tight clasp of his little arms, she would accuse herself of disloyalty for having doubted his perfections; secretly vowing that there was not, and never had been, a better or more loving boy in the world than Maurice.

That proved to be an eventful month. One morning Mrs. Martin came into the kitchen. It was still very early. Bridget had gone to bed at dark with a headache the night before, but this morning she was feeling quite well again.

"O Bridget, I have good news!" said her mistress. "Judge Lawrence was here last night."

"He was, ma'am! And is he well?" inquired the old woman, with a sober countenance. The Judge was not a favorite of hers. He had buried three wives, and Bridget, without a particle of reason, suspected him of having a leaning toward the matrimonial state for the fourth time.

"Yes, he is very well; but that is not the good news I meant," replied Mrs. Martin, with a smile. She had divined the cause of Bridget's dislike to the Judge, and it amused her. "You have heard me speak of my Uncle Peter?" she continued.

"I think I have, ma'am," said Bridget. "A mean old bachelor, wasn't he?"

"I thought so once. He did not like my father, and never forgave my mother for marrying him. But now he has died and left me ten thousand pounds."

"Praise be to God!" exclaimed the servant, devoutly folding her hands. "And when will you have it, ma'am,—at your own disposal?"

"Very soon, Bridget."

"Will you put it out at interest or let it lie in a rickety bank that's likely to fall to pieces and swallow the whole of it, ma'am?"

Mrs. Martin could not repress a smile.

"I have not decided yet how I shall invest it," she said. "Perhaps I may leave it where it is."

"Not abroad in England, ma'am!"

"Perhaps, Bridget. No doubt it is safely invested there."

"I'd not leave a penny of mine with them! And their beggarly interest,—not more than two or three cents! They do be saving all they can get for their miserly Queen."

"You and I must not quarrel on the subject of Queen Victoria, Bridget," said Mrs. Martin, pleasantly. "Why can you not remember that I am one-quarter English, and not hurt my feelings so?"

Her smiling eyes belied the reproachful words.

"Oh, I do be forgetting that, ma'am, always!" replied Bridget. "But I can't help being rampageous when I think of them. When all's said, I hope you'll be cautious. Judge Lawrence is not so bad—for an adviser. He'll do what's right; I'll say that much in his favor. And you'll be sending the girls away at once, ma'am?"

"Not that exactly; but I shall listen to Miss Tessier's offer now. She will give five thousand for the furniture and the good-will of the establishment. With that and the interest I shall receive from my legacy we can return to the Red House to live once more."

"Praise and thanks be to the Lord, ma'am!" exclaimed the old woman, devoutly. "'Tis time, ma'am,—'tis time. You were getting old and worn-looking and there were lines settling between your eyes."

"And yet only the other day you were trying to flatter me into the belief that I was looking young!"

"And so you are," rejoined Bridget, promptly contradicting herself. "I'd like to see the one that went through all you did, and the cares of the large dressmaking business on your hands, that would have borne up through it all as you have done. To see the airs of some of them women, coming in their carriages and languishing up the stairs! I often longed to break the heads of some of them. They're not fit to tie your shoelaces, ma'am."

"You good Bridget!" she observed. "Where was there ever another friend like you? What should we have done all these years without you?"

"Well, now, do you hear that!" cried the old woman. "And I tyrannizing over the both of you every day of my life,—scolding for this and for that! Well, now, now! But you make me blush for shame."

"How glad Maurice will be!" said his mother. "Do you remember that for months after he left it, he talked of nothing but the garden?"

"Yes: after he tired of the pretty streets, as he used to call them," replied Bridget. "'Twill be fine for him when he comes Thursday to hear the news."

When Maurice arrived, full of interest in his new school, he was not so delighted as the two women expected him to be.

"I'm in the country enough," he said. "It will be nice to come to town for a holiday. It will be dreadfully lonesome there; don't you think so, mamma?"

"But the garden will be so beautiful,

my son; and there are so many birds in the trees!"

"They speak, too," he answered. "I don't see how anybody can call the noise they make singing."

"Your dear father knew the notes of every one of them," said his mother. "He used to delight in them."

"Oh, yes! but he was a man," observed Maurice. "Men like things that little boys don't care about."

"And we shall be near papa's grave," said Mrs. Martin. "It makes me very sad to think he can not share in this new good fortune."

"He's all right," rejoined the boy. "He doesn't care one bit for what goes on down here. Do you think he does, mamma?"

"It would grieve me very much to think he did not, Maurice. Why, don't you know what we are taught about the communion of saints?"

"That's in good works and things," said Maurice. "If papa was always worrying about me the way you are, he couldn't be happy in heaven,—and everyone is perfectly happy there, isn't he? I'm sure papa wouldn't want to see you groaning round, mamma,—if he can *see* you."

"Maurice! How you have learned to talk!"

"I didn't mean anything, mamma, only that you mustn't spend all your time tending to the grave and crying over it when I'm not here. I'm going to tell Bridget not to let you. But isn't there a stream there, mamma? Seems to me you told me papa used to fish somewhere about the neighborhood."

When this conversation was repeated to Bridget she immediately found an excuse for Maurice.

"'Twas to save you from being too sorrowful, ma'am, he tried to make light of being near the cemetery," she said. "How can a child understand that it would console you to be close to the spot where the blessed man is lying? Indeed, I think there was great wisdom in those remarks for a boy of his age. 'Tis a gruff way he has of saying kind-meant things. His grandfather was like that, ma'am. I've often heard tell we're all made up of different parts of our ancestors. Don't always be turning over the least word the child lets drop and putting a hard meaning on it. 'Tisn't right, ma'am,—'tisn't right."

(To be continued.)

The Angel and the Soul.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

AN angel bright spake to my soul one day:
"The glory of my heaven didst thou but know,
Couldst thou but see the incomparable ray
That from the Eternal on my brow doth glow!"
To the celestial spirit I replied:
"Thou who beholdest Him than day more bright,
Of a God hidden is to thee denied
The sweet delight, the sweet delight!"

The angel said: "Know'st thou my joy immense,
The beauty of my God for aye to view?
For me each day doth heaven recommence,
Each day my soul's felicity is new."
"O thou," I answered, "who hast never strayed
From thy Creator, by temptation swept,
Before the Tabernacle hast thou prayed
Or ever wept, or ever wept?"

Then spake the radiant sprite to me once more.
"Know'st thou," he asked, "my nourishment divine?
To love, to serve the God whom I adore,
To feel absorbed in Him this soul of mine?"
"On His divinity thou dost subsist,"
Then to the luminous spirit I replied;
"Yet is my daily Bread, the Eucharist,
To thee denied, to thee denied!

"O spirit sweet, blest dweller in yon heaven,
Together let us praise our God and Lord,—
Praise and be glad! To you, to me, is given
A share in the sweet promise of His word.
My Father I may one day long to see;
But here the altar is His humble throne,
And here my lot; though higher thine may be,
Awaiting it, I love my own, my own!"

Mary in the Calendar.

BY DOM COLUMBA EDMONDS, O. S. B.

Our Lady's Autumn Feasts.

THE NAME OF MARY.

THE glad octave of the Nativity of the Virgin Mother* is enriched with a special festival in honor of her Holy Name. Most appropriate is the blending of these two feasts, seeing that the imposing of the name must have taken place shortly after the birth of the holy child. Next to the sacred name of Jesus, there is no name more loved and more venerated than the sweet name of Mary. With devout Catholics it is invariably the custom to link together in invocation these holy names of Jesus and Mary.

Reverence and love for Our Lady's name have found expression in various ways. According to the learned Pontiff Benedict XIV., Mary was considered by some too sacred a name to be given to any person after it had been borne by the Mother of God. Hence in Poland no woman presumed to call herself by Our Lady's name. In illustration of this it is related that when King Ladislaus espoused Marie Louise de Nevers, he required her to give up the name Marie and, in accordance with the custom of his country, retain that of Louise only. This condition was stipulated in the marriage contract. King Casimir of Poland insisted on the same custom being observed when he wedded Mary, daughter of the Duke of Russia; and Alphonsus VI., King of Castile, likewise forbade that his converted consort should receive in baptism so sacred a name as that of Mary.†

In Spain it is customary for those who wish to have their children under Our Lady's particular patronage to name them after some of her festivals; for example, the Immaculate Conception, Annunciation, Assumption, and so forth. And since the Spaniards have a special devotion to Mary's Sorrows, it is not uncommon to hear of women bearing the name Dolores. In other parts of Christendom, and particularly in France, it is considered a great privilege to receive the name of Mary. Regarding this diversity of practice, a recent writer has said that the former custom is born of respect, whereas the latter is founded on confidence.*

The celebration of a feast in honor of the name of Mary took its rise in Spain, at a place called Cuenca, about the beginning of the sixteenth century. Its date in the calendar at that time was probably September 22. As a local Spanish celebration, the festival received papal approbation; but it was destined to pass through a somewhat strict ordeal before it could find a permanent place in the liturgy.

St. Pius V., under whose direction the calendar was carefully revised, withdrew the permission already accorded to Spain, and the name of Mary lost its privilege of an annual commemoration in the sacred offices. But this withdrawal was of short duration; for, at the petition of Cardinal Deza, Sixtus V. restored the solemnity. Finality of approbation came with the pontificate of Innocent XI.† This Pope, wishing to establish a permanent testimony of gratitude for the signal victory of the Christian arms over the Turk at Vienna in the year 1683, extended the Feast of the Holy Name of Mary to the universal Church, and appointed its celebration on the Sunday within the octave of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin.

At the time of the siege of Vienna,

* For a liturgical notice of the Nativity, see THE AVE MARIA for Sept. 3, 1898.

† Bened. XIV., De Festis B. M. V.

* Petitalot, "Virgin Mother." † De Festis.

just referred to, the whole of Western Europe was threatened with an infidel invasion. Had the enemies of our holy faith succeeded in their designs, the consequences to Christendom would have been most appalling. The night before the battle John Sobieski, King of Poland, together with the army, spent a considerable time in prayer. After Mass the following morning, King John said to his men: "Let us now march on the enemy, with an entire confidence in the protection of Heaven, under the assured protection of the Blessed Virgin." As we have seen, the power of the intercession of Our Lady did not fail them and a complete victory was the result.*

The chief part of the Office for this festival is taken from the "Common of Our Lady." The second nocturn at Matins, however, contains extracts from a sermon of St. Bernard on the name of Mary. This discourse is replete with devotion, and contains many allusions to the beautiful interpretations of Our Lady's name, so current in the Middle Ages. The Mass of the feast is special, though several portions of it are selected from Votive Masses. The Collect sums up the object of the celebration in that terse and beautiful style which characterizes the prayers of the liturgy.

According to rubrical directions, which do not admit a commemoration of a saint or mystery on the same day on which a feast is being celebrated in honor of the same, no notice is taken of the octave of Our Lady's Nativity on the Feast of her Holy Name.

THE SEVEN DOLORS.

We now come to another "movable" festival of the Blessed Virgin, ordered to be solemnized on the third Sunday of September. The Feast of the Seven Dolors in this month differs in several respects from that bearing the same title in Passiontide. The Seven Dolors on the Friday before Palm Sunday is, in fact, a commemoration of the "Compassion" of Mary, as may be gathered from the words of the liturgy; whereas the feast in September celebrates in detail the seven sorrows experienced by our Blessed Lady.

Moreover, it may be noted that the feast in Passiontide originated in the fifteenth century; the September commemoration, however, does not claim a higher antiquity than the nineteenth century. Pope Pius VII., who suffered a long and tedious exile under Napoleon, and who was particularly devout to the Sorrows of Mary, instituted the second Feast of the Dolors in the year 1814.

The Divine Office for this great festival enumerates at Matins the sorrows which go to make up the mystic seven: the prophecy of Simeon, the flight into Egypt, the three days' loss, the carrying of the cross, the crucifixion, the taking down from the cross, and lastly the entombment. The *Stabat Mater* is not used in the Divine Office; instead of it three special hymns are sung,—the one appointed for Vespers being remarkable for its pathos and sweetness. The Collect also differs from that used in Passiontide: it refers to the veneration of all the sorrows, instead of being confined to the commemoration of Mary's compassion and the sorrows of the other saints who stood with her around the cross of the Redeemer. The Mass for both feasts of the Dolors is the same, with the exception of the Collect, and the introduction of the "Alleluia" before and after the Sequence* in September.

These sorrows of the Mother of God have been the favorite subject of contemplation with many of the saints in all ages. St. Ambrose and St. Bernard

* Bened. XIV., De Festis B. M. V.

* The *Stabat Mater*.

have left us writings on them, portions of which find place in the sacred offices of this feast. The seven holy founders of the Servite Order did much in their day* to make the Dolors of Our Lady the subject of special devotion; and the beautiful religious Order which they founded, and which still flourishes in the Church, has continued the work with uninterrupted fervor.

OUR LADY OF RANSOM.

A third feast of Mary greets us in the calendar before we arrive at the end of September. The Blessed Virgin "of Ransom" is kept by the whole Church on the 24th of the month. This festival was instituted during the seventeenth century, and had special reference to the Order "de Mercede," or Ransom, as it is usually called. It was soon extended to the whole of Spain, after which it found its way into France; and finally, in the year 1700, Pope Innocent XII. ordered the feast to be kept by the universal Church.†

The principal object of the solemnity is to commemorate an apparition of our Blessed Lady to St. Peter Nolasco, St. Raymund of Pennafort, and King James of Arragon, relative to the foundation of a special religious Order of friars, who were to be devoted to the work of redeeming Christians from Moorish captivity. This took place during the thirteenth century.

The Order thus founded—the full title of which is "the royal military religious Order of Our Lady of Ransom for the redemption of captives"‡—received the approbation of Pope Gregory IX. Its members, besides the three usual vows of religion, take a fourth vow to deliver themselves into slavery, if need be, for the redemption of captives. The habit of the friars is white, and is similar in form to that of the Dominicans; but as a special remembrance of the part taken in the foundation by King James, the royal arms of the house of Arragon are worn as a pendant on the breast.

At the beginning the Order consisted of two sections, knights and friars. The knights were intended to guard the coasts against invasions of the Saracens, and when not on duty were obliged to attend the choral office. Eventually these knights were incorporated with some of the already existing military orders. In the sixteenth century a reform was instituted among the friars, who now go barefoot. Houses of the Order are not very numerous, except in Spain and South America. Several convents of nuns also exist under the rule of the Order of Our Lady of Ransom.

Pope Benedict XIV. says in his work "De Festis B. M. V." that the festival of Our Lady of Ransom was instituted in order to increase devotion to Mary, and to thank God and His Holy Mother for the benefits which have resulted to religion from the establishment of this Order in the Catholic Church. Moreover, the solemnity on the 24th of September is to be regarded as a true festival of the Blessed Virgin. The Mass and the Divine Office for this day have no special characteristics beyond the use of a proper prayer, which asks, through Mary's intercession, that the faithful may be delivered from the effects of sin and the captivity of Satan.

* The thirteenth century.

† Bened. XIV., De Festis B. M. V.

‡ "Flos Sanctorum," Ribadeneira, S. J.

SUBMISSION, self-abnegation,—these are also qualities implied in the exercise of true faith. As little children only can we enter into the kingdom of heaven, and as such only can we abide in it and advance in it. Opinion *asserts;* faith *confesses.* Assertion includes *self-assertion;* confession acknowledges God by forgetting *self.—Aubrey de Vere.*

Joseph de Maistre.

II.

MEANWHILE the victories of the French army in Italy inflicted a terrible blow on Savoy. De Maistre's friend, Costa, prominent in the army, kept him informed of current events. When finally the Piedmontese army was annihilated, Costa was sent to discuss terms of an armistice, followed soon by the annexation of Savoy to France.

In January, 1797, Charles Emmanuel IV., son and successor of Victor Amadeus, called the Count de Maistre to Turin. He received him with kindness, and gave him a modest pension of two thousand francs. The city was a prey to disorder; the King weak, discouraged, vacillating; and the government inconsistent. The sojourn of De Maistre was prolonged till the end of the following year. Here he was doomed to a life of inaction, against which his spirit rebelled.

In April, 1797, he writes in his journal: "To-day I am forty-four years old.... For me, all is said in this world." But subsequently he resists discouragement, and begins his work once more. "An extraordinary change has come to me," he writes later on. "Old tastes have reasserted themselves, vague ideas are becoming concrete, conjectures are turning into certainties. To-day, the 18th of November, I begin a work the title of which I have not yet determined upon. It seems to me that I am beginning to renew my vocation at the age of forty-four years."

Between 1798 and 1803 De Maistre did but very little work, the abdication of the King having forced him to alter all his previous plans. His resources were slender; he had neither fixed employment nor abode. In the beginning of 1803 Victor Emmanuel, who had succeeded his brother, sent for De Maistre to Rome, where he made a pretence of governing his fragment of a kingdom. When De Maistre arrived, his sovereign informed him that he wished to send him to St. Petersburg, in order to demand the restitution of the States which Sardinia had lost, or at any rate some compensation for that loss. It seems strange, that a dispossessed monarch should demand such concessions; but at that time even dethroned kings preserved a vestige of their rights in the eyes of the world as well as their own.

Joseph de Maistre, with his education and opinions, had entire confidence in the justice of these doctrines. After a great deal of delay and many discouragements he succeeded in obtaining an appropriation for his sovereign, which was to be paid yearly; but the distance between Russia and Cagliari, where Victor Emmanuel was residing, was so great and means of locomotion so slow, the whole face of things had changed. Besides, the King was by no means in accord with his accredited minister. Their ideas, principles and methods were entirely opposite.

It seemed now as though De Maistre must break away from the ungrateful monarch, whose indifferent, half-hearted nature was so incomprehensible to his own. But in those moments when he felt most exasperated, as in those when his personal interests demanded the abandonment of the yoke which galled him, he was sustained by a sentiment the most powerful,—the sentiment of honor, of fealty to his lawful sovereign. His King was unfortunate, therefore he owed him devotion. And though, when his position became almost intolerable, he offered his resignation, which was not accepted, he would not desert his post without having been relieved of it. Victor Emmanuel knew this very well; and, rail at him though he might from a distance, he fully realized the advantage

of having a representative whose honor was unquestioned, of whose loyalty he was certain.

But it was not as the emissary of the Kingdom of Sardinia that De Maistre won reputation and honor at the court of St. Petersburg. There are diplomats on whom the majesty and power of the countries they represent confer honor and dignity; there are others whose own merits gain for them esteem and distinction. Joseph de Maistre was one of these. The King of Sardinia, who amused himself with the evolutions of a few hundred soldiers before his palace at Cagliari, who, in his infantine vanity, said, "*I and Napoleon!*" held a very small place in the preoccupations of the Czar. But no one at the imperial court held a higher place than the Sardinian minister, the dignity of whose conduct and the brilliancy of whose mind caused him to be honored and respected by all.

De Maistre divided his days between labor and society, giving to the first infinitely more than to the second. It was in Russia he wrote the "Soirées de Saint Petersbourg," the best of his works; besides several others of almost equal importance. At the same time he wrote to his family, to his many friends, and conducted his diplomatic correspondence with the court of Cagliari, without even a secretary to copy his voluminous reports. He had excellent health, but not sufficient physical exercise for a man of studious pursuits. Of his privations he never complained. If he ever alluded to them it was in some such manner as the following, in a letter to Count Rossi:

"This is the second winter I have been without an overcoat. It is precisely the same as if one were without a shirt in Cagliari. When obliged to go to court, in the midst of Asiatic luxury, a horrible lackey throws over my shoulders a lined mantle. One servant being insufficient here, on account of the fatigue and the climate, in order to have another I took a thief who was about to fall into the hands of justice. I proposed to him to become an honest man for the privilege of serving the minister. It went on well for several months. The traitor who poisoned under pretence of nourishing me, having lately changed his habitation, I have taken to sharing the soup of my *valet de chambre*."

As a rule De Maistre was prone to see the humorous side of things, but there were times when he suffered from the most profound discouragement. He was often troubled by the interminable negotiations which always came to naught, by the disagreement of the King and his ministers, as well as by his own separation from those he loved best in the world. Very impressionable, he often plunged from the heights of anticipation to the depths of despair. These hours of sadness, however, passed as quickly as they came. He was forever taking heart of grace; his strong nature was always dominated by hope to the end.

Perhaps his greatest sorrow was in being separated from his youngest daughter, to whom he wrote frequently, and in whose character he saw reproduced many traits of his own. Gifted with a lively imagination and ardent temperament, Constance de Maistre, on her side, would not be consoled at the long separation from a father whom she loved and adored from afar. In 1810, when she was seventeen years of age, she begged him to allow her to join him in Russia, there to share his exile. To this earnest request, while it moved him deeply, he thought best to give a firm though reluctant denial.

The advanced woman of the present day would be disgusted with the views of De Maistre with regard to the place her sex should occupy in public affairs. Often, in writing to his daughters, he

took occasion to refer with what may seem exaggerated aversion to the education and aspirations of women. At the same time he is willing to allow them certain acquirements, as when he says: "I do not wish that they should remain so ignorant as to believe that Pekin is in France, or that Alexander the Great demanded in marriage the daughter of Louis XIV. Polite literature, the great orators, the moralists, and so forth, are sufficient for all the culture a woman will ever need." Again he says that he admires feminine superiority when it remains feminine, but when woman begins to emulate man she is nothing but a monkey. In short, whether at twenty-five or fifty, we find him equally unsusceptible to feminine charm.

Madame de Staël he considered to be a perfect type of the unsexed woman. Notwithstanding the pleasure he once took in her amiable society, he finally ended by despising her and her works. "Few books make me so impatient as those of Madame de Staël." Truly between her ideas and his own there yawned the impassable gulf which divides the Catholic mystic from the Protestant rationalist. He could find easily in his own delicate conscience the reason of his aversion, when he said that if the author of "Corinne" had been a Catholic, she would have been adorable instead of being famous. In a word, religion permeated his every motive and dominated all his judgments.

In the society of the Russian court he often met women of rare talent and fine intellectual culture. One of these has said that in company he was not at all the fanatical absolutist which many believed him to be on all occasions and in every circumstance of life. He was not only gay but sometimes jovial, without ever losing the dignity which was one of his especial attributes. His Christian principles did not prevent him from taking part in conversations far from religious in their bearing, if only to express and expand his own contrary opinions among those with whom he argued. Neither did they cause any coolness between him and friends whose ideas were directly in opposition to his own.

He had always liked society: it was his relaxation from long hours of care and labor. It was a necessity to him to express to others the thoughts with which his fertile brain was occupied night and day. Gifted with a marvellous memory, he was always ready to chat on any subject; so much so that his enemies accused him of preparing in advance the *causeries* which made him so famous in the salons of St. Petersburg. He was not a good listener, being too fond of talking not to be impatient of the same in others; but his monologues were so brilliant that he never failed of delighted hearers. Those salons, which by degrees aimed at imitating those of the eighteenth century in France, were all thrown open to him. Gradually he became the companion and friend of the most distinguished persons *de la haute société*.

At first, during the early days of the Franco-Russian alliance, he felt that the fear of compromising themselves led many who would have been his friends from prominently identifying their social interests with his. Later on all this changed. The Austrian ambassador did not dare address him by his title of "Minister." The emperor himself was wary; the empress, who had not been at Tilsit and did not love Napoleon, was a little more communicative. It is to be regretted that De Maistre has not made more reference in his letters to certain ladies with whom he was on terms of intimate friendship, such as the *spirituelle* Countess Tolstoi; Madame Tchitchagoff, wife of the Minister of

Marine; the Countess Stragonoff, or the beautiful Princess Narichkine.

The only one of these friends of his of whom he has left us a record was also the one with whom he was the most intimate; namely, Madame Swetchine,—"that excellent Sophie," as he was wont to call her. The influence of De Maistre on this good and candid soul was the first step in her conversion to Catholicity. For a long time she remained irresolute, searching further and further and deeper and deeper for arguments to vanquish her final hesitation. With his natural contempt of a studious woman, this seemed to De Maistre the height of the ridiculous. In this mood he writes to her as follows:

"Poor, excellent woman! You wish, then, to throw on one side of the scales Bossuet, Bellarmine, Malebranche; on the other Clarke, Abbadie, and Sherlock.... You believe that you are not convinced. You have long been as deeply convinced as I am. You think you are seeking the truth, but the contrary is the case. You are seeking *doubt*, and that which you *take* for doubt is remorse. This Sherlock whom I have just mentioned has made a remarkable statement. He declares: 'Never was a man reasoned out of his religion.' Nothing is truer. As Bossuet has said: 'Conversion is a sudden illumination.' We have many examples of the kind even among men of superior minds,—men the most capable of reasoning. The last is that of Werner, who saw himself struck *with a blow of Catholicism* while watching the Blessed Sacrament being carried from the Church of Saint-Etienne."

(To be continued.)

A Note of Joyance.

IN the threnody of ages,
Ere Redemption blessed the earth,
The only note of joyance
Was the pledge of Mary's birth.

A Need of the Present Time.

IT has been well said that learned arguments are less needed nowadays than clear and accurate statements of the doctrines, practices, and aims of the Church. The direct exposition of Christianity ruins beforehand all the objections brought against it. Catholic truth is its own best evidence: is more persuasive than any logic with which the human mind is able to reinforce it. In our time distinct, earnest statement of Christian truth by men of holy life would of itself suffice for the conversion of many unbelievers and to confirm the faith of the weak and wavering. "If we follow the preaching of the Gospel from the beginning to the present day," says the Abbé Hogan, "we shall find that clear statement and unhesitating affirmation, supported by the life of the preacher, have done more to implant and spread the faith all over the world than all the arguments and all the miracles which have been put forth in support of it." As Cardinal Newman remarks, "some are touched and overcome by the evident sanctity, beauty, and (as I may say) fragrance of the Catholic Religion. Or they long for a guide amid the strife of tongues; and the very doctrine of the Church about faith, which is so hard to many, is conviction to them." To believe in the Gospel implies a certain condition of mind—a moral temper fitting the soul to receive, to welcome, and to retain it. "Evidence is not the sole foundation on which faith is built."

If there is one subject more than another on which clear and accurate statement is required in our day, it is the aim of the Church. We have received so many temporal blessings at her hands, she has done so much for art and literature and science, that, unconsciously

to ourselves, we often act on the supposition that she has a mission to make this world a more comfortable and delightful place to live in; whereas, were it not for some spiritual good beyond them, the Church would never concern herself with material things. Order, tranquillity, popular contentment, plenty, prosperity, advance in arts and sciences, literature, refinement, splendor,—this is the elysium of the worldling. And Christ declared that His kingdom was not of this world. The Church, whatever may be supposed to the contrary, has one and one only aim—to save immortal souls.

In Bishop Spalding's admirable Roman discourse, so full of what is enlightening and edifying, feeling and fortifying, there is a striking passage—among many striking passages—in which the office of the Church is eloquently and exactly defined. We quote it as an example of the exposition so much needed in our day and country. Let us give the passage in full, for it emphasizes a great truth; and how many great truths the Bishop of Peoria has forcefully expressed!

Christ did not send His Apostles to teach all knowledge, but to teach His religion,—to teach the worship of God in spirit and in truth, in lowliness of mind and purity of heart, as men who hunger and thirst for righteousness. In all that concerns the religious life the Church has the office of Christ, represents Him and speaks with His authority; and to enable her to do this with infallible certainty, the Holy Ghost was sent and abides with her. But Christ did not teach literature, philosophy, history or science; and consequently He did not establish His Church to teach these things. He founded a Church, not an academy. *Non in dialectica complacuit Deo salvum facere populum suum.* He left natural knowledge where He found it,—left it to grow by accretion and development, through the activity of special minds and races, with the process of the ages. He bade His Apostles teach whatsoever things He had commanded them—the doctrines of salvation and the principles of Christian living. These things He came to reveal; these He lived and died to plant in the minds and hearts of men as seeds of immortal life.

God doubtless might have made known from the beginning all the truths of science; but this was not part of the divine economy. For thousands of years the race was left to make its way amidst the darkness of universal ignorance; and when here and there a ray of light fell from some mind of genius, it seemed quickly to be extinguished amidst the general obscurity. The philosophy and the science of Plato and Aristotle had been in the world for three centuries when Christ came, but He made no allusion whatever to them. He neither praised nor blamed these great masters of all who know. Those whom He denounced were not the teachers of wisdom, but the formalists who, holding rigidly to the letter of the law, and adding observance to observance and rule to rule, had lost the spirit of religion, had apostatized from the infinite love which is God. He came to bring immortal faith and hope and love to man. He utters no word which might lead us to suppose that He considers literature or philosophy or history or science as an obstacle to the worship of God in spirit and in truth. He denounces greed and lust and indifference and heartlessness; but He does not warn against the desire to know, the desire to upbuild one's being on every side,—to become more and more like unto God in power, in wisdom, in goodness and in beauty. He lays the stress of His example and teachings upon religion, upon eternal things.

If he who makes two blades of grass grow upon a spot where only one grew before be accounted a benefactor in his day and generation, what praise shall be commensurate for those who in an age of doubt and yearning for spiritual realities do all in their power to afford clear and accurate statements of the doctrines, practices, and aims of God's holy Church? Oh, that all her children might realize her claims on their love and obedience; and that all outside her pale might understand her mission,—that her one object is to bring forward the elect to salvation and to make them as many as she can!

NOTHING raises the price of a blessing like its removal, whereas it was its continuance which should have taught us its value.—*Hannah More.*

NOT the cry but the flight of a wild duck, says a Chinese author, leads the flock to fly and follow.—*Jean P. Richter.*

Notes and Remarks.

The touching exhortations against lynch law addressed by us "Northerners" to our Southern fellow-countrymen from time to time, would have vastly more influence if they had the stiffening quality of example behind them. Last week New York, Illinois, and Kansas witnessed just such scenes of mob violence as occurred in New Orleans recently; and while savagery and lawlessness are always to be deprecated, it is due to the people of the South to say that outbursts of popular fury are more common among them chiefly because provocation is stronger and more frequent. For the Negro, too, a word of defence may be uttered. As the chief spokesman of the colored race, Mr. Booker T. Washington, has pointed out, the black man has been forced to struggle on without the chastening influence of a moral home life. "I do not know who my own father was," says Mr. Washington, with a touch of pathos; "and my case will illustrate that of hundreds of thousands of black people in every part of our country." Pride of ancestry, the consciousness the white boy has that if he fails in life he will disgrace the family record, is another potent stimulus to industry and preventive of crime; yet this advantage is altogether wanting to the young Negro.

A common fallacy connected with the Negro Question is thus disposed of by the same vigorous writer:

> The bald statement that the Negro was not given to crime during slavery proves little. Slavery represented an unnatural condition of life, in which certain physical checks were kept constantly upon the individual. To say that the Negro was at his best, morally, during the period of slavery is about the same as to say that the two thousand prisoners in the state-prison and the city penal institutions in the city of Boston are the most righteous two thousand people in Boston. I question whether one can find two thousand persons in Boston who will equal these two thousand imprisoned criminals in mere negative virtues. During the days of slavery the Negro was rarely brought into the court to be tried for crime; hence there was almost no public record of crimes committed by him. Each master, in most cases, punished his slave as he thought best, and as little as possible was said about it outside of his little plantation world.

It is now explained that the late King of Italy was not personally under the ban of excommunication. It is never easy to get at the true facts in such matters. It is even asserted on what seems to be good authority that, only a month before his death, Humbert opened negotiations looking toward a reconciliation with the Vatican, and that the matter was still under consideration when the King was assassinated. Excommunicated or not, however, there is no reason why Catholics should not pray for the repose of his soul; though grand services in his memory seem very much out of place to those who had learned to regard Humbert as a despoiler. Despite his willingness to arrange a *modus vivendi* with the Holy Father, he would have been called a robber if he were not a king.

Less than one-half of one per cent of the population of Japan is Christian, yet this small proportion exerts more than its due share of influence on the government of the country. A writer in the *Independent* makes this rather surprising statement:

> This comparatively small body [of Christians] has already furnished one cabinet minister, two justices of the supreme court, two speakers of the lower house (one twice elected), besides several vice-ministers of state, heads of bureaus, justices of the courts of appeals, etc. In the first diet the speaker, the chairman of the committee of the whole, and eleven other members, were Christians out of a total of 300 members, nearly nine times the normal proportion. In subsequent diets the proportion has never been less than four times the normal. In the present diet the speaker and

thirteen other members are Christians, one of them elected in a strongly Buddhist district by a majority of five to one. In the executive committee of the great liberal party last year two of the three members were Christians, and one of them this year is a Christian. In the army there are 155 Christian officers, or about three per cent. Of the three largest battle-ships, two are under the command of Christian captains. In the universities there are many Christian instructors and students. Six graduates of one of the best government colleges are now studying abroad, and five of them are Christians. Three of the great dailies of Tokyo are under the control of Christian men, and in several others Christians are at the head of departments. The most successful charitable institutions are under Christian leadership.

The Japanese are credited with a progressive spirit which aims at absorbing without delay what is best in Western civilization; and this, and the fact that higher education in Japan owes much to Christian influence, probably account for the exceptional situation.

In a communication to the Melbourne *Argus* Archbishop Carr quotes the testimony of several Protestant writers who have recognized the devotedness and success of Catholic missionaries in China. The Rev. Dr. Needham Cust, himself a sectarian missionary for over half a century, in his work entitled "Evangelization of the Non-Christian World," ascribes the success of Catholic missionaries in the first place to a life of celibacy. Dr. Williamson, a veteran Scottish missionary, requires unity of doctrine and union amongst the missionaries themselves as a first condition of success. "Something," he says, "must be done. In our present divided state we shall never Christianize China,—never!" Dr. Medhurst, a Protestant, and British Consul at Shanghai, praises "the system of the Catholic missionaries, which is, from the first moment of their arrival, to penetrate as far as possible into the interior, to disguise themselves as Chinese, and to work with indefatigable ardor in the different stations occupied by the brethren for many years, if not many centuries." And he adds: "Their devotion is remarkable, their success astonishing." Mr. Henry Norman, in his "Far East," pays the highest tribute to the successful labors of our missionaries. Amongst Protestant missionaries in China, he says, are "men of the highest character and devotion, upon whose careers no criticism can be passed. However," he continues, "the Catholic missionaries enjoy, on the whole, far more consideration from the natives as well as from foreigners; and the result of their work is, beyond question, much greater."

According to Mgr. Carr, there are—or were—in China, exclusive of catechumens, who form a very large body, more than half a million Catholic worshipers (the exact number given in the returns for 1898 was 532,448); 3930 Catholic churches; 759 European and 409 native priests; 2913 Catholic schools, and 49 Catholic colleges.

The Philosopher of Archey Road has discovered that among the other offences of the newspaper is responsibility for the assassin spirit. To his patient friend Hennessy, Mr. Dooley discourseth thus:

Between you and me, Hinnissy, ivry arnychist I've knowud—an' I've met manny in me time, an' quite law-abidin' citizens they was, too—had th' makin' iv a thradeejan in him. If they was no newspapers they'd be few arnychists. They want to get their pitchers in the papers, an' they can't do it be wheelin' bananas through th' streets or milkin' a cow, so they go out an' kill a king. It's vanity that makes arnychists, Hinnissy,—vanity an' th' habits kings has nowadays iv bein' as common as life-insurance agents.

The sects have a device of their own for enlivening the dull season: when they have nothing else to do, they can always revise their creed and bring it up to date. The Presbyterians are now earnestly debating the revision of the Westminster Confession, which is the official statement of Calvinistic belief in

English-speaking countries. The clash of opinions among the divines is the most interesting feature of the movement. Dr. Warfield, Professor of theology at Princeton, says the creed needs no revision,—this in spite of the fact that nobody subscribes to the creed in its old-fashioned sense; in spite of the fact, too, that "Papists" are set down by the Confession as idolaters, and the Holy Father is described in this Christian manner: "The Pope ... is that antichrist, that man of sin and son of perdition." Another Presbyterian, Mr. Henry Frank, writes in the *Ideal Review:* "It can not be denied that Calvinism is to-day a theological dead-letter. No preacher dares to elucidate or sustain it. Every apology will be made for it; it will be plastered over, daubed with whitewash or fascinating hues, variously construed, excused, defended. Yet Calvinism pure and simple no man cares to vindicate in the face of popular intelligence." At least we may say of this utterance that it is not respectful to the creed. Yet Dr. Warfield and Mr. Frank are leading members of the same religious body,—brethren in belief. If politicians thought as little of the platform of their party, or spoke of it in such a way, they would promptly be drummed out of camp.

Last week we referred to the indisputable fact of the progress of Christianity throughout the world, in spite of all opposition and persecution. The triumph of the Church involves, of course, the destruction of heresy and the absorption of all opposing sects. The agnostic fever has already begun to burn itself out, and there are many indications of the decay of sectarianism. All forms of Protestantism have lost their hold on the masses, and a great many earnest searchers after religious truth are now looking toward the Church for a firmer grasp of spiritual realities. As never before, the city seated on a mountain looms on the vision of non-Catholics. A correspondent of the New York *Sunday Sun*, writing of a mission service in the Church of St. Francis Xavier, in that city, says:

> Never in any church or by any speakers have the terrors of death and the last judgment been more fearfully described than they were by those Jesuit priests, to a church crowded from end to end by men. Finally, after two speakers had expended all their strength in assailing the wicked, the men present were informed that ten confessors were present to receive their confessions,—all this to a church crowded in every part for a week, night after night. What do we see in our Protestant churches? Empty pews. At Catholic churches, preaching a God of vengeance for sin, a God of wrath, the several services of the day are each crowded with believers. Yet Protestant ministers think by modifying the creed, taking out the sting of original sin, preaching only a God of mercy, of loving-kindness, a Christ of forgiveness, that the churches will fill! Whatever may become of my Protestant church, there is a last resort. Rome stands faithful to the ancient creed in most things, and we can or must forgive her some shortcomings.

And every convert to the Church finds that she is faithful in all things; that there is nothing whatever to forgive—only misunderstandings to be cleared up.

One can not help feeling provoked at Catholic writers who refer to St. John Baptist De la Salle—he was born only in 1651—as the "founder of free primary schools"; whereas a principal feature of each of the monasteries established by St. Pachomius, the patriarch of monasticism, was a minor school in which the rudiments of knowledge were taught daily without fee to all who would profit by them. Not only was instruction gratuitously bestowed, but, St. Bede tells us, the children of the poor were fed at the cost of the more wealthy communities. In the eighth century Theodulf, Bishop of Orleans, in a capitulary addressed to his clergy, observes:

> Let all priests open schools in the towns and country places; and if any among the faithful desire to confide to them their children to be

instructed in learning, let them by no means refuse to receive and educate them; but, on the contrary, let them teach these little ones with perfect charity, remembering that it is written, "They who shall have been learned shall be radiant as the brightness of heaven; and they who shall have instructed many in the ways of righteousness shall shine as stars throughout eternity." And for teaching these children they shall seek no payment, and shall receive nothing but what the parents may offer to them voluntarily and through affection.

It would be hard to exaggerate the services of St. De la Salle to the cause of popular education, but to refer to him as the founder of free schools is an evident absurdity. A history of parochial schools, which appear to have been in existence from a very early period, and of cathedral schools, which were first established in Spain in the sixth century, would be a revelation of extraordinary efforts to diffuse knowledge in the ages called "dark," and so called for no better reason than that most people are in the dark concerning them.

We confess that once upon a time we cherished ungracious feelings against emissaries of the various sects who go into Mexico with the declared purpose of "Christianizing" the Catholics of the neighboring Republic. We hope it is not too late to do them justice; for they really do not interfere with our co-religionists at all, though sometimes appearances are against them. Thus Don José Maria Espinosa wickedly pretended for three years that he had "got religion." Recently he became very ill, and now the Mexican papers are publishing an apologetic statement from his pen. "I was a Protestant hypocritically and for profit," he says; and he adds:

I retract publicly and solemnly, and beg pardon of you and of my brethren in Christianity, whom from my bed of death I exhort never to forsake the true religion, that they may never experience the remorse and cruel disquietude which is my most cruel torture. I confess I never looked upon the meetings conducted by the foreign minister at the town of Sacnulu as anything else but what they are, veritable farces, and not the sweet counsels which the faithful receive in the true religion.

The reading or hearing of such statements is acknowledged by sectarian missionaries to be one of the hardships of their life in Mexico and other Catholic countries. Indeed, a comparison of the purposes with the results of their labors recalls the case of the burly policeman who, being sent out to "pinch" a notorious criminal, captured instead an old woman of sixty; and proudly boasted that he could have done it even if she had been eighty.

"A Convent Stolen and Desecrated," is the startling heading of a circular that is being distributed among Catholics in all sections of the country. The convent referred to belonged to the Ladies of the Sacred Heart in Puerto Rico, and was appropriated by our army on its entry into the island. We could hardly escape an ugly suspicion that the circular was a mere campaign document, were it not positively asserted that President McKinley himself has long known of this injustice without removing it. This is an important detail, to which the upholders of the present administration would do well to call the President's attention. It is high time that the convent was restored to its rightful owners.

The late Herr Wilhelm Liebknecht, the leader of the German Socialists, proved the sincerity of his revolutionary views by suffering exile for eleven years on account of them. It is to his credit that he had no sympathy with Bismarck's infamous Kulturkampf. In one of his speeches in the Reichstag he said: "Protestantism since the days of Luther has often degraded itself by becoming the servant of the State. That is what the Catholic Church has never done."



A Song for Mary's Birthday.

BY F. O.

STRIP the garden of its treasure,
Weave a wreath of flowerets gay:
'Tis a day of holy pleasure,—
'Tis your Mother's natal day.

You have read in Gospel story
All that Jesus did for you:
How He died and went to glory,
Grace for ransomed souls to sue.

Jesus calls Himself our Brother,
God the Father's Offspring true;
Then, since Mary was His Mother,
Mary is our Mother too.

In her spacious Heart embracing
Us with Him she truly bare,
And all weaker love replacing
With a deeper, holier care.

Where were all our hopes of heaven,
Where Redemption's destined way,
But for her, in mercy given
To her parents' prayer this day?

Chips.

BY JOHN AUSTIN SCHETTY.

I.

HE was a queer little chap, albeit a very dirty one at times. Such a misfit as he seemed to be,—what one saw of him, at least, in the old garments he called his clothes. They of themselves were extraordinary. The coat was certainly never meant to mate with the trousers, nor they with the boy, nor the boy with either. They had all been gathered together from somewhere, the boy and the rags, and become simply—Chips. An artist might have called him picturesque, but nearly everyone else would have been content to view his artistic worth at a distance.

To begin with, his little diminutive figure grew doubly diminutive in that ridiculous coat, the sleeves of which were creased and rolled till they seemed more like trousers than anything else. It had been a cutaway in its time, though now it was hard to place it in its class at all. The long, pointed tails dragged gracefully within an inch of the boy's shoes, while three button-holes and *one* button met on a common basis of good-fellowship on his chest, where, at the junction of throat and neck, a space of woollen undershirt showed, whose dull, non-committal hue seemed to suggest a pre-historic connection between soap and water; for his habits of dress for obvious reasons were not expensive. His cap was built on the same spacious plan as his other garments. It was many sizes too large for him, the back of it disappearing inside his coat collar somewhere, in a way that made it always look as though some one had but just given it a pull from behind.

Chips' history was very uncertain. He himself could not tell anything about it, and neither could any one else. It failed to interest him particularly; he had never been taught those niceties of modern life which demand an elaborate function in the giving of a name or the changing of one. There had been nothing about his christening to make it memorable; the streets had been his godfather,—that was all. Chips' early life was an indistinct memory of a great room and a score of half-forgotten faces, that he liked to think of at times; for he never saw any like them now. From this dim chrysalis he stepped out into

the world,—a world of hurrying crowds and ragged little creatures like himself; a world, it seemed to him (for it was all he had ever known), of clanging cars overhead and underhead; a world of ceaseless noise and an endless scramble for "papers."

"Papers!" That one word summed up Chips' existence; for it had been devoted almost exclusively to them until this his tenth year. Morning editions, afternoon editions, night editions and sporting editions were intricacies of the life that he had mastered long ago. Dollars, halves, quarters, dimes, and so forth, were likewise mysteries he knew to his finger tips; although he could not have read a word on their faces for all their worth implied ten times over. There never was a creature more unencumbered with responsibility of any kind than he. He went to sleep at night with no moral sense of wrong done or to be atoned for weighing on his soul; and awoke in the morning in the same blissful state; for he had never been taught anything of a God or any service that he owed Him.

Nor was he an unhappy or miserable boy, as some are wont to think his class must needs always be. He was just as merry, as thoughtless of the morrow in his environment of the streets as the little millionaire in his nursery,—doubtless much more so. If he failed to breakfast in the morning, he never failed to dine at night; and if this last luxury consumed his remaining financial store he could sleep, without any sense of injury and with a very appreciable sense of comfort, in a vacant door or empty cart. Yet, despite all this, an honest gleam shone from Chips' eyes. Honest, mischievous eyes they were, telling eloquently of a very human little heart beating away beneath that ridiculous coat.

Of late that magnificent sense of irresponsibility that Chips had worn unconsciously for so long had been giving way to something else. Not that he was trying to be an angel at all; he did precisely as other boys of his class did: lived up to the limit of his small capacity for enjoyment,—which capacity, by the way, generally culminated in buying, his way to a stifling height in some theatre, where everyone howled his or her approval or disapproval of the piece in a most informal way for the princely sum of ten cents.

One morning Chips was attending to business near the great City Hall Park—that is, he was standing by with his arms full of papers,—when suddenly his eyes met those of an elderly gentleman on the other side of the street, who was gazing at him with an air of interest that betokened a possible customer. With a quick dive the lad disappeared between the mass of trucks and carts that filled the thoroughfare; while the look of interest on the face of the gentleman changed to one of amazement at his sudden effacement.

"Paper! Latest edition!" cried Chips, quietly bobbing up beside him.

"Gracious!" exclaimed the gentleman, almost in alarm. "Are you the boy who was standing across the street a moment ago? Well, well! If I could get across as safe as that, I'd consider I had accomplished a great feat."

The old gentleman had a benevolent face, shaded by a large, broad-brimmed hat; his voice was soft, and his eyes shone kindly, Chips thought, as a group of shrieking, struggling boys gathered about him offering their wares.

"Here you are, my young friend!" he said, turning to Chips and taking one of the papers. "Now tell me what do they call you?"

Chips hopped uneasily from one leg to the other.

"Just Chips," he replied.

"Chips!" repeated the other. "Strange name! But, then, these little fellows are a strange lot too."

Chips moved away. The usual assortment of youthful humanity was squirming about the office building near which they stood. And a motley crowd it was. There, near the corner, stood a boy, taller than the rest and as ragged and dirty. His companions, quick to appreciate his peculiar abilities, had called him "Butts" in their graphic way, by reason of the fondness he manifested for cast-off cigars and things of a like nature, which he always appropriated to his own uses whenever the occasion presented itself. Chips preferred to avoid him for he was a bully of the first order.

Near the door of the building stood an old woman who was always crying and snivelling for no apparent reason, and who had been wont to do so as long as Chips could remember; why she should always present the same doleful appearance was a mystery to him. At first his chivalrous little heart had moved him to sympathize with her; but as time passed and she continued the tearful process without any disastrous results to herself, he thought it must be part of her stock in trade,—something given away with the papers. Then she was an odd-looking creature, with a long black shawl wrapped about her scanty figure, and a black straw hat set awry on her head. She had a long thin face, with a sharp nose to match; and just now the tip of the nose was of a sunset hue; for she was weeping profusely for no reason that one could see.

"Well, what you always cryin' for?" demanded a little lad, stopping suddenly before her.

"She can't help it," put in another, who looked like an imp.

"She's a reg'lar Niagara: she don't know she does it, fellers," said a third.

The weeping woman made a vicious lunge at them all with her papers, but missed by a hair's-breadth, scattering them on the ground; while the boys shrieked and danced with delight at the mishap. Then while she gathered them up again a passer-by came toward her as though to buy, but, turning, bought one of a boy instead; whereat she of the tears wept anew, and, gathering up her wares in her shawl, marched off vengefully toward Park Row; while the reckless crowd shrieked a derisive farewell.

This happening was of almost daily occurrence, so Chips paid no attention to it. Instead his honest eyes were fixed on a little limping figure that hopped about among them like a wounded bird. It was a very sorry figure, more diminutive than Chips himself and far paler of face. It had loomed upon his horizon three days before, bringing with it the first hint of responsibility into his life; for as he observed the way it was buffeted about, chased here and there by the other boys, especially that bully Butts, as though it were really a wounded thing and those brutes ready to destroy it, a feeling that he must protect it came upon him with a strength he had never known before.

While he was thus thinking about it the cars and the traffic in the street came to a sudden halt, owing to some obstruction, which was the signal for everyone with a paper in that vicinity to swoop down on the waiting line of cable cars like a flock of hungry birds. Chips went with the rest; and, climbing up the steps, started down the aisle. Many there were who gazed with interest at the odd little figure in the cutaway coat, with its tails dragging at his heels; and some there were, perhaps, who bought for that very reason. Suddenly at the farther end the little figure with the limp hopped in;

and right behind came Butts, bawling "Papers!" at the top of his voice. Then, giving the cripple a violent push which sent him sprawling against a seat and caused a spasm of pain to shoot across the pallid face, he said:

"Get out o' here, you one-legged jay! You can't sell nothin'."

Chips had always been fearfully in awe of Butts; but now, moved by a sudden bravery, he darted forward, and, to the great astonishment of that worthy and the occupants of the car, dealt him a resounding blow on the jaw that opened his eyes to an incredible width. For a minute or so Chips stood gazing at his victim, while the cripple slipped out with a grateful glance, and some women looked undecided whether to be horrified or pleased; then Chips, overcome with fear at what he had done, turned off and fled precipitately down the aisle, with the cutaway fluttering behind and the wide trousers flopping about his legs, to the infinite amusement of a prosperous and genteel-looking individual at the farther end of the car, who laughed till the tears came at the whole circumstance; while Butts, with a dazed look, shambled out.

This was the beginning of Chips' responsibility, which was made a thing of reality some time afterward when he met his lame protégé in the street.

"Ain't you 'fraid he'll smash you?" queried the latter, with distended eyes. "You gave him an awful soak."

"'Fraid!" exclaimed Chips, whose eye, imbued with something very much like that sentiment, was even then roaming fearfully here and there, but who would not admit the fact for the world, even to himself. "'Fraid! I guess not. I'll give him another if he bothers me. But where do you come from?"

"Me! Oh, anywheres! I used to have a place, but they got tried of me and put me out. Ain't got no home."

"And what's your name?"

"Saunders,—Tommy Saunders; and I ain't no jay even—even if I am—" the lips grew tremulous as though they could not frame the coming word; and Chips broke in hurriedly:

"Don't you mind Butts; he's nothin' but a guy hisself,—he is. He don't know something. Just you get easy in your mind, like's if he weren't round at all."

"Oh, I don't mind him so much! It's you I'm thinkin' of. That old woman what's always cryin' hit me a bang yes'day for nothin' at all. I wasn't doin' a thing, but she grabbed me 'fore I could get away."

"She did, did she? She's dope!" said Chips, with a wise air; then suddenly he saw the other's face pale, while he himself was grasped roughly by the shoulder and swung around.

"Now I got you! You will swing me one on the jaw, eh?" cried Butts, with a triumphant air.

"Lemme go!" cried Chips, defiantly, though his courage was dropping to zero—when there loomed up behind Butts a huge figure dressed in blue, that, laying a hand on the bully, said sharply:

"Here now, none of that! Just leave this youngster alone. D'ye hear? I've got my eye on you for some time; and if you don't quit, you'll get out of this street mighty quick."

The crowd of newsboys that had gathered yelled their wild delight; for a demi-god becomes a thing of clay as quickly with them as with more well-bred folk. Now that Chips was thus publicly protected, Butts' day was done; there could be no question of it. And the bully, realizing it full well, drew off among the crowd, glad to keep in the background for once; while Chips and his new little friend strode away with their papers.

(To be continued.)

The Story of St. Francis.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

XVI.

You remember how at one time all the people in a castle—family, guests and servants—crowded about Francis, beseeching him to let them follow him and live the life he lived. The necessity for finding a vent for the enthusiasm of these persons and a host like them became pressing. It seemed as if a holy mania had seized the whole world. In 1221 the Third Order of the Brothers Minor was established, and the wish to join it swept over hearts like a flame. The treading of the hard path for the love of God—this was its principle, this the motive of its members. The rich and poor could join it without giving up the duties which some must ever do in the world.

"Remain in your homes," Francis had said to those who, with tears and entreaties, declared that they could no longer live in the old, selfish manner. They wished to follow him. "I will find a way for you."

The members of the new Order were called Tertiaries, and their rule was that of a high religious life. There was also the requirement to refrain from bearing arms, taking unnecessary oaths, and going to law. Their devotions were simple and constant; their lives cheerful, but spent apart from social vanities. The usefulness of this body of earnest people can not be estimated. The names of the holiest of earth have been on its rolls; indeed it has been called a "nursery of saints."

The following years were busy ones for Francis, who preached and healed and journeyed, always striving to help men. "Helper of men!"—of all the names love has given him, this seems most sweet and fitting. He appeared to be aware that the end of his life was hastening on, and he wished to do all the good he could. The formal confirmation of the final rule of the Brothers Minor was a great relief to him. That settled, he asked and obtained another favor of his Holiness—to be allowed to keep Christmas in his own way.

Francis had always had a special devotion to the Nativity of Our Lord; it occurred to him that a representation of the scene of the holy birth would bring not only joy but a lesson to the hearts and minds of mankind. In short, he originated the idea of the Crib,—an object now so familiar and so dear, without which Christmas to Catholic children would be shorn of one of its chief delights. In the forest he arranged a grotto, and within it the manger, the ox and the ass. Multitudes carrying torches thronged to see this novel sight; the Brothers singing carols, enraptured and full of awe and wonder. At midnight the Mass began, Francis himself singing the Gospel and preaching. He knelt by the Crib all the rest of the night, not feeling the cold, being so happy. His friend Giovanni tells how at one moment he saw the Christ-Child in the manger, stretching out its little arms to him who watched so patiently and lovingly, "sighing for joy."

Everyone could see that Francis was growing weaker day by day, and that his eyesight was failing; and it was sad, too, in a human sense, to know that his old friends were dying and leaving him. Pietro de Catania was one of these, and connected with his death is an incident which fits into the story of St. Francis like a bit in a mosaic.

Soon after Pietro died it became noised about that, on account of his eminent sanctity, many miracles were taking place at his grave; and the crowds that flocked there became a menace to the

public health and a distraction to the brethren. An appeal for their dispersal was sent to Francis, who repaired to Pietro's place of burial and said:

"Brother Pietro, you always obeyed me in life, and I think that, when you realize how much these crowds disturb the brethren's prayers, you will obey me now. In the name of holy obedience I command you to work no more miracles, so that the brethren may live in peace and the crowds become less." It is said Pietro obeyed him, and the wonders ceased.

At that time no one had ever thought that the Italian was anything but a rude and vulgar language, good enough for the common purposes of life but not fit to make a garment for the thoughts of a poet. It was Francis who first lifted his mother-tongue to a place beside those honored by scholars. When the poetic fancies which were constantly in his brain seemed to demand utterance, he clothed them not in the sonorous Latin or liquid French, but in the language in which Dante was afterward to write. He was the first singer of Italy, the land of song. The best-known of his lyrics is that of which the refrain is "Love sets my heart on fire." The love of God was with him a divine flame, effacing all else in his soul. It was weeping—weeping for his own unworthiness—that made him nearly blind. This was his daily prayer:

"My God and my all, who art Thou, sweetest Lord, my God? And who am I, a poor worm, Thy servant? Holiest Lord, I would love Thee! Sweetest Lord, I would love Thee! Lord my God, I give to Thee all my heart and body, and earnestly desire, if I might know how, to do more for Thy love."

"If I might know how!"—thus spoke the humblest of men, whom God was to honor as mere man was never honored before.

XVII.

In 1224, eighteen years after he had renounced the world, it became known to Francis through a vision that he had but two more years to live. This was joyful news, yet he was disquieted by the thought that God must have had some design in giving him the warning, and that he could not determine what that design was. "On every height there lies repose,"—and he retired to the mountain of La Vernia, that in solitude he might learn the will of Heaven. With him, to care for him, knowing his feeble state, and to guard him from intrusion, went several of the brethren. La Vernia, or Monte Alverno, was a quiet retreat upon the borders of Tuscany, where Francis had been accustomed to go for prayer and meditation. It was the gift—if Franciscans can be said to receive a gift—of a rich Tuscan nobleman; and the rifts in its rocky side were said to have been made by the earthquake at the time of Our Lord's crucifixion. To know the will of God—Francis asked no more; and in his simple faith he took his own way to learn it, opening the book of the Gospels three times and reading what his dim eyes first fell upon. This was no less than the story of the Passion. Then he was certain that martyrdom awaited him, that much anguish was in store for him, "and he was glad." He did not know what we now know—that the event was near which was to unite him to his Lord in a special way.

On the Feast of the Holy Cross, when he was alone, his mind intent only upon the sufferings of his Lord, there came that celestial visitant of whom his biographers tell—a seraph with six wings which blazed with light. Between the wings was the figure of a Man upon a cross. Then Francis knew that his martyrdom was to be a spiritual one; and "on his hands and feet there began

to appear the marks of nails, just as he had but a little before seen them in the form of the Crucified One."

These marks, together with a wound in his side, never left him. He seldom spoke of them and never willingly displayed them. He seemed to feel that God had entrusted a secret to him. Even those who at this day love St. Francis hesitate to discourse of this extraordinary event. Men have written volumes discussing its probability; but that it happened is as sure as that any other occurrence of his life took place, and Holy Church has set apart one day to commemorate the Stigmata of Francis of Assisi. He is known as the Seraphic Saint; and the rocky height upon which the seraph descended is known as the Seraphic Mountain, and is visited by people from the ends of the earth.

The last two years of his life were one long illness. He could no longer walk, though riding seemed a hateful luxury. More painful than all was the almost total loss of his eyesight. The book of Nature, which had been like a foretaste of heaven, was closed; he could not see the faces of his brethren. He did not complain, and it was only to please them that he consented to an operation. This was one of those cruel affairs which marked the old days of surgery. They cauterized his poor face; and as the irons were heating, Francis, fearing that he might prove a coward, said: "My brother fire, you are among the beautiful things the Lord created. Be gentle and courteous to me." And the fire was gentle and he felt no pain.

Soon after that he began to want to go "home." As he and his escort journeyed from Cortona to Assisi, they entered a town to buy provisions, but the shopkeepers would sell them none.

"You trusted in your flies [meaning money] more than in God," said Francis, when they returned to him with their complaint. "Ask food for the love of God and you will get it." So they asked, like beggars, "for the love of God"; and were fed.

Little remains to be told. Francis stayed for some time with the bishop of Assisi, waiting for his "sister Death." As October drew near he begged to be taken to the Portiuncula, that he might die with his brethren about him. At the last spot where the brethren could see Assisi (his blind eyes would see it no more), he blessed his native town.

He had been absent for two years from the Portiuncula, but was never to leave it again. He suffered much, calling his pains in his own sweet way his "sister pains," and waited for the end. As it approached he took off his habit and lay down upon some ashes that he had ordered strewn upon the floor of his cell.

"My son," said one whom he had promised to obey as his guardian, "I lend you another tunic; and I command you in the name of holy obedience to wear it."

Francis smiled, and let them put the tunic upon him. Wearing nothing of his own, he could keep faith with his dear Lady Poverty to the last.

He died on the evening of the 3d of October, and his little sisters the larks came and sang joyfully, as if glad that his weary soul had escaped to heaven. His remains lie in Assisi; above them devotion has raised a splendid double church, upon which the greatest artists of the period lavished their loving labor.

The miracles wrought by this servant of God were quickly proved, and his canonization was prompt; but Holy Church only confirmed the voice of the world that had long proclaimed him saint as well as helper of men.

Holy St. Francis, pray for us all!

(The End.)

With Authors and Publishers.

—The historian Dom Gasquet has been chosen to fill the office of President-General of the English Benedictines, a post left vacant by the resignation of Dr. O'Gorman. With the office goes the titular dignity of Abbot of Reading.

—*Sophia*, "a weekly review of politics, sociology, literature, and comparative theology," is chiefly notable as being the organ of a native convert in India who has accepted the rôle of lay-missionary among his former co-religionists. Not long ago the review suspended publication, but we are glad to see it reappear in enlarged form and with all the signs of increased power and general prosperity.

—Like those preceding, Volumes III. and IV. of the Temple Classics (Lives of the Saints), published by J. M. Dent, are a delight to the lovers of good book-making. These records of saintly lives were Englished by the immortal Caxton, and given by him to the public in 1483. In this age of materialism they shed an aroma that must appeal to those in whom faith and the spiritual life are struggling against the tide of the times. Messrs. Macmillan & Co. are the American agents of the Temple Classics.

—The ideal catechism—a perfect book, written and published in a manner to leave nothing undesired—is still a desideratum; however, we can heartily recommend the "Catechism of the Christian Doctrine," prepared by a Jesuit missionary, just published by B. Herder. The plan is orderly, the questions are well phrased, and the answers are given in short and simple words. There are numerous references to Holy Scripture, and all words not in common use are clearly defined in a vocabulary at the end of the book. These are excellent features. Yet another is the proof of the existence of God from reason, immediately preceding the first chapter. We rejoice to see this improved catechism, and hope it will find an extensive circulation.

—There are good reasons why certain Catholic periodicals can be published at a very low price: they contain little or no original matter, most of their contents being selections from secular newspapers, pilfered right and left. Stolen goods are always cheap. *The Lamp*, of London, recently announced that it had now on hand an ample supply of copy and was unable to consider any further contributions for the present. The very number containing this naive announcement has page after page reproduced without credit from this magazine,—prose and poetry galore. The editor is content because he knows where he can—get things without trouble or expense. The number just at hand (Aug. 18) of that disreputable sheet, *The Irish Catholic*, contains several columns lifted bodily from these pages. In this case the editor is an old offender, hardened in the crime of literary thieving. He has been stealing so long that he does so now through force of habit.

—"Sanctuary Meditations," published by R. and T. Washbourne, and in this country by the Benzigers, is a series of pious reflections arranged as a preparation for and thanksgiving after Holy Communion. It is intended chiefly for priests and frequent communicants, and is full of that unction which only a love for Jesus in the Holy Eucharist can inspire. The work is translated from the Spanish of Father Baltasar Gracian, S. J., by Mariana Monteiro, to whom English readers are indebted for many other edifying translations.

—Macaulay's hitherto unpublished journal is soon to be issued under the editorship of his kinsman and biographer, Sir George Otto Trevelyan. When the admirable biography of Macaulay appeared in 1876 it was deemed more discreet to withhold the journal out of regard for certain prominent people who were still living. Trevelyan says of the manuscript: "Whatever was in Macaulay's mind may be found in his diary. That diary was written throughout with the unconscious candor of a man who freely and frankly notes down remarks which he expects to be read by himself alone, and with the copiousness natural to one who, except where it was demanded for the sake of literary effect, did not willingly compress anything which he had to say."

—"I bake cakes," said Thackeray, "but I eat bread." Of the French people, too, it may be said that the books they read are more substantial than the books they write and sell to other peoples. An English Catholic journalist, writing in the *Fortnightly Review*, gives us the pleasing assurance that the French novel is anything but a faithful expression of French thought. "You may enter a hundred houses [in France] and scarcely see a book that would not edify a convent of nuns," says this writer; though in the chief cafés and entertainment halls, as is stated, there is no dearth of baneful literature. We quote a striking paragraph:

> Although the French produce perhaps more novels than any other nation, they are the people who read them the

least. I once took the trouble, when in Paris, to interview the principal publishers, so as to ascertain for myself how it was possible for them to sell so much—well, to put it mildly—pornographic literature and pay the authors their fees. It was proved to me, beyond all question, that the vast majority of these objectionable works are sold in Germany, Austria, Italy, England, Spain, the United States, and especially in the South American republics. Comparatively few are sold in Paris and in the large provincial cities. In the cathedral towns such as Orleans, Amiens, Rouen, Rheims, Rennes, etc., it is not easy to find a single copy of these pernicious books. The booksellers would be boycotted for dealing in them.

It is no wonder, therefore, that decent Frenchmen are indignant when the writings of the naturalistic school are accepted abroad as representative of French life and thought. They have surely good reason to be aggrieved at the literary hacks who have made the very phrase "French novel" a thing of evil savor. The English and German literatures have qualities of strength peculiarly their own; but many of the sweetest, brightest, airiest and most artistic contributions to current literature unquestionably come from French pens.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Sanctuary Meditations. *Fr. Baltasar Gracian, S. J.* 1, *net.*

Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption. *W. H. Mallock.* $3.50.

The Flowing Tide. *Madame Belloc.* $1.60, *net.*

A Son of St. Francis. *Lady Amabel Kerr.* $1, *net.*

Poor Dear Ann. *The Prig.* 75 cts.

The Bible and its Interpreter. *Rev. P. H. Casey, S. J.* 50 cts.

The Gospel Story. *B. F. C. Costelloe.* $1.60, *net.*

Studies in Church History. Vol. VI. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* $2.50.

Meditations on the Psalms of the Little Office. *Peregrinus.—Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.* 75 cts., *net.*

Currita, Countess of Albornoz. *Luis Coloma.* $1.50.

The Knights of the Cross. Vol. II. *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* $1.

A Journey with the Sun around the World. *Rev. William McMahon.* $2.

St. Jerome. *Father Largent.* $1.

Studies in Poetry. *Thomas O'Hagan, M. A., Ph. D.* $1.

The Church of Christ the Same Forever. *Rev. D. McErlane, S. J.* 50 cts., *net.*

Christian Philosophy — God. *Rev. John T. Driscoll, S. T. L.* $1.25, *net.*

The Heiress of Cronenstein. *Countess Hahn-Hahn.* $1.25.

The Nursing Sister. $1.25.

Jack Hildreth on the Nile. *Marion Ames Taggart* 85 cts.

Holy Mass: A Morning Paradise. *Very Rev. R. O. Kennedy.* 5 cts.

Giovanni Baptista de Rossi. *Very Rev. T. J Shahan, D. D.* 20 cts.

Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire. *Samuel Dill, M. A.* $2.

The Spirit of the Third Order of St. Francis. *Father Peter Baptist, O. F. M.* $1, *net.*

The Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau. *Mary Frances Drew.* 60 cts., *net.*

St. Francis of Sales. *A. De Margerie.* $1.

A Book of Spiritual Instruction. *Blosius.* 75 cts., *net.*

A Month's Meditations. *Cardinal Wiseman.* $1.10. *net.*

The Duchess of York's Page. *Mrs. William Maude.* 70 cts., *net.*

Essays, Educational and Historic. *A Member of the Order of Mercy.* $1.25, *net.*

Episodes of Catholic History. $1.

Meditations for Retreats. *St. Francis de Sales.* 75 cts., *net.*

The Acts and Decrees of the Synod of Jerusalem. *J. N. W. B. Robertson.* $1.60.

An Old Family. *Monsignor Seton.* $3.50.

The Catholic Creed; or, What do Catholics Believe? *Very Rev. Father J. Procter, S. T. L.* $1, *net.*

Leaves from St. Augustine. *Mary H. Allies.* $1.35, *net.*

Vespers and Compline. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* $1, *net.*

The Life of Father Haskins. $1.

The Room of the Rose. *Sara Trainer Smith.* $1.25

Religion and Morality. *Rev. James J. Fox, S. T. D.* $2.

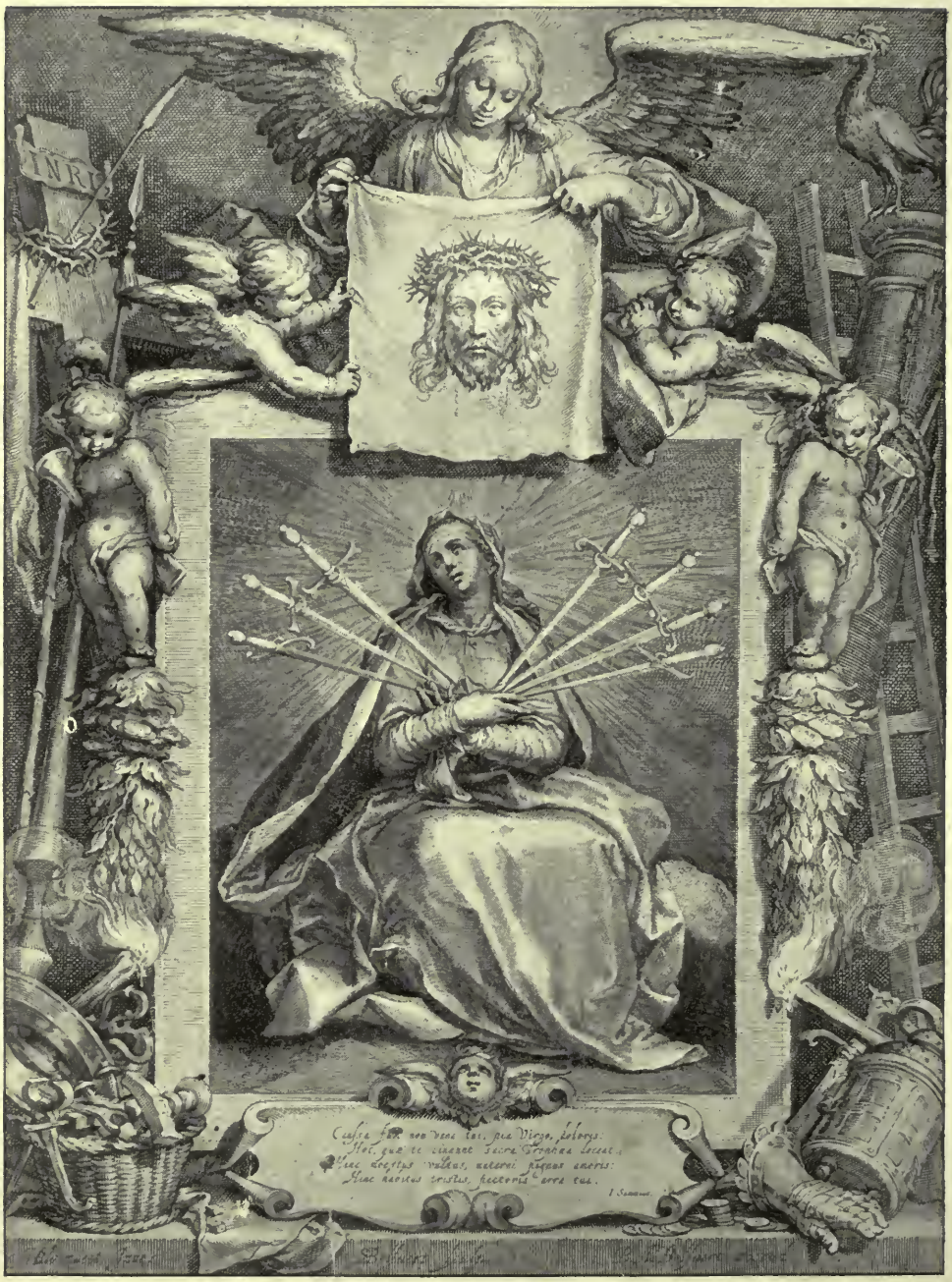
Passages in a Wandering Life. *Thomas Arnold.* $3.50.

The Biblical Treasury of the Catechism. *Rev Thomas E. Cox.* $1.25.

The Nerve of Foley, and Other Railroad Stories. *F. H. Spearman.* $1.25.

A Daughter of France. *Lady Martin.* 60 cts.

Opportunity, and Other Essays and Addresses. *Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D.* $1.



MOTHER OF SORROWS.
(From an Old Print.)

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LI. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 15, 1900. NO. 11.

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The Shadow of Life.

BY MARION MUIR.

ONE of us two must some day turn and go
Into a silent valley dim and wide,
Darker than dusk, and colder than the flow
Of gray December's winter-hidden tide;
And which it shall be we shall neither know
Till one shall part and one forlorn abide.

No fruit of any harvest we have sown
Within that land of shadows we can bear,
Nor gift of all the stores we called our own;
But our good deeds will walk beside us there;
And love's sweet wealth of memories alone
Will shine, as here, across the troubled air.

Joseph de Maistre.

III.

SUCH was the esteem in which De Maistre was held by the Czar, and so great the faith which that ruler had in his judgment, that he often consulted him on the reforms which were then the order of the day in Russia. Already at that time certain restless spirits were aiming to exalt the material sciences above those of the mind and soul. But De Maistre, with a clear prevision of what must follow such a course, fought manfully for the preponderance of the classics, as they were taught by his old masters, the Jesuits. Nothing bears stronger testimony to the esteem with which he was regarded in Russia than the fact that through his efforts their college at Polock was advanced to the rank of a university, with all the rights and privileges of the other universities of the Russian empire. Driven from country to country, they found in the dominions of the Czar a safe and pleasant refuge.

In the year 1814 De Maistre had the happiness of returning to his family. His son Rudolph had been promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel for his valiant conduct in the Russian army; his daughter Constance was a source of joy and satisfaction to him, her nature being so akin to his own. But after the pleasure of the first days of reunion cares and anxieties began to reassert themselves.

In spite of the added consideration he had received from the moment when the King of Sardinia had once more returned to Turin, the faithful minister, with the dear ones whom he had so longed to meet again, was still poorer than when he had been alone. He must have felt keenly the indifference and ingratitude of the monarch whom he had served so conscientiously at home and abroad during so many weary and harassing years. Then, he had another grievance in the thought that Victor Emmanuel was chillingly cold toward his son Rudolph, for whom, if he could not have provided, he might at least have proffered a word of recognition. He knew also that the Sardinian court resented the departure of his family from Turin, selfishly wishing to misinterpret the motive of their departure, as a

desire to run about the world. "Why," observed De Maistre at this period,—"why keep in their service those whom they despise, or why despise those whom they employ?"

The Holy Alliance did not find favor in the eyes of De Maistre. This celebrated bond—the outcome, for the most part, of the influence which the mystic, Madame Krudener, exerted over the Emperor—seemed to De Maistre a supreme offence against the Catholic religion. "It is," he writes to his government, "the result of the workings of a spirit which is neither Catholic, Protestant nor Greek,—an influence which I have been studying carefully for thirty years, but which it would take too much space to describe here. It will suffice to say that it is as good for our separated brethren as it is bad for us."

In February, 1816, De Maistre had an interview with the Emperor Alexander on this subject. The Czar explained his views fully. It was on this occasion that the monarch alluded to a subject near to the heart of his interlocutor. "I have reason to believe," he said, "that you uphold the Jesuits." He was already well aware of the interest De Maistre took in these religious. Since their arrival in Russia he had been struck by their adaptability and the rare success they had achieved in so short a time. Even before their college at Polock had been raised to the rank of a university, the Jesuits, without seeking to do so, had made numerous conversions among the better classes of society. This movement received a new impetus in the last years of the French empire. In 1815 the young Prince Gallitzin had abandoned the orthodox religion. He had been a pupil of the Jesuits. It excited much comment, and the attitude of the Emperor on the subject was eagerly awaited by all.

At the question of the Czar, De Maistre understood at once that it was no light matter. But he immediately denied that he had ever endeavored to make any subject of the Emperor change his religion. At this the monarch appeared to be convinced; but subsequently the Jesuits were expelled and their property confiscated. The University of Polock ceased to exist. De Maistre counselled the priests to be prudent and submissive without relinquishing their principles in the slightest degree. But he was much distressed by the thought that he might have committed some imprudence for which the Jesuits were made to suffer; and he was not reassured by the words of the Emperor, that everything would soon be on the old footing.

In 1817 De Maistre was recalled by Victor Emmanuel, who made him "First President of the Supreme Courts,"—an honorary dignity, conferring neither emoluments nor functions. On the 27th of May, 1817, after fourteen years of uninterrupted sojourn in Russia, the Count embarked with his family on board the *Hambourg*, a man-of-war, passage on which had been placed at his disposal by the Czar. Concerning his departure he writes as follows: "In leaving the friends of fifteen years, I can not explain what I have suffered. I call this eternal separation an amputation, which, in truth, it really is. Tears have been shed on my departure which I can requite only with my own, and which I ought never to forget. The Emperor and the court have showered me with the most amiable attentions."

Among the many friends De Maistre left behind him were his son Rudolph and his brother Xavier. The former having been admitted into the Sardinian army, under the rank of lieutenant-colonel gained in the Russian army, was to remain only temporarily as the first *attaché* of the Sardinian Legation. With Xavier it was otherwise. He,

having attained the dignity of general, had contracted further ties with the country of his adoption by a marriage which allied him with several of the most distinguished families of Russia. His literary reputation was already assured by his "Voyage Autour de ma Chambre," and by "Le Lépreux de la Cité d'Aoste." To his pen also, it is said, are due the exquisite descriptive pages, in the fashion of certain dialogues of Plato, which begin "Les Soirées de Saint-Petersbourg." Xavier de Maistre was never again to see his brother, whom he survived thirty years.

After a voyage of several weeks, De Maistre and his family found themselves in Paris. It was his first visit to the city whose siren charms few can resist, be they ever so reluctant to fall under their sway. He had long wished to visit the capital of the intellectual world and the people, about whom his interests perpetually revolved. Joseph de Maistre soon succumbed to the spell. He was received by the King and the royal family. Louis XVIII. could well afford to be gracious to one whom he had counselled even during the most sorrowful moments of his exile,—to one who, above all others, had never doubted the future of his royal house. He was exceedingly amiable; his conversation, like his personality, was easy, elegant, lucid, and full of royal courtesy. But gradually De Maistre's simple, serene soul began to tire of the flattery and insincerity he saw everywhere around him; and he prepared to abandon its seductions long before the world in which he moved had given a sign that it, in turn, was beginning to weary of his frank and incorruptible sincerity.

At this time he was at the best period of his life. The depth of his character as well as the vivacity of his mind was reflected in his expressive countenance, never more animated or handsome than in those years. His fine mouth, never hidden by a mustache, was moulded by nature as the perfect exponent of an eloquent soul. His eyes were extraordinarily brilliant, his brow surmounted by an aureole of snow-white hair; the whole physiognomy severe in repose, but highly animated when he spoke. A Sicilian gentleman who once met him aptly compared him to "our own Etna with snowy head and mouth of fire."

Hopeful that his wanderings were ended, and that a just if not a grateful sovereign would make some recognition of his services, which would relieve his old age of the anxieties which he had endured for so many years, De Maistre arrived at Turin, but only to meet with disappointment. Although still further honored by the title of Regent—having been named Grand Chancellor of the Kingdom,—the emoluments of the new position were so small that the family were obliged to separate once more; and he was deprived of the society of his favorite daughter Constance, who remained at Chambéry with the family of her mother.

One can not help thinking that it might have been possible for this most beloved daughter to remain with her father, to enliven the inner solitude of his life. But perhaps this act of self-sacrifice might not have been acceptable to De Maistre, in whose scheme of life women were meant to be passively submissive rather than actively heroic, and who undoubtedly preferred for his child the seclusion of a quiet family existence to the unpleasant contact of alien souls and uncongenial pursuits.

Little by little, as age grew upon him, he became more convinced that his day was done, his career of usefulnes. in courts quite ended. He was put aside, overlooked by the monarch to whom he had given a lifetime of fidelity, for men of new ideas,—men with whom

his own ideas could never have been in accord. In this critical moment he had recourse to study, always the surest solace for his disappointments. It was then that he published his great work "The Pope," which created considerable stir and elicited the most favorable encomiums from the prominent Catholic littérateurs of the day. It was followed by "Le Defenseur," which was received with irritation by the Gallicans, both clergy and laity. However, he bore this storm with equanimity; consoling himself with the hope—which had ever been to him a torch through the darkest years of multiplied revolutions — that the divine right of kings would finally triumph, and with it Holy Church, of which he believed royalty to be the truest protector.

But the sudden uprising of Piedmont, which once more placed the Austrians in the dominions of the Sardinian kings, proved the death-blow of De Maistre. Stricken with apoplexy, he died, after an illness of four days, on the 26th of February, 1821. Never was the proverb "A man is not a prophet in his own country" more truly verified than in the history of this great man. But, fortunately, posterity has gloriously avenged the neglect of his compatriots; and will continue to do so as long as Christian socialism shall occupy the minds of disinterested men, whatever their nationality.

However trite the affirmation, there is nothing truer than that a man bears all through life the stamp of his first impressionable years, no matter how many contrary forces combine later to efface it. Such was the case with Joseph de Maistre. In his family, where he had from earliest youth exhibited the most sincere piety; in the world, where he had sown those ideas among the young men of whom he was the leader; in the Senate of Savoy, which he had entered at so early an age, yet which he had dominated by the disinterestedness of his views, the might of his intellect,— the two great characteristics of the man were his faith in the divine rights of monarchy and his perfect acceptation of the truths of religion. From these he never swerved. His life presents the rare spectacle of perfect intellectual and moral unity.

His knowledge of foreign languages, less common among the Latin race than others, and even more rare in De Maistre's day than in ours, served him well in his reading, which was encyclopedic to the highest degree. His name might justly be celebrated under the various titles of theologian, philosopher, lawyer, politician, diplomatist, littérateur. We may not be one with him in all things, but we can not help admiring his magnificent faith in the ultimate triumph of good. Neither may we believe that the traditions of the House of Bourbon are those by which Providence will, eventually, regulate the modern world; but we can respect the implicit confidence in, and entire reliance on, that Providence which were the key to every act of De Maistre's life.

So, too, his sublime devotion to the Church, the Papacy, and all which they represent; in origin divine, in doctrine unchangeable, infallible. The first pages of his grand work "The Pope" are devoted to the demonstration of the dogma of Infallibility, which, to his logical mind, was a self-evident corollary of the sovereignty of the Pope of Rome. This sovereignty, strengthened by the doctrine of Infallibility, was, in his eyes, the palladium of the Church. With his sound religious instincts, he could never have doubted it, no matter how specious the arguments brought to bear against it by so-called liberal Catholics of his day as well as of our own.

Lamartine has truly said that all

De Maistre's philosophy was founded on these same religious instincts. He had wondrous dreams of the ultimate triumph of Catholicity over liberalism, heresy, and infidelity. But he did not see in modern civilization a natural and fatal enemy of the Church. Perhaps he had not anticipated the paganism which, unless checked by all the barriers that religion can bring to bear against it, threatens to engulf and sweep it to destruction. And yet, to the thoughtful Christian, there was something almost miraculously opportune in the definition of Papal Infallibility when it occurred. On the threshold of the abolition of the Temporal Power, it set the seal upon authority, giving the key to the treasury into the hands of the chosen one of God, so soon to be rifled of his earthly possessions. This seeming upheaval of the foundations has resulted, as all thinkers know, in strengthening the power of the Pontiff, which the enemies of the Church foolishly believed would be overthrown by the deprivation of the Temporal Power. Is it, we may ask ourselves,—is it the point of departure of a new and brighter era?

Be this as it may, it is not the era of which Joseph de Maistre dreamed. The rejuvenation he anticipated was of quite another character. If he saw with prophetic eyes that a great change was about to be inaugurated, he was mistaken as to its exact nature.

(The End.)

ST. FRANCIS OF PAOLA was sent, by order of the Pope, to Louis XI., King of France, who, on his arrival at Plessis-les-Tours, implored him to prolong his life. St. Francis rebuked the King, and bade him implore pardon of God and prepare for death. St. Francis himself died at the advanced age of ninety-one, about the time when Martin Luther entered the priesthood.

Dr. Martin's Wife.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LIFE'S LABYRINTH," ETC.

XI.—MOTHER AND SON.

THE garden of the Red House was a blaze of fragrant bloom. Seated in her becoming half-mourning on the broad piazza, Mrs. Martin looked very little older than on the day, eight years before, when she announced to her devoted servant the news of her inheritance. Not far from her sat Dr. Middleton, to whom silvery hair had added new dignity and softened the somewhat rugged lines of his face. On the topmost step of the piazza a tall, handsome youth looked up at them laughingly.

"I am lucky," he said. "I have always been lucky; haven't I, mamma?"

"In some respects—yes," replied Mrs. Martin. "At least, if you call it luck to have attained your desires without much labor, you have been lucky. But, remember, that is not the best good fortune, Maurice."

"Why not, mamma? I wasn't born a plodder, and nothing will make me one. There's Breeze, now. He studied day and night for the past five years—ever since he came to St. Ignatius'. I seldom looked into a book till the last moment, yet there we were—side by side at the end. Is he any better off than I am to-day? And the funniest thing is that I just passed by a fraction. I wouldn't have gone back, though, mamma, if I hadn't passed."

"You have at least the grace not to conceal your iniquities. One might say you almost boast of them, Maurice," said Dr. Middleton. "And yet I doubt if that itself is not a serious fault."

The boy glanced up at him quickly, with a slight change of countenance.

"I've never done any great iniquity

yet, Doctor," he remarked. "I hope I'm a gentleman."

"And a Christian," added the Doctor. "I did not mean to be harsh, Maurice; and you have plenty of time to show what stuff you are made of. You may equal your father yet."

"In what?" asked Maurice.

"In medicine," answered the Doctor. "He would have made a great name for himself, if he had lived."

"And he made a martyr of himself instead. I don't propose to do that."

"From present indications, it is not likely," said the Doctor. "Your father did only his duty."

"And I shall try to do mine, but in a different way."

"There is some very hard work before you in the coming four years, Maurice," continued the Doctor.

"That depends on how one looks at it," was the reply. "The work I am going to undertake is not grinding if one has talent, and I believe I have some. It is not medicine, mamma," he added. "I may as well reveal the full extent of my iniquity at once. I am not going to be a doctor—"

"Maurice! You can not mean it!" said his mother.

"I do mean it. I hate it—the study and the life. I am going to be an artist. I decided that long ago."

"An artist, Maurice! But you never intimated such a thing before."

"I saw no use in intimating it ahead of time. Greafin and Monteith say I have fine talent. I used to show them some of the little things I painted in off hours. And once there was a fellow in there named Deschamps, and he said I ought to go to Paris and study art. You know him, Doctor? He does those Indian things. He spends most of his time out West. He's quite famous."

"Yes, I know him," replied the Doctor. "He is not a bad judge of art, by any means; but he might be a poor adviser. He probably spoke at random. If you want to be a dabbler all your life, follow your present inclination. You may drift through the world pleasantly enough, but you will disappoint your mother and you will not amount to anything. Still—I may as well say it, as the time seems opportune,—I am not surprised. You have neither the mental qualifications nor the perseverance necessary for a successful student. I repeat, I am not surprised that you have decided against the wishes of your dead father and the hopes of your mother."

Dr. Middleton was angry. For a long time Maurice had been more and more a disappointment to him. He had come to look on him as a trifler. Mrs. Martin was aware of this; and, while she could not deny the truth which was self-evident, she would not permit the Doctor to see that she realized it. Now she said:

"Doctor, if Maurice wishes to be an artist, it may be that he is following his real vocation. His father would never have coerced him. I hoped, for Desmond's sake, that his boy would follow in his footsteps; but that was the only reason I encouraged him to become a doctor. It is the life of a slave."

"Yes, when one is an unwilling slave," said the Doctor, taking his cane. "If it were anything else but this Bohemian career, Mrs. Martin, one might have patience. You simply do not want to *work*, Maurice!" he exclaimed, turning almost fiercely on the young man, who stood leaning against a pillar of the piazza, fanning the loose waves of his curling hair with a straw-hat. He was not at all discomposed as he replied:

"You are right there, Doctor. I am not a worker—that is, in your sense. I never was meant for a toiler or a moiler; and as long as I can lead a pleasant existence, following my own

inclinations, which as yet are neither reprehensible nor foolish, I shall do it. There are hundreds of fellows making a living painting pictures who have no more talent than I have. And mine is natural. I heard some one say once—a lady who knew mamma in Paris—that if she hadn't married, she would have made a name for herself. Perhaps I shall do it instead. And if I do not, as I said before, one can get a congenial living out of it, and go about seeing things, and all that."

"'And all that'!" retorted the Doctor, putting on his hat. "*That* is what it will amount to. Maurice, it is pure silliness for you to talk of hundreds making a living at painting. I don't believe there are *one* hundred men and women, all told, who make their bread and butter at it. I—I expected it, or something like it. Yet you've grievously disappointed me, my boy."

"Oh, come now, Doctor!" pleaded Maurice. "You'll think differently when I'm famous. Won't he, mamma? I'm eighteen now: in four years I expect to astonish you both—and myself."

He threw his arm about his mother's neck and looked fondly into her eyes. She never could resist his caresses. She remembered, too, how she had loved art in her early youth—her own dreams and hopes—the talent which she felt had been hers. Perhaps it was all as it should be. Everything in him showed the artistic nature. Yes, it must be his proper calling, and her spirits rose with the thought. Why had she never seen it before, when sighing at his dilettante ways? Now it was all clear: Maurice was born to be an artist.

Dr. Middleton stood there, watching the gradations of her thought. He had learned to know her well: he could have told her what was passing in her mind. As her brow gradually cleared and became as smooth as that of the youth beside her, the Doctor, with a mighty effort, shook off his indignation. For her sake he would not only bear many disappointments, but he would also help her to bear her own. And, it was true, he might be wrong. Having reached this conclusion, he laid down his cane and resumed his seat in the comfortable rocking-chair which he had vacated in his wrath a few moments previous.

Maurice broke into a peal of laughter as Dr. Middleton sat down.

"Now, that is right, Doctor!" he said. "Give me your hat. Take this fan: you look warm. What a shame to work yourself up this way for nothing! You will both be proud of me yet,—see if you don't."

And so, wound closer and closer in the toils of the charmer, the two elders set about discussing ways and means.

"Maurice, it is good to have you home again," said his mother that evening, as they strolled about the garden together. "You must not think of going to New York till about October, and then I will accompany you. I shall enjoy a winter in town. In the spring it will be time enough to think about Paris."

"That will be grand," he answered. "I could live with some of the fellows, you know. There are two St. Ignatius' boys studying with Broukton. But it will be just delightful to have you. And we can go about together to the theatres and exhibitions."

"Yes, I mean to have a perfectly happy six months," she said. "Who knows? I may even be able to manage Paris after a time."

"It will be lonely for you, I know, without me, mamma," he said. "But, then, you've been practically without me all these last years. And there is always Bridget—dear old Bridget!"

"The good soul!" said Mrs. Martin. "You have an ally in her, Maurice. She

was overjoyed when I told her you would not study medicine."

"Mamma, she told me something one day last week. She said old Dan Parker wanted to marry you, and that he went out West because you wouldn't hear of it. Is that true?"

"Yes, it is true, Maurice. But why you should call him *old* I can not see. He is not more than forty."

"Forty seems old," replied the boy, carelessly,—"too old to marry, I think; though he wasn't forty when he made love to you—was he?—and you would not have him."

"I never thought of it," she said. "Could you imagine I would?"

"I don't know. He was very good to me always. Now I know the reason. He is a nice-looking man, too,—don't you think?"

"Yes: very handsome."

"And rich, isn't he?"

"I believe so."

"And, then, there's Dr. Middleton! He worships you, mamma."

"He has been a very good friend," said Mrs. Martin.

"You could have *him* any day, if you wanted him. People say he is rolling in money. Why wouldn't you marry either of them, mamma?"

"Maurice!—can you ask me?" she said, looking at him piteously in the gathering twilight.

"Well, don't cry about it, mamma," he rejoined quickly, pressing her arm close to his. "Really, I think it would have been a nice thing. Why wouldn't you, mamma?"

"There were two reasons, Maurice," she said. "One was you—"

"*Me!*" he exclaimed. "Why, it would have been a fine thing for me!"

"Would you have liked it?"

"Yes; and things would have been much livelier for you all this time. And what was the other reason?"

"Maurice, do you forget that your father is lying over there among the trees?"

"He's not!" replied the boy, stoutly. "He's in heaven. Both of those men were friends of his. Papa would have thought it a very good thing for you to marry either of them. He would have wanted you to do it."

"If you are certain of that, Maurice, it is perhaps a pity that I have not pleased you both."

It was the only bitter thing the boy had ever heard her say; and he bent, looking into her downcast face in genuine surprise.

"Mamma," he said, "you mustn't make a luxury of woe. I want you to be happy,—that is all. Come!—don't mind. I shall not say anything about it again. You know my one desire is to see you happy."

There was a tear on her cheek: he kissed it away. She thanked him with a sad, fond smile; and he patted her hand affectionately.

Presently the dew began to fall and they went in,—Maurice chatting gaily, his mother making an effort at cheerful conversation. He did not notice at all that it was an effort, and she saw that he did not. For the first time she fully realized how far apart they were from each other, and how utterly Maurice was unlike his father.

(To be continued.)

St. Vincent Ferrer (1357-1419) is said to have known the greater part of the Bible by heart. In the cathedral of Valencia his Bible is still to be seen; and when on his death-bed, at Vannes, in Brittany, he asked that the Passion of Our Lord, on which his soul had dwelt throughout life, should be read to him to support him in his last hour. The brother of St. Vincent translated the Scriptures into the Valencian dialect.

To Francis Thompson.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

TREASURE-GIVER, when of old
Eastern Kings in offering
Brought their incense, myrrh and gold
Where the Star proclaimed their King,
Was thy songful advent told.

Long the dark world waited—long
Was thy pilgrimage of song
Over nightly wastes and days
Blindfold fast in pain and wrong—
Ere the firstments of thy praise.

Tributes these make thy renown:
Gold from dreams of alchemy,
Myrrh as sweet as martyrs' crown,
Incense like the psaltery
Seraphs' golden strings throw down.

So at mention of thy name
We poor singers bow in shame;
Hiding our rude offerings,
Lest our shepherd notes find blame
Here beside the star-led Kings'.

For though th' angels' summons first
Was for shepherds' ears to hear
And to greet the Virgin-nursed,
Brought we firstlings dumb with fear
Ere thy Star upon us burst;—

Thine the Orient gifts—yea, thine
Trust and hope in power divine;
Blest with them that have not known
Yet have doubted not the sign,
Thou hast made the Crib a throne.

So before thy light shall lead
Homeward hence thy seraph heart,
Teach each mountain, stream and mead
Secrets of the purer art
That shall guide to Song indeed.

FEAST OF THE EPIPHANY, 1899.

THE garden of the Lord hath not only its roses, the martyrs; but also its lilies, the virgins; its ivy also, the wedded; its violets, the widows. Let no sort of people despair of their vocation. Christ suffered for all. With truth it is written of Him that "He would have all men to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth."—*St. Augustine.*

The Holy Cross.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

(CONCLUSION.)

WE now turn to the Office for the Feast of the Discovery of the Holy Cross (May 3), to see how the Church venerates this sacred symbol, and to learn what was its history during the ages of Christianity.

Anthem: O Cross, more splendid than all the stars, more glorious than all the world, holier than all creation, and exceedingly sweet to men! thou alone wast worthy to bear the Treasure of the world. Sweet tree, sweet nails, bearing a precious burden, save this congregation, which is gathered together in thy praise. Alleluia.

Church: This sign shall appear in the heavens.—Children: When the Lord shall come to judgment.—Church: Christ the Lord, who was crucified on the cross.—Children: Come, let us adore.

First nocturn: The Feast of the Discovery of the Holy Cross let us commemorate. Its glory shines with dazzling brilliancy over the whole earth. Alleluia.

Church: This sign shall appear in the heavens.—Children: When the Lord comes to judgment.

For the first, second and third lessons the Church calls upon St. Paul.

Lesson 1. For as many as are of the works of the law are under a curse. For it is written: Cursed is everyone that abideth not in all things, which are written in the book of the law to do them. But that in the law no man is justified with God, it is manifest; because the just man liveth by faith. The law is not of faith, but he that doth those things shall live in them. Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, *being made a curse for us.*

It is written: Cursed is everyone that hangeth on a tree; that the blessing of Abraham might come on the Gentiles through Christ; that we may receive the promise of the Spirit by faith.*

Church: This glorious day is celebrated in all the churches, in which the Tree of Triumph was discovered.—Children: On this tree our Redeemer broke the bonds and overthrew the cunning serpent.—Church: The Word of the Father, while hanging on the tree, found a way to our salvation.

Lesson 2. Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus; who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but emptied Himself, taking the form of a servant; being made in the likeness of men, and in habit found as a man. He humbled Himself, becoming obedient unto death, even to the death of the cross. For which cause God also hath exalted Him, and hath given Him a name which is above all names; that in the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of those that are in heaven, on earth, and in hell; and that every tongue should confess that the Lord Jesus Christ is in the glory of God the Father.†

Church: O faithful Cross, among all trees the solitary noble one! No wood has brought forth its like in frond, in flower, and fruit.—Children: Sweet tree, that bore so sweet a freight.—Church: Thou alone art loftier than all the cedars of Lebanon.

Lesson 3. For in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead corporally; and you are filled in Him, who is the head of all principality and power; in whom also you are circumcised with circumcision not made by hand in despoiling of the body of the flesh, but in the circumcision of Christ; buried with Him in baptism, in whom also you are risen again by the faith of the operation of God, who hath raised Him up from the dead. And you, when you were dead in your sins and the uncircumcision of your flesh, He hath quickened together with Him. Forgiving all offences; blotting out the handwriting of the decree that was against us, which was contrary to us. And He hath taken the same out of the way, fastening it to the cross. And divesting principalities and powers, He hath exposed them, triumphing openly over them in Himself.*

Church: This is the most excellent tree, planted in the midst of paradise.—Children: On which the Author of salvation by His own death vanquished death for all.—Church: O Holy Cross, gleaming with rare splendor, Helen, the mother of Constantine, long sought thee with covetous mind!

Second nocturn: That glorious triumph was made health for those in pain, a tree of life for all, and the assured remedy against death.

Church: We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee!—Children: Because by Thy holy cross Thou hast redeemed the world.

Lesson 4. After the renowned victory that Constantine gained over Maxentius, when he received by divine power the sign of Our Lord's cross from heaven, Helen, being warned in dream, came to Jerusalem with the purpose of searching for the cross. Her first care was to take away the marble statue of Venus which the Gentiles had set up on the place where Our Lord had suffered, in order to take away the recollection of His passion. This statue had stood there for about one hundred and eighty years. The same she did at the stable and the sepulchre,—removing from one the statue of Adonis, and from the other the statue of Jupiter.

* Galatians, iii, 13, 14. † Philippians, ii, 10, 11. * Colossians, ii, 15.

Church: But we ought to glory [only] in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.—Children: In which are our salvation, life, and resurrection; and by which we are freed and saved.—Church: O Lord, we worship Thy holy cross and we commemorate Thy sacred passion!

Lesson 5. When the place of the cross had been thus cleared, and a deep entrenchment had been made, three crosses were found buried together at the bottom of the mound of earth; the title of the cross lying at some distance apart from them. Now, when it was not certain to which of these three the title belonged, a miracle was vouchsafed to remove the doubt. For Macarius, Bishop of Jerusalem, having first offered prayers to God, brought the crosses to a woman who was grievously sick. When the first two were brought near and touched her, nothing happened; but when the third cross touched her, she was immediately cured.

Church: While the sacred pledge was revealed from heaven, the [emperor's] faith in Christ was strengthened.—Children: The wonders wrought in type by the rod of Moses are [by the holy cross] fulfilled.

Lesson 6. When Helen discovered the cross, she built a magnificent church, in which she put one part of it, enclosed in a rich silver shrine; and the other part she gave to her son Constantine. This latter part was brought to Rome and placed in a church raised for it in the Sessorian buildings. This church was known under the title of the Church of the Holy Cross at Jerusalem. The nails which fastened Our Lord to the cross she also gave to her son Constantine. And at this time Constantine made a law that henceforward no one should be nailed to the cross; and thus that which had heretofore been a shame and contumely before men now became a veneration and a glory.

Church: This sign shall be in the heavens when the Lord shall come to judgment.—Children: And then shall be revealed the secrets of hearts.—Church: The Lord shall sit on the throne of His majesty, and He shall judge the world by fire.

Third nocturn: We adore Thee, O Christ, and bless Thee, because by Thy holy cross Thou hast redeemed the world!

Church: Let all the earth adore and sing joyfully to Thee.—Children: Let it chant a psalm to Thy name, O Lord!

The Church now takes the book of the Gospels and reads from St. John, the Beloved Disciple: "At that time there was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews. He came to Jesus by night and said to Him: Master, we know that Thou hast come a teacher from God."

In the seventh, eighth and ninth lessons St. Augustine speaks.

Lesson 7. Nicodemus was of the number of those that believed in the name of Jesus because of what they had seen and heard. Previously in his Gospel St. John had said: "When Jesus was at Jerusalem on the festival day of the Pasch, many believed in His name." Why did they believe in His name? He goes on to tell: "Seeing the wonders that He did." And of Nicodemus what does he say? "There was a ruler of the Jews named Nicodemus. This man came to Jesus by night and saith to Him: Master, we know Thou camest a teacher from God." He then believed in His name. And why? "Because no man can do these signs which Thou dost unless God be with him."

Church: Sweet cross, sweet nails, a sweet freight ye bore.—Children: Ye alone were found worthy to bear the Price of the whole world.—Church: This cross shall appear in the heavens when the Lord cometh to judgment.

Lesson 8. If, then, Nicodemus was of the number of those who believed in Him, let our thoughts rest a moment on Nicodemus and let us ask: Why did not Jesus trust Himself to him? For Jesus made answer thus and said: "Amen, amen, I say to thee, unless a man be born again he can not see the kingdom of God." To those, then, who are born a second time Jesus entrusts Himself. Behold, they had believed in Him and He did not trust Himself to them! And such are all catechumens: already they believe in the name of Christ and yet Jesus does not entrust Himself to them.

Church: As Moses lifted up the serpent in the desert, so was it fitting that the Son of Man should be exalted.—Children: That everyone who believed in Him should not perish, but should have eternal life.—Church: For God did not send His Son to judge the world, but that the world might be saved through Him.

Lesson 9. Brethren, let your charity meditate and understand. If we ask a catechumen, "Do you believe in Christ?" he replies, "I believe," and signs himself with the cross. He bears it on his forehead, and is not ashamed of the cross of his Lord. Behold, he believes in His name. We will ask him, "Do you eat the flesh of the Son of Man or do you drink His blood?" He knows not what we say, because Jesus has not yet entrusted Himself to him.

It is hardly necessary to remark here that a catechumen was a grown-up person who was preparing to enter the Church, and who was undergoing a probationary term and receiving a series of instructions before being allowed to approach the baptismal font. At Holy Mass, in the early ages, these were allowed to remain for the Gospel, and for the homily which at that time always followed the Gospel. They remained for the Creed, stood up at its recitation, and made their profession of faith in our Lord Jesus Christ in common with the rest of the faithful. But before the Preface of the Canon began, they had to retire; so that they were not allowed in any way to learn anything of the sacred body and blood of our Redeemer until they were fully Christians,—that is, until they were baptized.

The first antiphon at Lauds gives us the exact moment of our redemption. You might ask, "At what moment on Good Friday were we redeemed?" You have the answer in the first antiphon.

1. O most wonderful work of mercy! *Death* then became dead when Life died on the tree. 2. Save us, O Christ, by the power of Thy holy cross! O Thou who didst save Peter on the sea, have mercy on us! 3. Behold the cross of the Lord! Depart ye evil powers! The Root of David conquers, the Lion of the tribe of Judah. 4. It is fitting that we glory in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. 5. By the sign of the cross, free us from our enemies, O Lord our God!

Anthem: For let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus; who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but emptied Himself, taking the form of a servant; being made in the likeness of men, and in habit found as a man.

Church: We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee!—Children: Because by Thy holy cross Thou hast redeemed the world.

O Tree, thou alone beyond all the cedars of Lebanon art noble! For on thee the Life of the world did hang; on thee Christ won the victory; on thee Death overcame death forever.

Church: This sign shall be in the heavens.—Children: When the Lord cometh to judgment.

Anthem: But God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified to me, and I to the world.

Church: We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee!—Children: Because by Thy holy cross Thou hast redeemed the world.

Christ humbled Himself, becoming obedient unto death, even to the death of the cross. For which cause God also hath exalted Him, and hath given Him a name which is above all names.

Church: May all the earth adore Thee and sing a hymn to Thy praise!—May they chant psalms to Thy name!

He underwent the cross who broke down the gates of hell; and, arrayed in His power, arose on the third day from the dead.

Church: This sign of the cross shall be in the heavens.—Children: When the Lord shall come to judgment.

Priest: O God, who in this singular Discovery of Thy saving cross hast wrought the wonders of Thy passion, grant that, through this precious and lifegiving tree, we may obtain all the aids necessary to eternal life. Who livest and reignest forever and ever.

The following is the Office for the Feast of the Recovery of the Holy Cross, September 14:

Church: Christ the King exalted for us on the cross.—Children: Come, let us adore.

Antiphons for the first nocturn:

1. The noble tree is exalted, the faith of Christ grows ruddy, and all creation venerates the holy cross. 2. The holy cross is extolled by kings; the royal sceptre is exalted on which the Saviour triumphed. 3. O most venerable Cross, that bringest salvation to the helpless, with what praises shall we extol thee, who preparest for us a life in paradise!

Church: This sign of the cross shall be in the heavens.—Children: When the Lord cometh to judgment.

The Church takes up the Old Bible, which has ever a deeply human interest on account of the living and personal relations between God and His people. When the Church selects a portion of this, we may be certain it is selected with the greatest care and the utmost appropriateness; as, for instance, the Book of Numbers which she now holds in her hand.

When King Arad, the Chanaanite, who dwelt toward the south, had heard this—to wit, that Israel was come by way of the spies,—he fought against them; and, overcoming them, carried off their spoils. But Israel, binding himself by vow to the Lord, said: If Thou wilt deliver this people into my hand, I will utterly destroy their cities. And the Lord heard the prayers of Israel, and delivered up the Chanaanite. And they cut them off and destroyed their cities; and they called that place Horma,—that is to say, Anathema.*

Antiphons for the second nocturn:

1. O victorious Cross! O holy sign may we lay hold on our victory in the heavenly court! 2. The punishment of that odious death is forbidden, because Christ broke the bonds of our sins upon a cross. 3. The King is raised up in the air; but the cross is venerated throughout all ages by all who adore the name of Christ.

Church: We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee!—Children: Because by Thy holy cross Thou hast redeemed the world.

The Church gives us the history of the Recovery of the Holy Cross in the lessons that follow:

Lesson 4. Chosroas, King of the Persians, toward the end of the reign of Phocas, having occupied Egypt and the rest of Africa, and having taken Jerusalem, and slain many thousands of the Christians there, took away with him into Persia the cross of our Lord

* Num., xxi, 1–3.

Jesus Christ, which Helena had placed on Mount Calvary. Heraclius succeeded Phocas; and so exhausted and fatigued was he with wars and calamities that he had to sue for peace from Chosroas, who was flushed with victory. Chosroas refused to agree to peace except on the most harassing conditions. In this extremity, and knowing not whither to turn, Heraclius earnestly besought God to send him help. Divinely inspired, he gathered together an army, met the forces of Chosroas, overthrew them in battle, slaying three of the bravest generals and putting three several armies to flight.

Lesson 5. Thereupon Chosroas, being routed, named his younger and favorite son, Medarses, partner of his kingdom, and endeavored to flee beyond the river Tigris. But his elder son, Siroes, indignant that his younger brother was named to the kingdom, raised an army, took his father and brother in their flight, and put both to death. Then approaching Heraclius, he entered into terms of peace with him. The first condition of this treaty was that the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ should be restored. Thus fourteen years after it had fallen into the hands of the Persians, it was brought back again. On the return of Heraclius to Jerusalem with it a great festival was proclaimed; and during this feast the Emperor carried it on his shoulders to the height whither Our Lord had borne it.

Lesson 6. And, lo! this event was illustrated by a very wonderful miracle. For Heraclius, as he bore the cross, was forced to stand, all covered with gold and gems as he was, in the gate that led toward Calvary, and could not proceed. And the more he attempted to go, with the greater force was he retained. Now, Heraclius himself and all who were with him were astonished at this. But Zacharias, the Bishop of Jerusalem, approaching, said: "See, sire, that the triumphal glitter and pomp of your dress very little resemble the poverty and shame of Jesus Christ." Then Heraclius, laying aside his royal vesture and ornaments, putting on a poor peasant's dress, and going barefoot, finished the journey, and deposited the cross in the place from which it had been taken fourteen years previously. And thus the Feast of the Exaltation [i. e., this feast of the Recovery] began to be celebrated, and continued year after year until it became universal.

Antiphons for the third nocturn:

1. We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee, because by Thy holy cross Thou hast redeemed the world! 2. By a tree were we enslaved, and by a tree were we made free. The fruit of a tree seduced us; the Son of God redeemed us. 3. O Saviour of the world, save us, Thou who by Thy cross and blood didst redeem us! O God, our God, help us, we entreat Thee!

Church: Let all the earth adore and praise Thee.—Children: A psalm may sing to Thy holy name.

The Church takes up the Gospels and reads,—and from whom else should she read on the passion but from the Beloved Disciple?—"At that time Jesus said to the multitude of the Jews: Now is the judgment of this world; now shall the prince of this world be cast out...." She then calls on the great Pope St. Leo to speak on the Gospel:

Lesson 7. Dearly beloved, when you look upon Christ hanging on the cross, let not that estimate of Him be in your minds which was in the minds of the wicked, and which was foretold of them by Moses, saying: "Thy Life shall hang before thy eyes; and thou shalt fear day and night; and thou shalt not have faith in thy Life." They could see nothing in the crucified Lord but their own terrible crime; they feared, but

not with that faith by which true faith is made just, but with which an evil conscience is tormented. Let our intellect, which the Spirit of Truth enlighteneth, receive into a pure and free heart the glory of that cross which sends its beams all over the whole world; and with the inmost perception of our soul let us study the meaning of the words uttered by Our Lord on the eve of His passion.

Lesson 8. O admirable power of the cross! O ineffable glory of the passion! In you we see the tribunal of the Lord, the judgment of the world, the power [indisputably manifested on the Last Day] of the Crucified. Thou hast drawn, O Lord! all things to Thyself; and when Thou didst stretch out Thy hands all day to an unbelieving and contradicting people, the whole world felt urged to confess with full hearts to Thy majesty. Thou hast drawn all things to Thyself; for, in expiation of the terrible crime of the Jews, the elements, with one consent, offered Thee their worship. The luminaries of heaven veiled away their light, day was turned into darkness, the earth was shaken with unaccustomed throes, and every creature refused its help to the impious. Thou hast drawn all things, O Lord! to Thyself; for, the veil of the temple being rent, the Holy of Holies withdrew from the touch of the unworthy high-priests; that the figure might give place to the reality, the foreshadowing to the manifestation, and the Law to the Gospel.

Lesson 9. Thou hast drawn all things to Thyself, O Lord! For all that was concealed and contained, under dim foreshadowings, in one single temple of the Jews, is now celebrated in open and manifest sacrifice by all nations throughout the whole world. Far more holy now is the order of levites, far more dignified the degree of elders, far more sacred the unction of the priesthood.

Some Treasures of the Vatican Palace.

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

THERE is an old and beautiful book in which the various chapters begin, "Last night said the moon." I am thinking of beginning my paper the same way. "Last night I looked down upon the Vatican Palace" (I believe the moon did once, by the bye, and saw a white-haired man kneeling, who wept as he prayed). It has troubled me much how to cram into a few scant pages the centuries of history and art accumulated there. When your mind wanders back from the Portone di Bronzo, up the broad, sunlit stairs of honor as high as the stairs go (they are mean enough at the top, and the rooms under the eaves have brick floors), through all the courts and loggie and galleries, from the Hall of the Throne, the Anticamera Pontificia, and the plain, modest rooms used by the Holy Father, down to the stables at the back where the old golden coaches are kept, you begin to wonder if a volume could convey any adequate notion of that astonishing place.

The rooms are said to number eleven thousand. Palace is grafted upon palace, wing added to wing, and the buildings go sprawling one beyond the other, or out at the sides, as the requirements or new ideas of each age dictated. Now, in themselves, they make almost a city,—a city built as the old builders builded, in stone and iron, travertine and marble, blocks and masses; art never ignored or forgotten, yet strength valued as much as beauty, since it could not be valued more.

At times the question will suggest itself whether there is not much in the Vatican that has passed entirely out of memory. Some of those arched doors are shut and the bolts rusted; some of

the narrow dark stairs unused. Not ten years since two adventurous, high-spirited lads, sons of a pontifical officer and eternally in mischief—they had the whole Vatican for their playground,—broke accidentally, during one of their usual marauding expeditions, into a place where the dust of centuries lay on the piled-up arms and quaint old armor accumulated therein. When, teeming with excitement, they took their tale to headquarters, no man appeared to remember what their treasure-trove was or might have been, or even to know of its existence; and it was hastily closed again, to avoid contention with the Italian government upon the question of ownership.

The art treasures in the Vatican are no doubt its chief glory, though it boasts so many others that you scarce venture to be too positive in the assertion. Yet what a collection! When you have enumerated them all, the glory of their assembled majesty and perfection overpowers you. What is there left in this world to do that has not been done unsurpassably there? If the Vatican were to be burned down—God preserve it!—the highest, noblest and most comprehensive manifestations of human genius in art would be destroyed, and the only school closed from which no man ever yet graduated thinking he had learned all.

The Pinacoteca is in itself a history of painting. Nothing makes one realize better the incredible step made in those twenty or thirty years of Italy's great triumph, the blossoming of her wonder-flower of art, than two canvases of Raphael's in that same Pinacoteca. One is his "Assumption of Mary," a lovely picture, yet still in the manner of those who went before him,—exquisite faces finely finished, but a little flat in spite of excellent drawing and good color; sombre garments carefully painted and filleted with gold after the Byzantine fashion; the flowers in the tomb treated in the smooth, laborious yet infinitely truthful style of those early observers; and the Umbrian landscape—a beautiful one—in the same way. In the next room, in the full light, in all its modern plasticism, vividness and reality, stands Raphael's last expression in color—the "Transfiguration"; and though, personally, you may love the picture less than you admire it, no one comparing those two canvases can deny that between them a great race has been run toward the goal of nature and the winning of truth.

The development is simply immense. Even in the disposition of the double region, as it were—the upper glorified figures and lower groups distinctly human,—there is a sort of similarity in the motive; but the "Assumption" is still purely fifteenth century—that dear, beautiful, mystic fifteenth century! The "Transfiguration" belongs to the school that counts no limit of time. So many influences must have gone to work the change that it would be hard to analyze them: whether the study of the classics, the literature of the age (always reflected in and reflecting the art), or the titanic creative genius of Michael Angelo, who, it may be, contributed as well as Dante to make Raphael what he was. Certain it is that when Raphael painted the "Transfiguration," and that exquisitely beautiful "Madonna di Foligno" beside it, he had said the last Amen for art. The transition is as though the painter had gone forth from the dim studio to paint in the broad sunshine and blowing air.

About the Stanze there is so much to say and so much has been said already that it seems vain even to attempt it. In my humble opinion, there are four pictures here worth all the gold that could never buy them. They are the "Disputa," with its wonderful figures

of Christ and Mary and the Baptist, than which we have had nothing more beautiful since; the School of Athens with its sober, thoughtful groups (such astonishing students! — they are all *thinking*); then that glorious epic of Constantine in battle; and the "Deliverance of Peter by the Angel," one of the simplest, most dramatic and finest frescos ever put on lath. As for the Arazzi, it would be difficult to single out any one. The "Miraculous Draught" is an exquisite picture, dreamy and poetic in its lovely vistas of sky and lake and shore. Tennyson and Rossetti and our great prose-poet Ruskin have descriptive measures like that landscape.

There is only one thing in the Vatican more wonderful than Raphael's work there, and it is Michael Angelo's Sistine. The man, in his passion for truth and his abhorrence for weak art, had grown crazed about anatomy; and the "Last Judgment," extraordinary as it is and eminently fitted to inspire dread and fear, will never be loved or remembered with hope as Orcagna's in the Campo Santo at Pisa. But turn to the vaults, — turn to that mass of ceiling into which the master seems to have painted the whole of himself, the very substance of his genius, and you will forgive him for ever repelling you. Like Raphael's "Transfiguration," this is for Michael Angelo his supreme expression. You can never master its infinite intricacy and complexity; but you will grow to know some part of it, and marvel at the immensity of the great enterprise, architectural and statuesque as well as pictorial.

To me first loomed out the prophets and sibyls; all grand conceptions,— too grand for human life or common thought. And then one day I found a picture which wiped out the rest of the Sistine, so that I could never see but that. There may be others better; I know only one—the "Creation of Man." The magnificent figure, strong as that of an athlete and perfect as the classics, reclines upon native earth on the very summit and edge of a great mountain. Michael Angelo's idea, perhaps, was that he was created there where he was nearest heaven, and whence at a single glance he could command all his dominion unrolled beneath his eyes. The poet may have wished, too, to signify by the mountain-top that this was the Lord God's crowning work.

So man lies upon the sward, solitary and heroic. One limb is doubled up to rise; the elbow sustains the vast bulk and the other arm; the left—he has not strength enough yet to use the right, which will be the chief weapon of his power—is reached out Godward. But the faint fingers droop in their effort, and the beautiful head hangs languidly even as it turns and seeks to lift toward the face of the Father in its expectancy of life and hope. The lips are fast closed; he has no speech yet. And Michael Angelo has made it clear that of its own volition, in spite of its large mould and superb magnificence, this thing can not even raise itself from the ground. His creed, who was the great realist of the sixteenth century, and who almost worshiped the human body for what it meant to him of strength and power! His philosophy, who was one of the most rugged and deepest thinkers of his age! His avowal made here in color, as it is again and again in his verse, of utter weakness and utter helplessness — "Unless Thou givest aid!"

The form of the Eternal, a venerable man upborne by angels, floats through the air with great swiftness toward the mountain-top. The wind of rapid motion is in the hair and beard, among the angels, and swells the mantle which envelops the whole group like a cloud.

Did the painter imply a moral meaning in the haste with which He comes? The forefinger of the divine right hand is outstretched forcefully and is very near to that other drooping left hand. It will require but the first touch to lift that prostrate figure. He will breathe into its face the breath of life; and man, God's masterpiece, a living soul, will stand forth. The face of the Father is full upon him in great love, in reverence; and, it may be, is wistful too. Within the shelter of the great left arm circling her shoulders, Eve is partly visible, leaning from behind the Maker, with steady eyes intent upon that beginning of man. Uncreated yet, she is seen only incompletely. The work is designed so that the Almighty occupies the centre; and His right and left arms outstretched—one for each creature—seem to encompass and shield them both.

And now let us go to the Treasury proper. Here you are admitted only by favor; but, if you are so minded, you can spend a pleasant morning among the church vestments, church vessels, church books gloriously illuminated. Here is kept the Golden Rose,—a small bush of golden roses in reality; and the centre of one unscrews and is full of some precious mixture—nard, myrrh and frankincense, or some such Eastern combination—that leaves its fragrance upon you for hours if you but touch its receptacle. Here also is that magnificent regalia, the robe of crimson velvet, fur-lined, the heroic sword and kingly crown, that you think would have well become Arthur of England, but which no prince has been found worthy to receive at the Pope's hands in our own day. This is the Dalmatica di Papa Leone, worn by emperors during their coronation Mass, and in which Rienzi vested himself over his armor.

After having written, you are more conscious of all you have left out. But your intention from the beginning was merely to indicate briefly how much and of what value the Vatican contains. Perhaps when you have said all and seen all, one thing, the best and highest, yet remains. It is, after the city is all wrapped in gloom and slumber, one light yet burning there where the "White-haired Man" of Andersen still keeps his hallowed vigil to work and to pray.

A Joyful Awakening.

"MAMMA, I get so dreadfully weary of all this clatter!" said Agnes Morrison, as her mother came into the room where she sat, with a book in her hand, trying to read. She was a pale, fragile-looking girl, while her brothers and sisters were all the picture of health. On account of her delicacy, Agnes had been sent to a distant school in a Southern State, where she had remained for several years. And now she had returned home with great ideas as to the management of the family, which had not been shared or reciprocated by the sturdy crowd of boys and girls, who all talked at once, chaffing one another pleasantly from morning till night, and making life one long, boisterous holiday from year's end to year's end."

Just now Jim and Ella were sitting on one of the broad window-seats playing "slap hands." Charlie and Mary were having a noisy game of checkers on the other window-seat; while Robert, the eldest boy, recited in a loud voice Marc Antony's oration.

Agnes was seated at some distance from the others, at a small table. Her mother quietly took a chair beside her, regarding her attentively for a while.

"Mamma dear, why do you look at me so?" the young girl inquired at length.

"I was thinking," replied her mother. "Either we made a mistake in sending

you away from home, Agnes, if it has resulted in making you dissatisfied since your return, or our method with the other children has been faulty. Miss Brown got on very well with them, and they were fond of her. I am sorry now that I sent her away. You do not seem to be able to manage them."

"I am not," confessed Agnes. "They seem so rough; they are always joking, and they have no respect for me."

"And yet they so looked forward to your coming. For days and days they were preparing, and you know how joyously they greeted you."

Agnes frowned.

"Too joyously," she answered. "They are so noisy, and I can *not* make them study. At Madame Toussant's we had such perfect discipline."

"Agnes, you seem too old for them somehow," rejoined her mother. "If you could be a child with them, my dear."

"There I think you are quite wrong, mamma," said Agnes. "What they need is a firm hand. Look at Jim now. How he wriggles and squirms and shouts in that silly game! And Ella imitates everything he does. Their influence on each other is not good, I think."

"But they never quarrel, those two."

"There is something in that," said the girl. "But about Robert, mamma. He is crazy on the subject of elocution: always shouting and ranting, when he is not sawing and hammering."

"But all these things keep him out of real mischief. He is so full of life that there must needs be some outlet for his exuberant spirits. Just now they all seem more noisy to you because the windows are closed. After a while, when it has stopped raining and they can run about the garden again, there will be more quiet."

Agnes took up her book. Soon the rain ceased and bright spots of blue smiled through the jagged clouds. Then came a burst of sunlight; and, amid shouts of laughter, books and games were put away and the children trooped into the garden.

"Mamma," said Agnes, "I believe I will go and lie down. I did not sleep much last night."

"Very well," said her mother. "You will feel rested for the yachting party this afternoon, if you do."

"I do not care to go, mamma, unless you particularly wish it. I shall so enjoy a quiet afternoon at home."

"Very well," answered her mother, with a gravity which gave Agnes a qualm of conscience. But she was not unselfish enough to sacrifice her own wishes to those of her mother. Nothing more was said, and she went to her own room. But once there, the brilliant sunshine tempted her out of doors. She went to the pantry, put up a lunch of bread and butter and fruit, and returned to the school-room, where her mother was still sitting.

"Mamma," she said, "I think I will go to the woods on the other side of the ravine. It is so pleasant there. I'll take a little lunch and spend the afternoon under the trees. The children will not be home before five or six o'clock, so you can take a long rest yourself."

Mrs. Morrison offered no opposition to this plan; though she felt it would have been more thoughtful in Agnes to offer to remain at home with her or ask her to share the woodland walk. The young girl passed out into the garden, where her brothers and sisters were seated under a large oak tree, tired after a merry romp.

"Agnes, come tell us a story!" cried Charlie, catching sight of her as she lifted the latch of the little gate which led to the lane.

"Yes, sister, do!" echoed Mary. "It is lovely and shady here."

"Please don't bother me, children!"

was the answer. "I am off for a walk."

"May we go along?" pleaded Ella, jumping to her feet. "May Jim and I go, Agnes?"

"No; I am going very far into the woods," rejoined Agnes.

"If you go far, you won't be back in time to go yachting with Uncle Bob this afternoon," said Jim.

"I do not care to go yachting. I am sure I have enough noise—and too much—all day and every day, not to be glad of a quiet afternoon to myself."

With these words she turned her back on the little party under the tree, who had the grace to remain silent. When she had passed out of hearing there were some sharp criticisms on the elder sister, to whose coming they had looked forward with such eagerness.

A walk of half an hour brought Agnes to a lovely spot in the woods, where a stream of marvellous clearness wound in and out among the trees.

"Ah, this is paradise!" she murmured, sinking down on a soft mossy bank, and lifting her eyes to the brilliant patches of blue gleaming like turquoises through the green, leafy arches above. The drowsy birds were twittering softly in the thick branches; from the edge of the dark expanse of forest she could hear the faint tinkle of cow-bells.

She lay a long time with half-closed eyes, rapt in a waking dream, when a rustle in the bushes made her start. Hastily arranging her hat and scarf, she sat erect, to be confronted a moment later by an old gentleman, faultlessly attired, whom the girl immediately recognized as a person that lived alone in a large house near their own, but who had made no acquaintance in the neighborhood. Seating himself on the opposite side of the bank, he removed his hat, and, leaning forward, said gently, in a low, peculiar voice:

"My dear young lady, I have very sad news to communicate. Your family—your brothers and sisters—all of them—are no more."

"Oh, what do you mean, sir?" she gasped, thinking she was alone with a man demented, and looking about for some means of escape.

"Have I not made myself clear?" he continued, in the same gentle tone. "They are dead—drowned! The yacht has gone down with all on board. I will now retire; and when you are sufficiently composed to walk, I shall be glad to accompany you home."

With these words he arose from the bank, and, taking his way through the woods, slowly disappeared.

For some moments Agnes sat as one stunned. Dead—drowned—all of them! Could it be? Would she never see their bright faces again? How distinctly they rose before her now! Jim, with his red hair redeemed by the whitest of teeth and the brightest of smiles; Ella, dark-eyed and *petite*, with a wistful look in the calm, sweet face that had always appealed to Agnes, though she had been too selfish to endeavor to reach its meaning; Mary, Charlie, and Robert, handsome, happy and irrepressible. Oh, they were silent now, those glad, young voices that so often she would fain have repressed! They would never weary her again with their chatter and laughter.

Then she pictured them dead—pale, dripping with water, sea-weed clinging to their clothes, their eyes set and staring. Which would be the more awful—to find them thus, or that the treacherous waters should hide them forever? And her good, kind uncle! He was gone too,—the only brother of her dear father. Now, though too late, she realized her selfishness, her indifference, her fretfulness with the dear children, whom she had left but an hour ago with impatient words upon her lips. And her poor mother,—would she be

able to live under such sorrow? Agnes would have cried aloud in the bitterness of her grief, but her throat seemed paralyzed: she could hardly breathe.

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"O Agnes! Agnes!" called a bevy of laughing voices.

Then she lifted her head in amazement that was partly fear.

"Why, you have been asleep! You have been lying on your face. It is all red, and there is a great mark on your cheek where you must have pressed it against a twig."

"And here is your luncheon covered with ants. You must have been asleep hours and hours."

"Mamma was getting uneasy about you, you stayed so long; and she sent us to look for you. Uncle Bob could not come, so we played in the garden instead of going sailing."

"But he is there now; and he has sent for ice-cream and lovely macaroons,—just the kind you like best!"

"How funny you look, Aggie! You seem to be asleep still—"

That was Ella's voice, the wistful little sister. They were all there,—none were missing. How dear they were! Oh, how sweet, kind and loving they seemed! How thankful she was to God, who had not punished her by depriving her of them! How tender and patient she would be with them henceforward! How she would love and cherish them, and be to them in very deed and truth a guardian elder sister!

"Yes, I *have* been asleep a long time—hours and hours," she said, still dazed, and rising to her feet, while they brushed the leaves and moss from her gown. "And I had an awful dream. O children, how thankful I am to God that it was only a dream! Come, let us hurry home to mamma."

There was a new tenderness in her voice, a new light in her eyes, as, with one swift, close embrace, she gathered them all to her bosom. Involuntarily, feeling that they were welcome, they pressed nearer to her. The barrier was broken. This was the Agnes they had pictured to themselves when she had been far away!

The evening breeze whispered softly through the branches in the shade; the young moon was already piercing the hazy blue; and, in the sweet promise of their newly-born experience, the brothers and sisters walked home together.

Notes and Remarks.

The *Epworth Herald* tells of a lady who had long desired to see what is generally regarded as the greatest of Raphael's paintings. At last she found herself in the presence of "the wonderful Child and His beautiful Mother" in the Dresden gallery, and sat quietly before it again and again. Then, according to the *Herald*, she said to herself: "I want this so photographed on my soul that I shall see it always!"—"Is not this the secret of acquaintance with Jesus?" asks the Protestant editor. Yes, dear brother; and this is what we have been trying to make you understand all along. The Magi, our forefathers in the Christian faith, "found the Child with Mary His Mother; and, falling down, they adored Him."

The wars of recent years are a sad reflection on the boasted civilization of the century. The disturbances in China especially have not only ruined, as far as it could possibly be done, the work of devoted missionaries for half a century, but created new obstacles which will render its resumption extremely difficult. Everyone now realizes that it was an ill day for the missions when the missionaries allowed themselves to become

the tools of ambassadors. Among the incidents which undoubtedly led to the war was the German emperor's demand of Kiao-Chau as compensation for the murder of two Catholic missionaries; and, previously, the action of the French Minister of Foreign Affairs in insisting upon an indemnity of 15,000 taels (about $21,000) for the assassination of Père Mazel. The astute Empress-Dowager knew well enough that the Kaiser was a Lutheran who cared very little for the lives of two Catholic priests and very much for a good coaling-station; and that the French government was persecuting at home the missionaries whom, for the sake of greed, it was upholding abroad. It will be a long time before the Chinese can be disabused of the notion that the presence of any class of Europeans is a menace to the peace and prosperity of the Celestial Empire.

The last will and testament of the late Chief Justice of England is only a few lines long, which might be construed to mean that eminent lawyers are not so partial to legal phraseology as are the laity. There is much discussion, by the way, as to what form the inevitable public monument to Lord Russell should take, and it is a significant and a gratifying fact that the London *Daily Chronicle* pleads for a distinctly Catholic memorial. It suggests that Mr. Sargent, R. A., be engaged to furnish a mural decoration for the new cathedral at Westminster, to be paid for by public collection.

Mr. Bryan can not be classed with those political speakers who talk themselves hoarse without saying anything. The most violent opponents of the Democratic candidate for the presidency are forced to admit that he says good things, that his speeches are well worth reading. And we notice that the people are beginning to be of the same opinion. Mr. Bryan never speaks in public without saying something notable and quotable. He is a man of ideas, and he has the faculty of expressing them with clearness and force. In his speech on Labor Day he said, among many other good things:

> Victor Hugo has described the mob as the human race in misery. Those who are well-to-do have a selfish interest and should feel a moral concern in removing despair from every human breast. As misery is lessened, the security of property is increased; human life is protected in proportion as happiness is promoted.

This is not the highest morality, of course—the lessening of human misery ought to be for better motives,—still, it is a plank, so to speak, thrown across the chasm which separates the very rich from the very poor.

Whoever reads the prayer composed by the excellent Queen Margherita of Savoy will readily understand why it was not approved by the ecclesiastical authorities in Rome; yet the coldness with which this prayer was received has excited almost as much misinformed comment as the Christian burial accorded to Humbert. The *Osservatore Romano*, published in Rome, has deemed it advisable to make this statement:

> On account of the ecclesiastical funeral honors rendered to the deceased King Humbert, and of a certain prayer published on behalf of his soul, not a few persons in Italy and many more abroad have made complaints against the ecclesiastical authority, as if it had in this matter derogated from the most holy laws of the Church. It is necessary to state that the ecclesiastical authority tolerated the funeral services of the late King, not only in order to protest against the execrable crime committed against his person, but also and still more by reason of the personal condition of the deceased, who, especially in the later period of his life, gave unquestionable tokens of religious feeling, so much even as to state that he desired to be reconciled with God through the sacraments in the present Holy Year. This being so, it is presumed that in the last moments of his life he would have implored the infinite mercy of God, and that if he had had opportunity he would not have hesitated in reconciling himself with

Him. And it is a law of the Church, declared on more than one occasion by the Sagra Penitenzieria, that in such cases consent may be given for the ecclesiastical burial of a person not otherwise entitled to it, its external pomp being modified according to the quality of the person. As to the noted prayer, composed in a moment of supreme and incomprehensible anguish, as it is not conformed to the laws of the sacred liturgy, it can not have been—has never been—approved by the supreme ecclesiastical authority.

Recent letters from Nagpur, India, contain many edifying and touching details of the last illness and death of the lamented Bishop Pelvat. He had been most assiduous in his visits to the famine districts, happy to have it in his power to offer some relief to the miserable beings that flocked around him. On the very day he was called to the reward of his labors he was to have gone, at the request of one of his priests, to a place where the distress was especially great. The cholera, to which he was always exposed, had no terrors for him. In fact, we have reasons of our own for thinking that the holy Bishop offered his life for his flock—that the scourge of famine might disappear,—and it is a fact that long-hoped-for rains were coincident with his saintly death. From a letter, which we must decline to consider personal, we make the following extracts, feeling sure that the writer will pardon us for sharing them with the readers of THE AVE MARIA, to whom Bishop Pelvat was so deeply grateful:

As soon as it became known that our dear Bishop was dying of cholera, far from being panic-stricken as is ordinarily the case, the people flocked around his residence (a single room). At every window and door were seen forms kneeling and weeping. The good Bishop was conscious almost to the end. Not a groan, not a sigh of pain, not a murmur escaped his lips; nor would he make any effort to ease himself in his sufferings. Only those who lead mortified lives can thus overcome themselves when nature is so weak. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints," and Bishop Pelvat was a saint. He gave his life "that not one of those little ones should perish." He was very popular with all classes. His indomitable zeal was admired by all, and everyone that came in contact with him must have felt the emanation of his sanctity. The highest authorities here have sent telegrams of sympathy to the clergy.

The funeral was most solemn and imposing. Government officers, people of every rank—Europeans, Eurasians, natives of all classes and creeds—showed their esteem and regard for our saintly Bishop. Even Protestant ministers and the native rajahs came to the burial. Everyone loved him. What a loss for our poor mission! This famine was the cause of his death. But how many orphans he has rescued, how many hardships he has endured! It would have moved any one to tears to see the poor little famine boy who attended the Bishop to the end—he was the only one with him the night he was seized with his last illness, and was often his sole companion in long journeys—fanning the corpse, his beads in the other hand. He prayed as best he could, his tears falling into the coffin.

The famine children and the Sisters received the news only yesterday, the roads are so bad. The rain has been abundant. One would say the Bishop obtained it for us from heaven. We had only local showers before. On the morning of his burial the sun was bright and radiant, enhancing the solemnity of the funeral. Beg the prayers of the readers of THE AVE MARIA for the repose of his soul.

"If the public school is all that is claimed for it," asks *The Catholic Telegraph*, "how does it happen that there are so many hundreds of flourishing private schools throughout the country?" The *Review of Reviews* publishes advertisements of more than two hundred of these schools, and their number is constantly increasing. A great many wealthy American families do not send their children to any schools, but employ private tutors for them. It was not this year that the public school began to be unpopular with those who consider it good enough for the children of other people.

The daily newspapers seem to take a malicious pleasure in announcing that many of the sectarian clergy have returned from their summer outings, and that the old warfare against sin and

Satan will be resumed during the comfortable months. A possible retort of the preachers might be that the devil himself spends summer at the sea-shore, which is therefore a fitting place to combat him. Seriously, however, the relaxed activity of many Protestant churches during the hot season continues to be a source of scandal to earnest Christians.

The London *Tablet* has an enjoyable paragraph, suggested by a similar condition of things in England:

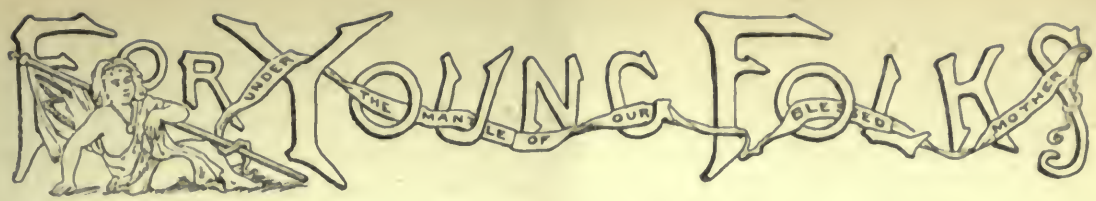
A cyclist who went the other day to view a church in Cheshire found written above the doorway, "This is the gate of heaven,"—a cheerful inscription, which was, however, somewhat modified by the seeming postscript, "This door will be closed during the winter months." An art gallery in one of the main streets of London presents an almost similar incongruity with a placard of, "Heaven. Open from ten till six." These irrelevancies recall another said to have occurred when Cardinal Manning once visited his publishers to get a copy of a book of his. "Cardinal Manning's 'Confidence in God'!" was the message called down into the stock-room; whence was returned the startling reply, "All gone!" It so happened that the great Cardinal was feeling in a particularly pessimistic mood at the time about the apathy, as he thought it, of the clergy concerning an agitation which had his sympathy and not theirs. His Eminence accepted the chance reply as a just reproof, and said he went home a wiser and a happier man.

The notion that commerce civilizes is more general than it ought to be, considering how often it has been shown to be false. Christianization, civilization, and commerce would seem to be pretty much the same to many people, whereas they are very different. The civilization of many nations was greater in times past than it is at present; and other nations that are highly civilized have yet to be imbued with Christian principles, the process of which is Christianization. As for commerce, it has only one principle—"to buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest"; and one motto, "Business is business," which is as monstrous as that other motto, "All's fair in time of war." The notion that commerce concerns itself about civilization, much less with Christianization, is thus combated by Dr. Brownson:

That the great commercial nations have been and are civilized nations, and that they have extended the area of civilization by establishing colonies of emigrants from their own bosom, is undoubtedly true; but the point is, has commerce ever civilized a nation it found on opening trade with it uncivilized?... Commerce brings civilized and uncivilized nations in contact, no doubt; but as a rule the uncivilized are broken, as the earthen pot that comes in contact with the iron pot. What has the commerce of Great Britain done for India, where civilization was once far superior to what it is now? Great Britain and perhaps other Christian nations have gained by it, but India herself has lost her autonomy and been impoverished by it. The people of India are poorer to-day, find it harder to live than when the English East-India Company was formed. England, to obtain a market for her own wares, broke up the native manufactures and reduced the poor people to abject dependence. The same process has been begun with China and Japan; though it may not be so successful there as it has been in India, where the natives have thus far deteriorated and in no sense advanced in civilization.

A correspondent in the Philippines assures us that the editor of *The Manila Times* is an English Freemason, of A. P. A. proclivities. This journal, it is worth noting, is the source from which many American papers draw their information about the Church in our new possessions. Its animus toward Archbishop Chapelle and the friars is plain from editorials which we ourselves have read. It is a great pity that there is not an English edition (for circulation in the United States) of *Libertas*, the leading Catholic paper of Manila.

According to a correspondent of *Collier's Weekly*, writing from Cagayan, Mindanao, P. I., "no white man's country has so many or so good churches for the same population as the Philippines."



Some Stories of St. Bridget.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.



"OH, the next time you write any stories for THE AVE MARIA about the saints and animals, I wish you'd tell some about *women* saints!"

Such was the earnest request addressed to me a day or two ago by a bright, precocious little niece of mine. As there seemed to be a half-reproachful accent in her tone, I inquired whether I had been neglecting the holy virgins and widows of whom so many charming legends are recounted.

"Yes, you have; and Charlie Hogan says it's easy enough to know why. He says no animal would be foolish enough to obey a woman or a girl, even if she *was* a saint. 'The idea,' he says, 'of thinking that a lion or a crocodile or even a wild pony would pay any attention to the orders of silly people who jump on a chair if they see a mouse, and have a regular *connuption* fit if they come across a snake!' I think Charlie Hogan is just horrid, anyway!"

"Well, my dear Bride," was my reply, "he is at least quite mistaken about the obedience of animals to saintly women. Take your own patroness, for example: St. Bride, or Brigit, or Bridget,—for I suppose you know that these are only different forms of the same name—"

"Yes, I do; and I like B-r-i-d-g-e-t, Bridget, much better than Bride, too. When I get to be a young lady I'm going to sign my name Bridget Barry. I suppose Aunt Cullinen thought Bride sounded more stylish, and made mamma have me christened *that;* just as she called cousin Mag, Emilia Marguerite. Now, Marguerite is French, and Mag looks as much like a French girl as my old sundown looks like a Paris bonnet."

"Oh, well, my dear! there's no need of your getting into what Charlie calls a *connuption* fit about the matter. I don't think St. Bride—or St. Bridget, if you prefer it—ever criticised her elders because they called her by this or that name; do you?"

"No, uncle, I don't suppose she did. But, then, you see, *I'm* not a saint. Anyway, you've switched off the track. Tell me, please, what St. Bridget ever did with animals—real *wild* animals, of course; for I suppose she wasn't more afraid than anybody else of dogs, cats, horses, cows, and—did they have any *pigs* in Ireland in her time?"

"Indeed they had, Bride; and your patroness, the Abbess of Kildare, took good care always to keep a large drove of them to supply the wants of both her community and the poor whom she provided for."

"Still, pigs are not wild animals, uncle; and although I don't like them a bit, I guess it wouldn't need a saint to command them."

"Not so fast, Bride. The domestic pig which you have in mind, and of which your patroness had droves, is a tame enough animal, it is true; but its first cousin, the wild boar, is as savage a brute as the most ambitious huntsman cares to attack. In the time of St. Bridget these wild boars were very numerous in Ireland, and the nobles often made them the objects of an exciting chase. On one occasion a party of hunters were pursuing an enormous

boar through a wood not far distant from the Kildare abbey. Closely pressed, the boar broke out of the wood, rushed across the open ground that separated the forest from the abbey lands, and suddenly burst into the enclosure where St. Bridget's pigs, with peaceful grunts, were rooting up the earth. The visitor was most unwelcome, and his appearance created consternation. The tame hogs fled in terror; and the wild one had gored several with his formidable tusks when St. Bridget suddenly appeared.

"She mildly reproved the intruder for the disorder he was causing, and then gave him her blessing. No sooner had she done so than the great savage brute became as meek as a sheep, and took his place among the domestic pigs as quietly and peacefully as if he had lived among them all his life. The saint's blessing had tamed him. It saved his life, too; for the hunters, who had ridden up and witnessed the scene, were so astounded that they quietly went away without attempting to spear him."

"Thanks, uncle! That's *one* story for Charlie. Did St. Bridget have any other adventures with wild animals?"

"Oh, yes! but I haven't time to tell you many more this morning. Here is one, however, that has also to do with the pigs you don't like. St. Bridget's virtues had made her very popular; and, as she was most charitable to the poor, some of the generous lords in the vicinity of the abbey used to send her gifts. One day a noble who lived a few miles from Kildare sent her word that she could have a number of his fattened hogs if she would only send some one to drive them to the abbey. St. Bridget's servants set out at once. Before they had gone half-way, however, they saw the hogs coming toward them; and the drove was being driven by—wolves, no less. You have heard of wolves in sheeps' clothing. Well, this was a case in which those ferocious animals acted the part of swineherds. In order that St. Bridget's servants should lose no time, God ordered the wolves to come out of their forest lairs and drive the hogs to the abbey. Having done so, the wolves trotted back to their dens."

"That's not so good a story as the first one; because, you see, St. Bridget herself hadn't anything to do with the wolves. Isn't there any better one than that about her?"

"Bride my dear, you are growing importunate. Do you know what that big word means?"

"I'm not sure, uncle; but I think it's a high-toned way of telling me I'm a bore. And if it *is*, I don't think you are one bit polite this morning. But if you tell me just one more story, I'll forgive you for this time."

"Very well, then. I presume you have heard that in early times in Ireland there were several kings reigning at the same time. Each had a kingdom of his own, although his territory would be called nowadays a province, or perhaps only a county. Well, the king of the county in which St. Bridget lived had a pet fox of which he was very fond. One day a peasant, who had some business at court, where he had never been before, was entering the courtyard when he saw this fox. Thinking it was a wild one that had strayed into the yard by chance, he hit it a sharp blow with his shillaly and killed it.

"Of course there was a great uproar among the servants, who at once seized the peasant and dragged him before the king. Now, the monarch had only recently been converted to Christianity, and he was still pretty much of a pagan whenever he got in a passion. And there was no doubt about his being in a furious passion when he learned of the death of his pet. He raged at the poor peasant for ten minutes and then

sentenced him to death, telling him at the same time that all his property would be confiscated and that his wife and children would be sold as slaves. 'However,' he concluded, 'I'll suspend the execution of this sentence, and even forgive you altogether, provided you procure for me another fox just as tame as the one you killed.' The poor man, nearly frightened out of his wits, was then thrown into a dungeon, wondering how he could fulfil the required condition, which appeared to him impossible.

"Meanwhile St. Bridget heard of the matter; and, wishing to save the life of the peasant—who had, after all, been more imprudent than guilty,—left her abbey and set out to intercede for the prisoner. While she was reflecting how she should appease the king's anger and save him from committing a crime, a fox ran out of a piece of woods near the road, and, coming up to her, began to lick her hands and jump about her just as a pet dog would do. Understanding that God had provided her with the means of accomplishing her purpose, she went to the court, sought an audience with the king, and, having obtained a hearing, begged for the prisoner's life. The king, however, declared that he wouldn't spare the peasant unless his favorite was replaced. Then St. Bridget stepped aside, and the fox that had accompanied her and had been hidden by her long dress, bounded forward, jumped on the king's knees and lavished upon him all the caresses that he had already given to the holy abbess.

"Charmed with the beauty and the tricks of the little animal (which was much prettier than the dead pet had ever been), the king at once set the peasant free, and the saint took home with her the poor man for whom she had exchanged her fox."

"Yes, that's better than the last one, uncle; but—"

"Hold on, young lady! Let me finish the story. You see, although God desired to teach the king, by means of St. Bridget, a lesson in clemency, He didn't wish to do so at the expense of the little fox. So, after having delighted the king for a whole day with its gaiety and gentleness, that shrewd little animal eluded the vigilance of the servants on the following morning and escaped back to its forest home."

"And then didn't the old king scold St. Bridget and put the poor peasant in the dungeon again?"

"No, he did neither. You see, he had faith; and, recognizing that a miracle had been worked for his benefit, he took the lesson to heart, and was ever afterward a much milder and better king. So now, my dear Miss B-r-i-d-g-e-t Barry, perhaps you'll be kind enough to allow your uncle to resume the smoke which your appetite for legends has interrupted for a good deal longer time than I intended it should. Isn't that your cousin Charlie coming through the gate? Yes: well, good-morning, Bride!"

Chips.

BY JOHN AUSTIN SCHETTY.

II.

When night came Chips asked little Tommy if he was going home.

"Ain't got no home to go to," was the stoical reply.

"Ye ain't, eh? And where you been sleepin' nights?"

"Most anywheres," answered Tommy, with quite a forlorn air.

Chips looked him over quizzically for a moment.

"See here," he observed, determinedly, "just you come along with me. I'll fix you for the night. Lemme see: I've got"—diving his hand down in his pocket,—"I've got ten cents left over

after buyin' the meal; and you've got—"

"Three cents; that's all," replied the other, gazing ruefully at the coins in his hand.

"Keep it dark,—keep it dark!" said Chips, with energy. "We've got all we want anyhow, so we'll make a move."

Accordingly they went on, then turned down a crooked street that ran off in angles like a bent finger. It was dark now, and Tommy caught a whiff of the river as they paused before a shabby, disreputable-looking tenement. Taking his companion by the arm, Chips led him, with a confident and familiar air, through an alley close and narrow. As they turned the rear of the house Tommy caught a view of a cellar door, from which smothered sounds as of conversation and laughter issued at intervals. He looked at Chips, who advanced; then, cautiously raising the door, peered down. Immediately there was a cessation of all talk, while some one demanded gruffly:

"What you doin' there?"

At that instant a hideous old dame appeared from somewhere — Tommy always wondered where; but there she was, glaring at them in a way that frightened him.

"It's only me," explained Chips, as she drew near. "Here's the cash for two." And he handed her ten cents, which she took with a satisfied grunt.

They now stepped down a pair of stone steps and found themselves in an ordinary cellar. But such a cellar! There were a number of boxes, with boards laid across them, strewn about the walls; and on the boards reclining at ease were any number of boys of all ages and sizes, smoking, laughing and talking. From the ceiling hung a lantern, which shed a yellow light on the motley guests assembled; for the cellar was a sort of cheap lodging-house, just a grade better than an empty wagon on a cold night, where the guests were housed for five cents.

Little Tommy shivered and half drew back in timid fear; Chips, however, led him forward with a bold air and this introduction:

"Fellers, this is me new friend, Tommy Saunders. He's just a little new to the business; but he's all right,—only he ain't just got the hang o' things."

"He'll get the hang o' things later on, as the hangman said when he yanked Flyin' Bill off the face o' the earth," said the red-headed wit over in the corner, who looked like a satyr.

This remark produced a laugh, which died away when they saw how little Tommy limped.

"There's your state-room over there," added the same gentleman a moment later, with a royal wave of the hand toward the wall. "The old lady's off duty to-night, so you see I am runnin' this Pullman." And indeed he appeared to exert a peculiar authority over the others, as though he were an accepted leader among them.

Once seated, Tommy had leisure to observe his companions. If all the old battered hats, second-hand caps, and discarded coats in New York city had become imbued with life and taken to holding a levee, the effect might have been the same. Over in the corner sat a ten-year-old personage attired in a pair of men's trousers, which hung in folds about his legs. Directly opposite sat a freckled lad puffing away at a cigarette with the air of a capitalist. Both were discussing the whereabouts of an absent member of the coterie; and, as both entertained radically different opinions on the subject, the discussion presently waxed warm.

"He's in the rag business with his uncle, I tell you; and I guess *I* ought to know," said the freckled boy, decidedly.

"Good thing! I only wisht I was in

it myself," observed the red-haired wit, from his vantage place in the corner. "It's a business is always pickin' up."

The disputants were too engrossed to appreciate this witticism; for he of the large trousers insisted that the other was wrong.

"He ain't in no rag business at all. For didn't I see him only to-day shinin' shoes?" he said, triumphantly.

"Didn't he tell me hisself," cried the freckle-faced youth, hotly, "that he was pickin' rags? What more do you want, I'd like to know?"

"*Who* told you?" demanded the other. "Was it Toby?"

"Yes, Toby."

"Well!"

"Well?"

"Oh," whispered Tommy, clinging to Chips, "are they goin' to fight?" For the boys were glaring defiantly at each other, their noses very near together, their fists drawn back in a warlike way. But before Chips could frame a reply, and just as matters seemed to have reached a crisis, the red-haired boy sprang forward with a small stick, and, dealing both a sharp crack in the ribs which sent their ideas in a different direction, exclaimed airily:

"Just break the news to mother 'stead of breakin' one another! Stop it right here, both of you! This ain't no athletic club. D'ye hear?"

The way in which this was said was so inimitable and productive of such prompt results that Tommy, forgetting his fear, laughed audibly, as did Chips and the others. For the quarrelsome ones, evidently appreciating to the full the authority vested in the other by reason of his three years' seniority, quickly buried their grievances, and in a few moments were as friendly as though brotherly love were the prime motive of their existence. Then while another ragamuffin in a distant corner wheezed a fantastic air through the medium of a mouth-organ, a third entertainer walked all about the floor on his hands, kicking his heels together at intervals by way of accompaniment. Gradually the place became quiet, and Tommy's eyes began to blink and his ears to hum with a medley of sounds—the nocturn of this motley crowd. He heard some one close the cellar door with a bang, saw Chips gaze at him in a fraternal way, while grotesque figures loomed out of the shadows against the wall, then passed into the oblivion of a dreamless sleep.

Next morning Tommy hopped out beside his protector with a new sense of confidence in his little heart; while the protector himself walked on with a paternal air large enough even for the cut-away coat. They were soon down in the vicinity of the tall buildings at City Hall Park, where there was always a crowd of humanity surging about; where the streets where always filled with long lines of clanging cars, ever passing up and down like an endless chain. Butts, their old enemy, was also there; and though Tommy trembled when he saw him, Butts failed to molest them; perhaps because their friend the policeman was near. The tearful old woman was there too, weeping as usual, for nothing that one could discover; while the throngs passed her by, and the boys teased her, until she retaliated by charging on them with her papers, walking away at length in a rage. These were the incidents of the day. At night they nearly always returned to their lodging in the cellar, where the old woman took their money, and where the red-haired wit held forth in high authority.

With the passing time Chips' sense of responsibility deepened and became a part of his individuality, just as his liking for Tommy grew into something

akin to love. He fought for him, sold his papers for him, and verily lived for him more than he had ever lived for himself. As for Tommy, his shy, timid nature clung about the stauncher one as the tendrils of the ivy cluster about the oak. A poor, frail little vine it was; for the pinched face grew more pallid, more wan, every day. The scarcity of food, of warm clothing, which seemed to make Chips more rugged, made his delicate protégé but more fragile; there were times even when he was forced to sit idly by all day huddled up in some out-of-the-way corner, for the pain that came in his side if he tried to walk; while his friend Chips alternately stood guard over him, or bounded off for a few moments to sell a paper, like some species of human watchdog determined to maintain its trust.

Tommy's pale face made Chips rather uneasy of he knew not what; and he was glad to think that the real warm weather was near, when Tommy would not have to shiver with the cold. So their acquaintanceship grew into its sixth month of life, bringing with it buds on the trees, that blossomed into leaves under the warm sun; while hosts of sparrows chirped noisily on the boughs. Chips had never noticed them before until Tommy told him of them. Tommy noticed so many things that the others never saw at all. When the rest were shooting marbles, he could always be found gazing up at the birds above in a dreamy, wistful way, as though for once he had forgotten all about the rest of the world; and Chips, watching him, grew to like them because Tommy did. Occasionally their big friend the policeman came that way; and though he made the other loungers vacate the benches, he never disturbed little Tommy. He seemed to have a tacit agreement not to do so; but perhaps the wistful look of the lame boy had much to do with it.

One day Chips and Tommy were over near the great office building; crowds were hurrying here, there, everywhere, when suddenly there was a warning shout. Chips heard the cry and turned. The hurrying crowds had divided and scattered pell-mell, leaving an open space on the sidewalk; and up the space, dashing straight upon him, with snapping jaws and frothing mouth, was a medium-sized dog. Chips' heart almost ceased to beat with terror. His first impulse was to run, as everybody else was doing. Once upon a time he would not have lost a single second in deliberation; but now there was Tommy—poor little Tommy, crippled, helpless, utterly unable to escape,—who was even now but a few paces behind. Chips had never heard of heroes or of the deeds that make them; he did not know what they were, this poor little waif of the streets. There was only one thing to do, and he did it. That maddened creature with flaming eyes was near him now; but he stood immovable, with a firm determination transfiguring his face, until the brute was at his feet; then, as it sprang at him, he caught and held it with all the power of his strong little body.

"Quick — Tommy!" he cried—"run somewheres—anywheres 'fore I—" then he stopped; for the savage, snarling thing sank its teeth deep into his arm just above the wrist. He gave a slight shudder, struggled desperately for a moment—always with the idea of saving Tommy; then the cries of the crowd about him blended into a dull roar, while the faces seemed cavorting about in a wild, mad dance that made him dizzy, until he closed his eyes and sank, a pitiful little heap, on the sidewalk.

(Conclusion next week.)

With Authors and Publishers.

—The Catholic poets of England are too little known to their coreligionists, though excellent editions of Crashaw, Southwell, etc., have been published in recent years. Not to speak of Chaucer, Pope, or Dryden, how few Catholics are aware that Constable and William Habington, Davenant and Gower, Surrey, Massinger and Shirley belong to them!

—Mr. Thompson Cooper has the distinction of contributing the record number of biographies to the monumental "Dictionary of National Biography," just completed in England. To that work he was selected to contribute no fewer than fourteen hundred and forty-two biographies. This, in connection with the fact that he has edited "Men of the Time," gives him easy pre-eminence in this sort of work. Mr. Cooper is one of many journalists in England who are converts to the Church.

—A very interesting French pamphlet is "The National Character and the Genius of France," the reprint of a lecture delivered last year by M. Claude-Charles Charaux, of the University of Grenoble. M. Charaux has sane ideas as to the distinctive characteristics of his countrymen, and has little sympathy with the pessimism that bemoans the decadence of French genius. He fully appreciates the supreme rôle of the Church in France, and evidently looks for the ultimate deliverance of his country from the control of the anti-clericals who at present sway its destinies.

—A copy of the Gospels which tradition asserts was used by the Apostle of Ireland may be seen in the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin. It is preserved in a casket shaped like a metronome, and is called "St. Patrick's Bell." There are three cases—one of gold, one of silver, and the outside one of bronze,—all so exquisitely wrought that to do justice to the beauty of the workmanship they have to be examined with a magnifying-glass. This copy is not complete: the leaves are detached, as was the custom in those days when manuscripts were so precious, to enable several preachers to use the same Gospel at one and the same time, or for the purpose of transcribing.

—Fuller knowledge of the early history of our country has naturally intensified interest in certain towns, cities and States. Wisconsin, before becoming a part of the United States, had belonged in turn to Spain, France and England, and her history is stored with many interesting and stirring incidents. In an attractive volume issued by the American Book Co., Mr. Reuben Gold Thwaites gives in chronological order selections from these incidents as a means to the cultivation of civic patriotism among the youth of the Badger State. Considerable space is devoted to the labors and sufferings of the early missionaries, especially Father René Ménard, "Wisconsin's pioneer missionary, who died in the pursuit of duty, as might a soldier upon the field of battle."

—One can not altogether throw off the suspicion that the astonishing crop of Macaulay stories in the magazines is intended to advertise the famous essayist's forthcoming diary—a wholly unnecessary proceeding. Thus "Macaulay's catlike ability always to fall on his feet!" is illustrated by an anecdote included among some *memoranda* privately printed by his sister. The story runneth thus: "One day Tom said jokingly that there are some things that inclined him to believe in the predominance of evil in the world; such, he said, as bread always falling on the buttered side, and the things you want always being the last you come to. 'Now I will take up volume after volume of this Shakespeare to look for Hamlet. You will see that I shall come to it the last of all.' The first volume he took up opened on Hamlet. Every one laughed. 'What can be a stronger proof of what I said!' cried he. 'For the first time in my life I wished that what I was looking for would come up last, and for the first time in my life it has come up first.'"

—Catholics unable to hear Mass on Sundays and holydays will welcome "A Form of Prayers" following the Church office, prepared by the Marquis of Bute and published by Burns & Oates. The name of the distinguished compiler is a guarantee of painstaking and taste in the selection of material, and of skill and excellence in its arrangement. The prayers are all taken from the Breviary, and it need not be said that the translation retains something of the beauty and terseness of the original. The lessons are from the Missal, and are generally the Gospels. In an appendix are given preparation for and thanksgiving after Holy Communion, with beautiful prayers of St. Ambrose and other saints, excellently translated by Father Pope. It is a pleasure to recommend this manual to the faithful, for it combines practical instruction with solid devotion. Those who live at a distance from church or who, for other reasons, are unavoidably prevented from assisting at Mass on days of obli-

gation will be grateful to the Marquis of Bute; also to his publishers who have brought out the book in a most desirable form.

—If all young writers, especially writers of poetry, were to imitate the example of painstaking set by Sir Edwin Arnold, there would be a notable falling off in the number of specimens of crude imagery and cruder language which find their way to the sanctum of every periodical. In a description of the method he pursues in writing his poems, Sir Edwin says: "Either I write first and roughly on scraps of paper, or my daughter takes it down from my dictation.... I put the rough notes in my pocket till the next day. Then I read the verse over and over, correct and copy all out myself, altering it very much and filling it up. These scraps I transcribe into a sort of day-book, until the work is nearly finished. I treat the matter thus compiled as a rough draft. I go over it again, polish it, and transcribe it into a second book, which may be called the poem itself—but still in a rough state. Then I copy it out again, and, finally, in a fair manuscript for the printer."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

A Form of Prayers. *Marquis of Bute.* 45 cts., *net.*

Sanctuary Meditations. *Fr. Baltasar Gracian, S. J.* 1, *net.*

Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption. *W. H. Mallock.* $3.50.

The Flowing Tide. *Madame Belloc.* $1.60, *net.*

A Son of St. Francis. *Lady Amabel Kerr.* $1, *net.*

Poor Dear Ann. *The Prig.* 75 cts.

The Bible and its Interpreter. *Rev. P. H. Casey, S. J.* 50 cts.

The Gospel Story. *B. F. C. Costelloe.* $1.60, *net.*

Studies in Church History. Vol. VI. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* $2.50.

Meditations on the Psalms of the Little Office. *Peregrinus.—Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.* 75 cts., *net.*

Currita, Countess of Albornoz. *Luis Coloma.* $1.50.

The Knights of the Cross. Vol. II. *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* $1.

A Journey with the Sun around the World. *Rev. William McMahon.* $2.

St. Jerome. *Father Largent.* $1.

Studies in Poetry. *Thomas O'Hagan, M. A., Ph. D.* $1.

The Church of Christ the Same Forever. *Rev. D. McErlane, S. J.* 50 cts., *net.*

Christian Philosophy—God. *Rev. John T. Driscoll, S. T. L.* $1.25, *net.*

The Heiress of Cronenstein. *Countess Hahn-Hahn.* $1.25.

The Nursing Sister. $1.25.

Jack Hildreth on the Nile. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.

Holy Mass: A Morning Paradise. *Very Rev. R. O. Kennedy.* 5 cts.

Giovanni Baptista de Rossi. *Very Rev. T. J. Shahan, D. D.* 20 cts.

Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire. *Samuel Dill, M. A.* $2.

The Spirit of the Third Order of St. Francis. *Father Peter Baptist, O. F. M.* $1, *net.*

The Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau. *Mary Frances Drew.* 60 cts., *net.*

St. Francis of Sales. *A. De Margerie.* $1.

A Book of Spiritual Instruction. *Blosius.* 75 cts., *net.*

A Month's Meditations. *Cardinal Wiseman.* $1.10. *net.*

The Duchess of York's Page. *Mrs. William Maude.* 70 cts., *net.*

Essays, Educational and Historic. *A Member of the Order of Mercy.* $1.25, *net.*

Episodes of Catholic History. $1.

Meditations for Retreats. *St. Francis de Sales.* 75 cts., *net.*

The Acts and Decrees of the Synod of Jerusalem. *J. N. W. B. Robertson.* $1.60.

An Old Family. *Monsignor Seton.* $3.50.

The Catholic Creed; or, What do Catholics Believe? *Very Rev. Father J. Procter, S. T. L.* $1, *net*

Leaves from St. Augustine. *Mary H. Allies.* $1.35, *net.*

Vespers and Compline. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.* $1, *net.*

The Life of Father Haskins. $1.

The Room of the Rose. *Sara Trainer Smith.* $1.25

Religion and Morality. *Rev. James J. Fox, S. T. D.* $2.

Passages in a Wandering Life. *Thomas Arnold.* $3.50.

The Biblical Treasury of the Catechism. *Rev. Thomas E. Cox.* $1.25.

The Nerve of Foley, and Other Railroad Stories. *F. H. Spearman.* $1.25.

THE AVE MARIA

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LI. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 22, 1900. NO. 12.

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In Repentance.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

HUMBLE me! lay me low!
Vanquish the haughty spirit!
A viper 'tis, I know,—
This pride that I inherit.

Humble me! It were just
I, who have sought Thee never,
Should bow me in the dust,
Upon this earth forever.

Only at last to lie
Chastened and pure before Thee,
Murmuring as I die,
"Christ, save me, I implore Thee!"

Only at last, like them
Of many sins forgiven,
To kiss Thy garment's hem,
To clasp Thy feet in heaven.

A School of Sanctity.

WHETHER we think of our Blessed Lady as the Immaculate Virgin, as the highly-favored Mother of Our Lord, or as the Woman of Sorrows standing beneath the cross, in each and all of these characters we shall regard her with equal admiration and veneration. For she is no ordinary woman, no ordinary saint, but the Holy Mother of God, the greatest of God's creatures, surpassing all the saints and angels in grandeur and dignity. Mary depicted in the Gospels presents to us a lovely and attractive personality. One may well imagine the sight of her to have been beautiful indeed, filling one with rapture, inspiring one with holy thoughts. And not this alone: she is the model for our imitation in all the different periods of her wondrous life; at all times, under every circumstance, her example affords us edification, instruction and encouragement.

I.

At the first mention of Mary by the Evangelist St. Luke, we behold her employed in the most sacred and exalted occupation in which a human being can engage. Tradition tells us that when the Angel Gabriel was sent from God to announce to the lowly Virgin the mystery of her divine maternity, he found her in a lonely chamber at prayer; for angels visit men at the hour of prayer. And no sooner has the Evangelist shown her to us holding intercourse with the celestial messenger than he proceeds to give an account of her visit to Elizabeth. Again you behold Our Lady in holy rapture, inspired by the spirit of devotion and prayer; you hear her exclaim in the words of that canticle of praise ever to be admired for its beauty and sublimity, "My soul doth magnify the Lord!"

Later on, when her Divine Infant was born, and the Shepherds and Wise Men came to worship Him, hear what is said of Mary: "But Mary kept all these words, pondering them in her heart."* That is to say, in tranquil contemplation she meditated upon them,—meditated

* St. Luke, ii, 19.

upon the wonderful mysteries that were accomplished in her. Let us impress upon our minds the grand image here presented to us of the Blessed Virgin as we behold her engaged in prayer, magnifying God, and meditating on the mysteries of religion; let us make her our model, and cultivate diligently the spirit of prayer, of praise, of recollection; for this is the great requisite for the Christian life. Nothing, one of the saints has said, enlightens the soul and beautifies it in God's sight more than the spirit of prayer.

The Blessed Virgin is also depicted by the Evangelist as the lowly, obedient handmaid of the Lord, ever submissive to the will of God. The Angel of the Most High promises her a dignity in which as much prospective suffering as honor is involved. Mary, acquiescing humbly in the divine decree, makes no other response than the memorable words, "Be it done unto me according to thy word." Again, when Elizabeth salutes her as "blessed among women," she immediately gives the praise to Him to whom alone all glory is due, the honor to Him who has regarded her lowliness. And after the birth of the world's Redeemer see how unflinchingly, with what exemplary resignation, she accepts the dolors Simeon predicts to be in store for her!

If we follow the life of Mary step by step, always and everywhere we shall observe in her the same characteristics. Whether she searches sorrowingly for the Child Jesus lost in Jerusalem; or whether Our Lord, when told that His Mother stands without, from higher, supernatural motives, pays no heed to her wish to see Him, she is ever the same,—the handmaid of the Lord, submissive to His divine will, accepting everything in silence and patience; until finally she stands beneath the cross, the model for all Christians of pious resignation under the most painful circumstances, the most heart-rending afflictions. Here also we may learn of her,—learn to renounce our own will to follow in all things the will of God.

Again, in the narrative of the marriage at Cana of Galilee, we may behold and admire another virtue which shines forth brightly in Mary—charity to her neighbor, her attribute as intercessor for the afflicted. This virtue, grand in itself, rich in blessings for man, which surrounds the name of Mary with a special halo, was first made conspicuous at the nuptial feast, when, the wine failing, she said to Our Lord, "They have no wine"; in those simple words interceding for the embarrassed givers of the feast. Since that day Mary has never ceased to be the Refuge of the Afflicted, the Help of Christians; ready for God's sake to serve and help all mankind in their necessities. Learn of Mary not merely to pray for yourself, but to intercede for others; not merely to bear your own trials and sufferings with resignation, but lovingly to help others to endure their afflictions.

II.

How grand and glorious it was for our Blessed Lady to be the Mother of God may be gathered from the fact that this title contains in brief compass all the rich treasure of the Christian faith. Bourdaloue says that in the name of Mother of God the whole mystery of the Incarnation, the essential dogma of our religion, is comprised. By it we are reminded of the wondrous work of Redemption decreed from all eternity in the counsels of the Most High; and of the union of the divine and human nature in the person of Christ, with which dogma all other articles of faith are closely and inseparably connected. We are reminded of the charity, the condescension of the Eternal Father, who chose a woman to become the Mother

of His Son, that the brethren and sisters of that lowly Virgin might be made the children of God. Listen to the words St. Cyril addressed to those who dared to call in question Mary's right to that exalted title: "When once the divine maternity of our Blessed Lady is denied, all that was done for our salvation becomes worthless. Withdraw this one article of faith, and the whole fabric of our belief collapses: the cross, the salvation of the world, is dashed to the ground, and the faith of mankind is crushed in its fall."

Thus we see that the veneration paid to Mary as the Mother of God is of the utmost consequence not only to the Christian life, but to the Christian faith. And how exalted, how sublime is the dignity to which she is raised! It is true that God calls His saints His children; and the angels are termed His friends, His favorites, His sons; but the name of Mother of God belongs exclusively to our Blessed Lady, and invests her with a dignity far above that of angels and archangels, of Cherubim and Seraphim. And yet Mary, conscious as she was of the unparalleled honor conferred upon her, of the immeasurable dignity she possessed, regarded herself only as "the handmaid of the Lord," and continued to the end of her life in obscurity and lowliness. "It was only just," remarks the great St. Bernard, "that she from being the last should become the first, because although she was the first she made herself the last."

Observe a singular circumstance connected with this dignity: that Mary's glory as the Mother of God did not unfold itself until after her death. While she lived on earth only a few devout souls honored her in this capacity. St. Elizabeth was the first to address her by the name, "the Mother of my Lord." Otherwise she met with little respect; on the contrary, much opprobrium fell to her lot, as when she stood beside her divine Son, suffering on the cross the death of a common malefactor. But subsequently to her death how signal the honors and distinctions which are the portion of the Mother of God, both in heaven and on earth! In the celestial courts she is crowned Queen of Angels; on earth below hymns and canticles are composed in her honor, churches dedicated to her; she is venerated and loved by all the faithful; throughout the whole of Christendom her favor is implored, her intercession is invoked. True indeed has the prediction she uttered concerning herself been proved: "All generations shall call me blessed." O Christian, learn of the Mother of God to contemn the honors of men! The destiny of the children of God is the exact reverse of that of the votaries of this world. The latter are honored in their lifetime and after death they are forgotten; whereas the former are often persecuted and despised by men while on earth, and afterward they are blessed for evermore.

III.

As we may learn many salutary lessons from our Blessed Lady's life, so we may also find her death a profitable subject for meditation. Let us place ourselves in spirit beside the death-bed of the Holy Virgin and imagine that we behold the scene as tradition depicts it. Imagine that you see her lying there, lovely and beautiful as the setting sun; around her bed stand the Apostles, summoned thither by the spirit of God, to hear the last words of charity and wisdom from her sacred lips. A delicious fragrance pervades the chamber; sweet songs, celestial melodies sung by angel voices, echo softly through the house. The countenance of the dying Virgin is lighted up with heavenly radiance, as if already glorified; and with holy longing she stretches out her arms to

embrace Him toward whom tend all the aspirations of her soul. Everything that usually makes death bitter and repugnant to man is absent; all here is sweet and pleasing. It is not so much a death that we are witnessing: it is a visible glorification.

Think who it is that is at the point of death; think what a life is now ending: a life superabounding in graces and in merits; think what a soul is now being loosed from her earthly bonds, and you will perceive that Mary's death is merely an upward flight to the presence of God, a child's return to his father's house, a passage from earth to the celestial marriage-feast. Surely it is the earnest desire of each one of us that our death should be thus calm, thus happy; let us therefore take heed that our life be pure and holy; let us strive to be detached from the world and aspire to things above.

Think, too, how glorious was Mary's entry into the heavenly Jerusalem. Who can describe the triumphal reception that the angels and all the heavenly hosts—the patriarchs and prophets, the virgins and saints—prepared for their Queen? Who can form an idea of the joy that thrilled through Our Lady's heart when she beheld the Most Holy Trinity,—God the Father, of whom she is the daughter; God the Son, of whom she is the mother; God the Holy Ghost, of whom she is the spouse? St. Bernard exclaims in accents of rapture: "Who can conceive the splendor wherewith the assumption of the Most Blessed Virgin into heaven was celebrated; the glad welcome wherewith the heavenly hosts went forth to meet her, and to escort her with canticles of joy to the throne destined for her? If eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man what things God hath prepared for them that love Him, who can describe what He prepared for her who gave Him birth, for her who loved Him more than all the world beside? Blessed art thou, O Mary!—blessed above measure when thou didst receive the Redeemer at thy conception; blessed above measure when He received thee on thy assumption!"

Rejoice, O Christian! with the joy expressed by St. Bernard. And if you are filled with rapture at the thought of the bliss on which Mary entered, remember that a blissful entrance into heaven awaits you also at your death, provided that during your lifetime you have, for a season at least, stood with Mary beneath the cross on Calvary.

Dr. Martin's Wife.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LIFE'S LABYRINTH," ETC.

XII.—Maurice in Paris.

THE autumn and winter—three months of the latter having been spent in New York—passed very quickly. When spring made its appearance Maurice became possessed of an intense desire to go to Paris at once. He could get on there so much more rapidly, he said; and, as there was real promise in his work, his mother endeavored to face the inevitable with what resignation she might. He left her on his nineteenth birthday, caressing her to the last moment,—fascinating, radiant, smiling, more child than man.

Letters came from him frequently. He was delighted with Paris; had put himself under the tuition of a famous impressionist; he was certain to make a name for himself one of these days. He did not believe he would ever care to return to America. If he remained in the same mind after he had been in France a year, his dear mother must come to Paris also, and they would live there.

The months flew by; and when Mrs. Martin was preparing to follow her son, unexpected difficulties arose which obliged her to defer the journey for an indefinite time. Maurice was grieved at the news, but continued most devoted to her, and kept her informed of all his movements. Suddenly, however, his letters grew shorter and less frequent. She feared he was ill,—there seemed to be some restraint upon him. But one bright morning in December she received the following letter:

DEAREST MOTHER:—I have been so unhappy, but now I am in heaven. I could not explain sooner, because of the uncertainty I have been in. Mother mine, I am about to be married to the sweetest creature in the world. I have not mentioned her because I feared she did not, and never could, love me. But she does,—she has acknowledged it; and we are to be married as soon as she has fulfilled her engagement at one of the theatres here, where she is the leader of the ballet. This must not frighten you, mother. She is lovely and sweet and good, and young — only nineteen; yet she has been on the stage six years. Everyone loves and respects her. Her name is Marie Desmoulins. Oh, we shall all be so happy together! I want you to see her. I have told her how sweet you are, and all about you. You will love each other.

Now as to money matters. Would it not be better to sell the Red House and come over at once? All your money being invested in England, everything else can remain as it is. I have already been looking at several charming little residences in the suburbs,—ideal places to live. Do not scold your boy, dearest mother; but write a very kind and loving letter, and tell me when I may expect you and Bridget. Adieu dearest!

Your loving

MAURICE.

For once the servant had no excuse for her young master. She stormed and raged,—now clasping the distracted mother to her arms, now releasing her to pour forth the vials of her wrath upon the absent culprit. One thing she advised from the first moment, and Mrs. Martin was fully in accord with it.

"Just get ready this very day and go across, ma'am," she insisted. "'Tis bad weather to be on sea, I know, and you're likely to have storms; but what matter if you can reach that foolish boy before he ruins himself forever? 'Tis some bold creature with a pretty face that has hold of him, and you'll settle it all if you go right over and brave her. 'Tis plenty of money she thinks he has. I've read in the papers how they think Americans are made of money. Maurice is so handsome, and his clothes set so neat and tasty on him that the greatest millionaire of them all couldn't make a better show. But when she sees you, ma'am, and you tell her how you have just enough to live on to keep the both of you decent and respectable, she'll soon be glad to drop him. And that will open *his* eyes too, though maybe 'twill fret him for a while. I had my doubts always about letting him go over there; but it's true for you what you were going to say, ma'am: that there was no holding him back."

Mrs. Martin said little: her heart was too sore. Shame, disappointment, indignation, crowded each other in her soul. She arrived in Paris on Christmas Eve, and went at once to the *pension* where Maurice lived. She had insisted on this; though he would have much preferred lodgings, taking his meals at restaurants. The *pension* was, indeed, a poor substitute for family life; but she thought he would be less subject to temptations which might assail him if he lived as most of the Bohemians do.

The landlady received her cordially.

Her husband had been an American, and she always fraternized with his countrymen. Maurice was not at home. Mme. Blanc conducted the stranger to her room, promising to inform Maurice as soon as he arrived. In the course of half an hour Mrs. Martin heard him singing as he came up the stairs. She opened her door; he saw her, gave a cry of delight, and, dropping a splendid bouquet of hot-house flowers which he carried, welcomed her with all the effusion of his young soul.

"You're just the finest mother in the world!" he said. "Why, you came right over, didn't you? And here's Christmas to-morrow. Won't we have a jolly time, mother mine,—though they don't make so much of it over here!"

"Maurice," she said, as soon as she could extricate herself from his violent embrace, "I came over because I should have died otherwise. I came to stop this terrible marriage before it is too late."

He gently pushed her into a fauteuil and sat down beside her.

"Terrible marriage, mother! Why, she is just the darlingest thing in all Paris — in the world!" he exclaimed. "Everyone is raving about her; and, mother, she is as sweet and lovely and pure as she can be."

"That may be, Maurice," was the answer; "though how a girl in her position, especially if she is beautiful and admired, can be sweet and pure, I can not understand. But if she were all that you say, if her situation in life were the most desirable one could imagine, it would be madness for you to think of marrying for years yet. You are not much more than twenty-one,—a very child. And to think that you can so far forget me as to dream of marrying—and such a person! Oh, I can not bear it!"

"Mother," he cried out, "you hurt me! Do not look so stern,—you seem like a stranger. Come with me! Come to-night to the theatre and see her. You will then say that she is sweet. And you may ask others—any one—they will tell you how good she is."

"Good!" exclaimed Mrs. Martin,—"good! And you wrote that she was the leader of the ballet!"

"It is noble in her to work for her mother, who has been ill for many years," he said. "She was obliged to do something and went on the stage—"

"Where you made her acquaintance?"

"Not exactly. I went to the theatre one night and saw her. I thought her an angel from the first moment my eyes fell upon her. I went again and again, with flowers. It seemed to me she always smiled when she picked up my bouquet. At last I wrote to her, but she did not answer me."

"You had that audacity! You have learned a great deal since you came to Paris, Maurice."

Disregarding her sarcasm, he went on:

"I am not concealing anything; I do not want to conceal anything. As I said, I wrote her—several times,—but she took no notice."

"What did you write?"

"I wanted her address,—I wanted to go to see her."

"And then?"

"One morning I chanced to meet her on the threshold of the new Church of the Sacred Heart. You have heard of it—at Montmartre?"

"You still go to Mass, then?"

"Mother dear, what ails you? Why should I not go to Mass?"

"And what was she doing there?"

"She went to assist at Mass. She is a devout Catholic."

"She thought to see you there."

"Ah, you wrong her, mother! She did not dream of seeing me."

"You spoke to her then?"

"I was glad of the opportunity. We

walked down the hill together. She was so sweet and modest in her simple black gown and veil. At first she would not hear me, but at last I went home with her to the top of the big building where she lives with an old woman who had once been a servant of her mother."

"And the mother,—why does she not live with her?"

"She is in an asylum."

"A lunatic?"

"Not exactly. She suffers from severe nervous prostration, and has been in the asylum two or three times."

"A sufficient barrier, even if no other existed. You would not wish to marry the daughter of an insane person?"

"It is not insanity really. But if it were, I would marry her just the same."

The mother covered her face with her hands. The boy gently drew them away.

"I love her!" he said. "I could not live without her now. And when you know her you will love her too. And I love you, mother,—I love *you!*"

"How long have you known her? Perhaps three or four months!" she exclaimed. "And yet you can not live without her. You can even give up your mother for this girl, this dancer. Oh, it is too much!"

"There is no question of giving up anybody. We can all remain together. Won't you come to see her to-night?"

"Are you frantic? Maurice, have you no respect for me? Is it Desmond Martin's son who asks his mother to go to a public theatre hall to see for the first time his future wife dancing in the ballet? Oh, it can not be! It must be that I am not awake: it is a nightmare, a hideous dream."

He looked at her wonderingly.

"Mother," he said, "you are tired after your journey; to-morrow you will feel better. I shall not go to the theatre to-night. Excuse me: I will send these flowers instead of taking them."

She did not reply, and he went out, coming back in a few moments with a little bouquet of violets in his hand.

"These are for you, mother," he said, putting them in a glass of water.

She thanked him, and he began to help her unpack. They spoke but little, those two, whom in all their lives before speech had never failed.

After dinner at the *pension* they went out for a little while. Maurice had never been so attentive to his mother, but to-night she did not respond. They returned, and then parted for the night. They went to Mass together next day, but there was a constraint between them, which seemed to grow deeper every hour. When they were once more sitting in Mrs. Martin's room, Maurice said:

"Mother dearest, may I bring Marie this afternoon?"

"No," she replied. "I can not see her yet,—I can not."

"Very well," he said. "I shall not tell her you are here until you feel that you can meet her."

Then he left her, and did not return until dinner-time. She asked him no questions, and he said not a word of where he had been. It was a dreary Christmas evening. Very little was said on the subject nearest both hearts, but Mrs. Martin learned that Marie was always at home in the afternoons, and also the name of the street where she lived, and the number of her residence.

Maurice was ill at ease. He saw his mother in a new light, and could not accustom himself to the change. She who had been so yielding, so indulgent, had grown stern; her eyes looked at him coldly; he had never known that those gentle lips could utter such hard, bitter words as had fallen from them in the last twenty-four hours. But his was a buoyant nature: once she had seen Marie, all would be well. He knew it,—he felt it. To-morrow this hard

mood must pass, and in this hopeful spirit he fell asleep.

Mrs. Martin sat quietly thinking far into the night, and retired at last filled with a purpose which she determined to execute at the earliest opportunity.

"Mother," pleaded Maurice the next morning, "may I bring Marie to meet you to-day? We will go to the Café Montart for *déjeûner?*"

They were in her room. Mrs. Martin had been gazing out of the window, watching the sun making feeble efforts to pierce the low clouds, dreary and dark as her own soul. The boy laid his hand on her shoulder as he spoke, with a caressing gesture which she had never been able to resist. But to-day it had no effect upon her mood. She would not look at him, fearing to meet the sweet entreaty of his dark eyes. She did not reply. He stood silent, awaiting her pleasure.

"Mother," he said once more, gently placing his hand under her chin and forcing her to look at him, "won't you let me bring her? When you see her you will love her. She knows all about you, and she will do anything I ask."

"No doubt," answered Mrs. Martin, again turning from him,—"that is, if she thinks you have sufficient money to support her in the luxury in which she is now living."

"Ah, she is not living in luxury!" he said. "Nothing could be more simple than her way of life and her dress."

"What, then, does she do with the money she earns as leader of the ballet? I should think she must receive a goodly sum for her—work."

"As I told you, she supports her mother, who is in the pay department of an asylum—a sanitarium. She might have placed her among the charity patients, but could not bear to do it. At one time they were wealthy; but since Marie was thirteen years old she has worked hard to keep her mother comfortable, at least. And she has succeeded."

"She tells you all this to gain your sympathy, no doubt, Maurice."

"She has told me little, mother,—very little. Stephanie, the old servant with whom she lives, has told me all I know about them."

"And you believe it?"

"I have no reason to doubt it."

"Can you not see that there is a conspiracy between them?"

"To what end, mother?"

"To entrap you. They think you a great prize. You are young and not bad-looking. They imagine you to be one of those rich Americans who are gulled by such people every day."

"Mother, I lay awake a long time last night, trying to understand you in this new light. At length I succeeded in putting myself in your place. From your point of view, which is naturally prejudiced and one-sided, it is possible to see everything in a false light. If you once saw and knew Marie, all your objections would vanish. That is what I ask you to do. Let me bring her to you, mother."

She turned quickly and put her arms about his neck. All her soul was in her eyes and her voice as she cried:

"Maurice my boy, my only treasure on this earth, in the name of your dead father, I implore you to renounce this madness! He lived but for you and me; since he went, I have lived for you only. One by one, I have given up my hopes, my dreams, my ambitions, which were his also, and which, had he lived to guide and direct you, might have been realized. But this—this—I can not—I can not accept it! Come away from here! Come home with me, and forget this girl who has bewitched and deluded you!"

Gently releasing her arms, Maurice

began to smooth her beautiful hair, just beginning to show streaks of gray at the temples.

"Mother," he said, "I know that I have failed you often; I have never repaid your devotion. I am not, in any way, what you would wish me to be. I am neither like my father nor you: I can not take life seriously as you do, as he did; but yet I am not so bad. I love you with all my heart; I love Marie. I only ask that you let me bring her to you. Do not be unjust, mother."

"It has always been so with you, Maurice. When did you ever give up the slightest whim to please me?"

"Perhaps never," he said, after a short pause. "But I can not remember that you ever denied me anything."

"God forgive me—I believe you are right!" she remarked, bitterly.

She moved away from him, and he looked pained. Suddenly his eyes lit up and his face grew radiant.

"Mother," he cried, "it is of you she reminds me! I could not think before. She looks like you—like *you!*"

"You are losing your senses," was the stern rejoinder. "Oh, if I could take you away from here, all might yet be well!"

"Mother—" he began.

"Leave me now!—oh, leave me!" she said, in a tone he had never heard.

He went slowly from the room; she remained standing by the window. A few minutes later he looked in at the door, saying:

"Mother, I am going to Passy and shall not be back until five."

"With whom are you going?"

"With Wilson—you know the young fellow I told you of yesterday?"

"Very well," she said.

He waited a moment, but her head was averted. Never before had they parted without a caress—from her eyes at least.

(To be continued.)

In a Village Church.*

BY FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

THERE it stands, the stately steeple, on the coast of Normandy;
Seen afar, how small it seemeth set beside the mighty sea!
Yet full oft its summit, soaring in the clear or cloudy sky,
Guides the seamen through their danger like a signal raised on high.
But this morn the peaceful water plashes gently on the sands;
Pass we to the church which, rising high above the village, stands;
And its shadows at the sunset on the ripening corn-fields fall.
By the little path I wandered; here, where drying on the wall,
Hangs a fisher-net that scatters pungent scent on every side.
There above the thatch-roofed dwellings rose the belfry in its pride.
Grey and grand I saw it standing on its lofty tower upreared,
And between its carven trefoils glimpses of the blue appeared.
Heavenward, to the mystic country, still it seemed to point the way:
From afar it seemed to call me, crying, "Hither come and pray!"
Thither, toward the Gothic belfry which besieging rooks surround,
'Mid the tombs my way I wended, where the little pathway wound;
Here and there the purple poppies flashes of gay color gave;
And I entered in the coolness, all alone, the Gothic nave;
And my knees in lowly homage bent upon a bench of wood,
While my fingers blessed my forehead with the signing of the rood.
And I prayed: "My God, behold me! See my heart is hard as stone.
Yet, Thou knowest it, I choose Thee: Thou shalt be my guide alone.
Here, with tender love and ardor, I repeat my *Credo* o'er,
Take Thy yoke upon my shoulders, long to bear Thy load once more;

* Translated by the Rev. W. H. Kent, O. S. C.

Set Thy name a firm foundation deep in every thought of mine;
And I join my hands, O Jesus, near those piercéd hands of Thine.
Here, before Thy knees, with anguish and Thy burden, bent and worn,
Lord, I cast myself in sorrow, kiss Thy feet with woe forlorn;
While I see Thy flesh before me, and each cruel wound behold,
I would fain my heart were wounded; oh, but it is dry and cold!
Have I faith? O God of mercy, turn those tender eyes of Thine!
Give me back my childhood's fervor, all the love that once was mine;
When my Latin prayer repeating, sure I felt my Father heard;
When I said the blessed *Ave*, Gabriel's gladsome greeting word,
And I saw the Holy Virgin in her flowing robe of white;
Did I dream she bent above me, with her starry crown of light?
O my God, my heart Thou readest, knowest what I fain would be;
Lord, behold my pride is conquered; gone is my impurity!
Hear me, Lord! Look down and hearken; make me pray more worthily;
Make my heart to melt in sorrow and the fount of tears flow free.
I would fain believe, my Jesus; I believe—my doubt is done;
Give to me the faith undoubting of the blest Centurion.
Never more, my God!—oh, never suffer me again to say
What I say before Thine altar kneeling in Thy church to-day!—
'Dost Thou hearken, Lord, and hear me? Master, Lord, say art Thou there?'"
Thus, a weary while in anguish rose my plaintive, pleading prayer.
For the soul of some old sinner, sorrowing when the hour is late,
Seems like land where wanton nettles and wild weeds luxuriate.
All in vain he strives to clear it: bootless quest, he labors long;
Seeks to tear the evil from it and uproot the seeds of wrong;
And his faith, although he knows it true and good, is overborne,
As the crowding tares and cockle choke the tender April corn.
Yet, this lowly church gives shelter, welcome to the weary breast;
And it fills me with sweet comfort, while my eyes delight to rest
On the chequered chancel pavement where the softened sunlight falls
From the lofty painted windows; and I trust these olden walls
Rising round me, saturated with six centuries of prayers
Of the simple-hearted peasants, dower me with a faith like theirs.
Here to their "good God" they pleaded, each with troubles of his own;
But the anguish of my sorrow none of these had ever known.
Where the mounted soldier Patron cleaves the mantle with his sword,
See the people's votive offerings, hearts of gold and silver stored!
Here a candle lingers burning, fixed upon the branch of steel;
Where the Blessed Maiden Mary treads the serpent 'neath her heel:
And the rustic image showeth tokens of the Martyr Queen;
Meeting in her stricken bosom, seven swords of grief are seen.
At this lowly bench the peasants through long ages knelt to pray:
By their claspt hands and bowed foreheads, see the wood is worn away!
There aloft a little vessel, with its masts and rigging, see!
Simple sailors saved from shipwreck set it there in memory.
Thus the church and all within it, all the sights that round me throng,
Speak of naught but naïve devotion and a faith profound and strong.
Oh, the faith of humble people! Come and fill me blessed faith!
Faith of those who, calmly gazing, find eternal life in death.
Oft when through these folding portals, borne upon a bier of pine,
One is brought in sad procession, laid before the altar shrine,
While the chaunting clergy greet him, in their hearts the people see
How the pure soul of the Christian, from the bands of flesh set free,

Mounts to heaven's open portals from this dark-
some world of woe,
Goes to take the crown of glory for the cross he
bore below.
Here this simple faith hath dwelling in the walls
that round me soar,
With its spirit penetrated these six hundred years
and more.
Think how many thousand Christians in this
ancient nave have prayed,
And the fathers of their fathers here their orisons
have made.
From the far-off Middle Ages, in the dark and misty
night
Of a past no more remembered, here their spirit
took its flight.
Here I feel the faith's communion: clouds of prayer
that round me roll,
Gathered in this holy temple, pour their balm upon
my soul;
Bring sweet comfort to my trouble, make my heart's
fierce beating cease,
Still its stormy agitation, filling it with hope and
peace,
Like some tempest-troubled water when its wild
waves sink to rest.
Yea, good souls of this poor parish, may you be
forever blest!
Honest, hardy, brown-clad seamen, with your
brows all tanned by brine;
Ye that bear the white-plumed dais o'er the Sacra-
ment Divine;
Worthy wardens of the parish, in your Sunday
robes arrayed,
Well ye know to sing the Office, mind each answer
to be made.
Ye who still from work and sorrow come to Him
who knows your needs;
Aged grandams whose worn fingers tireless tell
their tale of beads;
Village maidens who to heaven lift aloft your
dreaming eyes;
Urchins of the Sunday-school, and girls the good
nuns catechise;
All who here to blessed Jesus many and many a
time have prayed
At the Mass, to be hereafter worthy of His promise
made:
May you be forever blesséd, for your prayers have
set me free,
Made me cast away forever pride and incredu-
lity.
For the prayers of all your fathers seem in those
old walls to rest;
Soaring up in every corner, birds of God, they
build their nest;
And I catch the lingering echoes of their song serene
and sweet,
Till my heart is stirred within me and my lips
the strain repeat.
Weeping, to the Cross I turn me; "Lord," I cry,
"my prayer receive!
Yea, my God, I dare to say it: Lord, I love and I
believe!"

In the Garden of the Château.

BY LADY ROSA GILBERT.

I.

THE château of the ancient family of De Rossignol stands on the outskirts of the old French town of Bois-de-Merle. The country around it is, as the name of the town suggests, wooded, and musical with song-birds; while the château is one of those Old-World splendors which often assert themselves here and there through the softening haze of time and remoteness from modern highways. Our present day does not erect such façades, in which beauty and dignity are one; nor design courts and pleasances like these, in which romance and poetry lurk under all the window niches and about the posterns. At the moment of our story the château was inhabited by a young woman of twenty-five years, who was Marquise de Rossignol in her own right, and to whom, as his only child, her father, the late Marquis, had bequeathed his large property.

It happened in the days when all gentlemen wore swords that on a summer evening Gabrielle the Marquise was alone in the great garden of the château—a many-chambered court of flowers, with partitions and screens of centuries-old yew hedges; and all in the heart of woods from which the nightingales were now pouring their songs into Gabrielle's troubled brain.

A slender figure in a trailing gown of sombre hue, she was walking with bent head, her face between her hands, or she dropped her arms with a despairing movement and revealed a countenance pale with distress. The sun was setting as she moved along weeping, stood still and listened, went on again unconsoled. The green of the yew hedges was changing to velvety black; the forest trees wreathed themselves in solemn masses against the saffron glow on the horizon, even while the upper firmament darkened and grew more high and hollow, gathering the earliest stars into its lap.

A figure came rapidly threading the yew screens, and suddenly stood before the Marquise, barring her path.

"Gabrielle, have you no welcome for me? Oh, what can be the meaning of this sorrow?"

She looked up, her arms fell limp by her sides. She raised her head and her eyes fixed themselves on the face gazing at her in grief and surprise. There was light enough for each to see the other with almost intensified distinctness, as luminous twilight will often emphasize expressions of posture and countenance. Dominant will and intellectual power were visible in the man's face, and the helpless anguish in the woman's eyes gradually roused him to passion.

"Gabrielle!"

He took her hands, turned her gently toward the lingering saffron light in the west and looked at her. Even in grief, the loveliness of the dark-eyed, clear-cut face was indescribable; though the rich rose of the cheek was for the moment blenched away by unhappiness.

"O Antoine! I have been mad in forgetting to tell you something. I had hoped that I need never remember. But an evil surprise has lain in wait for me. You and I must part—"

He dropped her hands and stood looking at her silently, his face growing severe and cold in all its lines.

"Antoine!"

"I am in your power, Gabrielle. You must have your will. I am poor, I am undistinguished. You are the Marquise de Rossignol, noble and wealthy. You dismiss me. If I *am* poor, I have some spirit. I will go."

"O Antoine, do not be so cruel!"

"Cruel!"

She shook as if to fall. He did not attempt to support her.

"This is fine acting."

"It is I who am at your mercy. You say you are undistinguished, poor. Was not your distinction in the intellectual world my pride? Was wealth of any value to me but to give it to you? Do not be so restive: listen to me. It is my father's will. He ordained, under penalties, that I must marry the son of his friend who saved his life, and to whom he had a devoted attachment. This friend lost rank and property in defending and saving him—I can not wait this moment to tell you how,—and my father arranged the marriage in order to make him the best return possible, according to his judgment. The son—he is a soldier. I have not seen him since I was a child. He is ten years older than I. It was supposed that he was killed abroad five years ago. I did not think it necessary to speak to you of a matter that was in the past. I was too happy. Now it seems he is alive; he is coming here. I must either receive him as the man who is to be my husband or endure the malediction—yes, yes, it amounts to that—of the father who loved and trusted in me—"

Her speech faltered and failed. The young man remained silent.

"Will you not speak to me?"

"What use in speech, Gabrielle? If you had confided in me a year ago we

might now have parted with less pain. Our hearts in that time have grown to each other. Forgive my momentary burst of jealousy. I know you love me. I know there is no base worldliness, no fickleness in your nature. Your case is worse than mine, my love; for I at least am not called on to marry another woman."

He took her hand.

"Counsel me, counsel me!" exclaimed Gabrielle, clinging to him.

"No one can counsel you but your own heart. If I were to kill this man who is coming it would not bring us closer together. If I were to give you true counsel, as to me it would seem right, I would say, 'Dare to be mistress of your own heart.' But it might be that I could not bear the weight of your remorse. You know best how far your duty to your father constrains you."

"It constrains me terribly. I am torn!" she cried. "If the alternative were to relinquish my entire fortune to that other man, perhaps you would take me as a beggar, Antoine; and, if I were not in the way of your ambition, gladly would I work with you, for you. But my father's words bind me like steel. He lays it upon my love, my loyalty to him. Bear with me, forgive me! I have not had time to think; only a few hours ago I learned of Colonel de St. Valorie's approach. I shall yet have a few days—"

Antoine smiled bitterly.

"I can not wait a few days while you balance my love and my life against a father's intolerable requirement. And what good will it do these two dead men in their graves if their friendship be immortalized by the unhappiness, perhaps damnation, of those they have brought into the world and who have got to live after them? For I shall not be the only unhappy one. You will suffer, Gabrielle. You are too good and also too weak to make a life of cold content out of such unnatural conditions. Despair will rise up and take possession of you. Nay, I will not suffer it!" exclaimed the man, suddenly frenzied, as Gabrielle's bleached face was raised to his with agony in the eyes. "I will welcome this man here in this place as soon as he arrives. I will challenge him to fight, and let whoever wins wear."

He bent and kissed her hands and face with passion, then let her go suddenly, and hurried away. Gabrielle was alone among the odors and enchantments of the twilight garden, Sirius shining like a small moon, and the nightingales still singing. She went slowly, threading her way through flowers from which the color and light seemed to have been gathered and drawn up into the stars. Climbing a flight of garlanded outer stairs from the garden to an upper story of the château, she stood for a minute looking away into the exquisite mystical beauty of the distance. Oh, those nightingales—how often they had sung for her joy! Now how wantonly they jubilated over her misery! How was she to save herself, repel this unwelcome newcomer, give herself to Antoine, hush the voice of her dead father? The exactions of life could not all be reconciled.

Her maid came to her with a letter, and Gabrielle withdrew into her chamber, while the servant lit up the wax-candles, which shone all at once like flowers of flame in the shadowiness of the antique apartment. The wide windows, with their rich silk hangings, still framed a picture of an ebbing, dull-gold sea struggling with abysses of darkness; here and there a wave of fire; overhead the stars. The maid dismissed, Gabrielle opened her letter.

"From St. Valorie!" she whispered, in a whirl of panic.

It was a curious letter, stately, with a touch of romance in its dignity; yet there was nothing stiff about it, the courtliness of its style somehow expressing a vigorous manliness. The writer spoke of the peculiar, fascinating relations existing between him and his betrothed; his vivid recollection of her as a child, and his tender fidelity to the ideal he had made of her all through the years that had separated them. He was arriving at Bois-de-Merle sooner than he had expected, and asked of her to receive him at the earliest moment convenient to her.

"I am restless till I see you," he wrote. "I shall be at Bois-de-Merle late on Monday evening." ("*This is Monday evening*," thought Gabrielle.) "Honor me, humor me, by meeting me in your garden early in the morning of Tuesday, when the dew is yet on your flowers. I remember all well. I am ten years older than you. You were a child of seven and I a youth of seventeen when we parted in that enchanting garden. Let me come to you. Will you come to meet me there? Dearest, ideal of my dreams, I shall be among your flowers watching for you at seven o'clock on Tuesday morning!"

"What a combination!" murmured the young girl. "The earliness and punctuality of the soldier, the dreams of the lover, which are with him only dreams! Oh, if it had been Antoine who had been so placed! But now this dreamer must also suffer. Let me see. To-morrow at seven o'clock. Ah, Heaven! Where shall I turn? What doom is this that has overtaken us?"

She threw the letter away, and, unlocking a drawer in her writing-table, took out some papers, on which her tears fell as she read them through and through, back and forward, again and again, as if spelling every word each time and weighing every phrase, hoping to shake some new meaning out of its construction. But the urgency of her father's injunction was incontestable; the conviction of his own debt and his point of honor in discharging it were impressive and weighed on the woman who was to carry through life the shackles forged by him for her wearing.

She restored all the papers to their repository, walked blindly to the little shrine in a nook of the chamber, where a tiny jewelled lamp was burning, lay rather than knelt on the floor, her face hid in her hair. So the small hours of the night went over. A cry to the Unseen was in her heart, but thought was stopped; her will was drifting helplessly with the round of the world till morning.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Last Days of Henri Lasserre.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

THE last page published by Henri Lasserre concludes thus: "All begins here below, all ends elsewhere." And now for him the portals of eternity have opened and his spirit has taken its flight toward that "elsewhere" to which his faith had steadily looked forward.

Whoever watched him closely during the last two or three years, observed his thoughts ascending visibly. Around him death had struck repeated blows; one by one the last survivors of his youth had disappeared from the scene of this world. After all these deaths, he thought his own could not be far off. Thus he spent several years preoccupied by the death-beds of those he had loved. The last moments of several of them he has described with exquisite skill and sympathy. What he has written on the subject shows that the historian of Our Lady of Lourdes deserves another title—that of historian of death.

The hour has now come to speak of his own passing. It is not without deep emotion that I venture to do so. It would require his own gifted pen to describe worthily its every phase and supreme beauty.

From September, 1897, Henri Lasserre's health visibly failed, in consequence of a serious attack of laryngitis; his voice was almost gone and could be heard only through a painful hoarseness. His pen, however, remained free; his mind retained its brilliant faculties, and the illustrious writer continued to work. His conversation alone suffered; he who formerly was universally admitted to be a king among conversationalists was now slow and often embarrassed in his utterance. The rôles were reversed: he became a listener.

This precarious state of health lasted three years, with alternatives of better and worse. Twice he felt slight strokes of paralysis, in consequence of which his handwriting appeared much altered. "Old age is coming on: it has already come and will last as long as I live—if I do live." Thus he wrote from Brittany, where he was making a visit at the house of Madame Ernest Hello, the widow of his distinguished friend.

On the 29th of last November his letter to me began: "My dear friend, I have no excuse for my silence, and will not give the name of excuse to unsatisfactory explanations. I am growing terribly old; the cold paralyzes me and I am getting into habits of sloth. I rise late, and a long time passes before I can reach—still half asleep—my study. This is how—I can not say 'this is *why*'—having so many things to tell you, I have not written to you, and I am heartily ashamed. However, I will not postpone for twenty-four hours more the assurance of my sincere friendship. My heart is the only part of me which does not feel old."

In a second note, dated March, 1900, the same sentiment appears: "I have been working, and thought I felt myself in vein for writing, despite the weight of years and the rigor of winter. And, taking advantage of this improvement—perhaps only imaginary,—I continue to work on some reminiscences of poor Léonce de Pesquidoux. I will send you the little volume, and you will give me your opinion of it as candidly as Gil Blas did to the Archbishop of Granada; promising that I shall be as thankful as that prelate was ungrateful to be admonished of my literary decline."

Finally another letter came to me in the month of May, opening with the words: "I live on,—or, rather, I outlive myself." And, after speaking of some business matters, he closed with these solemn words: "*Adieu et au revoir!*" I experienced a pang of keenest sorrow. But the end had not come: he rallied and lived on.

Sunday, July 15, was a great festival at Les Bretoux, the Lasserre residence. It was St. Henry's Day. All the family, even to distant relatives, had assembled for the celebration. Several friends in the neighborhood had also been invited. According to his custom, Henri Lasserre received Holy Communion that morning beside his dear wife; and at twelve o'clock the party, numbering nineteen, sat down to table to keep the fête of the master of the house. The hero of the day was beaming; and if his speech did not possess the charm of bygone days, his eyes, his hands and his smile made up for it admirably. At times his conversation even emitted sparks of the brilliant past. For each one in particular he had a gracious word; his heart seemed overflowing with kindness and love. During the day letters and telegrams poured in from all sides; it seemed like a resurrection. Alas! it was but the last ray gilding the autumn of a

beautiful life soon to merge into eternity.

The happy reunion over, after most affectionate good-byes, and after night prayers recited as usual in the Chapel of Our Lady of Lourdes, Henri Lasserre retired to his room. While taking his customary bowl of milk before going to sleep he made an effort to speak, but his tongue suddenly grew thick and the words died on his lips. It was a third paralytic stroke. Mme. Lasserre, though anxious, did not feel extremely alarmed; and, as it was very late, she waited until early morning to send for the family physician.

When Dr. Calvet arrived he found his patient sitting at his writing-table, having said his prayers and breakfasted. His face bore a meditative and resigned expression, as if under the influence of a painful dream. The doctor pronounced the case very serious, adding that life might be prolonged or might terminate speedily. His first prescription was a verbal interdiction of any intellectual work. This was indeed a severe blow to one for whom to live was to work. The prohibition remained unheeded, however; and had to be written down at a second medical visit. The invalid read the prescription and then made a gesture of resignation.

That evening it was suggested to him to go up to his room without passing through the chapel; but he would not accede, and knelt on his *prie-dieu* as usual for night prayers. Next day (Tuesday) he came down to his study at ten o'clock, and read his letters. One of them announced that a dear relative in Paris would arrive by an evening train. The invalid felt real pleasure in the thought of seeing this person. From time to time he pulled out his watch; and when finally the traveller appeared, he rose from his arm-chair with the help of friends and went to the hall door to greet her.

The doctor had forbidden him to sit at the dinner-table, but could he obey the injunction when the family circle was so happily increased? After dinner Mme. Lasserre remarked: "Henri, you are very tired: you would do well to go to your room at once." It was prudent advice, but he longed to wait for night prayers, which he said on his knees, and then ascended the stairs with great difficulty.

That night was comparatively calm; and, with the help of friends, he came down stairs next morning and spent the day in the usual manner. In the course of the afternoon, however, the expression of his face was seen to change: he seemed to see some one to whom he wished to write or send a message. "Who can it be?" thought those present. Every possible name was suggested, but he shook his head in the negative. Then he took up a pen and tried to write, but the pen dropped from his fingers. A sad smile passed on his lips and his eyes filled with tears.

There was no change on Thursday; the same weakness prevailed, then the same energy and prayerful disposition. On Friday a touching scene took place and moved all present to tears. In the absence of the parish priest of Coux, the dean of Belois was summoned. At the sight of his old friend, the priest was deeply affected, seeing at a glance that the end was nigh. Bending over the dear sufferer, he gently warned him that the hour had come to receive the last sacraments. The patient had confessed a short time before. Extreme Unction, followed by Holy Communion, was administered without delay. When about to receive the Holy Viaticum, some Lourdes water was offered to the historian of its miracles; he drank it with the utmost reverence, in order to be able to swallow the sacred Host. A look of ineffable peace lit up his

countenance, a deep sense of happiness pervaded his being in this mysterious meeting of the celestial Friend with His devoted servant.

Next day (Saturday) his daughter and son-in-law, his grandchildren, nephews and nieces, were sorrowfully gathered round the dying man's bed. On a sign each child was brought close to him; he gazed at the little one, and laid his hand caressingly and tenderly on each head. This patriarchal scene moved all present to tears. During the day he was helped from his bed, dressed and taken to his arm-chair. He remained for a time in his room, looking out of the window on the fine old elms, under whose foliage he had so often charmed his guests by his delightful conversation. Yonder, between those tall poplars, he had a glimpse of the river Dordogne, following its graceful, undulating course like a blue ribbon toward Sarlat.

Some one said to him: "You are comfortable here: you had better not come down to-day." The words "come down" lit a spark in his eye, and an eager gesture expressed his wish. He raised himself from his seat and, helped by friends, crossed the long corridor and went down stairs. At the cost of a tremendous effort he reached the room which he particularly loved, where he had labored so long,—the field of his many battles. Through the open door of the chapel opposite his study, he could see above the altar, ensconced in a nich of verdure, the white statue of his heavenly benefactress, Our Lady of Lourdes.

After a while his breathing became regular in the dear atmosphere of his books, among which were seventy-two copies, in as many different languages, of his famous work, "Notre Dame de Lourdes." At the very door of the chapel, under the gaze as it were of the ideal vision of the Grotto, he felt new life. Peaceful and smiling, he rested his eyes first upon his wife, then upon his daughter and those who formed a loving circle about him.

Hours passed. It was noticed that the sufferer's breathing became difficult; he felt conscious of the change, and raised his hand to his forehead. To those present it was an invitation to prayer. He joined his hands, and the crucifix on the table before him was placed in his stiffening fingers. Mme. Lasserre, her daughter and all present had fallen upon their knees and were saying, "*Ave Maria, gratia plena.*" An answer came through the open window, between the shadows of the evening and the dying sun. The bell of the village church in the valley rang out the Angelus. "Hail Mary, full of grace! The Lord is with thee; blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is the Fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, *now and at the hour of our death.* Amen."

In a voice broken with sobs Monsieur d'Abadie began the awful though most consoling Prayers for the Dying. During their recital the sufferer's hands were crossed upon his breast, and it seemed as if his soul were slowly loosening its fetters and soaring above. His breathing became quicker and more labored; it was like that of one trying to ascend a steep mountain, in haste to gain the summit. Was it not symbolic? He was not going down to death, but ascending toward Life. From time to time fervent invocations were whispered in his ear. Twice he seemed to breathe forth his soul, and except for the beating of his pulse one might have deemed him dead. Life was not yet extinct, however. No convulsive twitching disturbed the peace of his countenance; the beautiful soul reigned in supreme calm over the cruel sufferings of the body.

The closing words of the life of Mgr.

Peyramale may well be applied to his biographer: "The breathing suddenly stopped; the soul of Mgr. Peyramale, purified by trials, unfolded its invisible wings and entered the place of his reward. He had passed from the conversation of men to that of the elect, from earthly scenes to the presence of his Maker."

Such was the death of Henri Lasserre. He passed to his reward on the Feast of St. Mary Magdalen, patron of the friends of Jesus and of repentant sinners.

Notes and Remarks.

The Congress of the Blessed Virgin held recently at Lyons was one of the most notable manifestations of Marian cult that the century has witnessed. No fewer than one hundred and thirty reports, or "studies," dealing with devotion to the Mother of God, had been received by the committee as early as July 15. Many of these papers were of exceptional merit, and the more remarkable among them are to be published in full in the volume containing the report of the Congress. The volume in question promises to be a veritable theological and historical cyclopedia of Marian lore. In the meantime the heights of Fourvières were echoing with joyous acclamations and jubilant hymns to Her whose magnificent basilica towers above Lyons as an impregnable fortress against the spirit of materialism and infidelity.

The hurricane which has laid the city of Galveston in ruins, bringing sudden death to thousands of persons and rendering other thousands homeless, is one of the most appalling disasters of the century. The exact number of persons who perished with little or no warning will never be known; we beg our readers to grant them the charity of their fervent prayers. The loss of property is enormous, and the suffering entailed upon the survivors can not be put into words. Her sister cities, almost without exception, have responded to Galveston's cry for help with such splendid generosity as forbids one to despair of human nature. But, unfortunately, there is a reverse side to the medal also. Hardly had the death-dealing storm abated when the ruined city was overrun with ghouls, who rifled the bodies of the dead and wounded. Half a hundred of these human fiends were shot by the police, as they richly deserved to be. The Bishop of Galveston, Mgr. Gallagher, has announced that most of the churches and religious institutions have been destroyed. It will be some time before the need of food and shelter for the homeless and destitute will have passed, and we shall be glad to forward the alms of our readers to the Bishop.

A correspondent in Chicago and others writing from different places in Michigan declare that the report of "a convent stolen and desecrated" in Puerto Rico is a clear case of fake. We are quite willing to believe that it may be; however, a statement is not rendered false by merely contradicting it. The report came to us from a source that we could not help regarding as reliable. According to our other informants, the building in question belonged to the government of the island, and the Ladies of the Sacred Heart willingly evacuated it to make room for the orphans. An academy simply became an orphan asylum. If these are the facts of the case, it is plain that there was neither appropriation nor desecration.

Facts are hard things to get at nowadays, though fakes of all kinds are easily obtainable. There are, perhaps,

fifteen fakes to one fact. We know it to be a fact—we state it in justice to him—that President McKinley offered place on an important government commission to a prominent Catholic citizen and that he declined to serve. We are asked to believe that the same offer was made to fifteen other prominent Catholic citizens, who did the same,—which we shall continue to doubt until we have *their* assurance that such was the case. One should be cautious as well as just.

The stories that are so often told of individuals and families losing the faith we can never bring ourselves to believe. Faith is a gift of God; and His gifts, the Scripture says, are "without repentance." A great many Catholics, it is true, live as though they had ceased to believe in their religion; but, as a rule, they are a long way from infidelity. Those who happily enter into themselves, as the spiritual writers express it, are astonished to find what a close connection there is between the *Confiteor* and the *Credo*. We remember an old fellow who for many long years had abandoned the Church, and considered himself and was regarded as an infidel. When he was dying he was visited by a priest of robust faith, who, instead of wasting time in argument, exhorted him to go to confession, which he finally did then and there; and that old "infidel" died reciting acts of faith and sorrow that were vehement enough to make the bed shake.

There is a little town in the Diocese of Fort Wayne where there are a large number of fallen-away Catholics, mostly of Irish birth or parentage, many of whom have joined various sects. For a long time the zealous Administrator was on the lookout for just the right priest to place in charge of this parish. He was found at last in the person of the Rev. Father Pratt, a convert from Methodism. There was a mild sensation in the place when the zealous young American convert priest and his good old Methodist mother were installed in the parsonage, and the novelty of the situation was not without its immediate effect on the population. The tables were turned, as the saying is. On the Feast of the Seven Dolors of our Blessed Mother a new church was dedicated at Wabash; and, as Father Pratt has also provided a school, there is little doubt that, sooner or later, the lost sheep—who had only strayed—will all find their way back to the fold.

September and November of this Year of Grace are to be memorable months in the history of Cuba. This month the people are to elect the delegates who in November will meet to draft a constitution and organize a system of self-government for the island. The politicians whom the Cubans have chosen to fill minor administrative offices since the American occupation of their country have not been the sort to inspire an optimistic view of the results of the forthcoming elections. Not to speak of the Brooke's marriage-law, which is now amended but which was first suggested by the Cuban politicians, other instances of petty persecution are reported.

Of the large store of anecdote which the death of Lord Russell brought out, this bit from the Manchester *Guardian* is one of the most pleasant:

> Once, when he first came to London and was laying the foundation of his great career, the future Lord Chief Justice went to the pit of a theatre. The piece was popular, the pit was crowded, and the young advocate had only standing-room. All of a sudden a man at his side cried out that his watch was stolen. Mr. Russell and two other men were hemmed in. "It is one of you three!" cried the man minus the watch.—"Well, we had better go out and be searched," said Mr. Russell, with the alertness of

mind that did not fail him at a trying moment amidst an excited crowd. A detective was at hand, and the suggestion was accepted. As Mr. Russell walked out the idea flashed through his mind that if the man behind him had the stolen property, he would probably try to secrete it in the pocket of his front rank man. Quick as thought he drew his coat-tails about him—only to feel, to his horror, something large and smooth and round already in his pocket. While he was still wondering what this might mean for him, the detective energetically seized the hindmost man, exclaiming: "What, you rascal! At it again!" To Mr. Russell and the other man he apologized and bade them go free. But Mr. Russell, before he had taken many steps, reflected that he could not keep the watch. He went back to the box-office and explained, with a courage on which he afterward said he rarely experienced greater demands, that, though he did not take the watch, he had it. So saying he put his hand into his pocket and pulled out—a forgotten snuff-box.

The Hon. Zachariah Montgomery, of California, whose blameless and laborious life ended last week, was a Homeric figure in more ways than one. Many will doubtless think that the most remarkable episode in his life was his appointment—bold and uncompromising advocate of the Catholic school that he was—as first assistant Attorney General of the United States; as a matter of fact, there were senators who attempted to prevent the confirmation of the appointment. But those who knew him intimately insist that his charity was as great as his faith. "I have known him," writes a friend, "to spend weeks in defence of widows and orphans from whom he could hope for no pecuniary fee." The name, the work, and the virtues of this Grand Old Man deserve to be remembered. May he rest in peace!

The beatification of the Ven. Jeanne de Lestonnac, Marchioness of Montferrand-Landiras and foundress of the Order of Daughters of Our Lady, is announced for the 23d inst. A French exchange gives an interesting account of a ceremony recently held in the Bordeaux convent of the Order—the canonical recognition of the mortal remains of this pious servant of God. Before the exhumation of the body was proceeded with, all those taking part in the ceremony—chaplains, medical doctors, masons and others—were obliged to kneel before the crucifix and, with their hands on the Gospels, solemnly swear to acquit themselves faithfully of the task confided to them. The precious relics were deposited in three boxes of different sizes. The first, of rock-crystal, contains some notable fragments intended for the Holy Father; the second, of costly wood, holds a larger number of relics to be distributed among the various convents of the Order; and the third, larger than the others, contains the bigger bones and a portion of the skull of the saintly Marchioness. This last box will be placed in the marble sarcophagus in the sanctuary of the convent.

The Galveston horror was not without relieving features. A correspondent of the New York *Sun*, writing from the ruined city under date of the 13th inst., makes mention of the heroic conduct of the Sisters in charge of an orphan asylum, only slight traces of which remained after the devastating cyclone:

It was supposed that the inmates—some ninety-nine Sisters and little children—had been swept out into the Gulf when the waters receded. Bodies of several of the victims at the asylum have been found. It appears that when the heroic Sisters found the waters rising all around the asylum, their only thought was for their little charges. They tied the children in bunches, and then each Sister fastened to herself one of these bunches of orphans, determined to save them or die with them. Two of these bunches have been found under wreckage; in each case eight children had been fastened together and then tied to a Sister.

Now that a federal election seems imminent in Canada, occasional reference is being made to the Manitoba school question. It is a matter of

history that the Conservative party, led by Sir Charles Tupper, went down to defeat in 1896 because they upheld the constitutional rights of the Catholic minority; and that the Liberals, under Sir Wilfrid Laurier, came into power because the voters of Quebec trusted in that leader's promise that he would settle the school difficulty to the satisfaction of all parties. So far as we can determine from the utterances of those qualified to speak for the Manitoba Catholics, the promise has not yet been fully carried out. No question is settled until it is settled right,—and our coreligionists in Manitoba assuredly are not satisfied that they have received the full measure of justice. Yet the school question will hardly be an issue in the coming contest, though it bids fair to be a spirited one.

Humbert's successor has already made a good impression in Rome. It is not inspiring to reflect that a prince who claims the title of king in the central city of Christendom should receive so much credit for a mere respectful allusion to religion; but the truth is that the experience has not been a common one. The words of Victor Emmanuel III. have been hailed by the Catholics of Rome as an indication that he will do what lies in his power to discountenance "the anti-religious fury of the Chamber of Deputies."

The London *Tablet* translates this paragraph from a newspaper published in Malaga:

A sensational and interesting incident which profoundly impressed the public occurred last night in the theatre of Atarazanas. The play "El Mississippi" was being represented when there passed close to the theatre the Holy Viaticum. At the solemn sound of the little bell the actors suspended their play and devoutly knelt down, whilst the orchestra played the Royal March. The spectators, greatly moved, also knelt down; and, presently getting up, broke forth into vociferous cheers, which lasted a long time.

Notable New Books.

General Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures. By the Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S. S. Benziger Brothers.

We confess a special fondness for Father Gigot's text-books of biblical study, their method is so wholly admirable; and the scholarly moderation coupled with the modernity they evince marks them as the work of a very superior teacher. The volume under review is, of course, only a general treatise, but it gives room for the play of most of the qualities that appear in the author's other works. For those who may wish to enter more deeply into the subject—and we are confident that after reading this volume many will so wish—Father Gigot has furnished a bibliography after each part. It is not by any means so exhaustive as to bewilder or discourage the student, but it includes the names of the best and most accessible books. The discussion of the apocryphal or uncanonical books of the Old and the New Testament appeals to us as among the best parts of the volume; and we are pleased to see that in the rather brief but wholly admirable account of the English version of the Bible, Father Spencer's translation of the Four Gospels is referred to as "the latest, and, in several respects, the best."

Though primarily intended for the use of seminarians, this "General Introduction" would be a good book to open a course of biblical study for those priests who feel that they would like to enlarge their knowledge of a subject that is of ever-increasing importance.

The Autobiography of St. Ignatius Loyola. Edited by J. F. X. O'Conor, S. J. Benziger Brothers.

The Testament of Ignatius Loyola. Translated by E. M. Rix. B. Herder.

Under these diverse titles appear two independent translations of the same document, the quasi-autobiographical record of "Sundry Acts of our Father Ignatius, taken down from the Saint's own lips by Luis Gonzales." This document is really the basis of all the larger biographies of the Saint, and, for those who are fit to use it, is preferable to any of them. Besides the subtle charm inherent in nearly all old manuscripts, its simplicity is an agreeable change from the flavor of modern hagiography. To give it an English rendering was, therefore, a work of merit.

Father O'Conor's version—we presume that he translated as well as edited it—is preceded by a brief appreciation of the original and followed by

an inappropriate eulogy of the Order. This version of the autobiography is in good, fluent English; and the work of editing has consisted in the omission of certain genuine passages and the insertion of other brief ones which are commonly believed to be innocent interpolations.

The version for which E. M. Rix stands sponsor does not run so smoothly as Father O'Conor's, but has more of the piquancy of the original. It has an introduction by Father Tyrrell, and some exceedingly sane editorial comments and bibliographical notes by Father Thurston. A printer's error (p. 53) makes the date of the birth of St. Ignatius two centuries later than it actually was, but the text is singularly free from such accidents. The two translations, however, are not always in accord. Thus E. M. Rix (supported by Father Thurston in a footnote) translates a passage thus (p. 149):

> Whenever the thought of taking upon himself the yoke of religion came to him, he was at once drawn to enter some more lax order where the rule was neglected. For thus he hoped to suffer more, and thought he might be able to help others who lived under that rule; God giving him confidence that he could easily endure whatever injuries or contumelies they might dare to inflict upon him.

Father O'Conor gives an entirely contradictory rendering (p. 108):

> He decided to enter upon the religious life. His next step was to find some order where the primitive fervor had not relaxed, as he felt that there he would be more sure of satisfying his desire of suffering, and assisting others spiritually by bearing, for the love of God, any injury or insult to which he might be subjected.

Both books are well printed on good paper and tastefully bound, though in these qualities Father O'Conor's work is much more creditable.

Where is the Church? By the Rev. Charles Coupe, S. J. Catholic Truth Society.

A course of lectures by Father Coupe, on the Unity of the Church, having aroused considerable controversy, the lecturer undertook the task of replying to the objections offered by his opponents. The substance of the objections, with the answers thereto, has now been woven into the text of the lectures; and the whole makes a neat and decidedly readable volume of 142 pages. The Unity of the Church is still a collateral thesis, but Father Coupe's real purpose is to vindicate Papal Infallibility as an essential condition of unity. A book that grows out of a course of lectures nearly always bears the marks of its origin both in matter and in style. As one reads Father Coupe's pages it is hard to fancy that one is reading and not hearing, the style is so little bookish; but the qualities of sprightliness, directness and force have evidently been promoted by the peculiar advantages rising out of familiar speech. The matter of the book is solidly instructive, and the concrete method of exposition adopted by the author whenever feasible is an additional merit—and none too common.

Besides the main theme, there are excellent discursive paragraphs on other subjects, which the reviewer is strongly tempted to quote in full. And there is an excellent chapter on the Bible alone as a rule of faith. It may be objected that these subjects have already been disposed of often enough by able and representative Catholic writers; the obvious reply is that of a really good thing we can not have too much. And Father Coupe's book is a good thing.

Sermons on the Blessed Sacrament. From the German of the Rev. J. B. Scheurer, D. D. Edited by the Rev. F. X. Lasance. Benziger Brothers.

This volume contains twenty-one sermons of moderate length, all on Eucharistic subjects. They were preached by Dr. Scheurer during *Das grosse Gebet*, a devotion very popular in many dioceses of Germany, notably in Mainz. *Das grosse Gebet* bears a strong resemblance in many features to our Forty Hours' Devotion; hence these discourses are really an addition to the not too extensive literature of the Forty Hours.

The characteristic of Dr. Scheurer's sermons is solidity rather than sparkle. There is almost a poverty of illustrative material, but there is a certain quality in most of the discourses which arouses and sustains interest. Many readers will think them rather old fashioned, though perhaps they are none the worse for that. We venture to say that priests who use the volume for suggestive reading, as well as the faithful whose only aim is edification, will be better pleased with it than with some collections of more ornate and pretentious discourses. Father Lasance has supplied a preface, some pages of which are among the very best in the whole volume.

The Soldier of Christ. By Mother Mary Loyola. Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers.

The sub-title of this work explains its scope and purpose—"Talks before Confirmation." In preparing boys especially for the reception of this sacrament, Mother Loyola's book will be serviceable; for its underlying idea is the military one. The annals of war afford her many striking and spicy examples of soldierly qualities, which she adapts with rather uncommon felicity to the battle of life,—it was Job, we believe, who first

called life a warfare. Needless to say, children will find no book dull in which very thrilling war stories about Napoleon, Wellington, Dewey and the Sirdar enliven almost every page. And the teacher or pastor who has read these talks to the little ones will find that the idea of a militant Christianity—of a Christianity which means a hard and perpetual struggle against the world, the flesh and the devil—has been very thoroughly impressed on the young mind. It will also be found that the children who have listened have a pretty clear knowledge of the nature and uses of temptation, and of the other helps and hindrances to virtue. There is a marked strain of ingenuity running through these instructions, and some of the metaphors and illustrations strike us as among the cleverest we have ever met with. Mother Loyola has already earned the gratitude of Catholics by her solidly pious and practical instructions for young women; this book will win for her many new friends.

The Reign of Law. By James Lane Allen. The Macmillan Co.

The setting of this story is the hemp-fields of Kentucky; and, after the manner of the novelists of to-day, but with the special charm which is his own, Mr. Allen has pictured with scientific exactness the process of hemp-culture from seed to harvest-time. He shows us the soil-hidden oval fruit, stroked with the brushes of light and prodded with spears of sunflame; leading us on through summer and fall, till the strong fibre is borne to the factory and the stalk is left to die. This beautiful and instructive dissertation on hemp is the introduction to the story, and its only connecting link is the following closing paragraph of the chapter:

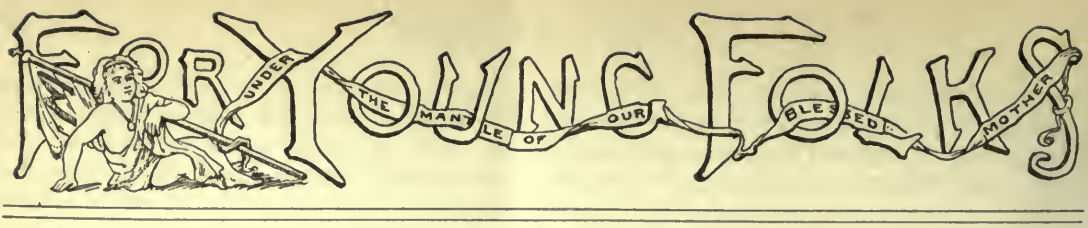
> Ah! type, too, of our life, which also is earth-sown, earth-rooted; which must struggle upward, be cut down, rotten and broken, ere the separation take place between our dross and our worth,—poor, perishable shard and immortal fibre. Oh, the mystery, the mystery of that growth, from the casting of the soul as a seed into the dark earth until the time when, led through all natural changes and cleansed of weakness, it is borne from the fields of its nativity for the long service!

What the public will say to this long prelude to the story remains to be seen; what art-canons hold on the subject is that the action of a novel should not thus be delayed. The plot is centred in a deeply religious nature, but one utterly untrained; and the regular trend of affairs is easily foretold when one sees David's environment at the Bible College. The lines of reasoning along which the boy's mind worked are too indefinitely drawn to warrant agreement in the conclusions; and it is pathetic to see the struggle for truth with no thought of appeal to the Giver of truth, the Source of light. Indeed, the whole tone of the book is saddening to one who realizes how much harm is being done by those who seek, not "the reign of law," but who pay the homage of intellect to law's usurper. There are pathos and poetry in this book; but not these, nor science—from which, we are told, "the race henceforth must get its idea of God,"—will lead the soul through life's struggles, unless it accept revealed truths; any more than the hemp seed will cleave the earth and reach unto God's sky, unless it opens to the light according to the reign of God's law.

Father Anthony. A Romance of To-Day. By Robert Buchanan. G. W. Dillingham Co.

It is no surprise to us to learn that this touching and dramatic story is now in its tenth edition, and that still another, of one hundred thousand copies, is announced by the English publishers. "Father Anthony" is a story of remarkable power, full of life and color; the characters are drawn with skill and sympathy, and the main incidents are of vivid interest. It is a romance without a single dull page. Not being a Catholic, the author can not be expected to know just how a priest in so painful a position as he places his hero would feel and act; however, Father Anthony is so notable an improvement over the average priest in English fiction that we are not disposed to qualify our praise of the book. A certain class of Catholic readers will be sure to find fault with the character of Father John Croly, whose "one weakness" was a liking for distilled mountain-dew; though, as the author says, "it never made him forget his duty or his self-respect." For our part, we shall always remember "Father Anthony" as a story of unusual interest and ability, told with a lightness of touch, grace of expression and power of sympathy which are excelled by very few contemporary novelists.

The book may be objected to by Catholics in the United States; but in Ireland, where the scene is laid, its slight faults will be lost sight of in the general excellence. And every reader will realize that the genial author loves what is truly lovable in the Irish character; and feels, as he himself says, "strong affection toward the Irish Mother-Church, and toward those brave and liberal-hearted men who share so cheerfully the sorrows and the privations, the simple joys and duties, of the Irish peasantry."



Lily White.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

THERE may be coals blacker than her face, although *I* never saw one; and her eyes were like two great beads with lights behind them. Instead of hair there was a short, crinkly crop of fuzz. Her name was—Lily White.

"She shall have a white name," said Martha, her mother. "And maybe in the resurrection morning her face'll be white too."

Poor Martha had searched long and earnestly for a picture of a dark angel, and had never found one. Angels were always fair, with golden hair, in which God's sunbeams glistened.

Lily's mother had been born a slave, and when the war set her free had followed the fortunes, or misfortunes, of her mistress. There had been no change in their relations; and she cooked in the new state of things just as she had in the old, only with a short purse and meagre materials, until the daughter of the house married and her old mistress died; then, feeling her duty done—for the husband of her dear "Miss Lou" preferred white servants—she married a good-natured fellow as black as herself, and set up housekeeping on her own account. Often, however, when there was domestic discord at the old mansion, she was called upon to lend a hand, invariably appearing with a coal-black baby tucked under her shawl. These, all boys, had been given high-sounding names. There were Napoleon, Ethiopius, Socrates, and Nicodemus, besides the twins. At last a little girl appeared and was promptly called Lily White, as I have said. The same day a blue-eyed infant, also a girl, took up her abode at the old mansion and received the name of Mary.

When Lily White was three weeks old she was taken to call on "Miss Lou's" baby, and kicked and squirmed in Napoleon's arms during the visit. After that she came often, having the snug place under her mother's shawl whenever extra help was needed; and she and May, as they called little Mary, were firm friends from the time they could sit alone. It was an ill-assorted pair—the fair Saxon child and the tiny African. But infancy knows no caste save that of love; and, next to the face of her own mother, there was no sweeter sight to baby May than the lustrous countenance of her little dark companion. As they grew older they were still inseparable; May suggesting and guiding, Lily White guarding and defending. She was never prouder than the day she saved her little mistress from the fangs of a rattlesnake; and never happier than when she could, at any risk or cost, bestow upon her a joyful moment.

There came a time when it dawned upon her that May was of a different race; but, after the first bewilderment, it caused her no suffering. She knew no world except the old plantation. When "Miss May" smiled the sun shone; when she laughed the birds sang; when she was sad sackcloth was drawn over the landscape. Her comrade was to her the embodiment of all that was good and beautiful. For her she hunted for Mayflowers on the hills, she climbed

the trees to get the largest apples, she searched the meadows for the earliest strawberries. At night she slept upon a rug before the white child's door. Her mother willingly spared her; for several girl babies had since her advent successively occupied the unwilling arms of Napoleon and the others, and her absence made one mouth less to feed.

Lily White was not taught to read—there were inherited prejudices which made that unthought of,—but May read to her. Sometimes it was easier to read "out of her mind," as she called it; and the stories of "Cinderella" or "Jack and the Bean-Stalk" would flow from her lips, while Lily White had no knowledge of the fact that the book was upside down.

This singular friendship excited no wonder; for similar ones have ever been common in lands where slavery has flourished. "Miss Lou" only said, in her gentle way, "I don't know what May would do without Lily White"; and Martha answered, "I know what Lily White'd do without Miss May. She'd jest die." The little colored girl laughed at what her mother said. "Do without Miss May?" She could not imagine such a thing any more than she could imagine doing without the sun or the great round moon.

One thing troubled her: she had never been baptized. Miss May was in some way, she knew, an especial child of God; and she, although she wished to be, was not. She asked her mother concerning the matter, and Martha answered:

"You've no business with white folks' religion. I'm a Baptist and you're a Baptist. The Baptist religion is the one for colored folks."

"But when can I be baptized?"

"When you come to the years of discretium."

"Who says that?"

"Now, Lily White, what for you stand there sassin' your maw? The parson says that for sho."

"And when'll I come to the years of discretium?"

"Never, I reckon, if you once get such contrary notions into your woolly head."

"But Miss May was only three weeks old when she was baptized. Do white folks have years of discretium when they's three weeks old?"

Poor Martha! all her logic was exhausted. At that moment she chanced to see Nicodemus stealing sugar from the cracked bowl in the cupboard, and the conversation ended hurriedly,—*too* hurriedly to suit Nicodemus. But Lily White did not forget. A great wave of unbelief threatened to swamp her. She could not understand why God had put this awful bar between her and her idolized mistress. Then she thought:

"If I can wait till I come to the 'years of discretium' then be baptized and die and turn into an angel, maybe I'll be lighter."

She confided her troubles to May.

"Don't you reckon I can be a light-colored angel?" she asked.

"Lily White!" exclaimed May. "Folks don't turn to angels. Angels are God's messengers, flying all about doing His errands. But if you do as He wants you to, you'll go to heaven just as sure as if you was white."

So Lily White cheered up again.

When the children were about twelve years old alarming tales were told of a gang of desperate men who hid in the swamp through the day and came out at night to rob and even to murder. May's father put his family silver in the bank, and employed Martha's husband as watchman; but one night the turn of the old plantation came.

May, always a light sleeper, was awakened by a footfall and saw a masked man in the room. She was

not frightened. Her life had been so sheltered that she could not imagine that any one wished to do her harm. She had seen many rough people, but they had never been unkind to her.

"Man!" she said, "this isn't your house. Go away!"

"Curse you!" he cried. "Keep still!"

"Go away!" she repeated.

The robber turned and fired at the little figure that stood by the bedside, but a dark breast received the bullet.

The black girl lived long enough to receive the waters of holy Baptism; then the clean, pure soul fared forth into the "sweet and blessed country." They dressed the little body in white and covered her grave with whitest flowers; and on the marble cross that love raised above her they cut the words, "Lily White,"—no more.

Long years have lagged or hurried by since then; but still in an old Virginia graveyard a path is worn to a little mound where May, a woman now, brings flowers—always white, white flowers—in memory of one who died for her.

Some art critics claim that it is the finest painter who puts on canvas just what he sees; but the French artist Millet, the painter of the "Angelus," maintained that he who painted what he did not see was far more skilful. Once he finished a picture and showed it to a friend. It was just a representation of a little country path, with a few wild flowers showing their heads amid the grasses.

"What do you see?" asked Millet.

"I can not tell you what I see, but I hear a nightingale singing."

There was never higher praise; for in his mind Millet had named his picture "The Song of the Nightingale," although there was no painted bird in it.

Chips.

BY JOHN AUSTIN SCHETTY.

III.

When Chips opened his eyes again he thought he must have been transported to another land. His wandering eyes fell first upon a smooth white breadth of counterpane, from which they passed to the opposite wall, and thence to the ceiling, which seemed ever so high up; for he saw now that he was in a very large room, where there were other beds like his own. The surroundings were all so strange, so pleasant to the poor boy.

"Well, my little man," said some one, "how do you feel now?"

Chips looked up and met the kindly eyes of the old gentleman in the broad-brimmed hat who had bought a paper of him some time before. The hat was gone now, however, and Chips thought he looked more kindly than ever. Then happening to lift his right arm, he saw it was bandaged. At first he was puzzled; but like a flash the memory of other things came to him.

"Please, sir, where's — where's little Tommy?" he asked, his tones trembling, he knew not why. "Where's Tommy Saunders, please?"

"Your young friend who made such a time when you fell with the dog? Why, he is doing very nicely. Now let me see your hand. Just hold it this way. That's a brave little man! Don't fret for Tommy."

He stooped over and gently loosened the bandages, looking critically at the wrist. While he was doing so several other persons quietly entered the room and stood about the bed, looking on with interest.

"Now let me see your tongue," said the kindly gentleman, laying a hand

wonderfully cool and soft on the boy's feverish brow.

Chips put out his tongue, and the doctor seemed satisfied; whereat the others approached nearer and peered at the patient curiously.

"How is our little hero doing now?" asked one of them of the doctor, who, turning aside, said something in a low tone.

"I am very glad to hear it," was the rejoinder,—"very glad! He has reason to be thankful. We must take the usual precautions, however."

"Why, is this the noble lad that was bitten by a dog in an effort to save his chum?" inquired another. "It was as brave a thing as I ever heard of, my boy. I am glad to meet you." And he stooped over and smiled encouragingly at the patient.

"He accomplished his purpose too," said the old gentleman. "You should have seen him hold that snarling dog even after he fell to the ground. Had he not done so, nothing could have saved his lame little friend, who became quite frantic when he saw the dog and the other rolling on the ground. The child is none of the strongest as it is. Poor food, delicate constitution, seems to be the trouble more than anything else; but I hope to improve him mightily with a few weeks' care."

Chips lay there, with wide-open eyes, wondering—hardly believing they could be talking of him. He had never heard himself praised before, had never been commended that he knew of; and, while it seemed very pleasant, it filled him, as did the strange faces about his bed, with a new sense of loneliness he had never known in the streets. He missed little Tommy, the crowds—all that made the environment of his other life; and, turning his face away, he began to sob violently with a suddenness that rather startled the elderly gentleman, who after a moment called a nurse, dressed in blue with a white cap, who, coming over, stroked Chips' hair in a caressing way.

"Just a little feverish and overstrung: nothing alarming," said the doctor, reassuringly. "Give him his medicine regularly, and now we will leave him for a while."

And, giving some further directions, he departed with the others.

Chips heard their voices grow more faint, and then fell into a refreshing sleep. During the next few days he had frequent visits from the doctors, especially the white-haired gentleman, who manifested the greatest interest in him. He received the best of care, so that after a little his first feeling of loneliness became absorbed in a later one of liking for his surroundings. The doctor always called him "My little patient"; while the nurses and others came nearer to spoiling him than any one had done before. It was a quiet, orderly place, with no loud talking or bustle of any kind; and when after a time he could sit up, he found that it was as clean as it was orderly. He was incessantly asking for Tommy, and nothing they could do would quiet him on this point.

One day the doctor came in with a bright, cheery smile on his face and a paper in his hand.

"Now, my little friend," he said, taking Chips by the hand, "you are getting on so nicely that I think we can let you out once again. Let me see the hand?"

Chips gave it to him. There was a small scar just above the wrist, hardly perceptible; and the doctor nodded in a pleased way.

"Well," he said, taking the boy in his arms and lifting him to his knee in a fatherly fashion, "how would you like to come and live with me?"

Live with him! Chips could hardly

believe he heard aright. No more selling papers, no more sleeping in cellars,—no more of all that old life. To be with that wonderful, kind old man,—to live with him! Could he mean it? Perhaps the expression in the boy's eyes told something of what was passing in his mind; for the doctor waited a moment before he said:

"Would you like it, my little man,—to live in a nice house, with a good warm bed to sleep in, instead of selling papers, and so forth?"

"Oh!" stammered Chips, when he had fully digested the meaning of the words. "You just bet, I'd be awful glad!" For his brief stay at the institute had by no means disposed of Chips' tendency to slang.

The doctor laughed at his emphatic reply; then the boy's face grew serious and he seemed lost in thought.

"But—but how 'bout Tommy?" he inquired at length.

The doctor looked puzzled; for Tommy also was then in a hospital; though he had not been bitten by the dog, his sickly condition had made it necessary to place him there. Chips knew nothing of this, however; and the benevolent old gentleman, for various reasons, did not intend to tell him just yet. He knew it would be many weeks, maybe months, before Tommy would be out; therefore he answered evasively:

"We will go to see your little friend very soon,—perhaps in a day or two, if you feel strong enough."

A couple of days later Chips was out in the street once more. But what a different boy he was!—so different that he stood in veritable awe gazing at his own reflection in a store window. The wonderful cut-away coat, with its picturesque tails, was gone; in its place a neat-fitting jacket, surmounted by a collar and tie, was buttoned snugly across his chest. The cap many sizes too big had been succeeded by another of proper size, that showed smooth, glossy brown hair peeping out where tufts had straggled before. In fact, he was quite another personage. Now that his face was washed and clean, one found that Chips was a rather good-looking, sturdy little chap, whose round red cheeks shone with restored health, and whose brown eyes gave forth bright, truthful light.

Chips' short stay in the hospital, with its new associations, and his contact with people refined and wealthy, had made him more at ease with his superiors than one would have thought possible; so that, though he was dressed and clothed as he had never been before, there was nothing that savored of awkwardness or undue strangeness in his manner. His going had been quite an ovation. Many of the nurses bade him "Good-bye!" The other doctors told him over and over again he was a very lucky boy. And now here he was, rather bewildered by it all, riding in the doctor's carriage, the doctor himself beside him, through a section of the city he had never known before. There was not as much noise and bustle as he had been accustomed to, nor as many ragged boys as there had been in Park Row. Indeed, only for the elevated trains—of which he caught a distant view in another street—he would have doubted if it were New York at all.

At length they stopped before one of those elegant old houses which speak of a New York past and gone. It was set back from the street with an iron fence in front, through which could be seen an emerald lawn and one or two small trees. In another moment they were standing in a cool, dim hall, and talking—or at least the doctor was—to a pleasant little old woman in a white cap, who might have been a retired nurse or somebody's maiden aunt, but

who was neither more nor less than the doctor's housekeeper. She had evidently expected Chips, for she smiled pleasantly as she took him by the hand.

"This is my new friend—*our* new friend, I should say, Peggy. Take him upstairs and show him those nice pictures, while I remain in my study for a time. I am rather busy to-day."

Peggy nodded, and then asked Chips his name; but the good woman seemed rather taken aback when he gave it.

"Gracious! That's no name, child!" she said, in consternation. "You'll have to be christened all over again if you have no other."

Chips asked himself if that meant he would have to take some nasty medicine as he had had to do in the hospital; but he speedily forgot all else in the wonders of the house. Such soft chairs and sofas he had never sat in before. He felt sure at first they could not be meant for use, until Peggy proved he was wrong by sitting in them herself. Then he tried them all in succession, to the astonishment of the kind-hearted woman, who murmured: "You're an uncommon child, and no mistake."

He was buried in the promised pictures when the doctor appeared and showed him how he must conduct callers to the waiting-room when they rang the bell. These and some other trifling matters were to be his duties in return for his friend's hospitality.

Chips was delighted with his new surroundings. Every time the bell rang he was at the door to usher in the visitors, who were many and various. Some were very distinguished-looking and seemed great friends of the doctor. When night came Peggy conducted him to a neat little room high up in the mansard-roof, where a cosy bed stood temptingly in one corner; while a small curtained window showed a fine stretch of garden with its trees below.

Some days later the doctor and Chips drove off in the carriage to a huge, many-windowed building, which proved to be one of the hospitals of the city. They went through a long corridor and into a sunny ward filled with many beds, in one of which was—Tommy! Chips nearly hugged his friend to death in the delight of that meeting.

"You're lookin' great!" Chips cried; for, though Tommy was still an invalid, he looked stronger and seemed more healthy than before.

"O Chips! is it really you?" was all Tommy could say. Then, after a while: "I—I thought you'd never come again. I wish I could go with you; but he says I can't for a long time yet."

"Who?" demanded Chips.

"The doctor—hush! He don't think I know, but I heard him say one time to the nurse that maybe—I'd have to have an operation 'fore I'd get better."

This information quite took Chips' breath away. He was silent for a moment; then, bending over with his hand to the other's ear, he whispered:

"Don't let them do it. Just get your clothes and cut!"

Tommy's eyes grew wistful, as they used to do in the park under the trees, at his friend's astute plan; but he only shook his head with a strange air of elfish wisdom.

"Oh, I know they're right, Chips!" he said. "But I'm not scared." Then he wanted to know if the leaves were still on the trees, and if the birds were just as noisy as they used to be. "I never see anything from here, you know."

Then the doctors—Chips' doctor and several others—came over to the bed, watching the pair for a while.

"So this is Tommy, is it?" inquired Chips' doctor. "Well, how do you feel to-day, my little man? Better, eh? Ah, that's good,—that's very good!"

"He is a brave little boy," said one

of the other doctors, patting him on the head. "He does just what we tell him, never complains, and soon I hope he'll be quite well."

At last they had to leave him, with many promises on Chips' part to come again. It seemed hard to leave Tommy there all alone, with his eyes looking so wistfully after them. Chips turned about for a farewell glimpse just as they reached the door at the end of the aisle, and waved his hand. The memory of it made him uncomfortable, and kept him silent all the way home. After a few days they went again, and then very often, till at last, to Chips' great joy, Tommy was out of bed and able to limp around. As time passed he grew stronger until he was able to leave the institution to be taken in charge by a kind lady, who had heard of his case, and who gave him a good home. Thus the two friends were able to see each other to their hearts' content.

Their benefactors never regretted their kindness toward them; for both are fast developing into manly, self-reliant men. Tommy has evinced a talent for writing, which gift, his friend says, he got by listening to the birds in those old days in the park. Chips, who is always Chips to Tommy—though Peggy gave him the name of Thomas, because she says she once loved a little boy of that name,—has shown such a liking for things medical that, upon his old benefactor's advice, he is hard at work studying the preliminaries. He often passes through the very streets that knew him in the funny old cut-away coat; and though he never sees the snivelling old woman nor the bullying Butts nor the big policeman, he never fails to regard with affection those ragged little waifs who scramble and fight and tease and live as he did once upon a time.

(The End.)

Words with Histories.

The money-changers of Venice used to sit on benches in the plaza of St. Mark's. If one of them failed in financial honor the others fell to and broke his bench, or "banco." After that he was called a banco-rupt, which means "the man with the broken bench," and in time grew to be spoken of as a bankrupt.

The origin of the word "tally-ho" is singular. "Tallis hors" was the old French hunting-cry when the fox broke cover. As soon as the huntsmen and master of the hounds heard it they responded by loud blasts upon their horns. You can easily understand how the term "tally-ho" began to be applied to the blasts blown by those riding on pleasure coaches, and after a time to the coach itself.

Long ago, in England, the village dogs were obliged to have their tails cut short to distinguish them from the stag and boar hounds of the gentry. These unfortunate animals were known as curtails or curtle dogs, and finally just curs. So any worthless dog is now called a cur.

Few persons know that "rigmarole" was originally "ragman's roll." The ragman's roll is a very important royal document, being no less than a real parchment roll on which the nobility of Scotland recorded their allegiance to Edward I. of England. It is rather a tiresome and confusing composition; in short, it is what we would now call a rigmarole.

THE Chinese do strange things. Their soldiers wear petticoats; their compass-needles point south; their babies never cry; they wear white when they mourn; their seat of honor is at the left; their family name comes first; pupils turn their backs to the teacher, and fireworks are set off in the daytime.

With Authors and Publishers.

—It has become known that Mr. Barry O'Brien has been engaged for some time on a biography of the late Baron Russell of Killowen. Mr. O'Brien is entirely competent for the work, which has the approval of Lord Russell's family.

—The fact that a standard British dictionary of biography devotes just eight times as much space to Hiram S. Maxim as to Coventry Patmore provokes the *Casket* to say that "the man who can make two shots go whence only one formerly went is now the most exalted benefactor of the human race."

—Friedrich Nietzche died last month in a madhouse at Weimar, where he had been confined eleven years. In his youth he was intended for the ministry, but before he received a "call" it became clear that his temper was rabidly anti-Christian. It is not easy to decide whether his madness was the cause or the effect of his philosophy.

—The Oxford University Press is busy with a new edition of "The Imitation of Christ," which is said to be "absolutely faithful to the original Latin of Thomas à Kempis, no word or phrase being altered in the interests of any school or party." The division of the work into verses, which dates only from the seventeenth century, has been abandoned for the original paragraphing in the earliest MS

—Mr. Spofford, the remarkable ex-chief of the Congressional Library, has written a volume filled with curious, valuable and interesting information about books. Among other services rendered to the inexpert book-buyer is a warning against purchasing a book merely because it is old, or because it is marked "very rare" or "unique" in the bookseller's catalogue. There are car-loads of such books that are not worth the space they would occupy on a shelf.

—It is not too much to say of Bishop Spalding's Roman discourse on "Education and the Future of Religion" that it is one of the most notable sermons delivered anywhere in recent years. It made so great an impression in Rome that those who were prevented from hearing it—and many who did—called for its immediate publication in English and Italian. It has also been translated into German and French and will doubtless appear in Spanish, and numerous other languages. A discourse so luminous and inspiriting, calculated to do a great amount of good in a great many ways can not be too widely circulated. It is Bishop Spalding's most important service to the cause of religion and education. Numerous quotations from this remarkable sermon have already been presented in these pages, but we could not feel satisfied until it was published in its entirety. We have much gratification in adding "Education and the Future of Religion" to the list of AVE MARIA pamphlets.

—Some of the hardest blows delivered at the unscholarly and prejudiced accounts of the Reformation which so many Protestant writers and readers do rejoice in, have come from the London *Athenæum*, the fairest and most critical of the literary reviews. Of Dr. Lindsay's new volume on "Luther and the German Reformation" it says: "The volume is constructed on the customary lines. Little or no attempt is made to point out the anti-social results of Luther's doctrine of salvation by faith alone, or the narrowness of his treatment of the Bible. His services to German literature are, of course, overrated, and his doctrine of the Eucharist is minimized. A much better book than this is the late Dr. Beard's; apparently it does not figure in Dr. Lindsay's list of authorities, and we presume it was too impartial to be appreciated."

—Many interesting and important books are included in the announcements of the Macmillan Co. We note a few that will be especially welcomed by our readers: "Coventry Patmore: His Family and Correspondence," by Basil Champneys, with the assistance of Mrs. Patmore; "A General History of Modern Times," by Lord Acton, Volume I., the Renaissance; "In the Palace of the King," an historical romance of the time of Philip II., of Spain, and "Rulers of the South" (Sicily, Calabria and Malta), a companion volume to "Ave Roma Immortalis," by F. Marion Crawford; "Fra Angelico, and His Art," by the Rev. Langton Douglas, M. A.; "Botticelli and His School," by G. N. Count Plunkett; "Early Christian Art and Archæology," by Walter Lowrie, D. D.; "William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist and Man," by Hamilton W. Mabie; new volumes of the Temple Classics.

—No book of recent publication that has come under our notice has afforded us greater satisfaction than a little manual bearing this title: "Oraciones Católicas, Catholic Prayers in Spanish and English Selected and Arranged for the Occasion of the Visit to the United States of the School-Teachers of Cuba. A Gift of their Brethren in the Faith." The book is

a proof of how whole-heartedly the Catholics of Boston and vicinity seconded the plans of their venerable Archbishop for the reception of the first representative body of their coreligionists in Cuba to visit this country; and it shows that the importance of the occasion was fully recognized. The imprint of Harvard University on this manual is significant as well as gratifying. The time is coming, we venture to say, when the need of denominational universities in this country will not be felt. If President Eliot were a different sort of man, he might have hesitated over that imprint. Men of his kind are increasing everywhere. "Oraciones Católicas" is a model prayer-book, and we are glad to learn that an edition is being prepared for general use. The compilers also propose to issue the book in separate sections, Spanish and English, as travellers' prayer-books. These will doubtless be as welcome to many American residents in Cuba and Puerto Rico as the original manual was to the Cuban teachers.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Education and the Future of Religion. *Bishop Spalding.* 5 cts.

General Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures. *Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S. S.* $2, *net.*

Father Anthony. *Robert Buchanan.* $1.50.

The Soldier of Christ. *Mother Mary Loyola.* $1.35, *net.*

Where is the Church? *Rev. Charles Coupe, S. J.* 40 cts., *net.*

The Autobiography of St. Ignatius Loyola. *J. F. X. O'Conor, S. J.* $1.25, *net.*

The Testament of Ignatius Loyola. *E. M. Rix.* $1, *net.*

Sermons on the Blessed Sacrament. *Scheurer-Lasance.* $1.50, *net.*

A Form of Prayers. *Marquis of Bute.* 45 cts., *net.*

Sanctuary Meditations. *Fr. Baltasar Gracian, S. J.* $1, *net.*

Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption. *W. H. Mallock.* $3.50.

The Flowing Tide. *Madame Belloc.* $1.60, *net.*

A Son of St. Francis. *Lady Amabel Kerr.* $1, *net.*

Poor Dear Ann. *The Prig.* 75 cts.

The Bible and its Interpreter. *Rev. P. H. Casey, S. J.* 50 cts.

The Gospel Story. *B. F. C. Costelloe.* $1.60, *net.*

Studies in Church History. Vol. VI. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* $2.50.

Meditations on the Psalms of the Little Office. *Peregrinus.—Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.* 75 cts., *net.*

Currita, Countess of Albornoz. *Luis Coloma.* $1.50.

The Knights of the Cross. Vol. II. *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* $1.

A Journey with the Sun around the World. *Rev. William McMahon.* $2.

St. Jerome. *Father Largent.* $1.

Studies in Poetry. *Thomas O'Hagan, M. A., Ph. D.* $1.

The Church of Christ the Same Forever. *Rev. D. McErlane, S. J.* 50 cts., *net.*

Christian Philosophy — God. *Rev. John T. Driscoll, S. T. L.* $1.25, *net.*

The Heiress of Cronenstein. *Countess Hahn-Hahn.* $1.25.

The Nursing Sister. $1.25.

Jack Hildreth on the Nile. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.

Holy Mass: A Morning Paradise. *Very Rev. R. O. Kennedy.* 5 cts.

Giovanni Baptista de Rossi. *Very Rev. T. J Shahan, D. D.* 20 cts.

Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire. *Samuel Dill, M. A.* $2.

The Spirit of the Third Order of St. Francis. *Father Peter Baptist, O. F. M.* $1, *net.*

The Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau. *Mary Frances Drew.* 60 cts., *net.*

St. Francis of Sales. *A. De Margerie.* $1.

A Book of Spiritual Instruction. *Blosius.* 75 cts., *net.*

A Month's Meditations. *Cardinal Wiseman.* $1.10, *net.*

The Duchess of York's Page. *Mrs. William Maude.* 70 cts., *net.*

Essays, Educational and Historic. *A Member of the Order of Mercy.* $1.25, *net.*

Episodes of Catholic History. $1.

Meditations for Retreats. *St. Francis de Sales.* 75 cts., *net.*

The Acts and Decrees of the Synod of Jerusalem. *J. N. W. B. Robertson.* $1.60.

The Catholic Creed; or, What do Catholics Believe? *Very Rev. Father J. Procter, S. T. L.* $1, *net.*

Leaves from St. Augustine. *Mary H. Allies.* $1.35, *net.*

THE AVE MARIA

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LI. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, SEPTEMBER 29, 1900. NO. 13.

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Truth's Answer.

BY EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ.

The Moralist saith:

DEATH, the great leveller, doth bring
All men in one low plane to lie,—
In peace the poor man and the king,
Despite of rags or majesty.

The Spiritual Man replieth:

Death, great exalter, that doth bear
All just and steadfast souls above,
Unto the Light! The pauper there
Hath with the monarch equal love.

And Truth interposeth:

Peace, for your varied sayings both are true:
Death slayeth Pride, that he may Love renew.

Our Lady of Mentorella.

BY THE LATE REV. ROBERT BELANEY.



OPPOSITE the sub-Apennines, to the northeast of Rome, in the diocese of Tivoli, there rises to the height of about 4000 feet above the level of the sea, a large rocky mountain called Guadagnolo, deriving its name from the small town built on its summit. A little below, on the slope of this mountain, stands the sanctuary of Our Lady of Mentorella. A huge rock on the lower side of it seems to have been placed there to prevent the sanctuary from sliding down into an abyss some thousands of feet deep. This shrine has been celebrated and greatly venerated from the first centuries. The little place, in the earlier annals of the country, bears various names. It is called Vultuilla, Bulturella and Vulturella,—all derived evidently from the Latin root, *mons vulturum* (the mountain of falcons). Even at the present day these birds build their nests in the cliffs of its rocks, where no enemy can touch them.

The traveller who has the courage to ascend the mountain will, if the sublime beauties of nature affect him, feel well repaid for the pain and fatigue of the journey. Not only will he find an ancient basilica of great historical renown, but also a sanctuary of the Mother of God, still the centre of the most fervent devotion of the inhabitants of the twenty odd towns and villages which stud the beautiful panoramic region that lies around it in the distance. It would be difficult to conceive anything on earth more fascinating than this view, with the sub-Apennine mountains for a background and the deep blue sky for a dome.

Among these towns is the far-famed Subiaco, the birthplace of the Benedictine Order, whose members were the founders of that civilization which drove barbarism and ignorance out of Europe. The plateau on which the basilica is built is about fifty metres square, or about 2600 square yards. Though little more than a barren rock, it is rich in precious records for the ecclesiastical historian and the topographer, in spite of the ravages of

time and the ruthless hand that has tried to diminish their number and to mutilate their character. The track which leads to it from the valley, at the base of the mountain, can hardly be called a road, though there is no other direct way of reaching it. A mule is the only animal that can be trusted to carry one thither in safety. It is amazing to see with what steadiness that sure-footed animal trips along the ledge of a precipice, where one false step would be fatal to it and the rider. But the danger of the ascent is soon forgotten when one beholds the beauty of the approach to the sanctuary and the grandeur of the scenery for many miles around. Profound veneration seizes the pilgrim as soon as he enters the sacred edifice.

A brief notice of the few things of interest which have escaped the waste of centuries may be welcome to the antiquarian and to many others who can not have the pleasure of visiting the sanctuary. They are prized not so much for their intrinsic worth as for the fact that they explain where the dark veil of oblivion has been thrown over the events of the past.

The property, formerly of much greater extent, belonged to the noble family of the Anici, which holds a distinguished place in history. St. Silvia and her son, St. Gregory the Great, early descendants of this family, made over the property to the Benedictines of Subiaco, by a deed which is still extant. The place at that time, as appears from the document, was known as Mons Vulturella de S. Maria. According to several historians, the glorious martyr St. Eustachius (called Placidus before his conversion) was the possessor of it.

Placidus was a renowned soldier in the time of Trajan. Baronius is of opinion that he won his distinction in arms by feats of valor and bravery at the siege of Jerusalem, under Titus and Vespasian. He was a keen sportsman and was in the habit of hunting on these mountains. One day he was pursuing, with his companions, a very large stag, and felt an eager desire to capture it. The stag, finding itself almost within his grasp, with a sudden bound planted itself on a rock beyond his reach, and stood right in front of him. Placidus, "instead of making it his prey, became himself the prey of the grace of Christ"; as St. Damascene beautifully expresses it: *In ipsa venatione venatur.* It was there, as is generally supposed, that our Blessed Lord appeared to him between the antlers of the deer. In the extraordinary nature of this call—to substitute the cross of the crucified Redeemer for the sword of the warrior, and the service of Christ for the service of Cæsar,—ancient piety has seen a close resemblance to the conversion of St. Paul, the Apostle of the Gentiles; he, like Placidus, had dropped his own name for another at his baptism.

The spot pointed out as the scene of the apparition is close to the present basilica. Nor is there any reason for doubt in this matter; the tradition has never varied or been disputed. Some traditions, like certain rivers, can not be made to change their course. When Placidus, with his wife and two sons, Agapitus and Theopistus, embraced the Christian religion, he often visited this venerated spot, so near and dear to his heart; and it is natural that he should desire to consecrate it by his grateful prayers and devotions. What the place was to him and to his family and retainers, it would be to the other inhabitants of the country as time went on, in an age when Christianity was everywhere making its conquests, and winning innumerable souls throughout the Roman Empire. Hence it was that Mentorella had so great attractions for

the Emperor Constantine that he built on the spot a magnificent basilica, which was dedicated to the honor of the Most Blessed Mother of God, and consecrated by Pope Sylvester.

Brief as the earlier documents are, sufficient information may be gleaned from them to substantiate the traditions that the first basilica was built by Constantine, dedicated to Mary, and consecrated by the above-named pontiff. There is proof that it became from that time celebrated as a sanctuary of Our Lady. There is still existing in the wall where the original altar stood, a reredos carved in wood, of an ancient and antique mould, representing Pope Sylvester surrounded by a number of ecclesiastics in the act of consecrating the temple; and the name of the pontiff is engraven upon it. By his side is the stag with the image of our Saviour between its antlers, as represented in all the ancient pictures. There is nothing to show that this tableau is a work of the first century, but there are sure indications that it was not carved later than the second,—the period from which Christian art, acting in concert with the Christian faith, dates its birth.

Again, our unwritten and written traditions of the early Church in Italy tell us that St. Benedict was born of the noble Anici family, and that before building his monastery at Subiaco he spent some months in a little cave—later converted into a sacred grotto—in the rock which rises about seventy feet high, within a few steps of the walls of the basilica. For twenty miles round the cave is still viewed, as it ever has been, with great veneration by the people, who at certain times of the year come in crowds to pay their devotion to the Mother of their Lord, as pictured to their simple minds in the sacred image. To that visit of the Saint to Mentorella, ecclesiastical tradition attributes the erection of a monastery attached to the church, which for many centuries belonged to the Benedictine Order. In that solitude the religious became the angelic consolers of the multitudes of pilgrims who fled to the sanctuary of Our Lady for protection from the enemies of the faith in times of persecution in Rome.

About the year 1000 A.D. it appears that this property had gone into other hands. We find a noble lady, named Rosa, making it over by a "deed of gift" to the monastery of St. George and St. Andrew in Clivo Scauri, in Rome. The sanctuary of Our Lady is also mentioned in that deed. The above facts are recorded by the Rev. Father Erhard, O. S. B.; and other historians make mention of the wonderful devotion manifested in olden times by all classes, who flocked thither from every part of the globe to pay homage to the Mother of the world's Redeemer. And their visits to Mentorella never failed to be a source of consolation to them,—never failed to bring them innumerable blessings, much peace and heavenly joy.

The present sanctuary retains little more than a vestige of the first basilica. What it is now architecturally is due to the zealous labors of the celebrated Athanasius Kircher, S. J., a priest of singular piety and extensive erudition, and the founder of the museum in Rome that bears his name. Devoting himself to the study of sacred as well as secular archæology, he travelled over every part of Latium in pursuit of its treasures. On one of his excursions, in the year 1660, he stumbled upon the sanctuary of Mentorella, which had long been abandoned, owing perhaps to the plague of the preceding century. The thought of so venerable a temple lying in ruins in the centre of a land which had been trodden by the sacred feet of Christ's first Vicar, and so long consecrated to

His Blessed Mother, was more than he could endure. The begrimed image of Our Lady, which he found buried under the débris, seemed to wear an expression of intense sorrow, as if pleading with him, for her Divine Son's sake as well as for her own, to replace her dishonored image in her chair, where she might receive and reward the loving homage of her devoted children.

His deep love for our Blessed Mother, and the memory of the apparition to Placidus, fired Father Kircher with the determination to restore, as far as possible, the temple and its sacred image to their pristine dignity. For the success of this pious design he did not doubt that Our Lady would intercede for him with her Divine Son. Letters soliciting pecuniary aid were written at once to such persons as he thought might take an interest in the work, and his appeals were most successful. Leopold I., Duke of Bavaria, Don Pietro of Aragona, heir to the throne of Naples, and the illustrious Count John Frederick von Waldstein, each made a generous response to his call. The Empress Mary Teresa of Austria sent him a gorgeous vestment for the holy image, the effect of which she knew would be to quicken the love of the illiterate poor toward their Heavenly Mother, and be a means of commending themselves to her Divine Son's mercy and forgiveness. This pious Empress, like all true Catholics, knew that no one can sincerely love the Son who does not possess a supernatural love for His Holy Mother.

Father Kircher crowned his work of restoration by a solemn celebration of the great event on the Feast of St. Michael the Archangel, in 1664. Every village and town within the wide horizon around sent large delegations to take part in the ceremony. On the previous evening thousands of people—old and young, mothers with their children in their arms, maidens and young men supporting their aged and infirm fathers, grandfathers, and grandmothers—gathered together at the foot of the mountain that they might be ready at the first streak of dawn to begin the ascent. As the path then did not allow more than two persons to walk abreast, the line of devout pilgrims extended from the base of the mountain even to the door of the sanctuary.

The effect of such a sight at that time may be imagined from what is seen now when on certain festivals thousands of pilgrims go there for the same pious object. It would remind the readers of Homer of the procession, described on the shield of Achilles, of the peasantry of that day on a festive occasion. Perhaps Mentorella is the only place in the world where such a sight could be witnessed in the present age; and that it can still be witnessed is due to the zealous and self-sacrificing Fathers of the Order of the Resurrection, who now occupy the monastery, and are endeavoring to realize the grand object which the founders had in view in dedicating this sanctuary to the honor of the Mother of God.

To see the track, or pathway, by which the long files of pilgrims ascend from the valley to the sanctuary, a stranger would conclude that their first act on reaching the end of the journey would be to sit down, to rest and refresh themselves. Nothing of the kind. They hasten to enter the shrine and prostrate themselves on the cold stone floor, some kissing it, others watering it with their tears. Rapt in prayer, they remain for hours before the altar, at the back of which is the image of Our Lady. In the heavenly joys that fill their souls all the fatigues and perils of the journey are forgotten, and only at midday do

they interrupt their devotions to take some refreshment. Night and day the sanctuary resounds with psalms and hymns of praise to God, and with petitions to Mary for her intercession and assistance. As the pilgrims enter the basilica, the sweet face of the Virgin seems to smile upon them, as if inviting and welcoming them to her feet, that she may present them to her Divine Son. They feel, they will tell you, as if they were in the very vestibule of heaven.

After going to confession, all receive Holy Communion, and that solemn act concludes the pilgrimage. With this heavenly food to comfort and sustain them, the pilgrims leave for their homes, which some of them do not reach till the evening of the second day. For long afterward they can think and speak of nothing but the delightful hours passed at the shrine of Our Lady of Mentorella. It is only as the next festival of the kind draws nigh that they turn their thoughts from the one that is past to the one in contemplation.

It is this pious and noble peasantry that official atheism in Italy is now seeking to deprive of all Christianity. It would rather see them atheists than servants of God. It would rather give them any amount of intellectual food of its own kind than allow them to enjoy that which their Creator has provided for them in the bosom of His Church.

DEATH is like the putting off of a garment; for the soul is invested with a body, as it were with a garment; and this we shall put off for a little while by death, only to receive it again in a more brilliant form. What, I pray you, is death? It is but to go a journey for a season, or to take a longer sleep than usual. Mourn not over him who dies, but over him who, living in sin, is dead while he liveth.—*St. John Chrysostom.*

Dr. Martin's Wife.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LIFE'S LABYRINTH," ETC.

XIII.—A VISIT TO THE SINGER.

AFTER Maurice had gone, his mother began to walk slowly up and down the room. The momentary anger she had felt toward him was speedily dissipated; all the antagonistic forces of her soul concentrating in an intense feeling of aversion for the girl whose entrance into his life was the cause of all her vexation and unhappiness. Although Maurice had not had the slightest suspicion of it, she had wavered during their interview. Once she had been on the very point of giving him the desired permission; but she knew that to do so would be to acknowledge her own defeat.

The resolve she had taken the night before now began to reassert itself, and fortune seemed to favor its execution. From time to time she looked at the clock. It was still early—not more than eleven. At length she lay down on the sofa, and, weary with her night's vigil and the events of the morning, soon fell asleep.

It was half-past one when she awoke. After a slight repast, which she ordered sent to her room, she dressed herself in walking attire and went out. Hailing an omnibus, she soon found herself in another quarter of the city,—in a region inhabited by respectable tradespeople. She had expected squalor and poverty, and was agreeably disappointed to find that she had been mistaken. The ground-floor of the house Mrs. Martin sought was occupied by a wig-maker and hairdresser, who cheerfully informed her that Mademoiselle Desmoulins lived in the building. His wife, the concierge, would further direct her to the rooms, he said.

"Oh, yes! Mademoiselle is at home," observed the good woman. "Yes, she is always at home in the afternoons, sewing or practising. A very busy young lady is Mademoiselle."

"I should not have thought the girl would be able to practise much at home," said Mrs. Martin.

"And why not?" asked the concierge. "She has a piano; she sings always—like a lark. All over Paris one can hear them whistling and humming the *chic* songs. And Mademoiselle sings at the theatre in the evening. She has a heavenly voice."

"I was not aware that Mademoiselle did anything at the theatre but lead the ballet," remarked the visitor, trying to smile.

"Madame is no doubt a stranger in Paris," replied the Frenchwoman,—"a foreigner, of course; though the French of Madame is very good. Madame will perhaps desire some dancing lessons for her children. None better than Mademoiselle Marie for a teacher. None better in all Paris. But I do not know if she gives lessons any more, she is so busy otherwise."

"Mademoiselle is a person of many accomplishments, it seems," said Mrs. Martin. "However, my business with the young girl is not in that line. Perhaps you will kindly direct me to her apartment?"

Five minutes later Mrs. Martin was ringing the bell at No. 34. Presently a little old woman opened the door. Her face was the color of leather, crossed and recrossed as if by a network of fine wrinkles. Her small black eyes, under heavy brows, were sharp and alert, though by no means unpleasant. She was very neat and clean, and her greeting was most polite.

"Yes, Mademoiselle Desmoulins is at home. Will Madame enter, please? I will call her."

So saying she ushered the lady into a tastefully furnished salon, so small that the stand of brightly blooming plants near the window seemed to fill up half the room.

"Will you kindly give this card to Mademoiselle Desmoulins?" said Mrs. Martin, before seating herself on the fauteuil the old woman had gently pushed forward.

To her surprise, the servant glanced at it,—not covertly either.

"Madame will pardon," she said. "But I stand in the place of a mother in some way to Mademoiselle Marie. Madame is no doubt the mother of Monsieur Maurice?"

"He is my son," was the rejoinder, with an unconscious straightening of the shoulders.

The old woman looked at her keenly for an instant.

"Madame is welcome," she observed. "Mademoiselle will be pleased."

Mrs. Martin made no reply. Feeling herself dismissed, the old servant left the room, closing the door behind her. It reopened almost immediately to admit a slender girl in a severely plain gown of black serge, relieved by a pretty little swiss apron, with a single pink bow at the pocket. Her magnificent hair, of that true chestnut color so rarely seen, fell in two thickly plaited braids far below her waist. As she crossed the room with hand extended, a quick rush of color came and went beneath the skin, dark but exquisitely clear; a soft, entrancing smile playing about the beautiful lips and beaming from the deep, steady eyes, that looked sweetly, appealingly into those of the woman who rose to meet her.

But there was no smile in the visitor's eyes nor on her lips; though the rare beauty of the young girl, of so different a type from that which she had imagined, the gentle, dignified, ladylike manner,

staggered all her previous conceptions of the siren who had ensnared her foolish, susceptible boy. The girl, however, was quick of apprehension. In an instant she divined the antagonism of the woman before her; the extended hand was withdrawn, the smile faded from her lips, her face grew pale, and she said, politely but gravely:

"Pray be seated, Madame. How can I serve you?"—at the same time taking a chair not far removed from her visitor.

Mrs. Martin felt her heart softening with its every beat; and, summoning all her resolution, with a desperate effort she replied, with a brusqueness quite new to her own experience:

"You can serve me in one way only, Mademoiselle; that is by giving up my son, to whom, I believe, you are engaged to be married."

Instantly the color rose to the young girl's forehead.

"That shall be as he wishes, Madame. I have given him my promise—and my love," she answered.

"That is not true love which would hamper his life and bring disgrace upon it," said Mrs. Martin.

"What is it you mean, Madame?" asked Mademoiselle Desmoulins, quickly. "Why should I hamper his life? And, Madame, you insult me by that word—disgrace."

"And you are not ashamed of your occupation — of the career you have chosen? Can you tell me with truthful lips that you, with your grace and beauty, have escaped contamination during all the years you have followed it? I understand you have been on the stage since childhood."

The girl looked at her steadily for a moment, a bright spot beginning to burn on either cheek.

"From another I would not have taken those words," she replied,—"at least, I should not have answered them. But you are Maurice's mother, whom he represented to me as all that was sweet and loving; who would take me to her heart as her child, he said. Yes, you are his mother; therefore, perhaps I owe it to you to forgive the accusation and forget the insult you have uttered. And so it is I say to you, Madame, that I am not ashamed of my occupation; although I will confess that in my heart I do not love it. And as for the rest, Madame, there is not in all Paris one so evil as to say aught against my character. From your lips I have heard for the first time that there was disgrace attached to my name."

"I beg your pardon if I have gone too far!" replied Mrs. Martin. "But in my country it is different. To say the least, such a profession as yours is not, as a rule, the choice of a prudent girl. Think of it yourself, if you can not see any impropriety in it. If you can make it your chosen career that is sufficient evidence of a lack of refinement, of modesty. You do not feel it to be so?"

The young girl looked thoughtful for a moment before replying, with the same disconcerting calmness as before:

"You have forgotten, Madame, that I have already told you the career was not of my choosing. Perhaps, also, I owe it to you to explain. My father and mother were formerly people of means. By some catastrophe, the nature of which I have never learned, they lost their fortune. My father died shortly after we came to Paris, and my mother supported herself and me by giving singing and dancing lessons. When I was thirteen her health, which had long been failing, gave way altogether, and—and I was obliged to accept an offer which had been made me to appear in a spectacular piece then very popular in Paris. Since that time I have earned a living for myself and my mother in this way. The Blessed Virgin, whose

name I bear, has helped me and cared for me. The work has become second nature to me: I follow it as any one else follows a profession. That is all there is to say."

"And you have never tried to break away from it?"

"Why should I have done so? There was nothing else open to me."

"You could not teach?"

The girl's lip curled slightly.

"I who can scarcely do more than write my own name!"

Mrs. Martin winced.

"You speak like an educated person," she said.

"Well, my mother was a woman of education. From her I have learned to speak correctly, at least."

"You say *was*. Is your mother not still living?"

"Yes, Madame," replied Mademoiselle Desmoulins, in a low voice. "She is in a sanitarium some distance from Paris. She suffers from nervous prostration, and the physicians think it best that she should remain there."

"Is there no hope of her recovery?"

"I can not say. She is not unhappy where she is, and it seems to be better for all of us."

"No doubt; but it is very sad."

Marie sighed.

"My life has been sad—until the past three months," she said, with charming simplicity. "Since I have known Maurice I have been very happy."

"The girl captivates me in spite of myself," said Mrs. Martin, mentally. "However, I must not allow her to lead me astray—even though without art on her part—as she has led my poor Maurice."

"Mademoiselle, it is but a fancy, this affection," she replied. "Your world and his lie far apart. You are both very young, and you will easily forget. For him I hope and believe there is a different life in his own country; for you, I sincerely trust, one of virtue and happiness in this—your own."

"France is not my native country," said Mademoiselle Desmoulins. "I was born in America."

"In America!" exclaimed Mrs. Martin. "Do you understand English?"

"Why not? It is my native tongue."

"And your parents,—can it be they were Americans also?"

"Yes, Madame. My father, at least. I believe my mother's mother was a Frenchwoman."

"But your name is French."

"Yes, that is true."

"Do you remember America?"

"But slightly."

"You interest me. Does your mother never speak of her own country?"

"Seldom. I know little of her affairs."

"It may be that you will think me intrusive, Mademoiselle. I do not wish to be so. To return to our subject. As I have said, your fancy for Maurice will soon pass, if you will but bring yourself to admit that a marriage would not be desirable for either."

"I can not think as you do, Madame. I love him,—I feel that I can never love any one but him; he is not ashamed of me; why, then, should we not marry?"

"And you have no regard for me, his mother?"

"I should have a great regard for you, Madame, if you would permit it," was the naïve reply. "I had pictured to myself how very happy we should be together. Maurice had spoken to me so much of you. He felt certain that you would be pleased to live here in Paris with us."

"And, then, your profession,—oh, how mortifying! Did he think it possible that *I* could—that he could—"

"Madame, I should have given it up. Already Maurice has sold several little sketches. Soon he will become quite

well known and successful. He has great talent, I think."

"He may have,—I believe he has; therefore he should not be hampered."

"I would not hamper him, Madame. I can manage well. But of course when we spoke of it, it was you who were to manage for us."

"He has not represented that I am rich?" asked Mrs. Martin.

"He could not lie, Madame."

The older lady felt rebuked.

"I did not mean that, as you understood it," she said. "Young people are apt to exaggerate values. They can not estimate rightly. My boy is young—even for his years, which are not many."

"I think that is true. Maurice is very boyish; but he is so sincere, so full of life and joy—unlike any person that I have ever seen."

"He is entirely dependent upon me. His earnings will be nothing for some years to come. If I choose, I can deprive him of his present income."

"And would you do it, Madame?" inquired the girl, innocently.

"I might, if hard pressed. I do not know,—I do not know. Oh, it is so difficult, so hard to bear! I had hoped—against hope almost—for serious things from him some day. But now—but now this madness must intervene to spoil his life—his whole life!"

"We are young, Madame, and we can wait. Meanwhile I can still continue in the profession."

"As the promised wife of my son, you *shall* not!" said Mrs. Martin, hoarsely.

"How, then, shall I live?"

"Wait—six months,—only six. If at the end of that time you are both of the same mind, something may be done. I can not deny that you are altogether different from what I expected you would be. Almost against my better judgment, you have persuaded me."

"Thank you, Madame!" said the girl.

And now only there came a quiver into her voice, her lip trembled, her large beautiful eyes were suffused with tears.

Mrs. Martin could not withstand them. Her own voice was husky as she said:

"Pardon me if I have in any way wounded your feelings. It is not my wont to be so stern as I have been with you. But I have been very much troubled, my dear—"

"Oh, if you would but mean those words that you have just said!" cried the girl, throwing herself on her knees in front of her visitor and clasping her hands tightly. "So sweet they sound!—so little affection I have had! With all my soul I should try to deserve them. If you would but accept me as a daughter, it would be the aim of my life to be indeed a loving and grateful child."

Mrs. Martin bent over her and kissed her soft cheek. An hour ago she could not have believed such a thing possible. Mademoiselle Desmoulins looked up at her with smiling eyes.

"Ah, you are so good!" she said,—"you are so good! Now we shall all be happy."

"Sit beside me here on this sofa," said the older lady, drawing her to her feet. "And tell me, Marie—yes, after this I shall call you Marie,—would it be possible for you to leave your mother?"

"What do you mean, Madame?"

"Does she know you—does she want you or miss you?"

A strange expression came over the face of the young girl,—an expression the meaning of which Mrs. Martin could not define, but it indicated suffering of the deepest kind.

"No, she does not miss me; she has never wanted me," was the reply.

"But since her unfortunate illness?" asked Mrs. Martin.

"Yes," answered Marie, with some hesitation. "I could not well leave her now, Madame; that is, I could not go

far away from her. Oh, no! it would not be possible."

"I understand. It would be unnatural to ask it. I had thought of something; but we will speak of it later, after I have seen Maurice."

A tiny clock on the mantel struck four. Mrs. Martin stood up.

"And now I must go," she remarked. "Maurice will be home at five. You have not seen him to-day?"

"No—not since last evening. Then he did not tell me you had come."

"He was disappointed, Marie, and did not wish to hurt you. To-night he will be pleased."

The girl laughed merrily as a child.

"He will be so happy!" she said. "When will you come again?"

"To-morrow. I have much to say to you. Till then—good-bye!"

Marie laid her cheek against hers,—they parted with a kiss.

(To be continued.)

A Soul's Awakening.

BY LUCY GERTRUDE KELLEY.

AND Thou wert near me all along the way—
Wert close beside me when I culled life's flowers,
Didst guide my footsteps in each happy day,
And wait unnoticed through the sun-kissed hours,
O loving God!

And Thou wert near me when earth's sweetest song
Stole, all unquestioned, to my gladdened life;
Thy voice came faintly through the shouting throng,
And I went peaceful 'mid the common strife,
O tender God!

O Thou wert near me and I did not know;
Wert close beside me and I had no care;
And, all untroubled by a human woe,
Paused not to ask if Thou wert waiting there,
O patient God!

Ah! now within the shadow of my tears,
The moans and pain of my Gethsemane,
Where wide before me stretch the lonely years,
The loving pity of Thy face I see,
O God! my God!

A Sainted Pastor of Our Century.*

I.

JESUS CHRIST and His Church are lavishing honors upon the pastors of parishes. One such pastor, St. Peter Fourrier, who from personal inclination was never anything else than a pastor (of Mattaincourt), has recently been promoted from the ranks of the blessed to that of the saints. Among many personages of exalted virtue, he was worthy to complete the list of pastors whom the present century has seen reach the honor of public cult,—if indeed still others be not admitted thereto before the century's close. In any case, it will be the glory of our age—an age which has rendered the ministry of the parish priest so arduous and precarious—to have redeemed this particular drawback by being associated with the glorification of a larger number of holy pastors than all preceding ages have witnessed.

The nineteenth century was still young when Pius VII. raised to the dignity of the altar Blessed Odin Barotto, a Piedmontese parish priest; and Pius IX. alone, in the course of a pontificate longer, it is true, than any other, awarded the honor of canonization to five pastors of the Low Countries martyred at Gorcum, and that of beatification to three other parish priests: Blessed John Scavander, a Bohemian pastor and second martyr of the confessional; Blessed Thomas Hélye, almoner of Louis IX. and subsequently pastor in Normandy; and Blessed Vullerme de Léaval, a Piedmontese parish priest, whose first festival coincided, day for day, with the death of the pontiff who had glorified him, and whom God seemed desirous of glorifying in his turn.

* A sympathetic writer in the *Etudes Ecclésiastiques* contributes to that excellent publication an interesting paper on the Curé of Ars. We translate this extract.

More recently, Leo XIII. has beatified time and again many groups of Eastern and Western martyrs; and he has qualified as pastors at least four of their number: Blessed Anthony Francisco, companion of Blessed Rodolph Aquaviva and the other Jesuits martyred at Salsette. Finally, we have witnessed the canonization of the most humble and most glorious pastor of Mattaincourt.

Perhaps, however, a still higher merit of our century is that it has seen several parish priests, our contemporaries, raising themselves to that degree of heroic virtue which the Church eventually crowns with the honors of her altars; and as it was congruous that the example should be given by the first parish priest of the Eternal City and the universe, the Venerable Bartholomew Menochio, Bishop of Porphyres and pastor of the apostolical palaces, the friend of Pius VII., has been for many years among the personages whose beatification has been undertaken by the Holy See.

By his side has recently been placed Venerable Jean Baptiste Guarino, parish priest of Paterno, near Naples. But the most notable group of contemporary pastors is that comprising Venerable Stephen Bellesini, pastor of Genazzano; Venerable Vincent Romano, pastor of Herculanum; and Venerable Jean Baptiste Vianney, parish priest of Ars. A little more and the same year would have heard all three proclaimed heroic as to their virtue; and what is still more remarkable is that the last of the three to die, our admirable Curé of Ars, has rejoined the other two at this decisive point in the process of beatification,—a point after which there remains only the examination of the question of miracles.

It will accordingly be pardoned to Frenchmen if we plume ourselves somewhat on the decree, dated July 26, 1896, on the heroism of the virtues practised by Jean Baptiste Vianney. This decree marks one more success in the process of this holy priest; and even were the future not guaranteed by the past, we should long be grateful to God and His Church for so speedy an attainment of a glory which, if incomplete, is still very considerable. One must enumerate all the steps taken and carried out during almost forty years, before one's thanksgiving will be adequate to the favor received.

Early given to admiring the Curé of Ars, whose name was one of the first that struck my childish ears and became impressed on my boyhood's memory, I have felt impelled to study the details in the process of his beatification.

II.

In the beatification of a confessor there are five distinct processes to be noted: the introduction of the cause to the Sacred Congregation of Rites, the examination of the candidate's virtues and miracles *generically*, the *specific* examination of his virtues, the specific examination of the miracles, and the decree of beatification. The first three of these processes, or acts, have been accomplished in the case with which we are occupied.

On August 4, 1859, Mgr. de Langalerie had received the last sigh of the Curé of Ars; and before laying the remains in the crypt of his church, the Bishop, standing a few steps from his pulpit and confessional, announced in a touching allocution the marvels of his tomb, and predicted the arrival of the day "when the infallible voice of the Church will permit us to sing in his honor: *Euge, serve bone et fidelis, intra in gaudium Domini tui!*"

The prelate of Belley did not rest at that. As it was within his province to give the signal for the process of beatification and canonization which he

had at heart, he waited barely three years after the decease of the virtuous pastor before inaugurating what is styled the ordinary process, with the view of introducing the matter without delay to the attention of the Holy See.

The first real session of the episcopal commission borrowed from the place wherein it was held a character of touching solemnity. That place was the Ars parish church itself, on the very tomb of the venerated pastor. The date was November 25, 1862; and from that day until the beginning of 1865 sixty-six witnesses who had known Father Vianney were examined—in two hundred sessions—as to all that they knew concerning the sanctity of his life.

Permission to give public cult being, however, absolutely reserved to the Supreme Pontiff, it is indispensable that the general process of the ordinary be accompanied by a special process of *non-cultus*. Bishops are competent to hold this, and Mgr. de Langalerie accordingly supplemented the first investigation by a second, which was also held in 1865.

Seven witnesses were heard in a number of sessions. On the occasion of the seventh of these reunions a visit was paid to the tomb, the church, and the presbytery of the servant of God. The Bishop's delegates discovered no trace of public cult; but, as a precautionary measure, it was decided to use at the Holy Sacrifice or to burn at the altar of the Blessed Virgin the candles offered in honor of Father Vianney. It was also determined to request the pastor of Villefranche to remove a portrait of the Curé of Ars which one witness thought he had seen in the church of that town. Having taken these measures, the episcopal delegates reported that the deceased, while highly venerated, had not been made the subject of the public cult forbidden by Urban VIII.

While the original reports of these two investigations were placed in the archives of the bishopric, copies thereof were taken to Rome by Mgr. Langalerie himself. The happy Bishop was able to present, as an additional reason for the introduction of a cause (now fortified by the testimony of sixty-six eye-witnesses) a series of four hundred and thirty-nine letters from ecclesiastical and civil dignitaries, and from corporations secular as well as religious. A cardinal *ponent*, or reporter of the cause to be introduced, was immediately named by the Pope. This was Cardinal Villecourt, who then had almost the monopoly of French causes, and who was soon afterward replaced in the same office by another Frenchman, Cardinal Pitra.

It was necessary, however, to allow the Apostolic Chamber time to print, for the use of the cardinals and the consultor of the Congregation of Rites, extracts from the testimony given,—which summary formed a quarto volume of five hundred and seventy-nine pages. Yet unusual progress was made; for Pius IX. dispensed with the rule that requires an interval of ten years between the handing in of the report of the ordinary and the examination of the documents that compose it.

Despite all, however, the question of introducing the cause could not be submitted by Cardinal Pitra to his colleagues before 1872. The years just elapsed had been replete with heavy trials for the Holy See; besides, considerable time was necessary to allow the Promoter of the Faith (popularly styled "the devil's advocate") to formulate his animadversions or objections, and the advocate of the postulator of the cause to draw up his replies to these animadversions. These two documents, the second of which is very long, had been transmitted, with the summary, to the members of the Congregation.

The Promoter of the Faith, Mgr.

Minetti, recognizing at first glance that he had to do with a most meritorious cause (his successors also characterized it as most remarkable—*præclarissima, præstantissima*), had no hesitation in rigorously availing himself of his full right of opposition. As a matter of fact, he opposed to the demands of the postulator, Mgr. Boscredon, the Pope's Chamberlain, a series of objections dealing with the pretended faults of Father Vianney in his ministry as priest and pastor. Two of these objections, however, had the appearance of more than ordinary importance. There was question in these of the stand of the saintly Curé as to the apparition at La Salette, and of his refusal to serve in the army of the first Empire. The advocate of the cause, M. Alibrandi, replied skilfully and at length to these two capital points of the accusation; and when the matter came before the Congregation of Rites, Cardinal Pitra, applying to the case one of his most cherished theories, on the essential difference between law and legality, made it a point of personal honor to confirm by his explicit vote the position of the Roman advocate as to ecclesiastical immunity from military service.

Disdaining the explanations given by different authors, he put the matter on a higher plane. "Yes," he exclaimed, "there is a human law! Yes, there is a necessity of defending one's country threatened by the invader! But above and beyond all that there is the law of God,—there is His call to souls. When God makes His voice heard, when He desires some one exclusively for Himself, just as the one selected must break with family ties and forget all that is dearest to him, so should all human laws give place to the will of God."*

The memorable session during which the foregoing words were heard was held on September 28, 1872. To the question, *An sit signanda commissio introductionis causæ?* ("Shall the commission of the introduction of the cause be signed?") the cardinals answered in the affirmative. And Pius IX., in signing the commission on the third day of the following October, did not conceal the satisfaction he experienced in thus recognizing the merits of a personage who had thrown so pure a radiance over the first half of his pontificate.

Transmitted at once to France, the precious tidings appeared to Catholics as a celestial balm for the still bleeding wounds of 1870 and 1871.

* "Cardinal Pitra," by Mgr. Battandier.

In the Garden of the Château.

BY LADY ROSA GILBERT.

II.—(Conclusion.)

THE chime of a clock told half-past five. Sunshine once more illumined the world; and Gabrielle rose to her feet, dishevelled, with tear-stained face and terrified eyes.

"I can not meet him at seven, at all events," she muttered. "I must at least gain time. And meanwhile I must try to soothe the stranger somehow; for if Antoine and he should meet—ah, I will awake Yolande!"

The resolution came to her with a momentary sense of relief, at having remembered something to which she could cling even for a little while.

She left her chamber and went up a narrow stair to a room and paused at a door. Yolande was a young cousin of poor estate whom Gabrielle had taken to live with her. A very tender affection existed between the two.

"It is unkind to wake her," thought Gabrielle; "but I must do something to gain time. O Blessed Lady, pray for thy child!"

She opened the door and went in. A small brown room with a look of almost solemn antiquity, very simply furnished (simplicity was Yolande's choice); on the narrow white bed a long, symmetrical figure swathed in white; the face, young, fair, debonair, upturned on the pillow, bathed in the sunlight, smiling in cool, undisturbed slumber.

"O Yolande, awake, awake! I want you to help me."

The sleeping girl stirred, laughed in her dream; then opened a pair of clear grey eyes that received the sunshine as if it belonged to them by right.

"Gabrielle! What's the matter? You look as if you had been up all night."

"Yolande, rise and dress quickly, if you love me. You must meet Colonel de St. Valorie in the garden at seven o'clock, and it is now just upon six."

"Meet him! And why, pray? And what am I to say to him?"

"Anything you please, only keep him in conversation. Send him away. Tell him I am not well—and it's true,—whatever comes into your head. And if Antoine should come on the scene, you must manage to prevent them from fighting. For myself, I know not what I am to do, what to say to him. I must think about it while I am making myself fit to be seen."

"Ah, Gabrielle! I know what *I* should do. I should be true to my lover."

"Yolande dear, you never had a father who loved and commanded you. And it seems I must do wrong in robbing Colonel de St. Valorie of what my father left him in trust with me."

"Then give it to him!" said Yolande, with a royal wave of her hand; "or share it with him. Buy him off. When you get to heaven you can explain it all to your father, cousin Gabrielle; and it is my firm belief that he and his old friend, De St. Valorie's father, will have both gained in the meantime light on several subjects, seeing that they have been a long time putting their heads together about things in general in a wiser world."

Gabrielle shook her head.

"You have no sense of responsibility or you could not talk so lightly of awful things," she said. "But hasten now, Yolande, or De St. Valorie will be into the château to look for me."

Gabrielle then retreated, and Yolande continued her dressing.

"A pretty situation!" she said. "I wonder how I am to conduct such an affair? I must rely on inspiration, for poor Gabrielle is not in a state of mind to enlighten me."

Yolande twisted her gold hair into a picturesque knot on top of her head, and gowned herself in the pure white which suited her personality. Her face had the fair freshness of a newly-opened rose or lily; and the *soupçon* of a humorous smile which now touched it was very familiar to it. A saucy, charming, yet dignified maiden she looked as she passed down the garden walk, between the tall scarlet snapdragons and the white lilies nearly as tall as herself. The garden was delicious in its early morning freshness: fruit-trees glittering with dew, birds twittering matins, air full of perfume of musk and lavender, roses burning ruby red on the arch midway down toward the arbor in the high yew screen. A peacock stood on the yew hedge and spread out his incomparable tail and screamed.

"Colonel de St. Valorie, you are keeping your betrothed waiting," said Yolande aloud to herself, with a little laugh, as she gathered a sprig of lavender and sniffed its scent.

"No: on my word, I have been here for a quarter of an hour!" cried a man's voice behind her; and Yolande turned quickly, with another irrepressible slight laugh, making a musical note on the air.

"Really! Excuse my reproach, which was only soliloquy. But pray, Monsieur Valorie, why have you made choice of this very untimely hour? Suppose I had been a sleepy-headed person?"

"You don't look it," answered De St. Valorie. What he thought she did look was visible in his eyes. He did not say "You look adorable," but the words are a literal translation of what his countenance involuntarily conveyed.

"I had to rub my eyes, I assure you," said Yolande; "and the dew and the birds wake one up."

So rapidly had she dropped upon an amusing false position that she found herself running on its lines without stopping to think what was to come of it. At least, she was gaining time for Gabrielle, as she had been bidden to do.

"It is I who need to rub my eyes," said De St. Valorie, amazed. "I thought I had a quite vivid recollection of your eyes, hair, and complexion. I imagined my little sweetheart was brunette,—a rich dark rose rather than a lily."

"What!" exclaimed the girl. "You expect a brune imp of seven to appear a brunette at twenty-five!"

"You can not be twenty-five years old!" said De Valorie.

"You are a bad timekeeper, Monsieur. Seven and eighteen are twenty-five. And you are thirty-five."

"Alas, yes!"

"Oh, do not be so sad about it!" said Yolande, and she looked critically at the striking figure before her. Here was a very distinguished-looking soldier, with bronzed skin and bright eyes, shining with almost boyish gaiety, causing him to look younger than his age.

"Ten years make a difference, don't they?" he said, sighing. But sighs did not seem to suit him. He smiled again as he observed Yolande's critical looks.

"Nay, nor twelve," she said, reflecting that she herself was younger than Gabrielle, and that if this lover had been hers she would not have thought him too old. Alas! why had one maiden a double share of affection for her disturbance, and another none at all for her happiness?

"How rejoiced I am to hear you say so!" said De St. Valorie. "I feared you might think me too old. For you—you look so divinely young, such a very flower of a woman,—a girl and yet a woman! Ah, Gabrielle, what a happy man I am this morning! Until I might hear you, understand from you that I was not quite displeasing to you—betrothals arranged by others are not always satisfactory—until reassured by you I felt restless."

"But I have assured you of nothing," she replied, startled at hearing herself called Gabrielle, and feeling a qualm of conscience at carrying a jest too far.

At this moment another figure turned a corner of the yew hedges and was seen approaching them. It was Antoine.

"Good-morning, Monsieur Antoine!" said Yolande, turning to him quickly to recover from her embarrassment and holding out a white hand. "Allow me to introduce you to Monsieur le Colonel de St. Valorie. Gentlemen, I hope you will be friends. Allow me to present you each with a flower."

The two men bowed to each other,—Antoine scowling, and St. Valorie with a slight shade on his face, the result of Yolande's last words to him.

She divided the sprigs of lavender in her hand into two sheaves, reserving a single spike for herself, and presented each man with a sheaf.

"Smell!" said the young girl. "Is it not good? Now, gentlemen, in return for my present, I shall ask each of you to lend me his sword."

Both looked at her in astonishment, De St. Valorie with the shade deepening on his face as he observed the frowning

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aspect of the other man. Was this girl a coquette, after all? How little he knew of her, though she had seized on his heart at the first moment of their meeting! Nevertheless, she was his liege mistress and she should have her will. He slowly drew his sword from the scabbard and presented it to her, saying:

"Be careful of it, fair lady. Mine is a sword that is prepared for use, and is dangerous in unaccustomed hands."

She took it carefully, turned the point to the ground, and so held it.

"Your sword, Monsieur Antoine?"

"I can not imagine your intention," said Antoine, bitterly; "but my sword is fully as prepared for use as that of Monsieur le Colonel. Allow me—" and he placed the sword in position like the other one, and Yolande's left hand rested on the hilt. So she stood, with a hand on each sword, and looked from one to the other of the men who were so puzzled by her.

"Gentlemen, you are good beyond all praise for so humoring me. I want you now to swear that, whatever betide, you two will be friends."

Neither spoke, while the glances exchanged between them did not augur well for the fulfilment of her desire.

"What, for instance, would you do—either or both of you—if the Marquise de Rossignol should elect to remain a solitary woman all her lifetime?"

"But she will not do so!" exclaimed Antoine, fiercely.

De St. Valorie did not speak, only glanced quickly from Yolande to Antoine and from Antoine to Yolande. His heart was sinking, his bronzed cheek paled. Was this a cast-off lover for whom he might or might not be substituted? O woman, woman!

"Monsieur de St. Valorie," observed Antoine, "this trifling may be very pretty, but it means nothing. I hope neither of us is so bloodthirsty as the play of a fanciful lady would suggest; but it is well you should know that, whatever your pretensions may be, the Marquise de Rossignol has plighted her troth to me of her own free-will and desire, and not as the result of unnatural interference from any other person."

"Is this true?" asked De St. Valorie, looking at Yolande.

"Ah, here she comes!" cried Yolande, with an air of relief.

"*Who?*" asked De St. Valorie.

The eyes of all three turned to the far end of the garden walk and rested on a woman approaching.

"Gabrielle," replied Yolande, without removing her eyes from the slowly-advancing Marquise.

"Gabrielle!" repeated De St. Valorie, in amazement. "Then, lady, who are you, pray?"

"A cousin, a temporary substitute," returned Yolande, with her sweet, irrepressible laugh. "*Je ne suis pas la rose, Monsieur, mais j'ai vecu pres d'elle!*"

Gabrielle drew near. Her face was pale under the shadow of her hair, her eyes darker with distress than nature had made them. She looked like a beautiful figure of tragedy, in the black dress over which she had thrown a white kerchief. Yolande and the two men looked at her questioningly as she stood among them.

Gabrielle turned first to her lover.

"Antoine," she said, "I have thought it out. Monsieur de St. Valorie, I am sorry I can not say you are welcome. Believing you dead, I gave my promise to another man. My father forbids me to marry another than your father's son. My only course now is to remain unmarried and to resign my inheritance to you—"

"Heaven!" cried Yolande. "What a guess I made by chance! With your nature, Gabrielle, I suppose you have no alternative."

There was a breathless pause. The Colonel turned his eyes on Yolande, then on Gabrielle.

"Madame la Marquise," he said, "be at rest on the subject of your father's will. There is, I believe, no clause in it to compel *my* wishes. I here solemnly renounce all claim to your hand and fortune. In truth, if it is necessary to speak forcibly, I reject them. I have affections to bestow as well as you. I only pray that I may be as fortunate in placing them as Monsieur Antoine has been. Let us be friends. Fair lady, whose name I do not know, will you return me my sword?"

"Willingly," responded Yolande. "And yours? Can I trust you with it?" she added, with an arch smile at Antoine.

"Colonel," replied Antoine, "you are magnanimous; but your generosity must not be taken advantage of too literally. I and my future wife will pledge ourselves to that."

"If you allude to worldly fortune," answered De St. Valorie, "I have enough of it. More would but embarrass me. Would you be more thoroughly satisfied I will confess that since arriving at Bois-de-Merle I have lost my heart ere ever I set eyes on the Marquise Gabrielle. I should have been unhappy indeed had the daughter of my father's friend been willing to fulfil the conditions of a betrothal made in childhood."

Gabrielle and Antoine glanced at Yolande, who, however, did not appear to notice their observation. Her part being played out, she stood sniffing her sprig of lavender, with her saucy little nose in the air, and an appearance of remaining quite unconcerned by the explanations which were being exchanged among the others.

"Yolande," said Gabrielle presently, "you have been very good to me already this morning. Will you further oblige me by showing the Colonel the way into the château for breakfast?"

Yolande made her cousin a playful little courtesy, sweeping backward and allowing Gabrielle and Antoine to walk on together; then, with an air of mock duty and obedience, she pointed out to De St. Valorie the way along by the yew hedges round toward the entrance to the château of the De Rossignols.

"Madèmoiselle Yolande," said De St. Valorie, "pray do not hasten on so quickly. It is hardly breakfast time yet. Will you pardon me for having just now addressed you by a name that is not your own?"

"Certainly," said Yolande; "if you will also forgive me for questioning the fidelity of your memory, and the ways of Nature in holding true to her original idea in the coloring of a human being."

"Will you give me a flower, please, Mademoiselle? Your sprig of lavender is sweet, but hardly a flower."

"You shall have a whole bouquet, Monsieur. The Marquise is generous with her flowers."

"I want only a lily, and from you."

"I do not see one, Monsieur; but I hear the bell for breakfast."

"Ah! were you laughing at me when you said that ten years of difference were not too much,—'nay, nor twelve'? Those were your words. Answer me, Yolande. Are you two years younger than your cousin Gabrielle?"

"It is not polite to ask a lady's age, Monsieur," said Yolande.

"Be in earnest for a moment. Do not heed the bell. I can not wait till after breakfast. I am a soldier. I have had a hard, loveless life. I am rapid in my movements, perhaps; but, Yolande, I love you!"

Yolande's fair face took a rosy tinge, but she laughed again with a little delicate mockery in the laughter.

"You *are* rapid, Monsieur. A woman can not keep pace with your soldierly

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strides. Your imagination is, perhaps, affected by long fasting. Breakfast will be useful in the way of steadying your mind. My cousin Gabrielle's cook makes excellent coffee and the De Rossignol grapes are perfect."

De St. Valorie, snubbed but happy, followed her along through the flowers, asking no more questions till he reached the door by which they were to enter the château. Then he said:

"You will walk with me in the garden another time, Mademoiselle Yolande?"

"Probably," returned Yolande. "But the coffee is getting cold."

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It was June then. Two distinguished weddings took place at Bois-de-Merle before the roses were out of bloom in the garden of the château.

Cameos.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

X.—Francis Marion Crawford.

MR. F. MARION CRAWFORD has become so famous that his name "Marion," which he evidently prefers, is no longer supposed, even in the remotest districts, to refer to a member of the gentler sex. This means that he "has arrived." And he has arrived by dint of great talent, more imagination than he permits himself to believe that he possesses, well-directed industry, and a versatility which might have ruined a man of lesser power.

The public will not, as a rule, admit that a man can do more than one thing well. Mr. Crawford has done many things well; but, luckily, they have been nearly all in the same line. He gave us a great novel, "Saracenesca"; admirable historical romances, "Zoroaster" and "Via Crucis"; an important modern romance, "The Witch of Prague"; the most artistic series of conversations since Walter Savage Landor's "Imaginary Conversations" and Mallock's "New Republic"; a most skilful psychological and social study in "Marzio's Crucifix"; and nearly everything else that a first-rate novelist can not usually do; for the first-rate novelist can, as a rule, only repeat himself.

Mr. Crawford has made two failures, "An American Politician" and "To Leeward." The first because he does not know America; the second because he tried to please a public which did not exist—for him. I ought to add "Marion Darche," but it is not sufficiently important to be dignified by the name of one of Mr. Crawford's failures.

Mr. Crawford was not praised, on his appearance, by the literary set in New York; he was somewhat more considered in Boston. When "Mr. Isaacs" appeared, Mr. Sam Ward, his uncle, was apparently the only person who saw that a new novelist had come to stay. The tendency of the Eighties was toward realism; the romance was so very dead that nobody thought a resurrection possible. It had its place in the "evolution" which led to Mr. Howells and Mr. James, who, it will be remembered, smiled at the "romanticism" of Thackeray and Dickens.

Mr. Crawford, to judge by "Mr. Isaacs" and "Dr. Claudius," was without a mission; his literary methods were "unscientific"; he believed, with Sir Walter, that the telling of his story was the main thing. His persons were of the class he knew best; and he was not in sympathy with Darwin or what, in the Eighties, was considered the very spirit of modernity—republican realism or scientific naturalism. If he belonged to any school at all it was to the older school of romance. Socially, he had aristocratic tendencies, and the manners of his women had the glamour of courts.

Besides, his sympathies were with the conservative side of life; some persons said at once that he was merely a professional writer, and not a man of letters at all; and that he was old-fashioned at a time when the fashion of Mr. James and Mr. Howells was brand-new. But one felt safe with Mr. Crawford. His dramatic expedient was bold enough, but his morality—even though it was only in the background—was the morality that keeps society sound in times of crises.

When "Saracenesca" appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* Mr. Crawford's position was fixed. "Saracenesca" was a master-book. He knew and loved his characters and the world in which they moved; Corona and the Princes Saracenesca became as real as Adam Bede or Di Vernon. And then followed the Saracenesca series, tapering in power and interest—for Mr. Crawford had become his own rival,—but all of value.

Enough has been said of the Carmelite in "Casa Braccio," as well as of the eccentric ecclesiastical proceedings in "Taquisara." Mr. Crawford gave manly explanations, and circumstances have made us sensitive. We ought to be very kind to him; there are few like him, and we owe him much. There are not many writers whom we can trust so implicitly for the eternal verities as Mr. Crawford. He has not gone out of his way to preach: he has clung close to his mission of story-telling, except in "A Rose of Yesterday," with its title from Omar Khayyám, and its ethics so unlike those of Omar.

And one of the pleasant things is the fact that Mr. Crawford's strength and his hold on the public increase as he grows older. He is not "writing himself out," as so many amiable persons have, from time to time, said he would. There are traces in some of his books that he had a glimmering of this fear himself. But he likes to tell a story so well that, so long as he has a story to tell, he will tell it effectively. Besides, he has great resources of experience. The man who could give us the most convincing picture of German contemporary life yet done in English fiction, as he did in "Griefenstein," and yet produce that most exquisite of Italian idyls, "A Roman Singer," need have no fear of "writing himself out." Mr. Crawford is always the exponent of a manly faith, which runs like a thread of gold through all his varied tapestry.

Of all Mr. Crawford's books, "With the Immortals" seems to me to be the most satisfactory. For wit, wisdom, insight into the past, and the manifestation of beautiful expression, it stands among the great volumes of the last fifty years. In one of the conversations between Cæsar and Leonardo da Vinci he makes the artist say: "I think it is part of the temperament of some artists not to finish, though they work forever. They search after that which never was or never can be; or, at all events, we searched in our day. I think it was better. We pursued the ideal: modern painters pursue the real. I was not a realist because I painted grinning peasants for a study, and modelled heads of laughing women for my pleasure."

This search for the ideal—though Mr. Crawford does not write about it as if it were his sole vocation—will keep him always young in his art. It saved Corona and Eleanor from the pit into which the realist would have plunged them, and it is the keynote of Mr. Crawford's best success.

WISDOM without honesty is mere craft and cozenage; and therefore the reputation of honesty must first be gotten, which can not be but by living well; a good life is a main argument.

—*Ben Jonson.*

A Subject of Increasing Importance.

THOSE who have not given special attention to the subject can have little idea of the extent to which necromancy is now practised in civilized countries. "As faith in the true God wanes," says Carlyle, "faith in false gods waxes. Hatred of God makes men sceptics; need of a God makes them followers of spirits." Spiritualism, as it is called at present, counts its willing and earnest votaries by thousands in England, Germany, France, Russia, Belgium and Italy, as well as in our own country; and the evil is said to be spreading so rapidly in England that the bishops of the Establishment have repeatedly been called upon to warn their flocks against it. One writer asserts that there is more necromancy practised in London in one week than in the whole land of Canaan in any twelvemonth before the Children of Israel came into possession of it. So general was the practice of spiritualism in Russia about twenty-five years ago that it was authoritatively, officially and solemnly condemned.

To treat the whole system as something founded on trickery, delusion, and imagination is altogether unphilosophical. Much of what is done in the name of spiritualism may indeed be regarded as frivolous and absurd; but one would stultify himself by despising such testimony as reports of investigations conducted by the London Society for Psychical Research or the London Dialectical Society. Most persons, of course, have given the subject no serious attention; however, it is well for them to know that not a few of the best minds of our age have considered it worthy of the deepest study. That these men, many of whom occupy responsible and authoritative positions in science and literature, have conducted their investigations in a judicial spirit, their published reports bear witness. In concluding the record of extraordinary phenomena which he himself witnessed at a *séance*, the president of one of the learned societies just referred to says: "I offer no opinion upon the causes of these phenomena, for I have formed none. If they be genuine, it is impossible to exaggerate their interest and importance. If they be an imposture, it is equally important that the trick should be exposed in the only way in which trickery can be explained—by doing the same thing and showing how it can be done."

A "convert clergyman," writing to the *Catholic Times* of London, announces that Dr. Egbert Müller, a well-known leader and exponent of the spiritistic cause in Germany, was lately received into the Church. The opinion of such a man as to the character of modern spiritism—an opinion arrived at after years of practical experience and observation, apparently with exceptional facilities for studying the phenomena—is well worth considering by those who see no harm or danger in spiritualistic manifestations, and who scoff at the idea that the presence of a supernatural agency is any explanation of the unquestionable fact that, by means of a simple code of signals, articles of furniture frequently answer questions and spell out coherent communications. In a private letter quoted by the *Times* correspondent Dr. Müller says: "I am convinced that every right-thinking person will eventually be led to recognize the demoniac character of modern spiritism, and that we shall ere long have many more who will champion my view of the matter. I have," he adds, "carried on experiments with eleven famous mediums and I have known at least forty more. The results obtained

have given me an insight into the real depths of Satanology."

"To deny the possibility—nay, actual existence of witchcraft and sorcery," says Sir William Blackstone ("Commentaries," Book IV., chap. iv, p. 51), "is at once flatly to contradict the revealed Word of God in various passages of the Old and New Testaments; and the thing itself is a truth to which every nation in the world hath in its turn borne testimony, either by examples seemingly well attested or by prohibiting laws, which at least suppose the possibility of commerce with evil spirits." That such laws have frequently been enacted by the Church there can be no question; and she still retains the forms of exorcism so sorely needed and so often exercised in ancient times.

It is easy to understand the fascination of spiritistic phenomena, especially such as are of a really remarkable and startling character, particularly to those who have ever met with genuine cases of demoniacal obsession or possession. It is not so easy, however, to understand how any intelligent Catholic can so far forget himself as to dabble in spiritism, which has repeatedly been condemned by ecclesiastical authority. It is a mistake to suppose that the view of the Church does not cover modern manifestations. As late as 1856 Pope Pius IX. issued a decree which in general terms condemns all magical incantations and invocations. We have heard of the conversion of materialists through spiritism, but the perversion of professing Christians is much more common.

The following words of warning with which the learned Dr. Lee closes a chapter on this subject are well worthy of consideration and attention; and they are especially timely:

"Let all those, therefore, in their mental daring or harassing hopelessness, who for amusement, sensation, or for purposes of actual divination, meddle with spiritualism—which falsely pretends to put them in communication with their departed friends—realize, what indeed is the truth, that 'they know not what they do.' One day, having long given up their wills to others, either to men or demons, possibly to both (to the latter, it may be, through the former), they may awake from their state of awful calamity, from their weird and visionary dreams, disordered both in body and mind; and this by dark and potent agencies, which have artfully entangled them to such an extent with the powers of darkness, and desire to hold them henceforth with an iron grip, that it is with great difficulty, if at all, they can be altogether disentangled from the bad influence of their secret allies, and be recalled once again to a pure, simple, harmless Christian life."

Notes and Remarks.

There are not many really first-class heroes in the world, but two of them live in Austria and are officers in the Imperial Army. A nameless and shameless bully having attempted to slander a lady of unspotted reputation, one of these officers, the Marquis of Taki, quickly imposed silence on him. Military etiquette, it appears, required that he should also challenge the slanderer; but this the Marquis, whose personal courage was well known throughout the army, refused to do, on the grounds that, as a loyal Catholic, he could not participate in a duel. This noble decision, of course, represented vastly more moral courage than would a perfunctory and bloodless duel; but the Austrian officers' court of honor met and unanimously voted the Marquis guilty of cowardice, degraded him from his rank and expelled him from the

army. Then Captain Ledonowski, a young officer of brave and generous impulse, wrote to the Marquis: "You are quite right in your attitude. It is intolerable that a man should be terrorized into duelling against his own religious convictions. If I had been in your place, I also should have refused to fight." For this honest language the Captain, too, was degraded and dismissed,—all this in spite of the fact that duelling is prohibited by law in Austria, and that the Emperor Franz Joseph is regarded as a pillar of the Church!

The wise practice of inoculating the youthful mind with a wholesome fear of intoxicants by means of lectures and readings in the public schools ought to be strenuously encouraged. Students of sociology are dismayed by the ravages wrought by alcohol, opium, morphine, cocaine, and other intoxicants; it seems that new ones are constantly discovered. All sorts and conditions of men fall victims in steadily increasing numbers; physicians as well as their patients, fine ladies and professional men. Temperance societies have hitherto found their work hard enough, but alcohol is the least of the evils they will be called upon to combat in the coming century. Drunkenness produced by other drugs is less curable and more injurious to the human system. In cases of this kind an ounce of prevention is worth a ton of cure; hence the wisdom of making children feel that intoxicants are as dangerous as explosives. A pledge of total abstinence administered at Confirmation helps to enforce the lesson.

When the much-heralded Austrian movement "Away from Rome" was at its strongest, we ventured the paradoxical prophecy that its effect on the Catholics of the Empire would be wholesome. The fulfilment followed close upon the prophecy. The Austrian bishops and priests promptly opened courses of special sermons and dogmatic lectures, new blood was injected into the Catholic societies, a fresh impetus was given to religious instruction in the schools, and the Catholic women of Austria organized a crusade for the conversion of husbands and brothers estranged from the Church. The Vienna *Reichspost* (we learn from the *Literary Digest*) thus summarizes the effects of the anti-Catholic movement:

> It has shaken hundreds of thousands of Catholics out of their lethargy, while the "Away-from-Rome" agitators can report only "ten thousand" apostates to their cause. The whole movement is beginning to awaken a wide and deep excitement in favor of the Church throughout Catholic Austria. In many places where it has hitherto been impossible to secure the funds for the Catholic Church, money has been given in abundance. Missions have been started where none before existed. Thousands of men now come to Communion who had not attended for years. In short, the Catholic Church of Austria is being shaken from centre to circumference, and will only gain by the agitation.

Our readers will remember that the same results followed the spasm of bigotry that shook our own country from Boston to San Francisco a few years ago. Opposition is often a great enlivener of zeal, and there are people who become interested in religion only when they are compelled to fight for it.

Bigotry often proves a boomerang. At San Pedro, California, as we learn from the *Monitor*, a Catholic gentleman of irreproachable character and acknowledged fitness was a candidate for the position of school trustee. The town was placarded with posters announcing the names of the candidates, and during the dark hours of the night before the election a gang of bigots traversed the streets marking the name of the Catholic candidate with a large cross. The intention, as a secular journal published

in San Pedro puts it, was "further to arouse the already acute prejudices of that ignorant class of Protestants who, although worshipers of the same God whose vicarious atonement is symbolized by the cross, do not love their Catholic brethren with a love too divine." The effect of the tactics of the bigots is highly creditable to the Protestants of San Pedro. These number three-fourths of the population; yet two-thirds of the votes, it seems, were cast for the Catholic candidate.

A writer in *The Angelus*, an Anglican paper published in Chicago, affords a pleasant and edifying glimpse of life at Holy Cross House, a conventual establishment at Westminster, Md., which is the home of the "Fathers of the Holy Cross," an Anglican community presided over by the Rev. Father Sargent, O. S. C. We quote the article almost entire:

In the Middle Ages a traveller who spent a few days at a monastery would not be conscious of any startling contrast between life there and life in the world. He would find the monastery quiet, to be sure; but he would find it almost as quiet in Paris or London or Rome. To-day the case is very different. The contrast between the hubbub and uproar of a large American city and the peaceful silence of a religious community is one of the most startling contrasts human nature can experience. This was most strongly impressed upon the writer when, on the same day, he was in Philadelphia and at Holy Cross House.

To adapt one's self suddenly to the changed conditions is most difficult. Before the visitor's ears get accustomed to the silence of the monastic atmosphere, he is almost certain to have made a fool of himself several times. In spite of the word *Silentium* printed in large letters in the hallways, he feels that he must display his courtesy by giving a loud and hearty greeting in the hallways to all whom he may chance to meet. His enthusiasm is somewhat restrained by having his attention directed to the sign, *Silentium*. Of course he knows all about the ringing of the Angelus; and as he hears the bell again at seven o'clock in the evening, he congratulates himself that he *did* know enough at the six o'clock bell to take off his hat and say the Angelic Salutation. So he turns to tell one of the Fathers who is standing near how much he likes the practice of saying the Angelus. How provoking to find that *he* has just removed *his* hat and is saying some private devotion, and that all the other men have stopped walking and are standing with heads bowed in prayer! After Compline he accosts one of the Fathers in the hall to ask him what that seven o'clock bell meant. In answer the Father ignores him and walks quietly upstairs. Suddenly, to his great joy, he discovers a list of rules on the bulletin board, and they inform him that at seven o'clock every evening the *De Profundis* is said when the bell rings; and also that from Compline until breakfast is the "Great Silence," when no talking is allowed under any circumstances.

The cleric from Chicago knew all about the Angelus, but the *De Profundis* bell and the Great Silence were too much for him. He reminds us of another devout Anglican, "a recent convert from one of the sects, you know," who was invited to join in Compline, and replied that he never took anything stronger than ginger ale, even when he was a Unitarian.

Two interesting anniversaries are celebrated this year by the Order of Poor Clares—the finding of the body of their holy foundress fifty years ago, and the establishment of the Order in the United States a quarter of a century later. To commemorate this double jubilee the Poor Clares of Evansville, Indiana, are bringing out an illustrated life of St. Clare, to which an account of their coming to this country will be appended. The work has been compiled by the Very Rev. Father Fiege, O. M. Cap.

The government of Puerto Rico consists of a governor appointed by the President; an executive council of eleven members, six of whom are also appointed by the President, the other five being selected by the Puerto Ricans; and a house of delegates of thirty-five members, chosen by the people. The presidential appointees thus far are admitted on all sides to be honest and capable men, though they are handicapped by ignorance of the language of the people whom

they govern, and by the very important fact that they are aliens in race, in customs, and in religion. In one respect, at least, Mr. McKinley could have done better: he could have tried harder to supply the Puerto Ricans with governors akin to them in religion. The people of the island have long since begun to feel that they have merely exchanged the mother country for a stepmother country, the stepmother being of another religion and "kind'r sot" in it.

In a review of Henry Harland's new novel, "The Cardinal's Snuff-box," the *Bookman* expresses a thought that ought to be constantly kept before Catholics. The Cardinal, a beautiful old man, who "renews one's faith in human nature," unconsciously draws the hero nearer and nearer to the Church by the attractiveness of his character and the goodness of his heart. The *Bookman*'s remark is this: "One can not help feeling how much more effectual than all the sermons in the world was the daily contact with this man, and that to come under his influence would convert one to any faith which he might choose to follow."

A writer in *Munsey's Magazine*, describing the terrible fire at the Hoboken wharves, says: "The spectators saw many deeds of heroism. They saw one tug, the *Nettie Tice*, take off one hundred and four men from the burning *Bremen* at the risk of being overwhelmed any moment by a sudden burst of flames. They saw two men from the tug *Westchester* take off, unaided, forty from the hold of the *Saale*, where they had been imprisoned fully two hours. Some saw a priest, Father Brosnan, administering Extreme Unction [*sic*] to the doomed ones at the ports, unmindful of his own danger. Many saw men leap into the water for the drowning and bring them in safety to the shore. All heard of the gallant Captain Mirow, of the *Saale*, who strove so hard to save his ship that he died aboard her decks in a rush of flame." It is, perhaps, worthy of note that the heroism of Father Brosnan and his companion-priest has been celebrated in a tender and reverent poem, written by a Jewess and published in a Protestant church paper, the *Independent*.

Facts are stubborn things. After all that has been said against Spain for her misrule in the Philippines and oppression of the Filipinos, this fact remains: she found a population variously estimated at less than five hundred thousand; and, instead of exterminating it, left between five and six millions of people, a great number of whom had been Christianized and taught the arts of civilization. This one fact is sufficient refutation of the calumnies against Spain so industriously circulated of late years by preachers and politicians.

Not satisfied with a collection for Galveston that will probably amount to as much as $15,000, Archbishop Corrigan telegraphed to the Bishop of the stricken city saying that he would provide for all orphans sent to his care. What a grand act it was! And none who know the beloved Archbishop of New York need be told that it is characteristic of him.

The Vicar-General of the diocese of Périgueux, who delivered the sermon at the obsequies of the late Henri Lasserre, declared that the eyes of the venerable historian of Lourdes remained to the end the most brilliant, the most searching it was possible to behold. No one needs to be reminded that the sight of M. Lasserre was restored by using the miraculous Water of Lourdes.



A Mischievous Dame.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

MISS RUMOR'S a dame of whom strange things are told;
She's busy and active, although she's so old.
(She was seen, it is said, at the famed siege of Troy,
And was far past her youth when its bard was a boy.)

And there's never a land that the sun shines upon,
In the south or the north, where this dame is unknown;
And where'er she appears, there dissension and strife
And anger and quarrels and trouble are rife.

For her heart it is spiteful, her tongue never still,
And to high and to low it works mischief and ill;
She whispers and chatters both early and late
Of frivolous nothings and secrets of state.

Oh, many a falsehood she noises abroad,
And many a heart she makes sad by a nod;
And the just and the wise of all lands hate the name
Of this restless, malignant, and busy old dame.

She's here and she's there, 'neath both bright and dull skies,
Telling truths it may be, but more frequently lies;
And my word of advice to all folk far and near
Is never to give old Miss Rumor an ear.

Woyko.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

"YOU have the very best garden anywhere about. How do you make your vegetables grow so well, Vrouw Muller?" inquired Tom, as he stood with his hands in his pockets looking across the fence at the productive little patch of ground beside the two-roomed cottage of Koby, the old Dutch cobbler, and his wife Betje.

In her picturesque white cap, blue cotton bodice, peasant skirts that tidily cleared the ground by several inches, revealing the coarse, home-knit hose and well-turned wooden shoes, the good Mevrouw might have been supposed to have just stepped over from Holland. As a matter of fact, however, she had lived in northern New Jersey for a quarter of a century, without having found it necessary to alter either the fashion of her attire or the quaint domestic customs she had brought with her from the land of dykes and windmills; of fair green pastures and placid canals, over which lean the queer, peak-roofed houses, even as a staid but gallant mynheer steals a glance at his own reflection in the polished surface of the mahogany table of the family living-room, well pleased at what he sees there.

As Vrouw Betje turned her gaze from her cabbages to the boy who regarded them with such good-natured approval, a smile, half of amusement, lighted up her sun-browned, weather-beaten face.

"How it was I make them to grow, Master Tom he ask?" she said, with a nod of the head. "Well, for the most part, juist by work and care. To have what is goot we must for it with patience strive; is that not so?"

And then Tom remembered how all during the long summer Vrouw Betje was to be seen, early and late, hoeing and weeding and watering her garden, until the bit of land reclaimed from the briers and brambles yielded a much more generous return per square foot than any space of the same size within the fertile area of his father's farm.

"Mother wants to know if you will sell her some lettuce?" he continued, cutting short the old dame's gentle

homily. "Our lettuce has not grown very well this year, although father's new gardener learned his business at an agricultural college."

Vrouw Betje smiled again,—a quiet, kindly smile that Tom liked to see.

"It is not from the books always that we learn to know how," she said sagely, as she filled his basket with the crisp, dewy salad plant.

"What is to pay?" he inquired.

"Zehn cent."

"Ten cents! Wheff! Why, that is too cheap!" protested the boy. "Mother sent a quarter and said I was not to take any change."

"But it is only zehn cent to her, she is so goot to me," objected the old woman. Nevertheless, her eyes brightened as he pressed the coin into her hand.

His purchase made, the boy still lingered, with the nonchalance of youth surveying the little holding, as the Mullers called their small premises. Aging fast, and with neither son nor daughter remaining with them to lessen for them the burden of life, the worthy couple yet managed to eke out a livelihood by means of the garden, and the earnings of Koby at his cobbler's bench. For who out of Holland could shape as light and neat a sabot as Koby?

"Vrouw Betje, you ought to take your vegetables to market," Tom volunteered presently. "In Newark you could sell them for twice as much as you can get here."

"Ach, yes!" sighed the good woman; and a shade of regret passed over her honest countenance. "Of all this I have think too. Koby says many times if juist we have a horse, or so much as one small donkey like as they drive to market laden with garden truck in the old country, our fortune would be made. Ah! then we could go to Mass, too, every Sunday. In Holland there are more Catholic than many think, and Koby and I we ever been Catholic."

"But how could you manage to feed and care for a horse, Vrouw Muller? Where would you pasture him, and who would groom him when Koby is laid up with the rheumatism?" cried Tom, astonished.

"There is good pasture bordering the public roads. I could lead him along by a rope, and keep on with my knitting the while," she said, having long ago settled the question in her mind. "For shelter there would be the shed yonder, where the folk who lived here before us kept their horse. I could groom him myself as well as another. In winter we could rent him for his board, bargaining to have him on Sunday. And yet—no sense do I speak—a horse is not for us; I only please myself some whiles by talking of it. Master Tom he best not stop any more to listen to foolish old Betje. His good mother at home waits for him."

"Yes, that is so. Mother wanted the lettuce in a hurry!" exclaimed the lad, with a start. "Good-bye, Mevrouw!"

He scampered away, wondering why Vrouw Betje invariably addressed him in the third person. He did not know that in her country it would have been considered an unpardonable rudeness for peasant folk to do otherwise in speaking to those of a more favored condition of life than their own; and the sturdy old woman had too great a regard for her own dignity to neglect any of the simple lessons of politeness she had learned as a child in far-off Gelderland.

When the boy reached home his chum, Jack Bennett, was waiting for him.

"Tom, let us go fishing," said Jack. "The fellows say there is fine trout in Forest Lake."

"Jiminy crickets, of course I'll go! Just stop until I get my fishing-rod," was the instant reply.

Tom rushed into the house, gave the basket to the cook, receiving in return a generous supply of small cakes for himself and Jack; then, finding his rod, he was back in a trice. Half an hour afterward, in the ardor of casting the fly and waiting for the trout to nibble, Tom forgot all about the day-dream of old Vrouw Betje.

One afternoon, a week or more later, the two boys set out on a holiday excursion together to the County Fair at Newark. It was Tom's birthday, and his godfather had sent him a crisp, new ten-dollar bill in honor of the anniversary. He and Jack had some silver coin besides; but in his waistcoat pocket Tom carried his bank-note,—not that he had any notion of changing it, but because the consciousness that it was in his pocket contributed not a little to his satisfaction; and he treated Jack to peanuts and pink lemonade with the air of a capitalist.

After sauntering around for an hour or so, the boys were attracted toward an inclosure in front of which waved a red flag. On the fence sat a man gesticulating vehemently and talking at the top of his voice.

"An auction!" cried Jack; and they drew nearer to watch the sale of some live stock.

The cattle having been disposed of, there were led into the paddock several broken-down nags, sent here to be sold by the management of a street railway that had recently adopted the trolley system. How exciting the bidding was! Tom and Jack soon caught the spirit of the occasion.

"By Jiminy, Jack, if I had money to burn I'd buy a horse, sure!" declared his companion, in jest.

At length a particularly rawboned cob was put up for sale. Everybody laughed at the wretched appearance of the poor beast. Such a scarecrow of a horse was he that the auctioneer could not get a single bid for him.

Finally, however, after the man had talked himself hoarse, a skinflint old farmer came along. He eyed the animal sharply, examined his teeth and hoofs, and then blurted out, with a shrug of the shoulders:

"Ain't much good, is he? Well, I'll give five dollars for him."

There was a general laugh from the bystanders, and Jack said aside to his chum:

"The old fellow must be crazy. Such a superannuated animal would eat his own head off in a very short time."

But Tom was alert.

"Old Bones has some strength left, or that shrew countryman wouldn't make an offer for him," reasoned the boy to himself. "Hold on! what was it Vrouw Betje said the other day? A horse would make her fortune. Jiminy crickets! if this one is to be sold for a song, why shouldn't I buy him and give him to the good old woman? It would be a kindness, a charity even; for Mevrouw and Koby have no one to aid them, and a horse would help them to earn their living better."

The ten-dollar bill had, as the saying is, "been burning a hole in his pocket" all the afternoon.

"By Jove, Mevrouw's astonishment and her comical goings on when she found her dream come true would be worth the money!" he chuckled to himself. "And, then, I always thought if I were rich, I'd like to do good with my money."

Tom felt very rich at this moment. Catching the glance of the auctioneer, he said aloud:

"I'll make that bid six dollars!"

There was a peal of mirth from the crowd.

"Seven dollars!" snarled the farmer, glaring at him.

"Eight!" shouted Tom; while Jack, supposing it all a joke, was convulsed with merriment.

"Nine!" added the opposing bidder.

Tom's enthusiasm had now reached a fever heat. His face glowed, his eyes sparkled, his throat felt parched and dry. He was resolved to have that horse, if possible.

"Come off, old chap!" whispered Jack. "The auctioneer will think you are in earnest, and you will get caught."

There was no time to explain to Jack that he *was* in earnest.

"Ten dollars!" he called, trembling with excitement.

A momentary pause occurred; but it seemed to Tom an age, for this was his last chance to become the owner of the horse. Besides his ten-dollar bill he had now only a silver quarter in his pocket, and he knew he must not contract a debt which he had no means of paying.

But the old codger, priding himself upon his penetration, opined that the opposition to him was simply a plan between the lad and the auctioneer.

"It is just a dodge to run up the price on me!" muttered the avaricious farmer, under his breath. "But they'll not take *me* in! Jerushy! why, I have a chance to get a horse for nothing, anyhow. Widow Schnyder will be selling out; she must be hard pushed for money since her husband died. She'll be glad to let me work her horse half the week for his board. I must be getting daft or I'd a thought of that before."

"Ten dollars, I'm bid!" reiterated the auctioneer. "Who will make it eleven? Yon gentleman there on the edge of the crowd?"

Tom felt the suspense keenly. But there was no further bidding even from an imaginary buyer in the background.

"Ten dollars!—once, twice, thrice!" repeated the seller. "Going—going—gone! Sold for ten dollars. Name, please? Ah! Mr. Thomas Weldon."

"There, Tom! I told you to look out!" cried Jack, in blank dismay.

But Tom was jubilant.

"That is all right," he said. "I have bought the horse for Vrouw Muller."

Having paid his money, he walked over to the scrawny animal and patted him on the neck with all the pride of ownership.

Jack followed, still dazed.

"By Jove, you have bought a fine bag of bones, then!" he laughed. "Vrouw Betje can use him for a rack to hang clothes upon, though,—if he does not fall dead from weakness and age on the way home."

For the first time Tom contemplated his bargain rather doubtfully. But the old sorrel blinked at him solemnly, as if promising to do his very best to give satisfaction.

To get the horse home Tom must needs ride him. The groom from the car stable loaned him a bridle, and a blanket to serve as a saddle.

"Come, Jack, we can both ride!" said he, magnanimously.

Jack was not sanguine in regard to the journey. He would not abandon his friend in a difficulty to go by train, so they started off along the highway.

How amazed were the Weldon family at sunset when they beheld the boys coming up the road,—Jack astride of an ungainly sorrel horse, and Tom running by his side like a squire of old; for the weight of both had proved too great for their steed!

"It is Don Quixote and Sancho Panza to the life!" said Mr. Weldon, laughing.

And how astonished they were when they learned that the jaded animal was actually Tom's property!

Mevrouw Betje did not look askance at their gift horse, however.

"God be praised! And may He bless thee for a true-hearted lad!" she cried with delight, when Tom, after some difficulty, made her understand that the old sorrel was to be really her own. So extraordinary a piece of good fortune quite startled her out of her usual Dutch stolidity, and her expressions of gratitude were as quaintly droll as the boy had anticipated.

But while Tom laughed away her thanks, oddly enough a queer mist seemed to dim his sight, and he had to wink away—well, perhaps it was a raindrop that spattered into his eye. Yet he was very light-hearted. His birthday gift had bought for him as full a measure of happiness as it had for Vrouw Betje; for what pleasure in life is so sweet as that of being able, by means great or small, to bring joy to another?

"What will you call your horse, Mevrouw?" he asked.

The old woman reflected a moment.

"If it please you, let the name be Woyko," she answered at length. "For so was called the donkey we had at home in the days of our prosperity."

A few days later Tom went to visit his godfather, who lived in Boston. When he returned, after an absence of two months, as he walked home from the railway station he descried a familiar figure on the road coming toward him. It was Vrouw Muller trundling along in a wagon that had seen its best days, and driving a fat sorrel horse.

"Ya-ha! Woyko it is, if that is what Master Tom he would ask," she said, after she had exchanged hearty greetings with the boy. "Mr. Weldon he sent us some oats, and Koby give Woyko much care; so he look fine, is it not so? For a good horse he was, only he had too hard worked. Brave and kind he was, too, like Master Tom his own self. The wagon Mr. Weldon say that we can have, and Koby has made it grand. So we was doing well, God be thanked! And for the winter we will have the bit money we have gained by the garden truck to the town bringing. Ach! to Master Tom, for sure, we owe much fortune. And Master Tom must come take Woyko to drive and ride with him whenever he so please."

The Chinaman's Query.

An American was inquiring of a Chinaman as to the significance of various curious and apparently meaningless customs. Finally the Chinaman said: "Illustrious sir, will you kindly inform me why Europeans and Americans wear those two useless buttons on the back of their coats?"—"I don't know," frankly answered the American.

Do *you* know, young reader? Years ago, when every gentleman wore a sword, which hung from a belt, two buttons held the belt to the coat. After a while the swords were worn only by soldiers and the belts went with them, but the buttons stayed. Now you are wiser than the American of whom the Chinaman asked the question.

Required of the Sheriff.

There is connected with Westminster Abbey an ancient tower, containing, among other things, the six horseshoes and sixty-one nails which the sheriffs of London are obliged to count when they are sworn in. In the time of Edward II., when this custom was introduced, few men were able to count sixty-one, and this test was thought rather exacting. The sheriff was also obliged to cut in twain a bundle of sticks. This custom is still observed; but the sticks are very small, being simply ordinary matches.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The forthcoming life of Coventry Patmore contains many letters to and from Tennyson, Carlisle, Ruskin, Aubrey de Vere and numerous other eminent contemporaries.

—Vasari's "Lives of the Painters and Sculptors," in eight volumes, is to be included in the Temple Classics. Caxton's "Golden Legend" will be completed in seven volumes, two of which have already been issued.

—An important new work by Percy Fitzgerald, soon to be published by Messrs. Burns & Oates, bears the title "Fifty Years of Catholic Life and Progress under Three Cardinals." The same publishers announce an English translation of Dom Lechner's "Life and Times of St. Benedict."

—The London *Guardian* reproduces the following extraordinary advertisement from a paper published at Cambridge, England:

> Wanted, a steady, respectable man to look after a garden and to milk a cow who has a good voice and accustomed to sing in a choir.

No wonder a steady and respectable man is in demand to milk so remarkable a cow.

—The late Chief Justice of England was an author, though not a prolific one. Besides a volume on a legal subject, published early in his professional life, there is his "New Views on Ireland," issued by the Macmillans, who also made a volume of more than five hundred pages of Lord Russell's great "Opening Speech" in defence of Parnell.

—The current issue of "Cranbrook Papers" is quite as attractive as any preceding number, and even more interesting. Among other articles in prose and verse, it contains an informing sketch of William Caxton, and a short notice, with facsimile page, of the famous Psalter of 1457. "Cranbrook Papers" is printed on hand-made paper bearing the water-mark of the Society from which it emanates. The initial letters and other embellishments are a delight to the book-lover.

—It is very gratifying to announce that the third volume of Dr. Brownson's Life, from 1855 to the end, is in press. To many persons our great publicist's early and middle life is of less interest than the closing years of his remarkable career. Dr. Brownson's biographer has made use of some letters which are of exceptional value for the light they throw on many important questions and events little understood by the general public. The "Latter Life of Dr. Brownson" will cause him to be better known and his inestimable services to religion to be more thoroughly appreciated.

—It is said that Mr. Crawford's genius for telling a good story has had full play in his new historical romance, "In the Palace of the King."

—The monograph on Murillo in the series of "Handbooks of the Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture," issued by the Macmillan Co., is from the pen of B. Cassio, of Madrid.

—"The Last Years of St. Paul," a new work by the Abbé Fouard, and a new and cheaper issue of "The Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman," by Wilfrid Ward, are announced by Longmans, Green & Co.

—Father Sheehan's new serial in the *American Ecclesiastical Review* is worthy of the pen that wrote "My New Curate." The death of Father Tim Hurley in the current instalment is one of the most perfect passages in modern fiction.

—A London firm (Messrs. Luzac & Co.) has recently published "Letters and Inscriptions of Hammurabi, King of Babylon about 2300 B. C." The tablets on which these letters are inscribed were discovered in South Babylonia by Dr. Budge, of the British Museum, who has made an English translation to accompany the Babylonian text. These epistles are said to be a thousand years older than any other letters that have been discovered; though the "Book of Kagronna," a treatise on good manners, is commonly ascribed to the year 3998 B. C.

—In a well-published *brochure* of 178 pages the Rev. G. M. Godts, C. SS. R., discusses in an able manner and in a kindly spirit these three questions: 1. Is the Bible alone the rule of our faith? 2. Has the Saviour established a Church? 3. Where is that Church? The reverend author has read many Protestant books and they are freely and appositely quoted by him. This is an excellent feature of the work. A controversialist who has not made it his duty to familiarize himself with the views of his opponents is unfitted for his office. Father Godts' simple earnestness will appeal to many readers who might be repelled by a writer more learned, though less sympathetic. He never uses a harsh word, and it is plain from every page of his book that he is filled with charity and zeal for the glory of God. Published by E. L. Christie, Brandon, Manitoba.

—It is not surprising that a book at once so powerful and so Catholic in tone as Mrs. Craigie's exquisite story "Robert Orange" should arouse much parlor discussion. A Protestant critic, in our foremost literary review, suggests that it is hardly possible for the non-Catholic reader to pass upon the book judicially. He says:

It must be remembered, too, that Mrs. Craigie is a Roman Catholic herself, understanding and appreciating from personal experience the Roman Catholic point of view. She is not one of those to whom Roman Catholicism is an almost meaningless inheritance, but one who has grappled fearlessly and devoutly with its problems and pored over its innermost secrets in search of Truth. I lay particular stress on these points, because it is Mrs. Craigie's opinion that much of the misunderstanding and criticism which have been aroused by the life-history of Robert Orange would have been obviated had they been borne in mind. Indeed, Mrs. Craigie herself admits that the reader who is not in touch with Roman Catholicism must experience considerable difficulty in comprehending the *leit motiv* of Robert Orange's career.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Education and the Future of Religion. *Bishop Spalding.* 5 cts.

General Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures. *Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S. S.* $2, *net.*

Father Anthony. *Robert Buchanan.* $1.50.

The Soldier of Christ. *Mother Mary Loyola.* $1.35, *net.*

Where is the Church? *Rev. Charles Coupe, S. J.* 40 cts., *net.*

The Autobiography of St. Ignatius Loyola. *J. F. X. O'Conor, S. J.* $1.25, *net.*

The Testament of Ignatius Loyola. *E. M. Rix.* $1, *net.*

Sermons on the Blessed Sacrament. *Scheurer-Lasance.* $1.50, *net.*

A Form of Prayers. *Marquis of Bute.* 45 cts., *net.*

Sanctuary Meditations. *Fr. Baltasar Gracian, S. J.* $1, *net.*

Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption. *W. H. Mallock.* $3.50.

The Flowing Tide. *Madame Belloc.* $1.60, *net.*

A Son of St. Francis. *Lady Amabel Kerr.* $1, *net.*

Poor Dear Ann. *The Prig.* 75 cts.

The Bible and its Interpreter. *Rev. P. H. Casey, S. J.* 50 cts.

The Gospel Story. *B. F. C. Costelloe.* $1.60, *net.*

Studies in Church History. Vol. VI. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* $2.50.

Meditations on the Psalms of the Little Office. *Peregrinus.—Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.* 75 cts., *net.*

Currita, Countess of Albornoz. *Luis Coloma.* $1.50.

The Knights of the Cross. Vol. II. *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* $1.

A Journey with the Sun around the World. *Rev. William McMahon.* $2.

St. Jerome. *Father Largent.* $1.

Studies in Poetry. *Thomas O'Hagan, M. A., Ph. D.* $1.

The Church of Christ the Same Forever. *Rev. D. McErlane, S. J.* 50 cts , *net.*

Christian Philosophy — God. *Rev. John T. Driscoll, S. T. L.* $1.25, *net.*

The Heiress of Cronenstein. *Countess Hahn-Hahn.* $1.25.

The Nursing Sister. $1.25.

Jack Hildreth on the Nile. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.

Holy Mass: A Morning Paradise. *Very Rev. R. O. Kennedy.* 5 cts.

Giovanni Baptista de Rossi. *Very Rev. T. J. Shahan, D. D.* 20 cts.

Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire. *Samuel Dill, M. A.* $2.

The Spirit of the Third Order of St. Francis. *Father Peter Baptist, O. F. M.* $1, *net.*

The Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau. *Mary Frances Drew.* 60 cts., *net.*

St. Francis of Sales. *A. De Margerie.* $1.

A Book of Spiritual Instruction. *Blosius.* 75 cts., *net.*

A Month's Meditations. *Cardinal Wiseman.* $1.10, *net.*

The Duchess of York's Page. *Mrs. William Maude.* 70 cts., *net.*

Essays, Educational and Historic. *A Member of the Order of Mercy.* $1.25, *net.*

Episodes of Catholic History. $1.

Meditations for Retreats. *St. Francis de Sales.* 75 cts., *net.*

The Acts and Decrees of the Synod of Jerusalem, *J. N. W. B. Robertson.* $1.60.

The Catholic Creed; or, What do Catholics Believe? *Very Rev. Father J. Procter, S. T. L.* $1, *net.*

Leaves from St. Augustine. *Mary H. Allies.* $1.35, *net.*

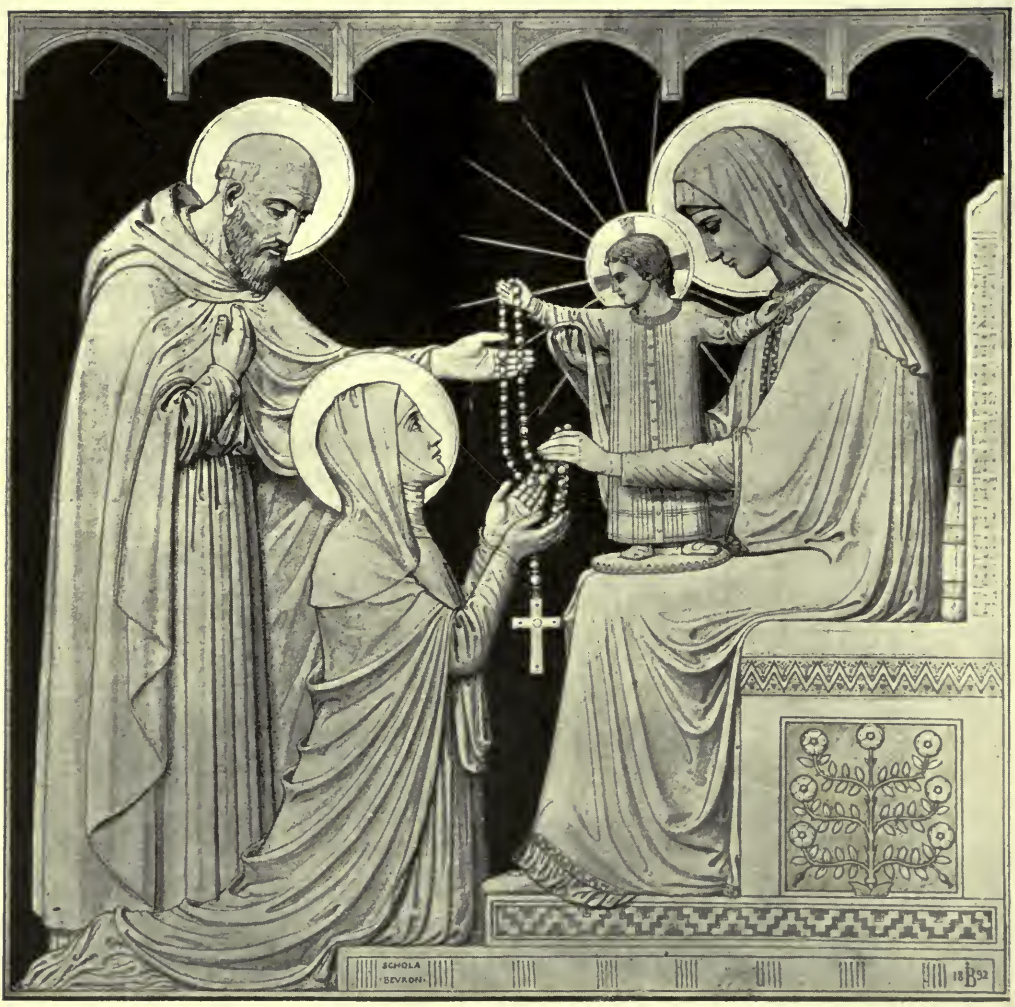
Vespers and Compline. *Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J,* $1, *net.*

The Life of Father Haskins. $1.

TANTUM ERGO.

G. RUDOLF.





OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY.
Schola Art. Beuron.

THE AVE MARIA

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LI. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 6, 1900. NO. 14.

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A Stranger at the Door.*

BY H. N. O.

A STRANGER in the pale moonlight,
Before the door He stood;
His locks were drenched with dews of night,
His raiment stained with blood.

A torch in nail-pierced hand He bore,
No earthly sun so bright;
A stranger at the unopened door,
He knocked the livelong night.

The cruel cincture o'er His brow,
Woven of thorns, is bound;
Tears from His eyes incessant flow,
Like rain, upon the ground.

Not for the chill night-dews He wept,
Nor for the thorny crown;
But that His own, His loved ones, slept,
And left Him all alone.

The sheep will hear the shepherd's cry,
The hen can call her brood;
Yet to His voice came no reply,—
Shepherd whose name is Good.

The flowers unfold them to the sun
Some radiant grace to win;
The livelong night that torch burnt on,
Yet all was dark within.

A stranger in the morning light,
Still at the door He stood;
His locks were drenched with dews of night,
His raiment stained with blood.

Suggested by Hunt's celebrated picture, "The Light of the World."

IN a world of confused standards, imperfect vision, and of relative values, we are taught through suffering the scale of absolute values.—*Mabie.*

Mary in the Calendar.

BY DOM COLUMBA EDMONDS, O.S.B.

ROSARY SUNDAY.

EXTRAORDINARY graces have resulted from the annual observance of the Month of Mary; and these graces have been further increased by the dedication of October to the recitation of the Holy Rosary. The popularity of the use of the Rosary, in public, during October is due chiefly to the zeal of his Holiness Leo XIII., who, ever since the year 1883, has not ceased to urge the faithful to be most assiduous in the exercise of this devotion.* At the same time the Sovereign Pontiff has granted indulgences with a lavish hand to all who take part in the recitation of the Rosary during October.

The practice of using beads or small stones to keep in mind a certain number of prayers is of great antiquity. The Fathers of the desert, and other persons also, were accustomed to use small stones or grains for this purpose, as Benedict XIV. asserts in his work on canonization. This ancient observance

* The devotion of the Rosary Month began in Spain in 1863. Pius IX. enriched the observance with considerable indulgences. Leo XIII. has issued ten official documents on the Rosary. The first encyclical is dated Sept. 1, 1883. (Vid. "The Rosary," by Fr. W. Lescher, O.P.)

would seem to have originated in favor of the illiterate, who, being unable to take an active part in the psalmody of the Divine Offices, made up for this deficiency by the frequent recitation of the Lord's Prayer.* The same idea found expression in the wearing of studs fastened to belts, on which a certain number of *Pater Nosters* were recited. Prayers told on these studs were spoken of as so many "belts." An English synod, held in the year 816, speaks of "seven belts of *Paters*" to be sung for a departed bishop.†

The "Hail Mary" does not appear to have formed any part of these counted prayers previous to the eleventh or twelfth century. It is said that the practice of reciting one hundred and fifty times the "Hail Mary," daily, as a substitute for the one hundred and fifty psalms of the Divine Office, was not unknown in the eleventh century.

The custom of saying fifteen decades, or sets of ten *Aves*, with one *Pater* before each decade, in honor of the different mysteries of the Incarnation, is generally considered to have been the institution of St. Dominic. The tradition that the Saint learned the use of the Rosary from the Blessed Virgin herself, and that he propagated the devotion as an antidote to the Albigensian heresy, is accepted by very weighty authorities, including several of the popes. But Benedict XIV. mentions that the belief rests solely on the tradition preserved in the Order of Friars Preachers.‡

The word *rosary* comes undoubtedly from a Latin word signifying a rose garden; in so far as it is associated with devotion to the Blessed Virgin, it must be taken in a mystical sense.§ The use of the word in this way may be traced back to the thirteenth century. The form of prayer now called the Rosary was sometimes spoken of as the "Psalter of Mary," on account of the number of its *Aves* corresponding with the psalms used in the Divine Office.*

ORIGIN OF THE FEAST.

The feast of the Most Holy Rosary originated in the following manner. On the seventh day of October, 1571, which happened to be the first Sunday of the month, a great naval battle was fought between Christians and Turks in the Gulf of Lepanto, the Christian fleet being led by Don Juan of Austria. At the very time when the battle was raging the members of the Confraternity of the Rosary were making solemn and fervent supplications in Rome for the success of the Christian cause. Simultaneous with the almost complete annihilation of the Moorish fleet, Pope St. Pius V. received from Heaven an admonition telling him of victory; this fact is related in the process of his beatification.† In thanksgiving for the victory, ascribed to the power of Mary's intercession, St. Pius ordered a yearly commemoration of the Blessed Virgin to be made, under the title of St. Mary of Victory. The following record of the event is still read in the Roman Martyrology under date of October 7:

"The commemoration of St. Mary of Victory, instituted to be kept annually by Pope Pius V., on account of a great victory gained by the Christian arms over the Turk in a naval battle, which took place on this day, and which was brought about by the intercession of the Mother of God."

Pope Gregory XIII., wishing to give greater prominence to a devotion which had been the means of securing so great

* Butler's "Lives of Saints," Oct. † Ibid.

‡ In his encyclical Pope Leo XIII. says distinctly of St. Dominic: *Ipse primus instituit*,—"He was the first to institute the Rosary."

§ Catholic Dictionary, art. "Rosary."

* It should be borne in mind that the Rosary is the most ancient of all popular devotions to our Blessed Lady.

† Bened. XIV., De Festis B. M. V.

a favor for Christendom, changed the title of the feast from that of "Victory" to that of the "Rosary"; and at the same time ordered the celebration of the festival in all churches in which there existed a chapel or an altar under the invocation of Our Lady of the Rosary. The solemnity was arranged for the first Sunday of October, and was kept as a greater double.

A further development of the celebration took place under Pope Clement X., who extended it to all churches within the Spanish dominions, even should they not possess a chapel or altar of the Rosary. During the pontificate of Innocent XI. a petition was made to the Holy See by the Emperor Leopold, asking for the extension of Rosary Sunday to the universal Church; but the Pope died before the favor could be granted.*

The final events which led to the insertion of the feast of the Rosary in the general calendar of the Church are told in the Breviary as follows: "In the year 1716 Charles VI., emperor-elect of the Romans, won a famous victory over the fierce Turks in the kingdom of Hungary, upon the feast of the Dedication of the Church of Our Lady of the Snow, almost at the very hour when the members of the Confraternity of the Rosary were moving through the streets of Rome in public and solemn procession, amid vast multitudes, all filled with deepest enthusiasm, calling earnestly upon God for the defeat of the Turks, and entreating the Virgin Mother of God to lend the help of her assistance to the Christians. Not long afterward the Turks raised the siege of Corfu. These mercies Clement XI. ascribed to the intercession of the Blessed Virgin. Wherefore, that the memory of such a blessing might endure in all future ages, he extended to the whole Church the observance of the feast of the Most Holy Rosary, to be kept on the same day and to be of the same rank as it had previously been. Pope Benedict XIII. ordained that all these facts should be recorded in the Roman Breviary."

* Ibid.

LEO XIII.

A few years ago* Pope Leo XIII. approved of a special Office for Rosary Sunday; and at the same time ordered an addition to be made to the already existing lessons of the Breviary, a translation of which is to the following effect: "Leo XIII., during these latter days of trial and tempest for the Church, when new evils seem to be multiplied, issued again and again letters apostolic in order to urge the whole body of the faithful to recite the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin during the month of October. He also raised the feast to the rank of a double of the second class, and added to the Litany of Loreto the invocation, 'Queen of the Most Holy Rosary.' Moreover, he granted in favor of the same solemnity a proper Office to be used throughout the Church."

The Office alluded to is exceedingly rich and varied. The hymns, antiphons and responsories are replete with references to the mysteries which go to make up the fifteen decades of the Rosary. For instance, the hymn at first Vespers commemorates the Joyful Mysteries, the hymn of Matins recalls the Sorrowful Mysteries, and that of Lauds is taken up with the Glorious Mysteries. At second Vespers all the mysteries are linked together in the hymn, and the following verse precedes the doxology:

> O come ye people, gather ye
> Roses from every mystery;
> Weave ye your crowns to praise above
> The glorious Mother of fair love.

Besides this varied and beautiful Office, a new Mass, opening with the glad words, "Let us all rejoice in the Lord,

* August 5, 1888.

celebrating a festival in honor of the Most Blessed Mary," has been substituted for the older one, which was chiefly taken from the Common of Our Lady.

PROCESSIONS.

Reference has been made above to the fact that the Rosary procession was in progress at the very time when so great victories were gained for the Christian armies, thereby testifying to the great efficacy of this solemn form of supplication. Pope Leo XIII. in his encyclical of August 30, 1884, wishes a renewal of these processions. He says: "We desire that, where the civil law so permits, the sodality of the Rosary shall, as a public act of religion, make solemn procession through the streets."

The making of solemn processions dates back even to the earliest days of Christianity. It is a rite which is exceedingly expressive, and appeals strongly to the religious feelings of the faithful. There are abundant proofs in Church history of the great power this form of prayer has in obtaining answers to petitions from God. A procession is said to represent the Christian's journey through this life to the next, Christ being the leader.

This short notice of the feast of the Rosary may fittingly conclude with the last words of the lessons of the second nocturn in the Breviary: "Let us, then, be earnest in honoring the Most Holy Mother of God in this form which she likes so well; that even as the prayers of Christ's faithful people, poured forth in the Rosary, have so often won her to scatter and destroy their earthly foes, so she may gain for them the victory over their hellish foes likewise."

The Blessed Mother of God is venerated on two other Sundays of October. These feasts of the Maternity and Purity are not of universal obligation, but are confined by privilege to certain places.

MATERNITY OF OUR LADY.

On the feast of the Maternity (the second Sunday of October) the highest dignity of Mary is honored—namely, that of her being Mother of God. The Office, which is of recent construction, affords no information from which the history of the institution of the feast may be gathered. The Collect appointed to be said is that which is used to commemorate Our Lady during Advent. The ancient liturgical commemoration of the dignity of the divine maternity holds its place in the Mass and Office of the 1st of January.

PURITY OF OUR LADY.

The feast of the Purity (the third Sunday of October), like that of the Maternity, is of recent institution, and commemorates that wonderful prerogative of Mary in remaining ever a virgin while at the same time becoming the Mother of God.

OUR LADY OF THE AGONIZING.

The approach of the month devoted to prayer for the faithful departed has suggested the introduction, during recent years, of a feast of the Blessed Virgin under the title "Our Lady of the Agonizing." This is kept by privilege only in certain places, the date assigned being the 29th of October. The Collect for this commemoration expresses fully the object of the feast:

"O God, who didst will that the Blessed Virgin Mary should stand near Thy only-begotten Son while hanging upon the cross for the salvation of all men, grant that we may be helped by her intercession at the hour of our death, and so deserve to obtain everlasting rewards."

RELIGION is from *religare*—to bind together. It is the bond uniting the soul to God. Religion is life in and with God through Jesus Christ.

A Liberal Education.

BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

I.—A Dream and a Waking.

BACK as far as he could remember stood Uncle George. While he was yet a mere urchin—if the word might be ventured in connection with Ralph Crosby—Uncle George, when the ciscoes were running, took him fishing on Geneva Lake. And in the early fall Uncle George went with young Ralph over to Williams Bay, hickory-nutting. I say early fall, because Ralph never could wait for his hickory nuts until frost. He wanted the nuts before they were ready to shuck; he wanted the apples before they were ripe, and the grapes while they were green, and the taffy before it was cold. Uncle George made prime taffy. The passing of father and mother was scarcely a memory with Ralph; his uncle stood for father and mother both.

Uncle George's place on Geneva Lake, his summer home, was Turtle Point; in winter he occupied his city house on Pine Street in Chicago. Like himself, it was unostentatious but very swell. The factory of the Crosby-Gregory Company, of which Ralph's uncle was half owner, was over toward the river. On Saturdays Ralph was allowed to go to it, and the workmen in the big shops were very gracious to the little boss.

Twice a week Ralph went to a dancing school, where all the fairy little girls of the city danced; and as he grew older he was taken by Uncle George to call at some of the spacious old homes on Prairie Avenue, where very dainty children received him with delightful courtesy and shyly asked him to call again sometime.

So life came easy to Ralph. It isn't to be wondered that he gradually grew somewhat arbitrary and high-spirited. But when the time came for Ralph to start for Wellington University he was sturdy, mentally and physically; and Uncle George felt satisfied that he hadn't a bad habit in the world.

Ralph finished his first year without any very serious mistakes, and made a good record in everything but his studies. The Eastern men took him up cordially, as Uncle George perceived from the call for New York drafts which set in toward the latter end of the school year. He did not deem it wise to express any opinion by letter concerning Ralph's expenses; nevertheless, when the boy returned in June of '93 Uncle George talked at some length of the necessity of prudence in money spending.

"I don't want you to think, Ralph, that I begrudge you the money. I only want you to learn in prosperity to trim your sails for adversity. Far-sighted men the country over are disturbed over trade conditions."

"Why, Uncle George," answered the boy, satisfied that his uncle was unduly concerned, "everything seems to be prospering, so far as I can see. Is trade poor?"

"No: trade with us is fairly good in every department but one; yet it is the condition of that particular department which worries me."

"And what department is that, Uncle George?"

"Stove boards."

"What are stove boards?"

"A thin frame of boards fitted with a zinc cover, ornamented. They are used under heating stoves and cooking stoves to protect carpets and floors."

"Why is the demand for stove boards important?"

"Because it gauges the number of new homes being started all over this big country," said his uncle; "and it is on the condition of the people who buy

stove boards and start new homes that our real prosperity depends. Strange as it may seem, the demand does not ordinarily vary ten per cent from year to year; but since last fall it has fallen away over seventy-five per cent."

So Ralph left his uncle in the library in something of a study; and, the day being pleasant, he telephoned over to the stables for the roan team and the mail phaeton; and, driving around to Elliots, he invited Miss Pauline out for an airing. They bowled very delightfully up the lake shore through Lincoln Park, and Ralph told Pauline all about college and his ambitions.

"What I want to acquire down there is a liberal education," explained Ralph, having an audience he thought he could impose on. "I don't think all learning is confined to books, do you?"

And, naturally, Miss Pauline didn't think so either.

Chicago was very gay that summer. It was the year of the World's Fair,—the Brussels ball before the financial Waterloo of '93. Uncle George grew quiet and thoughtful; but Ralph and Miss Elliot had no end of fun; and in the fall the young man went back to college determined to get on the eleven. He had the weight very nearly, and cultivated rigorous ideas on the subject of dieting. Moreover, he turned in hard and got up better on his studies; but his real mind and heart were on athletics.

With the succeeding year Uncle George's letters took on even a more serious tone, but Ralph still failed to realize how things were going. When he got home in the summer he was handsomer than ever, and quite as dictatorial.

"I believe I'll go over and call on the Ransom girls and the Elliots, uncle," said he the day after he got back. "May I order up the trap?"

"I've sold the horses, Ralph."

"Sold the horses!" echoed Ralph, in consternation.

"Since you've been away I've done so little driving it hasn't been worth while to keep up the stables. Did I write you I had sold Turtle Point?"

"Turtle Point!" That was a body blow, and no mistake.

"I sold it last spring," added Uncle George, firmly.

Ralph was completely upset. He gave up the call on the Ransoms, and not until after dinner did he muster courage enough to go over to Elliots to inquire for Miss Pauline.

The following summer Uncle George announced that he should not take any vacation,—matters at the factory wouldn't permit; but he told Ralph he could summer anywhere he pleased around Chicago. The Elliots had a cottage at Green Lake. A golf course had been laid out there. Ralph had not neglected golf at college, whatever might be alleged of trigonometry. Miss Pauline was dying to "get up" on the game before the other girls did, and the two made a handsome couple on the green,—Pauline in Fedora and white duck, and Ralph delightfully easy and attentive in his scarlet coat and his white flannel trousers, turned up I don't know just how many times at the bottom,—but, at all events, just the right number.

When Ralph started for school Uncle George again exhorted him to work hard; and Ralph determined to do so, only there were so many other things to do when he got there. But he did get the coveted place on the eleven, and then looked on himself as practically made for life.

Breakfasting late one morning in his den, Ralph saw in the paper a dispatch from Chicago announcing that a receiver had been appointed for the Crosby-Gregory Company. Assets, $2,500,000.

Liabilities, $1,600,000. It was headed "Big Failure in Chicago." Ralph grew faint in spite of his training.

"Why, you take it too hard," said Bob Grabble, who was breakfasting with him. "That's just a sort of a form—don't you know?—that all big corporations are going through. It has something to do with dividends. I've heard my father say he has a receiver himself, and there's always some row about dividends. I hear talk about it whenever I go home. But—hang it!—a fellow can't keep track of all these beggarly things at once. Say, have you seen Jenkinson since he's gone on entire wheat bread? Well, sir, you never saw anything like it in your life, the way he's pulled up."

But Ralph's head was swimming. Hardly five minutes later a dispatch came from Doctor Howard saying that his uncle was seriously sick and that he had better come to Chicago at once.

It was a cold, wet night that Ralph reached the big city by the lake. He jumped into a hansom at the depot and gave his uncle's new number.

The landlady who answered his ring was not precisely up to the standard of those who catered to his set in New Haven; but she told him his uncle boarded there; and Ralph followed her upstairs, through the damp hall, to his room.

"Come in!" called Uncle George in answer to her knock; yet his voice didn't sound exactly natural either.

"A gentleman to see you, Mr. Crosby."

"If you will please turn on the gas, Mrs. Dogget," requested Uncle George from the shadow of the bed.

"Why, uncle!" cried Ralph, dropping his suit case and cane and umbrella and coat on the floor as he ran to his uncle's side. "I thought you might be asleep. Oh, but I'm sorry to see you sick! What does it all mean?"

"Ralph, I'm a'mighty glad to see you!" exclaimed Uncle George, with just a tremor as he raised on his elbow; he was not quite half so big as his nephew. Then, easing the sick man back on his pillow, Ralph asked a dozen questions at once. While his uncle tried to answer Ralph looked covertly about.

"Why didn't I send for you sooner?" repeated Uncle George, in the slow, uncertain way of a sick man. "I didn't like to take you away from school." But there was a hungry look on his white face even as he spoke. "I hated to take you away from school," he said, vaguely; "I wanted you to take your degree. You know we've had trouble at the factory? Yes. I held it up as long as I could," he went on, bravely; "but I had to let go at last. Of course it leaves me temporarily—embarrassed; not seriously,—not seriously. I moved down here because—well, because I didn't need such large quarters. Are you well, Ralph?" asked Uncle George closely, as he put a hand on the big fellow's arm. "I declare you don't look the best,—no, you don't." And Uncle George's thin, cold hand crept into the boy's warm one and hid.

"Well?" repeated Ralph, vacantly. "Well? Yes, I'm well. Why shouldn't I be? There's been plenty of money to take care of me."

"I know a fellow must keep his end up, Rolly," said his uncle.

"I've kept mine up, I guess: plenty of good things for me to eat," he went on, slowly. "Plenty for me. And you—out here sick and alone, and I guess pretty near starving."

Uncle George's face contracted.

"Don't talk that way," said he, gently. "I didn't mean you should see me here. I intended to look up another place for both of us in the spring. I know it's kind of gloomy—"

"That's right,—apologize. You do

the apologizing, Uncle George. I'm not fit even to apologize," muttered Ralph, as his head hung over his uncle's hand.

"I have everything I need here," protested the sick man.

"God help you!"

"Everything. You must have your degree, Ralph. That's what I'm anxious about. Then I can get you on the Northwestern staff of engineers; Mr. Melville has promised the place. We will both have to take up something active until we can get matters straightened out at the factory," said his uncle, breaking it considerately to the boy, as though he needed the sympathy.

But Uncle George couldn't know how his words stung Ralph in the sudden and bitter realization of time and money and opportunity wasted.

"Yes!" exclaimed Ralph, desperately, starting to his feet. "Let me get at something I can earn money at. Only let me get started."

"God bless you, Rolly! You're my brother's child. I knew you were the right stuff. As for me, I've been poor before," said his uncle superbly, waving his hands at his shabby surroundings. "This hasn't cost me anything after what I've been through since '93. It's not the loss of the money: it's to see—the name go down—in Chicago,—your father's name and yours and mine."

"Don't ever mind it, Uncle George. The name is clean for all that. I know it's clean if you've stood for it."

The sick man shook his head.

"Not clean until the factory pays out,—not clean so long as there's a dollar against it."

"Then we'll make it clean, Uncle George!" cried Ralph, striking the little table before him with his clinched hand. "You and I will make it clean."

The sick man pushed back the bedclothes with a start and half rose up.

"Rolly, hand me my trousers."

"Why, what do you mean? Hold on, Uncle George!"

His uncle passed his hand over his eyes in a dazed sort of way.

"I feel so much better, Ralph, I might as well get up. I feel a whole lot better. Yes, I do."

"Oh, no! oh, no! not at this time of night. It's cold here too. Let me start up the fire." And Ralph, pushing him gently down, pulled the coverlet around his shoulders. Then he turned to get the fire up.

"I guess it's seeing you again, Ralph; that's all. It kind of cheers me, I think."

"Don't you want something hot to drink?" asked Ralph, poking the fire vigorously.

"Just sit here, where I can see you," said Uncle George, softly. "That's all."

There was a knock at the door. Ralph's trunk had arrived; and, being steamer-size, the boy, with athletic handiness, swung it partly under the bed and sat down on the other part. And all the while it seemed to Ralph, looking into the hollow eyes, as if needles were pricking into his heart. He worry!—he indeed, after all this man had suffered to save his petty pride!

Clasping his nephew's hand, Uncle George's eyes closed. Once in a while in the half light his face twitched. Ralph pulled the sleeve over the white arm and put the bony hand under the coverlet.

The room was chillingly cold: his poking had put the fire clear out; and he reflected in bitterness of heart that he didn't know even enough to make a fire burn, and he was the fellow who had been looking for a liberal education!

He undressed quietly and crept in beside his uncle. The mattress didn't feel quite like his box spring. At New Haven Ralph slept on the best of black hair. The quality had to be right, and he remembered throwing one mattress away which the landlady thought pretty

good. But the hair he was after possessed, it was believed, certain electric properties lacking in the ordinary white, and peculiarly beneficial to athletes.

The boarding-house bed groaned wearily as he disposed of his hundred and seventy odd pounds on one side of it. The sleeper started ominously, and Ralph was almost afraid to breathe. He lay a long time staring at the ceiling, wondering whether the mattress under him was possibly filled with hickory nuts; then he thought again of Bob Grabble's idea of a receiver.

In the morning with the first gloom of day he crept out of bed, exulting that Uncle George still slept, so soon does solicitude for another lighten a heart of its burden of selfishness. When his uncle woke Ralph had his breakfast brought up; and then he took another turn at the stove, from which the Wellington crack retired half an hour later very much disfigured.

However, Uncle George mustn't be allowed to chill; and, after some perplexity, Ralph hauled out his trunk, and producing a particularly warm sweater got it, despite his uncle's protests, over his head. Then the young man stood and laughed at the effect; for Uncle George, enveloped in the gay shirt, sat up in the bed, looking a very mournful sport indeed.

When Doctor Howard came he was quick to see the improvement in his patient.

"It's really worry, Ralph," he said, in the lower hall, as he went away. "Your coming will do him more good than all the medicine in Chicago."

Whether it was the marvellously gay sweater or the sunshine of the big fellow in the room, Uncle George mended fast. The odd feature of the situation was that as he improved Ralph grew thin: it was the first week of care in his life, and more than all that lay on his heart was the confession which he knew he must make.

"Uncle George," said he one night, "I've something to tell you."

"What is it, Rolly?"

"But I want you to hear me through before you worry, will you?"

Uncle George looked a bit helpless. Sometimes, you know, it is the straw which does the business for the camel.

"To begin with, Uncle George, I've imposed on your good-natured confidence by wasting my time at school," blurted Ralph, his head swimming.

"I don't believe you."

"Don't make it harder for me to tell you, Uncle George," begged his nephew. "I didn't realize it while it was going on,—I hope you'll believe that; but it seems to me as if I'd been walking in my sleep. You sent me down there to make a civil engineer of me, and I've done pretty much everything but study civil engineering. I don't mean I've done anything dishonorable—beyond the dishonor of letting you deprive yourself of comforts to make my idleness easy,—but my head has been full of football and rowing and boxing, and everything but work. I don't want to go back to college. I might scratch through, but I shouldn't deserve any credit for that. The book stuff came to me easy, and went just as easy. Now I can't do the impossible: I can't make up three years of neglect in six months. I shouldn't be a decent engineer if they let me through, Uncle George; that's just the truth. And I'm going, with your judgment and consent, to stay right here in Chicago and go to work."

Uncle George tried, unobserved, to wipe away the sweat which oozed from his forehead.

"Don't take it too hard, uncle!" pleaded Ralph, watching with a heartache. "I can learn things quickly,—I know I can. The trouble is I have never

tried," urged the boy; and there was certainly a new conviction in his tone.

Uncle George drew a long breath.

"You're a Crosby, Ralph,—you are a Crosby. There never yet was a dunghill chicken in our breed," declared his uncle, with a game huskiness. "I won't say, to-night, that you're altogether wrong; only give me time to sleep over it."

"The first thing to do," said Ralph, pushing the idea next morning, "is to go and see that receiver and find out something, if I can, from him. I know I shall be slow picking up the details; but if you will help me, Uncle George, and we work together, we're bound to get to the bottom of it somehow. I want to start with you this time, and from the ground up."

(To be continued.)

Father Ignatius Spencer.*

I.—Childhood and Youth.

To many of our readers the name of Father Ignatius Spencer will be utterly unknown. To others it will be recalled in connection with the Association of Prayers for the Conversion of England,—a purpose to which Father Spencer consecrated his efforts from the time he became united with the Catholic Church. To none who read his Life attentively can it fail to be a source of edification. It speaks for itself. He belongs to the ranks of uncanonized saints who from the earliest ages have been the sinew and glory of the Church of God.

As the biographer and fellow-religious of Father Ignatius has said in the preface to his Life. "Great servants of God have seldom been understood in their lifetime." Assailed by persecution, hounded by envy, misinterpreted by minds less spiritual than themselves, it is indeed a blessing for them that their own self-abnegation and entire single-heartedness render them unmindful of, or at least indifferent to, the praise or blame of their contemporaries.

Father Ignatius Spencer had his share of these fluctuations of condemnation and disparagement; but it is safe to say that even those who thought least of him were forced to admit his supreme disinterestedness and his great sanctity. Nothing other than the pure love of God, the desire of his own salvation, and zeal for the souls of his fellowmen could have prompted a scion of one of the most ancient and noble families of England to cast aside the glamour of rank and the emoluments of wealth and position for the arduous labors and the apostolic life of a priest of the Catholic Church. His own words best express to what a degree of fidelity and humility he followed the inspiration which led him into the bosom of the one true Church. He writes thus in the short autobiography which gives one a keen insight into his simplicity of spirit and intense fervor of purpose:

"I believe that in the Catholic Church is shown the way of life taught by Jesus Christ; that to me it is a blessing, the richness of which I shall never comprehend in this world, that I myself have been led into her bosom; that likewise inestimable is the happiness of any one who shall open his heart to submit to her authority and follow her rules with humility; and that it is the will of God I should testify my deep gratitude to Him for the unspeakable favor bestowed on myself, by becoming, as far as possible, the instrument of imparting the blessing to others. I take that sentence as applicable to myself in this case: 'Freely have you received;

* The materials for this sketch are taken from the Life of Father Ignatius of St. Paul, written shortly after his death by his brother Passionist, Father Pius a Sp. Sancto. This most interesting volume has been out of print for many years.

freely give.' I have suffered no great calamities in my life hitherto; yet I have seen enough of the miseries and deceptions of the world to determine that I will interest myself no more in its concerns than to do what I can to advance the knowledge of God's eternal truths. For this end I give myself to the service of the Church as a priest, purposing to hold my life and all that I have at the command of the superiors under whom the Providence of God has placed me."

And this he did to the very letter of the law.

The Honorable George Spencer was the son of George John, Earl Spencer, connected by ties of consanguinity and affinity with the renowned Duke of Marlborough, and was successively a member of Parliament, one of the Lords of the Treasury, and succeeded Lord Chatham as First Lord of the Admiralty on the 20th of December, 1794. His wife was the daughter of Sir Charles Bingham, afterward Earl of Lucan. They had eight children, the youngest of whom is the subject of our sketch.

He was born on December 21, 1799, and baptized shortly after, according to the rites of the Church of England, of which his parents were adherents. While the children of Earl Spencer were most carefully brought up, it does not appear that a religious spirit prevailed in the household. According to his own account of his childhood, he was five or six years of age before the fact of the existence of God was presented to him. From that time forward he never lost his reverence for religion. His sister's governess was the only person from whom he heard any explanation of the divine truths. On this point he says:

"When I was about seven years old I remember, with great regret, reflecting on the sin of Adam, by which I understood that I could not expect to live forever on earth. Whatever I thought desirable in the world—abundance of money, high titles, amusements of all sorts, fine dress, and the like—I loved and longed for; nor do I see now how it could have been otherwise, as the severe maxims of the holy Gospel on these matters were not impressed on me. . . . Still, let me not complain, but bless God for the care—the very unusual care, I believe,—which was taken of me; for I remained, I may say, ignorant of what evil was at an age when many, I fear, become proficients. This blessing, however, of being wonderfully preserved from the knowledge and the practice of vice was more remarkably manifested in the four years of my life succeeding those of which I have been writing." (He refers to his first years at school.)

When he was nine years old he was taken, with his next elder brother, Frederick, to the house of the Rev. Richard Godley, whom the Earl had chosen for their private tutor at Eton. Here the boys were under the strictest vigilance, their tutor being a good man in every sense of the word. Mr. Godley was inexorable in his rule that the time between their recitations should be spent at home, thus keeping them from intercourse with the other boys. Father Spencer claims that religion was dormant in him at this time; but he must have been swayed by it to some extent, as he declares that his chief desire was to keep himself untainted by bad example, and to refrain from the company of such boys as he knew to be avowed mockers of piety. But the parents of George Spencer found the family of Mr. Godley too Evangelistic,—not as orthodox in the religion of the Church of England as they would have wished; and it was therefore arranged that their sons should leave his house and take up their residence with one of the public tutors of Eton.

In Father Ignatius' description of that great public school we become familiar with the sad risks which are run in sending boys from the paternal roof at so susceptible an age. Although George fell into no gross or vicious habits while at this school, as the inherent refinement of his nature revolted against them, he soon lost his early habits of piety, shamed and ridiculed out of them by his indifferent and more precocious companions. He was then a shy, quiet boy; caring little for active exercise, preferring the gentler recreations of fishing and strolling about under the trees with a few companions as thoughtful and serious as himself.

After a time their parents became dissatisfied with the progress of the boys under the new tutor; and in 1813 they were placed with Mr. Blomfield, who afterward became the Protestant bishop of London. While religion was not much talked of in this household, the atmosphere was pure and refined, and no word of infidelity or immorality would have been tolerated. Here George Spencer was confirmed, and once more resumed certain practices of piety long discontinued.

In 1817 he entered Cambridge, where, while distinguishing himself in all his studies, he led the usual life of a young man of fashion and affluence; always, however, preserving himself from gross vice, though at that time he had not the moral courage to speak out boldly against practices of which he heartily disapproved. To his brother Robert, who died in 1830 commanding the *Madagascar*, he was indebted for much help in his good resolutions. The night before the young officer left London he charged his brother never to laugh or look pleased when forced to listen to immoral conversation. In connection with this subject Father Ignatius writes:

"What rare advice this from the mouth of a gay, gallant young officer! If there were more of his character, who were not ashamed to give the same advice to their young brothers and friends, how many might be saved who are now lost, because they do not see one example to show how a manly, fashionable character can be maintained with strict morality and modesty! These few words from him were of infinite service to me."

About this time George began to experience periods of depression, for which he could find no adequate cause, but which afterward he attributed to prolonged study, irregularity of meals, and disregard of proper food. "I remember well," he observes, "once being told by a good aunt of mine that it was quite wrong to give way to my depression, about which I one day complained to her; she added that religion would surely cure it. But the time was not yet come for me to understand this truth, and I took no notice of her words. In the meantime I continued zealous about my studies. I did not stop to ask *cui bono* was I working in them. Had I seen how utterly vain was a first-class place or a Trinity prize-book, which I had set before me as the object of my labors, I should have found but little consolation and refreshment to my melancholy reflections in these pursuits. On the contrary, I should have pined away with a more complete sense of the truth of the wise man's sentence which God was teaching me in His own way and in His own time: 'Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity, but to serve Thee only.'

"Now, I do not mean that, if rightly followed, such academical honors are worth nothing; I wish I had followed them more prudently and effectually. They were the objects set before me by my superiors at the time, and I should say to another in my place that he

should do his best to gain the highest point in a spirit of obedience, and for the honor of God, to whom we owe all the credit and influence in the world which, by just and honorable exertions, we can gain. In recollecting, therefore, how I exerted myself, and succeeded in these attempts, I am dwelling on one of the most happy points of view which that part of my life suggests to me. Though I did not do this *as* I ought, yet I was doing *what* I ought; and by doing *what* I ought I was preserved from much evil; and God knows how far the creditable footing I gained at Cambridge in the studies of the place may yet be available for a good end."

With characteristic humility, which belonged to him even at that early age, George Spencer is loath to attribute the highest motives to anything he did or felt at that time; though his journal demonstrates that even then he manifested a thoughtfulness and a tendency to moralize beyond his years, as well as foreign to his situation and surroundings. Says his biographer, who reaches the same conclusion:

"He criticises sermons and seems to like none; he attends chapel and wears his surplice on the days appointed; but he refuses to take the sacrament for no conceivable reason but that he does not care about it, and hears it is administered unbecomingly. He is shrewd and considerate in his remarks about persons and things; yet there is scarcely a line of uncharitableness in the whole closely-written volume. When he records a drunken fit or a row, he suppresses the names of the rioters. If he says a sharp word about a person on one page, he makes ample amends in many pages later, by showing how mistaken he was at first, and how agreeable it is to him to change his opinion upon a longer acquaintance."

This might not appear very high praise; but let us take notice of his age and circumstances, and then, perhaps, it may have its value. He was a young man just turned eighteen; he had been brought up in splendor at home, and in a poisonous atmosphere at school. That he was not the vilest of the vile is to be wondered at more than that he preserved so much goodness as he did. Where is the young man, of even excellent training, who will be able to contend, unaided, against a whole college of the finest youth of any land? His motives may have been beneath a Christian's standard; but the fact that with this weak armor, the bare shadow of what it might be, he made such noble resistance and passed almost unscathed through the furnace into which he was cast, only shows what he would have done had he been imbued with the teachings of a higher order.

Let us take up any young man's journal of his age and read some pages of it, and what shall we find? Jokes played upon green freshmen, tricks for outdoing proctors, records of follies; perhaps pompous unrealities put on to conceal all these, or worse. George's diary is the utterance of a noble mind. It is candid, conscientious, and puts a failing and a perfection of the writer side by side. It is no wonder that he was loved and courted, and that his companions in college had acquired an esteem for him which years and changes could not succeed in lessening. His keen grief at the deficiencies of college life only shows to what heights of sanctity he had reached when what another might boast of wrung from him these lamentations.

In July, 1819, he received his degree as Master of Arts; and, after returning to London, began to take his share of the pleasures of society. His parents kept a grand establishment in London at Spencer House, as well as at Althorp

their country-house, during the winter; and, though anxious that their sons should see the world, the regular domestic habits of the family circle kept them from degenerating into frivolity. At this time he became very anxious to go abroad,—a wish which was finally granted. The party consisted of Lord and Lady Spencer, George, and the family physician.

On the 15th of September, 1819, they landed at Calais, where George for the first time entered a Catholic church, which he found very extraordinary. At Amiens he was surprised to find "Mass performed by separate priests at different altars, and people at each." At Milan he visited the cathedral, which he admired, but criticised the service, which he called "mummeries." From thence they went to Florence, and then to Rome, which did not impress him. At Terracina he listened to an open-air sermon, which he thought extravagant and amusing. Little did he imagine at that time that one day he himself would be preaching a mission in Italy in a somewhat similar manner. From Italy they went to Switzerland, thence to Germany. In Austria his tour was suddenly terminated by a report—which afterward proved to be false—of the death of his brother Robert, in South Africa. Regarding this he says in his journal:

"It was when I got to Calais that I went to the English news-room to see further accounts of my brother's death, the report of which, though at first I had some suspicions it might be false, I later had made up my mind entirely to believe. My joy was exceeding great to find an explicit contradiction of it in one of the latest papers. I remember going on my knees to thank God in the news-room, when I found myself alone, which I believe was the first occasion for a long, long time I had gone on my knees except during church service."

And yet it had for some months been decided that he was to take orders,—a prospect with which he was in full accord. But after his return to London it appears that he began to think more seriously of the career to which he was destined. The following extract is taken from his journal:

"I have now persuaded myself, on sober reflection — though I am sadly slow about acting on the principle,—that one quality alone is within our reach, and that one object alone is worth trying for. God grant this thought may often occur to me! I have this year enjoyed pleasures and diversions the most enlivening, and which I always desired; but even they are insufficient to make one happy, though nearer to it than any others. Let us, then, look to what certainly can."

We shall close this chapter with a passage from his autobiography. It is characteristic of the man who, with no religious practices whatever, never stilled, either by laxity or license, the voice of conscience so easily drowned by youth of his age and environment:

"The most remarkable impression of religion which I remember in all this period was in a place where it might least have been expected,—no other than the Italian opera in Paris. I passed through that city, as I said before, in my last journey to Lausanne, and on my return a month later. Both times I went to see the opera of 'Don Giovanni,' which was the piece then in course of representation. I conceived that after this journey I should give up all thoughts of worldly vices. I was likely to be fixed at home until the time of my ordination, and should assume something of the character of a candidate for holy orders. In short, I felt as if it was almost my last occasion; and I was entertaining, alas! some wicked

devices in my mind when I went to this most dangerous and fascinating opera, which is in itself, by the various subjects it represents, well calculated to beguile a weak soul to destruction. But the last scene of it represents 'Don Giovanni,' the hero of the piece, seized in the midst of his licentious career by a troop of devils and hurried down to hell. As I saw this scene I was terrified at my own state. I realized that God, who knew what was within me, must look on me as belonging to the same class as 'Don Giovanni'; and for once this fear of God's judgments saved me. And this holy warning I was to find in an opera-house in Paris!"

(To be continued.)

Dr. Martin's Wife.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LIFE'S LABYRINTH," ETC.

XIV.—Possibilities.

WHEN Mrs. Martin returned to the *pension* she found Maurice stretched on the lounge, looking tired and anxious.

"Ah, mother!" he said. "Where have you been? I am sorry you should have had to go about alone."

"I am not quite a stranger in Paris," she replied, stooping to kiss his forehead. "It has changed since my time; still, I feel at home here. I have been to see Marie, Maurice; and she is—nice."

"Mother!" he cried, his face growing radiant, as he seized her hand and sat erect. "You knew you were going this morning and did not tell me! Oh, you have made me so happy! Now we shall *all* be happy."

She sat down beside him.

"Maurice," she went on, "I have said she is nice, and she is. I went there with more prejudice against her than I have ever felt in my whole life before—excepting, perhaps, once. And I came away understanding perfectly how she has charmed you; for she *is* charming. And—I believe she is good."

"Good!" he exclaimed. "She is an angel," he said, seizing her hand and pressing it to his bosom ecstatically, as a girl would have done. "You have made me perfectly happy; and since the day before yesterday I have been miserable. It was much better that you should have gone as you did. But you always do everything the best way. And Marie? She was a little shy at first—I can see her,—but sweet to you, mother, as she is to everyone. What a happy trio we shall be from this time forward! And dear old Bridget and Stephanie,—what a pair! But they will get on together, mother; you will see."

"Maurice, do not go so fast," said Mrs. Martin. And then, drawing her hand away, she looked at him for a moment with an expression he could not understand. She was comparing his bright face, all curves and smiles, with that of his father, and saw that the resemblance which had once existed was vanishing with each succeeding day.

"The boy should have been a girl," she thought. "But even then he would not have been like either of us. What would Desmond have done in this situation?" Something within her answered: "He would have accepted his limitations, but he would have neglected nothing of his duty."—"And that I shall endeavor to do also," she mentally resolved, while her son sat wondering what she meant to say further.

"Maurice," resumed Mrs. Martin, "if this morning some one had said that only a few short hours would have so changed my attitude in this affair I could not have believed it. But so it is; and because of it I am all the more resolved to take every measure in my power to do justice to you. Your entire

future probably depends, to a certain extent, on this marriage which you seem determined to make. But all is not settled, now that I have seen and been captured by this little Marie. It seems incredible that a girl so beautiful and charming could have escaped the pitfalls which beset her position. I shall make the most rigid inquiries; and if I find that the slightest breath of suspicion has ever attached to her, I shall be obdurate, I assure you."

"Oh, I am satisfied that you will return from that quest admiring her more than ever, mother!" he replied, airily. "I am not in the least concerned about it, while I admit that, for your own satisfaction, it is best. Of course that is to be expected; yes, certainly. Oh, I feel no uneasiness about it!"

"But that is not all, Maurice," his mother continued. "I wish you would consider seriously that, be the outcome what it may, there will always be a certain stigma—I do not like to use the word, but can not think of any other which is so expressive of the meaning."

"Stigma!" he exclaimed. "Mother, how can that be when Marie is purity and modesty itself!"

"Her profession still remains. It will be difficult to find a place in the civilized world where you and she may not happen to meet in the future persons who have known or at least seen her during her present career."

"Mother mine, that is not at all like you," he rejoined, quickly. "You who are so independent!"

"Maurice, I never contemplated such a contingency as this," she went on, trying to smile. "Admitting that the occupation was actually forced upon her by circumstances, and that filial devotion has ennobled and dignified it for the nonce, there is and must always be some odium attached to it. I do not know what your father would have done, finally, Maurice; but I am certain he would have advised prudence and deliberation. And I wish to do exactly as he would have desired."

"Mother, you are temporizing now," said the young man. "First you put me in the seventh heaven, and then cast me down again. You say Marie has impressed you, as she does everybody, with the belief that she is good and lovely within as she is sweet to look at; and I can only understand one thing by it. And then, all in a moment, you introduce objections, and a fellow doesn't know where he stands or what you expect him to do. And as for caring what people would say—well, there is not the least use in discussing it; I do not care for people, and neither will you when you reflect, mother."

"Yes, you have always had your own way thus far, Maurice; and will no doubt continue to have it till the end," said Mrs. Martin, coaxing a smile.

"Ah! that is better," was the reply. "You have done your duty, and now for my plan, mother. We shall have a beautiful little apartment somewhere in the neighborhood of the Rue ——."

"Maurice, I have not reached nearly so far," answered Mrs. Martin, gravely. "I have been considering what is best to be done, but have by no means come to a conclusion. In any case, Maurice, there can be no question of marriage for some time to come."

"How long a time?"

"At least two or three years."

"Mother, you have not been fair with me!" he exclaimed. "You think I will change,—you want me to change."

Nothing could have been more childish than the petulance of his voice. The mother recognized it and said:

"To be practical, a baby might as well undertake to assume the responsibilities of matrimony as you, Maurice. You do me injustice when you call me

unfair. It is only from your accusation that a contingency occurs to me which had not presented itself before. When I spoke of delay it was with an entirely different purpose in view. But now that you have put the thought in my mind, I can not deny that for two reasons my proposed plan is even better than I had first thought it. You have no profession; you have not as yet positively fixed on a career—"

"Yes, I have, mother. I mean to be an artist; you know that."

"That is your present intention—yes. You may change."

"You have no confidence in me," he rejoined, with some warmth.

She did not reply.

"But why dwell on these things?" he asked.

"Because I am thinking of your best interests and hers. I do not propose that you shall marry out of hand. Has it not occurred to you that your future wife, refined as she may be, has not been educated—at least as nowadays we understand the word?"

"Educated!" he exclaimed. "In my opinion she is perfect just as she is. She has good taste in reading—I know that. To stuff her with book-learning as girls at present are stuffed would be to spoil her—if anything *could* do that."

"A year or two at a convent school would be very good for her."

His hand sought hers.

"Mother, your influence with Marie would be equal to ten years at any convent school."

"I have only suggested it. I can not consent to an immediate marriage. I shall insist upon her giving up her occupation at once; and what then could be better than a couple of years at the Sacré Cœur, for instance?"

"Mother, you have not thought of everything. Marie supports her mother not only in comfort but luxury. When her occupation ceases her income ceases also. If she were my wife, her mother could still remain where she is."

"And you would take care of her?"

"We would—you and I—with what we have and what I should earn. If Marie were at school, do you think that your purse would be equal to taking care of her mother also?"

"I do not know, Maurice," replied his mother. "I had, of course, intended to defray Marie's expenses at the convent if she would consent, but really had not thought of her mother in connection with the change. My mind is in so chaotic a state that you must give me time. And, really, that becomes a very serious question. The woman may live for years in her present condition; she may grow better and then worse, as such persons do. O my dear boy, it is a terrible charge to undertake! I am all confused and upset. I can not think what is best to do."

"Do not distress yourself over it, mother," said Maurice, lightly. "I do not mind anything, now that you have seen and liked Marie. Everything will adjust itself soon. My way is the best; I am sure you will so decide after you have reflected. And Marie needs no education save your presence and influence, mother. After you have 'slept on it,' as dear old Bridget would say, everything will be clear. Don't worry; I shall not, I assure you. But what did Marie say to your proposition?"

"She knows nothing about it," said Mrs. Martin.

"Oh, I am sure Marie will be glad to do anything we propose! Now, if we were to get married at once, there would not be the least trouble. There are so many small apartments to be had at a reasonable rent. Marie is a famous little housekeeper: one can see that. Aren't the rooms homelike? And, mother mine, it is not as though you

were an entire stranger in Paris. Having lived here before—"

Mrs. Martin interrupted him.

"There is something else I have to say, Maurice. We can not live in Paris, for several reasons. You can pursue your art studies at home—in New York. Can you not see—*will* you not see that we shall want to take her away from here? Maurice, we *must* forget what she has been, and try to make others forget. We shall live in America. Further, I do not mean that all concessions shall be from me. My home is there,—my Lares and Penates, the few friends I possess, your father's grave. My money is invested there. Of course you might stay on for a year or two,—whichever we may decide. But I shall not consent to anything less than America as a permanent residence."

She had expected some opposition to this plan; but, to her surprise, Maurice made no objection.

"I don't want to be a selfish brute," he said. "If only my own wishes were to be consulted, I should prefer to live in Paris always—at least that is what I think now,—it is so bright, so pleasant here. It may be that I should tire of it later; I can't say. And, then, there would always be the prospect of a run over now and then. I believe one would have a better chance as an illustrator over home."

"Are you going in for that? I thought you didn't care for it."

"Well, not much; but I believe I have a talent that way,—at least Mathieu says I have, and he is a judge. Cartoons and that sort of thing, you know. I myself haven't really decided yet. There is a good deal of money in it if one is lucky; and, mother, I must begin to think of earning something now. But I'll tell you one thing: Marie has a genius for economy. You will like that."

"I ought to like it. Some one in the family would do well to possess it, Maurice. I am afraid neither you nor I have it to any great extent. By the way, were you aware that she is not really a French girl,—that she was born in America?"

"Oh, yes! I knew it."

"Has she ever told you anything of her family?"

"Never. I didn't care to know. I was interested in herself alone. What does one's family matter, after all?"

"I think it very important. But we will not talk of that now. You will see her this evening?"

"*Sans doute.* And you—have you made any particular arrangement for to-morrow, mother?"

"No."

"Well, then, I'll tell Marie to be at home in the afternoon,—that you are coming. Shall I?"

"Yes; and, Maurice, do not broach the subject we have been discussing. You get things at sixes and sevens,—all boys do, I fancy. We will have a long talk to-morrow."

"Indeed that is just what I shall like, mother. *You* have the faculty of making a disagreeable thing look pleasant. I am certain everything will be arranged satisfactorily; but I am going to stick to the speedy marriage, mother. I have not the slightest doubt but that you will come round after a while."

The ringing of the dinner bell put an end to the conversation. Maurice went out immediately after, and they did not meet again that night.

(To be continued.)

A Courtier.

HE claims all shades and colors for his own;
Long since a true chameleon he has grown.
"All shades and colors?" That is hardly true.
Friend, I have never seen him blush; have you?

M. E. M.

Cures at Lourdes during the National Pilgrimage.

ON August 18 the terminus in Paris was thronged not only with the relatives and friends of the sick—some of them were more like corpses than living beings,—but with pilgrims, including not a few from America; also visitors to the Paris Exhibition, who had flocked to witness a spectacle that is indeed unique — the departure of the White Train. The wasted appearance and evident sufferings of the sick drew tears from the eyes of the beholders; while foreigners were deeply moved to see men and women of rank performing the humblest offices of charity for the patient sufferers.

As usual, the invalids represented every variety of physical ill to which flesh is heir; but the group of consumptive patients from the Villepinte Hospital, in the vicinity of Paris, naturally excited greatest interest. These young girls, early a prey to the destructive malady which rages so violently among the working classes of the capital, often come to the nuns of Villepinte without much religious faith, and already embittered by the hard struggle that has cut short their career. However, once there, if incurable physically, they are at least taught the beautiful art of dying; and certainly many do die like saints.

Our Lady of Lourdes is the last hope that remains to these poor creatures, and she does not disappoint their trust in her: she seems even to favor them especially. Since the year 1896, of sixty-six inmates of Villepinte sent to Lourdes, all in the third stage of consumption, twenty have been radically cured and twelve greatly improved. Of the remaining thirty-four who were not cured, twenty have died, seven or eight are dying, and the rest slowly following the downward path. Those cured were the most seriously affected.

The pilgrimage of the present year included patients from the age of seventeen to twenty-seven. The certificates stated pulmonary tuberculosis, tuberculous peritonitis, tuberculous laryngitis. Appended to each were the hopeless words, "third stage." Eight of those who were to undertake the pilgrimage died before it set out, and on the eve of the departure the doctor forbade the journey to three more. However great the disappointment, the latter did not rebel or murmur, and began at once to pray for the recovery of the happy travellers.

One of the first cures was that of Josephine Mercky, aged twenty-four, suffering from tuberculous laryngitis, with paralysis; she was voiceless for the last twelve months, and the throat disorder dated as far back as 1892. She relates her cure in these words: "While I was at the Grotto drinking the miraculous water, I felt as if suffocating. Some one said, 'Sing!' I made an effort to do so, but no sound came. The sense of suffocation increased painfully, my face grew livid. 'Do try again to sing!' said the Sister. I made a fresh attempt, and the words sprang, as it were, from my lips. I am cured,—so thoroughly cured that I have been obliged to repeat these details at least a hundred times since yesterday. And to think," she adds, with a note of sadness in her voice, "that I came in the place of another, who died just before I left!"

Lavinie Oggiano, also of Villepinte, aged seventeen, whose father and mother died of phthisis, was likewise afflicted with bacillary laryngitis, and had lost her voice for six months. The journey had fatigued her extremely, but not for one moment did she lose courage and confidence. On the evening of Sunday, August 19, she experienced considerable

relief at the tomb of Ste. Radegonde at Poitiers. After bathing in the piscina at Lourdes she felt a strange sensation; and on coming out of the water she whispered to the Sister in attendance: "I am cured,—I feel sure of it!" She then intoned Our Lady's *Magnificat*, and later sang a long hymn in presence of the doctors. The most careful medical examination could detect no sign of consumption.

Sister Marie Benoit, of the Congregation of Marie Auxiliatrice, thirty-one years old, lost her health in tending consumptive patients. The medical certificate mentions curvature of the spine with creeping paralysis. For the last twenty months Sister Marie Benoit has used crutches, and even with these could scarcely walk for some time past. She made the journey lying upon a mattress. On the 23d of August she felt a slight improvement after her bath in the piscina, but later in the day the pain she habitually felt in her back grew much worse. At the procession, as the Blessed Sacrament passed before her, the pain suddenly ceased. Throwing away her crutches, she joined the crowd that followed Our Lord, and poured out her heart in earnest prayer. From that time she has walked with perfect ease.

Mgr. Schoepfer, the new Bishop of Tarbes, happened to be present at the Bureau des Constatations on the same evening that Sister Marie Benoit came to state her case. The Sister had left her crutches on her litter. "Can you walk without help?" inquired the Bishop.—"Certainly, my Lord," replied the young nun, walking round the room without the slightest hesitation, her gait perfectly easy and regular.—"Tell us how you were cured," continued the Bishop.—"It was very simple, Monseigneur," she replied, with delightful frankness. "When the Blessed Sacrament passed before me Reverend Mother bade me rise, and I rose and walked without any assistance."

Sister Marie Justine Poirier, a member of the community of the Servants of the Poor at Angers, bore a medical certificate stating that her malady was chronic arthritis of the knee, which resisted every treatment. The patient went to Lourdes on a mattress, her knee being held in a plaster cast; the least movement of the body caused keen suffering. For the last nine months walking was impossible to her. After the second bath in the piscina (August 22) the plaster cast fell off, and the patient, who a few moments before was unable to move alone, stood up and then knelt down. Since that day Sister Marie Justine has walked without the slightest pain or fatigue.

Alfred Taverne, aged thirty-eight, suffered from atrophy of the optic nerves, which incapacitated him for any kind of work. After praying at the tomb of Ste. Radegonde he was able to read with magnifying-glasses. At Lourdes, after bathing his eyes in the healing water, he recovered his sight to the extent of distinguishing colors; afterward he was able to follow the hands of a watch placed more than a yard distant; and, finally, saw with perfect distinctness the cross surmounting a building more than two hundred and twenty-five yards away. In a word, he has recovered his sight.

Sister Marie, belonging to the institute of the Dames de Ste. Clotilde, came to the Bureau des Constatations on the afternoon of August 20, carrying two crutches in her hands. She had just come out of the piscina, where she had been suddenly cured after six years of suffering. For the last three years and a half she was unable to put her feet to the ground without help. Several attacks of phlebitis had completely deprived her of the use of her lower

limbs. At the medical examination no trace of phlebitis was visible.

Lucie Guillaume, of Boulogne-sur-Seine, is another remarkable case. The medical certificate of Dr. Merklin, of Hôpital Laënnec, for incurables, states that she was afflicted with an ulcer in the stomach, which caused her to reject solid food. This state lasted four years, and she had thrown up blood several times. Great pain followed the absorption of nourishment, even in liquid form. A small quantity of milk was all the stomach could retain. All remedies had failed, and emaciation had increased to such an extent that she lost over forty pounds. The sufferer was conveyed to Lourdes on a mattress, and her pain during the journey was intense. After her first bath in the piscina she felt wonderfully improved, and ate of everything presented to her. Vomiting has ceased entirely, and her strength is rapidly returning.

As in other years, doctors from all parts crowded the Bureau des Constatations, and were kept busy examining the cases submitted to them. So numerous were these that at times no fewer than five or six investigation offices had to be opened. In every case the certificates were carefully scrutinized. Indeed nothing could be more searching than the medical examinations at Lourdes. We have cited only a few of the more extraordinary cures,—those which were of greatest interest to the physicians and which excited most surprise.

Reason knows that man becomes dwarfed the moment he loses hold of God; and that the bond between him and God—religion—ceases to be religion if it discards its sovereign attributes. If it declines from doctrinal truth and becomes but literature, philosophy or art, it can do nothing more for man.

—*Aubrey de Vere.*

Gardens.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

THE glory is departing from the garden. Each day the sun becomes more chary of his bounty, and the frost calls his own a widening and withered area of bloom. The summer is dead, with a smile upon its face. The birds are silent as shadows. The wind holds its breath, then gathers its forces into a gale. Hopeless little buds are lured forth by the lingering softness of the south wind, only to shrink and pale and die. Leaves strew the beds and make soft the paths which feet press only seldom now.

But the garden has done its work. It has been a refuge from the world's stinging gnats and bitter sorrow; and, tending and loving and watching it, its owner has once more learned to thank Him who makes of a portion of ground something to cheer and strengthen and console. A garden was His first gift to man; expulsion from it, the punishment for his grievous sin. And of all the regrets which beset the aching heart of our first mother that must have been most poignant which was woven with the longing for the dear garden in which the days of her innocence were passed. Dante, it is said, hungered in his exile not for the heaps of stone and marble which art had reared in his native city, but for a tiny garden there, where Arum lilies grew.

The love of a garden is as intense and universal as the love of pure air and golden sunshine and all sweet and simple things. The Italian noble, with his stately vistas of mathematical accuracy, or the peasant cherishing his flowers that grow upon the warm sides of Vesuvius; the English amid his wealth of bloom enclosed by sheltering

walls; the homesick Swiss pining for his bit of flowering space on Alpine heights,—everywhere there are myriads with the same impulse to hedge in some small piece of God's green earth and make it beautiful. The conservatory is but a garden misplaced, and the pretty geranium in a city tenament window only the expression of the never-dying longing implanted in man with his breath. "I would not trust a man who does not love a garden," said one wise in the lore of human impulses.

A garden should be inclosed. With no wall or hedge, it is a part of the street, or like a fair woman without dignity who jests with every passer-by. Half its charm is in its coy seclusion. Love your neighbor, but do not take down your hedge. Let your garden be a place set apart from strife and sordid traffic and the dust of the highway, not a public common for careless children or vagrant curs to spoil.

The pious of all ages have loved gardens. Near every religious house you are sure to find some nook holding odorous herbs or bright blossoms. St. Francis of Assisi directed his followers to reserve a sunny spot near each convent for gay and fragrant flowers. Joan of Arc heard the "voices" in a garden; and in a garden our Blessed Lady walked, pressing under her feet a scentless weed, the odorous mignonette forever after.

It is never too late or too early to begin a garden; for the round of its largess is from spring to spring. Even in winter some of its greenery will be found safely and patiently waiting under the snow. It is a dear friend that never chides or forsakes; that knows no distinction of age or rank or wealth; that day after day mutely proffers us the tender message of God's goodness folded in a lily bell or hidden in the crimson heart of a perfect rose.

Notes and Remarks.

It must be a source of the highest gratification to Mgr. Martinelli to find in every part of the United States that he has occasion to visit unmistakable evidence of strong faith and tender piety on the part of the laity, and of enlightened zeal and entire devotedness on the part of prelates and priests. There have doubtless been many pleasant surprises for the Papal Delegate since his arrival in this country; he has seen very much to edify him and to console his apostolic heart for the oppression of the Church in less favored lands. We doubt, however, if his Excellency has witnessed any demonstration of Catholic faith and fervor more remarkable than that which attended the consecration of the Auxiliary-Bishop of Peoria. Larger representations of Catholics are often seen, but there was striking evidence on that occasion of the most sincere attachment to the Vicar of Christ, of the highest regard for his Delegate, of perfect concord between bishops and priests, and of the best dispositions on the part of the laity. Perfunctoriness was never more remote, or cordiality more sincere. If one did not know the Church to be what she is, one would be filled with wonderment to find, far from her great life-centre, an artery so full and strong and free, pulsing responsively to the throbs of her mighty heart.

No manifestation of the vigorous condition of the Church in the United States—of her wondrous progress and more wondrous prospects—we feel sure, is lost on one so keenly observant and altogether single-hearted as the Apostolic Delegate. Catholics in this country may not worry about the loss of the Papal territory, but none rejoice more heartily over the Pope's spiritual ascendency—to see his influence extended,

his power for good so mightily increased as it has been during the last three decades. Of the unswerving allegiance of American Catholics to the Vicar of Christ there can be no question.

The official organs of Protestantism in Germany have begun what seems to be a concerted attack on the Passion Play at Oberammergau, charging that it is an anachronism, an irreverence, etc., etc. It is hard not to think that the real offence of the great religious drama is that it brings out the beautiful, innocent lives of those Catholic peasants in a striking way, and that on all responsive natures it exerts a potent influence in favor of the Church. Certainly, Catholic visitors the most exacting have observed none of the faults which seem to scandalize the semi-infidel critics in Germany; and broad-minded Protestants have been no less impressed. Mr. Stead, the editor of the English *Review of Reviews*, has written of the Passion Play as follows:

> I learned more of the inner secret of the Catholic Church in Oberammergau than ever I learned in Rome. Protestantism that confines its gaze solely to the sublime central Figure of the Gospel-story walks with averted face past the beautiful group of the holy women. But plant Mr. Kensit or Messrs. Morgan and Scott in the theatre of Oberammergau, let them look with dry eyes if they can upon the leave-taking at Bethany, and then, as the universal sob rises from thousands of gazers, they will realize, perhaps for the first time, how intense is the passion of sympathy they have sealed up.

A Protestant clergyman, who confesses that he went to Oberammergau 'to get evidence to confirm his opinion that the Passion Play should never be given,' writes in *Munsey's:* "While I did not really come to scoff, I certainly remained to pray." And the editor of that magazine, in an introductory note which is even too enthusiastic—for there are other Passion Plays,—speaks thus: "Of the five hundred millions of Christians in the world, it seems that only these mountain villagers have the inspiration, the faith and the divine devotion to employ their chief energies in reproducing the most dramatic events in the world's history."

"Worse than divorce" is the Chicago *Tribune*'s characterization of the epidemic of matrimonial infelicity raging in that city,—an epidemic for which the divorce court offers no remedy. Within a week as many as seven husbands and wives have attempted to settle domestic difficulties by taking poison or by the use of revolvers and other instruments of violence. The police are struggling at present with three newly-made mysteries in which young wives have either committed suicide or have been killed in ways unknown to the authorities. If there is any lesson to be drawn from the series of unhappy occurrences, remarks the *Tribune*, it is that young people should more carefully consider the possible consequences before they take the trip across the lake to St. Joseph, or some other matrimonial metropolis, and get themselves tied together for better or worse.

One of the most interesting figures in the ranks of the American clergy was the late Father Clarence A. Walworth, of Albany, N. Y. The son of a distinguished jurist, the scion of one of the oldest families in this country, endowed with a good mind and possessing an attractive personality, he turned away from law, for which he had been educated, and devoted himself to church work. With Edgar A. Wadhams, later Bishop of Ogdensburg, and a group of other bright young men, he undertook to found an Episcopalian monastery in the Adirondacks; the inevitable soon happened, and the best and brightest of these young monks were soon within the Church. It seemed as if the Oxford

Movement were to be reproduced in America. After his conversion, Walworth made his clerical studies in Europe, was admitted to the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, labored for two years in England, returned to America for a brilliant career as a missionary, became one of the founders of the Paulist community, and was afterward received into the diocese of Albany. Father Walworth was in many respects the typical American priest, in close sympathy with the temper and prejudices of his countrymen, and active in all forms of religious work. His reminiscences of Bishop Wadhams and his account of "The Oxford Movement in America" constitute his most valuable literary work. May he rest in peace!

The Rev. R. F. Clarke, S. J., whose lamented death occurred recently in England, was the last Fellow of Oxford to be forced to resign his position in consequence of his reception into the Church. Had he delayed his conversion a few months, he could have retained his fellowship under the new law. As it was, this seceder from the Anglican clergy was not only required to relinquish his fellowship, but also to retire from his college altogether. Having joined the Society of Jesus, he made a thorough course of philosophy and theology, was ordained, and three years afterward — in 1882 — was appointed editor of the *Month*. For more than a decade, during which the publication reached the high water-mark of usefulness, he continued to direct its destinies, contributing frequently to other leading reviews and magazines as well. The *dictum* of the *Weekly Register*, that Father Clarke belonged to the narrower school of Ultramontanism, should be modified by a footnote to the effect that much of the "narrowness" was ascribable to the restrictions which circumstances put upon his pen. To the cordial tribute paid to the kindness and manliness of this great English Jesuit by our contemporary, we most heartily subscribe. He once took the trouble to send us a cable dispatch, fearing we might be worried over an unjust accusation, though it had already been forgiven and forgotten.

It is not, however, as a controversialist that he will be most pleasantly remembered, but rather as a man of quite extraordinary kindness and self-sacrifice,—one who recklessly wore himself out with the troubles of others, whether temporal or spiritual; who gave himself no chance, but loaded himself with the burdens of all who came to him. In addition to this he was ever devising and carrying out literary enterprises of one kind or another for the defence of faith or the fostering of piety, stealing the time from his much-needed hours of repose. Had he attempted less he might, perhaps, have done more; but, as with men of his restless temperament, ceaseless activity was as needful to him as air. He was a firm believer in the need of university education for Catholics—lay and clerical—as the only possible remedy for that intellectual "provincialism" by which they are shut off, as by a difference of language, from all hope of understanding, or being understood by, the educated classes of their countrymen; and his last years were devoted very actively to the furtherance of that cause, in the teeth of a great deal of harassing opposition, official and otherwise. No man has better earned his rest; and to those who knew him intimately the wonder is not that he was taken so soon, but that he lasted so long. *R. I. P.*

The Chinaman, who is just now the subject of international interest, connotes two very distinct ideas in the United States: the laundry traffic and the opium habit. The laundry, everyone will admit, is inoffensive enough; the opium habit, with its attendant horrors, was fixed upon John by a civilized and Christian nation. Sixty years ago the Chinese mandarins, quite aghast at the demoralization wrought by opium, forbade the importation of it into the Empire; and, as an evidence of good faith, seized and destroyed thousands of chests of the drug in the Chinese ports. Milder measures failing, all foreign trade

was interdicted in the hope of cutting off the supply of opium from its victims. No Christian nation ever waged such a vigorous campaign against the drink habit, for example, nor with so much hope of success. Then in the year 1840 England declared war against China, and demanded as the price of peace that the ports of the Empire be opened to opium and other foreign traffic. Opium being thus forced upon the people, the Chinese began to cultivate the drug, and have continued to cultivate it. But they never forgot the part borne by England in the agitation of 1840, and to this day boxes of anti-opium pills exposed for sale in China are labelled "Cure for the Foreign Poison."

A Methodist clergyman bearing the modest name of Dr. Little has discovered that though the Latin countries seem to be turning away from the Church, "her gains in Germany, in England, and in the United States promise her a splendid compensation." True, when the Doctor essays to give reasons for the surprising vitality of the Church, he makes rather a sorry figure; but if he is weak in analysis, he has eyes to see. Witness:

Certainly the changed aspect of the Protestant world is a striking feature of the present era. Imagine some one predicting to Edmund Burke that one consequence of the French Revolution would be the making of cardinals out of Oxford graduates! Or that one of the results of American Independence would be to give the Pope more adherents in North America than he had in Ireland twice over! Or imagine some one suggesting to Frederick the Great that the ablest statesman of the nineteenth-century Germany would succumb to the strength and subtlety of the Catholic remnant in Prussia! What seemed impossible to sage and statesman in the eighteenth century is a commonplace of contemporary history.

When Protestant or infidel writers ascribe the providential growth and preservation of the Church to the astuteness of her rulers, we venture to say that those very rulers are greatly amused. They, better than any one else, know that in the administration of the Church blunders are not unfrequently made, any one of which might prove disastrous were the Church not divine. It seems useless to say such a thing, but a crafty ecclesiastical ruler is a *rara avis*.

California has just celebrated with characteristic enthusiasm the fiftieth anniversary of her admission to statehood; and *Dominicana*, a new Catholic magazine published in San Francisco, gives an impressive account of the progress of the Church during that cycle. Fifty years ago Bishop Alemany's diocese embraced the whole State; his priests were a handful and the faithful a scattered and insignificant body. To-day—but let us quote *Dominicana*:

In the three dioceses into which the original jurisdiction of Bishop Alemany in California is now divided, the few Indians who had survived the destruction of the missions, and the scattered groups of the whites, Mexicans and Spanish, have been succeeded by a population gathered literally from the four quarters of the globe, and consisting of levies from almost every nation; among whom we find about one-third of a million rejoicing in the possession of the faith of Rome, governed by three apostolic bishops, ministered to by a goodly army of priests and Brothers and Sisters, whose deeds are written in the Book of Life.

If not as a cause at least as a concomitant of this rapid development of the Church, we may mention that California has been signally blessed in her bishops.

Perhaps the "unchanging East" may some day change, after all. According to the Madras *Register*, an old Hindoo woman of that city was recently baptized and died a few days later. Not only did her Hindoo friends attend her funeral, but they even raised a fund by subscription to have Masses offered for the repose of her soul. Whoever knows anything about the Hindoo will recognize in this incident a veritable "sign of the times."



A Prayer in Rhyme.

BY FATHER KENNEDY.

THERE'S a prayer the Church hath taught;
Miracles that prayer hath wrought;
To the earth it humbleth man,
Bidding him his follies scan;
For the man a saint is made
That hath thus his follies weighed.
You and I that prayer will say,—
God inspire us while we pray!

I confess, O Lord! to Thee
All my shame and misery;
To the blessed Mother-Maid,
Ever virgin that hath staid;
Michael and his heavenly host,
That in battle were not lost;
John, who did the Lord baptize
'Neath Judea's wond'ring skies;
To St. Peter and St. Paul,
And the Twelve Apostles all;
To the saints, our God who love,
Here in prison or above,—
That I've sinned and grievously
By omission that occurred,
By my thought and work and word,
Sadly and most seriously
Through my fault and mine alone,—
Through my fault and all my own!
Held, compelled, misled by none,—
Through my grievous fault alone!

Therefore may the Mother-Maid,
Ever virgin that hath staid;
Michael and his heavenly host,
That in battle were not lost;
John, who did the Lord baptize
'Neath Judea's wond'ring skies;
May St. Peter and St. Paul,
And the Twelve Apostles all;
May the saints, in charity,
Pray to God our Lord for me!

The great and glorious Lord
Of heaven and earth this boon accord:
That, my sins being covered o'er,
I may yield to sin no more,
But press on with holy strife
To the everlasting life.

May the good and gracious Lord
Deal me not my due reward,
But my sins and punishment
From His presence far be sent;
So, by pardon and contrition,
Full forgiveness and remission,
I escape the dread perdition!
Amen.

Dot and Carrie.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

I.—Saved from the Sea.

ABOVE the sea, upon a high cliff, a few miles from Dover, stands Craglonen Castle. It is a handsome building, with large windows and big towers; and, although somewhat lonely, is an ideal place for a family who delight in fine air and a wide view of the sea and waves.

And so thought the Kerrs when, after some months in a stuffy London street, they took up their abode for the summer in the roomy mansion. The lawns and gardens of Craglonen stretched right away to the edge of the cliff, down which a flight of steps led to the beach.

"I am sorry there is not a railing separating us from the dangerous cliff," Mrs. Kerr remarked on the day of their arrival at the Castle. "The children are so wild, Carrie especially, that I shall be in a perpetual state of terror lest some accident should occur."

Her husband laughed and patted his little daughter's golden-brown head, that happened to be nestling close to his heart at that moment.

"Carrie is going to be good and

learn wisdom," he said. "And this will be a capital place for the boys. They'll learn to swim and boat and fish. Three months here will do us all good. The air and the freedom are delightful. And, then, it's the best and cheapest house I could find. And that is at present a great consideration, love."

"Of course, dear. And I like the wild beauty of the situation immensely. If it were not for Carrie—"

"She'll be good and not give any trouble. Won't you, pet?"

"Yes, papa." And as the little girl raised her brown eyes to his, she really meant what she said. "I'll be as good as can be, and not go near the cliff."

He stooped and kissed her.

"That's right. And we'll soon be very fond of Craglonen, I feel sure."

And he proved a true prophet; for when their three months were drawing to a close and he took on the castle for another six months, the children and Mrs. Kerr were all equally delighted that he had done so.

As summer deepened into autumn, and the equinoctial gales began to blow, the view of the dashing sea and foaming waves was very fine, though often alarming in its terrific grandeur.

One afternoon Carrie, Randy and Dickie were playing on the lawn, and Mrs. Kerr was walking up and down one of the broad paths. Her eyes had a troubled look as she paused and glanced at the threatening sky, then out across the waves, and listened to the splash of the oars in the boats that carried for miles over the heaving water.

"Mother looks so frightened!" said Randy, stopping his race round the grass. "I wonder what's wrong? Nurse declares there's a storm coming."

"I hope not," cried Dickie, growing white. "I hate the roar of the waves and the booming of the cannon."

"You're a pair of muffs!" laughed Carrie. "If I were a boy, I'd be always out when there was a storm, wading into the sea with ropes and saving people, and—"

"It's easy to talk. But you wouldn't one bit," said Randy. "Boys may be brave and willing to help people, but when they're so small they can't. You ought not to boast so much, Carrie."

"No indeed, you oughtn't to," chimed in Dickie; "for you don't know what you'd do if you were a boy. And as you never will be one, it doesn't matter. Harold and father are brave, but they wouldn't be silly enough to run into the sea the way you said you'd do."

"I'm sure they would." Carrie sat up, her cheeks glowing with excitement. "Father would risk his own life in a moment if he thought he could save any one from drowning."

"I hope he won't get the chance, then; for it's awfully dangerous," said Randy. "Ah, a drop of rain on my nose! Dear! oh, dear! We'll have to spend the rest of the day indoors."

"The day's nearly over. It's getting so dark," remarked Carrie. "But look, mother!"—as Mrs. Kerr approached. "Isn't it grand?"

"Yes, it's a lovely sight," her mother answered, smiling. "I'm glad you have an eye for the picturesque, dear child. The sails of the distant schooners and fishing-smacks—every color from purple to red, from pearly-grey to white,—the trawlers and dories gathered together in clusters, make a charming picture. But come in!" she cried, as big drops of rain splashed upon her face. "There's a storm brewing. See, it has suddenly got quite dark! Look how angry the white-crested waves are! Come in, darlings! come in!" And she hurried the three children round to a side door and into the house.

Night came on, and when Carrie and her two brothers went down to the

drawing-room, after their nursery tea, they found their mother very anxious. The storm had grown rapidly; and as the hoarse roar of the waves beating against the rocks below became louder and louder, Mrs. Kerr paced up and down restlessly.

"God help those at sea!" she said. "And what can have happened to your father and Harold? It is an awful night to be out. The rain is drenching."

The sound of a gun, the signal of distress, came booming through the air. Mrs. Kerr turned pale and sank with a little cry upon the sofa. Randy and Dickie flew to her side, and, throwing their arms about her neck, hid their faces on her breast.

"A ship on the rocks! How terrible!" moaned Mrs. Kerr, clasping the two frightened children close to her. "It is strange they do not come home. Were they out at sea, how my heart would be torn with anxiety! God save us,—another gun! Our Lady Star of the Sea, pray for us!"

Carrie did not utter a word, but, climbing up on the broad window-sill, pressed her little face against the pane, and, straining her eyes to the very utmost, gazed out over the wild sea.

"Carrie, come down!" cried Randy, lifting his head and looking up at his sister impatiently. "It's too awful up there. Do come to mother!"

"It's grand!" answered Carrie, with a sob. "But, oh, I do hope no one will be drowned!"

"You're very brave, although you're only a girl," replied Dickie, admiringly. "I'm a boy—and, O mother!"—he hid his face—"the gun again!"

"You're only a baby," said Carrie, tossing her head.

"I'm not a baby! I'm six, and big for my age. And you know you used to long to be a boy."

"When I was too small to know any better. Father says a brave woman, if she's good, is just as much use in the world as a brave man. And so now I don't care."

"But you're a girl,—only nine."

"Well, but I'll grow up, won't I? I wouldn't be you or Randy for a good deal. I'd rather be a girl than a milksop of a boy any day."

"I'm not a milksop!" cried Randy, starting away from his mother's side and running across the floor. "And I'll show you I'm not afraid." And he clambered up onto the window-sill.

"There's nothing to be afraid of in here, dear," Carrie said. "But, oh!"—suddenly—"I hear footsteps on the gravel! I see them." Her eyes danced with excitement and joy. "I am glad! Hurrah!" And, springing to the ground, she flew out into the hall. "Father! Harold! At last!" she cried, as the two dark figures stood for an instant in the doorway, then pushed past her into the library.

"Good heavens, what have you there, Harold?" cried Mrs. Kerr, hurrying in, Randy and Dickie clinging to her skirts. "You'll destroy the sofa, son, with that dripping bundle. What a shame to bring it here!"

"Mother," the boy sobbed, "undress her—rub her; give her something to drink,—something hot. O mother, don't you see it's a little child?"

"A child, Harold! Will!"—looking from her son to her husband and taking the strange bundle into her arms. "What does this mean?"

"Father saved her from the wreck. O mother,"—his voice faltered—"it was really awful! Such a scene I never saw. I stood and watched and trembled—and—and father risked—his life—and saved her."

Mrs. Kerr cast upon her husband a glance full of admiration and affection.

"My dear, brave fellow!"

"A big French steamer," Harold continued, "ran straight in among the rocks, and I longed to be strong enough to go out with the men in the boats; but I wasn't, and they thrust me aside. One or two boats were smashed to pieces; the waves pitched and rolled horribly—but, father, tell them."

"My dearest," Mr. Kerr said, "I went out and reached the wreck. I clung on with my arms, my teeth to a rope, and caught this little one as she was washed from the deck; and—and, thank God, she's alive!"

"Yes, she is alive," cried his wife, "but unconscious." She had pulled off the child's wet clothing and begun to rub and dry her before the fire. "Run and ask Jane for a blanket, Carrie. Quick, Harold,—get brandy!" And, bending over the cold, rigid form, she rolled it in the skirt of her warm cashmere dress, and pressed the rescued baby to her breast.

"A beautiful little child,—four or five at most," she said, her eyes full of tears. "Poor darling! a moment longer and she would have been drowned. But, alas! if her parents are lost, what will become of her? Carrie, isn't she sweet? isn't she pretty?"

"Like an angel!" answered Carrie, rubbing the soft little waxen hands. "O mother, I often longed for a sister! I am so glad God has sent her big like this, instead of a tiny baby, as He generally does. She will be much nicer now, won't she?"

Mrs. Kerr started; then smiled, as she looked into Carrie's earnest face.

"She is not ours, dear. We must try to find her parents, and—and give her back to them."

Her little daughter's face fell.

"I'm sorry for that. I thought she would belong to us."

For a couple of hours or more the children stood watching the half-drowned girl upon their mother's knee. Then at last, to their intense delight, she suddenly opened her eyes wide, and, murmuring sleepily, "Dot tired! Dot hungry!" looked appealingly into Mrs. Kerr's face.

"The sweet darling! Hasn't she a lovely little voice!" Carrie exclaimed, enchanted. "O mother, I hope she will be ours!"

"My dear child, we must think of her happiness, not our own, and look for her father and mother."

Carrie sighed.

"I suppose so. But"—clasping her hands—"I almost (mind you, mother, I say *almost*) hope they may never find out where she is."

"Hush, Carrie!" replied her mother. "You must not say that."

Then, when the little one, having eaten some warm bread and milk, fell asleep on her knee, Mrs. Kerr carried her upstairs and tucked her comfortably in a second bed in Carrie's room.

(To be continued.)

Before Paper was Invented.

"What did people write on before they knew how to make paper?" asked an earnest little lad the other day.

They wrote on everything that would show a mark—on brick and stone, on ivory, on oyster shells, even upon the bark of trees. The ancient Mexicans painted their strange characters upon this last-named material. The Book of Job speaks of inscriptions upon lead, and copies of the Bible have been found whose leaves came from the palm-tree. Writings were often engraved upon bronze or etched upon brass. Among ruder nations, the shepherds wrote their songs with awls upon pieces of leather; and the ancient Icelanders scratched what they called their runes upon walls. We have record of one of the

Scandinavian wiseacres who wrote a history upon his house, while another recorded his own brave acts upon a chair and bedstead.

If the Arabs wished to remember anything they noted it down upon sheep bones. The laws of the twelve tables were engraved upon brass by the ancient Romans; and this was no doubt the origin of our memorial tablets. Cedar wood was generally used when a permanent record was desired, it being thought that the peculiar odor preserved its fibres from decay. From these "tables of wood" we have the word "tablet," so much used at the present day. The Romans employed a *stylus* with which to write,—a very sharp tool until it became a weapon, when a more blunt bodkin was substituted by law.

Wax was often used to write upon; and sometimes tables of wood were covered with it, especially when one wished to erase the inscription. Waxen tablets were used even after those of papyrus or parchment became common. They must have been rather heavy; for in an old picture we see a schoolboy inflicting grave injury upon his master's head with one of them. The Romans seem to have been very fond of writing upon ivory, and the edicts of the Senate were inscribed upon it.

After people began to use ink they set about finding material that would absorb it properly, and for this purpose prepared linen and skins and the finer bark of trees. It is said that the whole Iliad and Odyssey were once transcribed upon the dried skins of serpents. The art of dressing skins seems to have reached its highest development in Pergamus, in Asia; some authorities say that from this fact parchment took its name. Parchment was dyed in all tints, and silver and gold were employed to embellish it. The illuminated Missals of the Middle Ages show the care and skill with which this work was done.

On the bank of the Nile a wonderful plant called papyrus grew in great abundance. Its qualities were soon discovered by the Egyptians, who made from it a material which has given its name to our modern paper. A "volume" was so called from the ancient habit of rolling the leaves of a book; while "book" itself carries us back to the useful bog, or beech-tree, whose leaves were used by the Danes before paper was invented.

From vegetable fibre, soaked and pressed and then dried in sheets, the commodity we call paper is made. No one seems to be sure of the date of its invention. The Chinese made paper out of silk many centuries ago; and before the Moors were driven out of Spain they knew the secret of its manufacture.

There are many sorts of paper made to-day, and he chooses well who chooses the best. It is far better for young people, and old people too, to have a little shelf full of good books made of honest material than a library filled with the cheap volumes made of poor paper, with which the bookseller is so willing to part for a few cents.

Sometimes a very modern story has its counterpart in anecdotes of the classic period. We have all laughed about the Irishman who, meeting twin brothers, asked, "Which of you is the other?" But a similar bull was perpetrated long ago, if Hierocles is to be believed. Skolastikos, he tells us, hearing that one twin had died, demanded of the survivor, "Was it you who died or was it your brother?"

Oh, anger is an evil thing,
And spoils the finest faces!
It cometh like a rainy cloud
Upon our sunny places.

—*Eliza Cook.*

With Authors and Publishers.

—New volumes of the admirable Temple Classics appear twice a month. It is gratifying to know that the series will not be limited in scope. Future issues will include St. Augustine's "City of God," and Dante's Inferno and Purgatorio. The Temple Classics appeal to the student and book-lover as well as to the general reader.

—Mr. Munsey, who now publishes a London issue of his magazine, declares that, on account of the superiority of American printing-plants and equipment, he can publish a magazine far better and cheaper in New York than anywhere in Europe. The expense of distributing the magazine, on the other hand, is one-third less in London than in any American city.

—A sermon by the Rev. W. Poland, S. J., preached on occasion of the opening of the Jubilee, has been published in pamphlet form by the American League of the Cross. It is entitled "No Freedom for the Pope,—No Peace for the World." Short extracts from recent Papal documents collected by the Rev. James M. Hayes, S. J., form an important appendix to this useful *brochure*.

—Catholic editors may take heart when they learn that a comparatively small proportion of the *Advocates* published by the Methodists, perhaps the wealthiest of the sects, are self-supporting. In many cases the church funds supply the deficit. One editor-man and brother announced at the Methodist conference in Chicago that the church was making a present of a dollar and a half to each subscriber, so large is the annual deficit.

—If any of our readers who like things light and breezy are unacquainted with the *Bookman's* "Letter Box," we feel that we shall earn their gratitude by introducing them to this delectable department of our foremost literary review, so often referred to in these pages. And perhaps we can not better introduce such clever people as the *Bookman's* editor (who conducts that department) and our readers, than by quoting this delicious paragraph. A correspondent having asked whether "setting" hen is preferable to "sitting" hen, the genial editor replies:

> Our own judgment in this case is that it is entirely proper to speak of a hen as "setting." In the first place, the usage is so general and of such long standing as to give it a certain sanction; and, in the second place, there is a good reason back of this usage, and one which, no doubt, has unconsciously influenced the minds of those who employ this particular form of speech. If we adhere exclusively to the expression "sitting," we have no means of differentiating between a hen engaged in incubation and a hen who is simply sitting down to brood over her young or to rest her legs. We should, therefore, say that we ought to speak of a "sitting" hen when we are colloquially referring to a hen in her hours of relaxation, but of a "setting" hen when we are technically describing a hen in the discharge of one of her professional functions.

—"The Devil: Who He is and What He Does," is the title of a *brochure* of thirty-eight pages from the pen of the Rev. William Stang, of the Diocese of Providence; and for sale by Joseph M. Tally, of the same city. The object of the author, as he states in his introduction, is "to acquaint Christian people with the nature and aim of a most powerful and personal foe, whose efforts are not to be ascribed to mere hallucination, morbid imagination, or other purely natural causes; who is about us and never leaves us entirely until we are safe with God in the land of the blessed."

—At the request of the superiors of several religious communities in charge of hospitals, the reverend author of "The Nursing Sister" has published a short account of the method of training nurses adopted at St. John's Hospital, Springfield, Ill., of which he is the devoted chaplain. The necessity of training schools and the best manner of conducting them are carefully though briefly explained in this pamphlet. The author insists upon the use of good handbooks of nursing, and shows the importance of securing competent teachers and of establishing graded courses of instruction.

—There has been much speculation among readers of the Boston *Pilot* as to the authorship of "The Way of the World," an attractive story, full of life and color, lately concluded in its pages. The secret may now be revealed that the writer is Katherine E. Conway, and we are gratified to announce further that her novel is soon to be published in book form. Miss Conway is the author of several other works, including a most entertaining volume of travels. Her "Family Sitting Room" series has been well received by the Catholic reading public. The strong, healthy, buoyant note struck in each volume has rendered this series exceedingly popular.

—The lives of saints are the last books in which one would expect to find anything to provoke a smile. An amusing incident, however, is related in the newly-published autobiography of St. Ignatius Loyola. It happened soon after his conversion, while on his journey to Montserrat; and illustrates

how God guided his soul, still blind, but all on fire with longing to serve Him to the best of his knowledge.

Now, as he pursued his journey a certain Saracen followed him, riding on a mule. And while they were talking together they chanced to speak of the Most Blessed Virgin. The Saracen said that he could well imagine that a virgin should conceive without the operation of man, but that she should remain a virgin after child-bearing he could not possibly believe; and all the many reasons that the pilgrim gave did not alter his opinion in the slightest degree. Meanwhile the Moor rode on so quickly that he was soon out of the pilgrim's sight; whose soul was troubled and full of heaviness as he thought over these things; for he supposed he must have played his part badly; moreover, he was moved with indignation against the Moor, and accused himself of having done evil in allowing such things to be uttered of the Blessed Virgin in his hearing; and in consequence thought he was bound for her honor's sake to reopen the dispute. Thereupon he was seized with a longing to go and seek out the Moor and despatch him with his dagger, on account of what he had said of our Blessed Lady.

The Moor did well to hurry ahead and avoid further arguments, in which he was sure to be stuck. The incident affords an admirable illustration of ardent but absolutely untaught zeal for the right; and proves that although St. Ignatius afterward walked with giant strides he began with very uncertain steps.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Education and the Future of Religion. *Bishop Spalding.* 5 cts.

General Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures. *Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S. S.* $2, *net.*

Father Anthony. *Robert Buchanan.* $1.50.

The Soldier of Christ. *Mother Mary Loyola.* $1.35, *net.*

Where is the Church? *Rev. Charles Coupe, S. J.* 40 cts., *net.*

The Autobiography of St. Ignatius Loyola. *J. F. X. O'Conor, S. J.* $1.25, *net.*

The Testament of Ignatius Loyola. *E. M. Rix.* $1, *net.*

Sermons on the Blessed Sacrament. *Scheurer-Lasance.* $1.50, *net.*

A Form of Prayers. *Marquis of Bute.* 45 cts., *net.*

Sanctuary Meditations. *Fr. Baltasar Gracian, S. J.* $1, *net.*

Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption. *W. H. Mallock.* $3.50.

The Flowing Tide. *Madame Belloc.* $1.60, *net.*

A Son of St. Francis. *Lady Amabel Kerr.* $1, *net.*

Poor Dear Ann. *The Prig.* 75 cts.

The Bible and its Interpreter. *Rev. P. H. Casey, S. J.* 50 cts.

The Gospel Story. *B. F. C. Costelloe.* $1.60, *net.*

Studies in Church History. Vol. VI. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* $2.50.

Meditations on the Psalms of the Little Office. *Peregrinus.—Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.* 75 cts., *net.*

Currita, Countess of Albornoz. *Luis Coloma.* $1.50.

The Knights of the Cross. Vol. II. *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* $1.

A Journey with the Sun around the World. *Rev. William McMahon.* $2.

St. Jerome. *Father Largent.* $1.

Studies in Poetry. *Thomas O'Hagan, M. A., Ph. D.* $1.

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THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Ransom.

BY MARION MUIR.

THERE cometh a time, O great God!—
Whom we see not, but hope and desire,—
When we struggle, with feet unshod,
Over red-hot pathways of fire;

When friends have departed, and Love
Lies dead by the shattered hearth-stone;
When the light is withdrawn above,
And on earth to help us are none.

Then, out of confusion and fear,
We long for Thy ransoming call;
And the best of Thine angels draws near—
The pitying shape with the pall.

Dear Death, with the power to save
Our future from bondage and shame,
Thy mission and shelter we crave,
The seal of thy conquering name!

The Materials of the Little Office.

BY THE REV. ETHELRED L. TAUNTON.

I.

OUR Divine Master has given us the form upon which all public prayer must be based — the *Pater Noster*, the simplest and most perfect expression of the relations between a creature and the Maker. "Thus shall ye pray,"* said He in reply to the disciples' petition, "Lord teach us how to pray."† The Divine Wisdom having deigned to show us what manner of petition becomes us and is pleasing in His sight, it follows that every other prayer, to be profitable, must be an expansion of the Lord's Prayer; for, as St. Augustine says, "If we pray rightly and fittingly, then, whatever words we may use, we offer no petition but those that are found in this prayer of Our Lord's." Thus the Little Office is only the *Pater Noster* carried out into detail, expanded and commented.

From the earliest ages of the Church Christians were accustomed to meet for pious exercises. Naturally they would take what was at hand, adding to it certain features of their own. The form of worship which then prevailed in the synagogues (in contradistinction to the Temple), and in which the Christians were wont to join,* consisted in singing psalms, reading the Sacred Scripture, exhortation, and common prayer. These features the faithful retained when they separated from or were driven out of the synagogues. To this liturgical form of prayer they joined, in their private assemblies, on the Lord's Day at least, the Eucharistic Sacrifice of the New Law, and grouped their vocal prayer around this central act of worship. At early dawn and at eventide they assembled to sing praise to God.

Pliny the Younger, writing (110) to Trajan, says of the Christians in his province of Bythnia that they were a law-abiding folk and did no harm; their one peculiarity being to meet early

* St. Matt., vi, 9. † Ibid.

* Acts, ii, 42-46; iii, 1; xv, 21.

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in the morning of the first day of the week and sing hymns to Christ as to a God. Thus Lauds, the song of praise at daybreak, and Vespers at even, are the two original offices of the Church. These two hours were to consecrate to God the whole day, the beginning and the end. "And the evening and the morning were the first day."* David said: "At daybreak will I seek Thee."† "Let my prayer ascend, O Lord! as incense in Thy sight; and the lifting up of my hands be an evening sacrifice."‡ In the service of the Temple, too, there was the morning as well as the evening sacrifice; and so it was natural that at those two hours the "sacrifice of lips praising God" should be also offered.

Time passed, the Christians became more numerous, and the custom arose of keeping festival at the tombs of martyrs on their anniversary. The pious lay-folk and the religious of that time used, out of private devotion, to keep vigil at the sacred spot; and, by singing psalms and reading the Scriptures, pass the time until the bishop and his clergy arrived at dawn for the Lauds and subsequent sacrifice. These vigils, which were in the beginning entirely voluntary and the spontaneous action of the laity and religious, were soon taken up by the Church and regulated. While preserving their usual form of psalm and spiritual reading, with singing of responsories, she made this prayer into an official act of her clergy. Hence the Matin service, which bears its origin to this day in its close connection with Lauds, so far as to form with it but one hour.

When the monastic system developed in the Church, the monks added, for their own private devotion, Prime, as a prayer before the day's work began; and, later on, prayer at the third hour, in remembrance of the descent of the Holy Ghost at that time; prayer at the sixth and ninth hours, in memory of the custom of the Apostles to pray at these times. "Now, Peter went to pray about the sixth hour";* and "Now, Peter and John went up together into the Temple at the hour of prayer, being the ninth hour."† The saintly Father Benedict, in the rule which has been the guide for so many millions of souls, and has, perhaps, done more to form the mind of the Church than any other book save the Bible, instituted the hour of Compline as the night prayer for his monks. Thus was the cycle of prayer completed, and what was the private prayer of monks became part and parcel of the Church's public prayer. The historical order was: Lauds and Vespers; Vigils, or Matins; Prime, Terce, Sext, None, Compline.

Lauds with the preparatory Vigils counting as one, we have seven hours to prayer; "seven visits to the heavenly court," as Cardinal Manning says in his "Eternal Priesthood." Why was this number fixed? It was not of set purpose from the beginning; but, having so developed, many reasons could be given why the number should not be exceeded. Seven is a very mysterious number, and seems to represent God's dealing with mankind. Did He not make the world in six days and rest on the seventh? Are there not seven gifts of the Holy Ghost, seven sacraments, seven spirits standing before the throne of God,‡ seven deadly sins; seven virtues, theological and cardinal; seven petitions of the *Pater Noster;* seven ages of man, all to be sanctified with prayer; seven scenes in Our Lord's passion; seven sorrows of Blessed Mary our Lady? Did not David say, "Seven times a day do I praise Thee"?§ Did not Elias pray seven times before the heavens opened and rain fell on the parched earth?

* Gen., i, 5. † Ps., lxii, 2. ‡ Ibid., cxl, 2.

* Acts, x, 9. † Ibid, iii, 1.
‡ Apoc., viii, 2. § Ps., cxviii, 164.

And does not a man fall seven times a day?* There are many other like reasons why the Church cherishes the mystical number of seven and regulates her prayers thereby.

And this sevenfold praise of God through Mary is particularly suitable. The pious author of the "Myrroure of Our Ladye" applies it thus:

"Now, in haps ye think that there are good causes why God should be served in these hours, but sith all your service is of Our Lady, ye would wit [understand] why her service should be said in these same seven hours. And as to this ye ought to think that it is full convenient that her holy service should be said in time according to His; for her will was never contrary to His blessed will. And, furthermore, some say that for at Mattins time there appeareth a star in the firmament, whereby shipmen are ruled in the sea and bring themselves to right haven; and for our merciful Lady is that Star that succoureth men in the troublesome sea of this world and bringeth her lovers to the haven of health. Therefore it is worthy that she be served and praised at Mattins time.

"At Prime time there appeareth a star before the sun, as if it were the ladder or bringer-forth of the sun; and Our Lady came before and brought forth to mankind that Sun of Righteousness that is our Lord Jesu Christ. At hour of Terce labourers desire to have their dinner; and Our Lady hath brought forth to us Him that is food and bread of life, our Lord Jesu Christ, comfort and refection to all that labour in His service. At hour of Sext the sun waxeth more hot; and by means of Our Lady the Everlasting Sun hath shewed the heat of His charity more largely to mankind. At hour of None the sun is highest; and the highest grace and mercy that ever was done to man in earth was brought in by means of Our Lady. At evensong time the day faileth much; and when all other succour faileth, Our Lady's grace helpeth. Compline is the end of the day; and in the end of our life we have most need of Our Lady's help, and therefore in all these hours we ought to do her worship and praising."

The chief and oldest part of the Office consists of the Psalter, or Book of Psalms; and, in the mind of the Church, the whole one hundred and fifty should be gone through once a week. It is on this portion of the Office we shall chiefly spend our time. The author of the Book of Psalms is the Holy Ghost, who made use of David, the royal singer, and of others, to write the collection which has come down to us under the general title of the Psalms of David.* They have ever been the favorite formula of prayer for both the Jewish and the Christian churches, and are our most cherished heritage. Observes St. John Chrysostom:

"If we keep vigil in the church, David comes first, last, and midst. If early in the morning we seek for the melody of hymns, first, last and midst is David again. If we are occupied with the funeral solemnities of the departed, if virgins sit at home and spin, David is first, last, and midst. Oh, marvellous wonder! Many persons who have made but little progress in literature — nay, who have scarcely mastered its first principles — have the Psalter by heart. Nor is it in cities and churches alone that at all times, through every age, David is illustrious. In the city, in

* Prov., xxiv, 16.

* It is admitted by all nowadays that David is not the author of the whole collection. The first fifty are accredited to him and most likely some of the others. Solomon and Esdras are among the other authors.

the wilderness and uninhabitable land, he excites the praises of Almighty God. In monasteries, amongst those holy choirs of angelic armies, David is first, last, and midst. In the convent of virgins where are the band of them that imitate Mary, in the deserts where are men crucified to this world and having their conversation with God, first, midst, and last is he. Other men are at night overpowered by natural sleep. David alone is active, and, congregating the servants of God into seraphic bands, turns earth into heaven and converts men into angels."

(To be continued.)

A Liberal Education.

BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

II.—A New Deal.

RALPH started out at once to hunt up the receiver. When he reached the number given him he found a big factory building covering the whole block. He walked all the way around before he found the office entrance. The office itself was so large that it quite overawed him; accountants stood in rows, and behind them worked an army of typewriters. The very magnitude of the appointments was an intimidation; but a young man stepping forward asked with much courtesy whom he wished to see.

"The receiver of the Crosby-Gregory Company—Mr. Tracey."

"Follow this aisle, if you please, to the right. You will find him in the second private office."

Somewhat confused by the numbers of men dodging in and out of the various offices, Ralph found the right door at last. The brass plate on the door read: "B. J. Tracey, Vice-President." As he was about to knock, a young man, with hat and overcoat on, opened the door, apparently just going out.

"Were you looking for me, sir?" he asked as Ralph confronted him.

"No, sir: I wanted to see Mr. Tracey."

"That is my name."

"I guess it is your father I want," ventured Ralph.

"My father is not connected with this company."

"Well, I am looking for the receiver of the Crosby-Gregory Company."

"Then you are looking for me," said Mr. Tracey, unbuttoning his coat as he stepped back into his office.

Ralph caught his breath.

"Step in!" continued the receiver, walking back to his desk. "Be seated. What can I do for you?"

Ralph, sitting down, looked somewhat startled at the young man before him. He was so boyish, so very simple in manner, and yet vice-president of this tremendous concern, and—this struck hardest of all—receiver of poor Uncle George! However, he put Ralph at his ease almost at once by his deferential manner of listening and of talking. He made no remark until Ralph had finished his little opening. He even paused after Ralph had concluded; and when he spoke it was deliberately and carefully.

"Have you at any time been familiar with the affairs of the Crosby-Gregory Company, Mr. Crosby?" he asked.

"Frankly, sir, I have not," Ralph answered. "My knowledge of business affairs is practically nothing."

"I ask only because if you were you would understand more readily what has been going on since the failure. I suppose I was put in as receiver because the Occident Rubber Company, who are our selling agents, were the principal creditors. I am not personally acquainted with your uncle; but our president, Mr. Butler, has known him a

great many years, and thinks highly of him. Everybody does, in fact, because he voluntarily turned in about two hundred thousand dollars' worth of his own personal property to liquidate the company's debts. When a man does that sort of thing these times we naturally think there's nothing too good for him," laughed Mr. Tracey quietly.

"Thank you, sir!" Ralph did not add that it was news to him; but it was news of a kind that made his veins tingle.

"Since the receivership the plant has been idle, and I am not sure that the time has yet come to operate it. The bicycle venture lost them the money. Our people stood ready even as it was to make further advances because of their confidence in your uncle. But he didn't feel justified in taking further obligations on himself; possibly he was right. I'll tell you," he continued, after a pause. "I'll have a balance-sheet of the Crosby-Gregory business drawn. Suppose you call to-morrow? Bring your uncle if you like. He's been sick since I took hold—"

"Mr. Tracey," Ralph broke in suddenly—his face was flushed and he spoke under perceptible pressure,—"I've got to find something to do myself. I'm just out of college, and I must get to work. Would there be any chance to go to work for you?"

Tracey looked at him with a mild curiosity.

"What can you do?" he asked after a bit.

"Nothing that's really worth doing, I'm afraid, Mr. Tracey. But I learn things tolerably quick,—at least I have always done so."

The vice-president leaned back in his chair, and, asking an occasional question, appeared to talk pleasantly on. But Ralph was afterward aware that Mr. Tracey had let him do the talking; and as Ralph spoke out of the fulness of his heart, he had abundance to say. He became a good deal more of a business man than he then was before he realized how skilfully he had been pumped that day by the young vice-president. He left under the impression that he was going to work for the Tracey Tire Company; yet, thinking over the talk that night, he could recall no phrase that would justify such an assumption.

Next morning Uncle George went with Ralph. They were admitted without delay to Mr. Tracey's office, where Uncle George was introduced and Mr. Butler sent for. He was a big man with a dry, hearty sort of way.

"Crosby," said he to Uncle George, bluntly, "I'm glad to see you out again. Is this the nephew I used to hear you talk about?" he added, looking at Ralph as he turned and extended his hand to him. "You've been at Wellington, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Sit down."

"Mr. Butler," said Tracey at once, "since our last talk about the Crosby-Gregory plant I've been making some figures that I haven't had time to put before you. Now that the parties most at interest are here, we can go over them together. Mr. Butler," he added, turning to Ralph, "is president of the Occident Rubber Company, which is the largest creditor."

But what amazed Ralph Crosby was the calmness and indifference of the principal creditor. Ralph had imagined the principal creditor sort of standing over Uncle George with a big club and just ready to pound the very life out of him. Mr. Butler's hand, like the hand of all great business men, was mailed by perfect courtesy and self-control; but that would not deceive anybody, who ever saw his eyes roll, into the belief that he could not strike a terrible blow when the occasion required it.

Tracey's figures were long and complicated, and he made running comment on them. When he had gotten through, Mr. Butler turned abruptly on Ralph and said:

"What do you think, sir, of the showing?"

Ralph was taken quite aback. Had he realized how much there was behind the question, his confusion would not have been less. What he really thought was of no consequence, but his forthcoming answer was of much.

With everybody looking at him, the room grew warm, and all sorts of answers crowded into his head, such as, "Very good," "Quite encouraging," and so on; but any one of them would have condemned him with the inquisitor, who, having delivered the bolt quietly, watched his victim squirm.

"Frankly, sir," answered Ralph, with barely a perceptible hesitation, "I did not understand it at all,"—which, of course, Mr. Butler knew as well as if he hadn't spoken.

"Doubtless I failed to make it clear," interposed Tracey, considerately. "I will go over it again."

"No, no!" protested Ralph, the sweat breaking out on him. "That isn't it. Don't go over it again. I'm rather ashamed to explain, Mr. Butler, that I've never paid any attention to business. I'm trying now to learn; but I don't honestly think I could get all the sense even in a second reading. If you will let me copy the figures and take them home, with a little help from Uncle George, I can dig them out."

"Have a copy made, Tracey," said the president, promptly. "You haven't been familiar, then, with matters at the plant?" he continued, addressing Ralph.

"I'm afraid I haven't been familiar with anything I ought to be, sir. I've had my head so full of athletics and that sort of thing; but I'm learning now every day—"

"What, for instance, did you learn yesterday?" smiled Mr. Butler, unbending a little.

It was a direct question, and again Ralph felt tempted to dodge. In the presence of such men what he really had learned the day before seemed absurdly trivial; but after a short pause he pulled himself together.

"It will sound ridiculous, I know," he blurted desperately, "but I learned yesterday how to make a fire in a hard-coal stove."

Tracey, looking on with interest, laughed; but Mr. Butler's eyes rolled upward in a burst of silent merriment.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Crosby!" said he, rising. "It's something to this day that I can not do myself. By the way, was it a direct draft or a base burner?" he inquired, turning to Ralph in his abrupt way.

"A base burner, sir," returned Ralph, laughing also. "And I forgot: I learned, too, what a base burner was."

"Two things in one day is something. And did your fire burn? That's the important point."

"Ask Uncle George, sir. I roasted him out."

Mr. Butler, still laughing, picked up his hat, remarking:

"Gentlemen, keep right on. I shall have to excuse myself."

"But, Mr. Butler," observed Tracey, "won't you verify these estimates before you go, so we can discuss the question of starting up the plant?"

Mr. Butler picked up the formidable-looking sheet.

"Have you gone over them yourself as far as you wish?" he asked.

"I have."

"Then I will pass them as they stand. Mr. Crosby," said he, turning to Ralph, "I lunch at the athletic club and I am

just going over. Pleased to have you go with me, if you have no other plans. Your uncle will probably be engaged here for some time."

"Why, thank you very much, sir! I shall be glad to go," responded Ralph, looking at Uncle George.

"Go, by all means?" urged his uncle.

"And you are all to meet here again to-morrow?" asked Mr. Tracey, with an inquiring glance at the president.

The latter hesitated just an instant.

"I think so," said he, looking at his watch,—"I think so; but at the moment I can not say positively. Suppose you leave it open, Tracey? You can wire them to-night."

It seemed all so simple and so natural that Ralph did not perceive the critical play of the situation. The vice-president seemed to be urging something, but to Ralph it was not clear just what.

About two o'clock that afternoon, when Ralph and Mr. Butler came out of the club-house on Michigan Avenue, the president said good-bye to Ralph, and, stepping into his carriage, which was waiting, was driven away. Ralph walked up the boulevard, a bit depressed by his penniless situation. But he never suspected that the X-rays of a Chicago business man had been turned through every layer of his make up; that he had been cross-examined for three hours by a keen judge of men; and that the verdict, though sealed under cover of the most elegant and indifferent hospitality, was quite made up.

It was four o'clock when Mr. Butler got back to the factory. The minute he arrived Tracey, who knew him like a book, dropped into his office with papers bearing on other matters, veiling behind them his interest in Ralph.

"What do you make of young Crosby?" he asked after a time.

"I think you are right: he will do."

"I was a little surprised at your taking him off," ventured the young vice-president.

Mr. Butler smiled lazily.

"I did that largely to oblige you, Tracey. You seem to have taken quite a fancy to the fellow. As I have often told you, rich men's sons are usually worthless. I was curious to see whether this chap knew anything about the only branch he has been devoting himself to—athletics."

"Does he?"

"He does. I put on the gloves with him myself. He can box to beat the band."

"Then I may wire them to come again to-morrow?"

"What can you do with the fellow?"

"He can sell goods. That's where we need him more than anywhere else—"

"If we can be said to need him anywhere at all."

"We need him if he can sell goods. He can talk clearly and his manner inspires confidence. You know we never have enough good salesmen. We can hire bookkeepers and accountants on every corner; it's the man who can sell goods that we need."

"I've no objection to your putting him on, if you want to try him. It's an experiment."

"Every man we take on is an experiment."

"Some of them expensive ones," said Mr. Butler, grimly. But the verdict was reached, and it went that night in the shape of a telegram to Ralph.

"I'm ready this morning," began Mr. Tracey after the Crosbys had arrived, "to take up the question of starting the plant under the receiver."

While the discussion proceeded Mr. Butler was a silent listener. At its conclusion he asked Uncle George into his own office, leaving Ralph with Mr. Tracey.

"Have you thought any further about

putting me at work, Mr. Tracey?" inquired Ralph, concealing as best he could his anxiety.

"Have you thought any further about how you could make yourself useful to us?" returned the vice-president, diplomatically.

Ralph's perplexity was apparent: he was not fitted for that kind of a duel, and, without knowing why, felt at a disadvantage.

"The more I think of it, Mr. Tracey, the more I realize of how little use I would be to anybody until I learn something. About all I can ask is, whether you would give me a chance to learn."

"Of course you never sold goods?"

"No, sir."

"Do you think you would like it?"

"I'd like anything that would help me to get into action," urged Ralph, desperately.

"What are your ideas as to salary, Mr. Crosby?"

"As to that, I would rather leave the matter entirely in your hands. If I can make myself worth anything, you will discover it first. Suppose you leave it open in that way?"

"Very well; leave it open. It is the least important feature of the situation, provided you get with a good house. And, with the exception of the vice-president," laughed Tracey, "this is thought to be a decent concern. I shall turn you over, then, to Mr. Manton, the head of the sales department of the Occident Rubber Company."

"I shan't be under you?" said Ralph, regretfully.

"My business is the making of the goods. I have nothing to do with the marketing of them. In my judgment, the sales department offers you the best opportunity. That's only another way of saying we most need you there."

As a preliminary to selling, Ralph was put into the stock; a man must thoroughly know his goods to be competent to sell them. But after he had been transferred to the sales department proper, a new and unexpected perplexity confronted him. The manager, Mr. Robert Manton, soon became to him as much of a study as the selling. Manton was a baldish, aggressive man of forty, with a sharp voice and a positive manner, which, while subdued toward customers, was bristling toward salesmen on the staff.

Though at first he paid very little attention to Ralph, it was of a sort to keep the salesman wondering what he was going to do next. He was by turns cordial and disagreeable; some days he saw Ralph and some days he didn't. Sometimes he assigned work to him and sometimes left him fuming at his desk for hours together. Without apparent cause, his moods were variable, and they made many an unpleasant quarter of an hour for Ralph Crosby. On the other hand, the selling of the goods proved unexpectedly pleasant; it became even fascinating. The constant matching of wit and argument and effort against the objection of shrewd, alert buyers enlisted every energy in the young man's nature, and he became continually eager for the contest.

He saw Mr. Butler and Mr. Tracey rarely. The establishments were so large and the various staffs so distributed, there was so much to fill the day, that a week might pass without catching sight of either of them. This, again, had a salutary effect on Ralph's pride: he came to see how unimportant he was in a world where he had once thought he really cut something of a figure. Yet he knew well that they, or one of them, had remembered him; for he drew every week a salary, which observation satisfied him was an outside figure for such services as he was competent to render.

One June evening Ralph was detained and did not leave the salesroom till seven o'clock. As he walked over to Madison Street to take the cable, he crossed Washington Boulevard just as Mr. Butler drove by in a road wagon. Seeing Ralph, who raised his hat, Mr. Butler, driving very fast, reined up half a block farther, and, turning, came slowly back.

"Crosby," he called out pleasantly, "get in and I'll take you up the boulevard for an airing."

It was a simple proposition, but it developed remarkable consequences.

The young salesman would rather have gone home to dinner; but Mr. Butler, having had his own, had not thought of that feature of the situation. However, it was evidently best to accept the courtesy, and a minute later the two men were spinning up the drive.

When they got as far as Rockwell Street, where the railroad tracks intersect the boulevard, Mr. Butler, who appeared to be in a particularly happy mood, suggested that they go on to the park. Dinner being now only a pleasing regret, Ralph cordially assented.

Mr. Butler spoke to his mare, and she whisked them over the car-tracks at a paralyzing pace. The end springs were light, and both men, athletes, were heavy. There was some extraordinary bouncing for a minute, and it bounced a new idea into Ralph Crosby's head.

"Why—don't you—have—tires made of rubber—for your road—wagon?" he asked, as they hung and jolted desperately on.

Mr. Butler, turning, looked the boy squarely in the face. He said nothing, but looked hard.

"Why?" he said, musingly. "Why?" he repeated, pulling his mare suddenly up on her haunches. "Why? Because, by Jupiter, I never thought of it before!"

They jogged along in silence. Mr. Butler had gone into a study: his eyes were fixed on the wheels.

"Where'd you get that idea?" he asked, abruptly.

"It was jolted into my head just now. Tires made of rubber would take all the bounce, I should think; but how could you make them stay on?"

"How could you?" said Mr. Butler,—"that's what I want to know. Crosby," he added, after a pause, rolling his eyes Ralph's way, "you've got an idea. There's no sort of doubt about that. Whoa, Startle! Easy, girl!" said he to the mare, turning her carefully in the crowd. "Let's go down to the factory and talk that over. Wait a minute. We'll go over to Madison Street and telephone Tracey to meet us there. Yes, you've an idea. Ideas are dangerous things; did you know that? I had a man once with an idea he could make elastic glass; it cost me, first and last, a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. But there are others. Mr. Tracey had an idea he could toughen bicycle tires by a secret process which we use now, and it made him a fortune, and a big one. That's the way it goes. But I'll be hanged if I don't want to hear more about your rubber tire for a buggy wheel. What do you propose, pneumatics or cushions?"

(To be continued.)

DEATH is the most solemn moment of our existence: it is then that the devil has the last battle with us. It is as if he were playing a game at chess with us and was watching the moment of death to give us checkmate. He who gets the better of him then has won the battle of life.—*Savonarola.*

THE holiness of children is the very type of saintliness; and the most perfect conversion is but a hard and distant return to the holiness of a child.

—*Cardinal Manning.*

Thy Kingdom Come.

FROM THE LATIN OF ST. BERNARD.

THOU hope of all the lowly!
To thirsting souls how kind!
Gracious to all who seek Thee,
O what to those who find!

My tongue but lisps Thy praises,
Yet praise be my employ;
Love makes me bold to praise Thee,
For Thou art all my joy.

In Thee my soul delighting,
Findeth her only rest;
And so in Thee confiding,
May all the world be blest!

Dwell with us, and our darkness
Will flee before Thy light;
Scatter the world's deep midnight,
And fill it with delight.

O all mankind! behold Him,
And seek His love to know;
And let your hearts, in seeking,
Be fired with love and glow!

O come, O come, great Monarch!
Eternal glory Thine;
The longing world waits for Thee:
Arise, arise and shine!

Father Ignatius Spencer.

II.—A Clergyman of the Church of England.

GEORGE was now twenty-one years old. Tall, handsome and winning, he had the world at his feet. And to him it was, all things considered, a most pleasant world. Still, from his early years his serious turn of mind had enabled him to perceive the instability and unreality of its joys. Pleasure, in the universally accepted meaning of the word, soon palled upon him; a few continuous days in the whirl of society would drive him to the solitude of his own thoughts; three or four balls or parties would set him longing for quiet rambles in the woods, or the sweet companionship of his favorite books.

At length, as the time approached for his first orders, he resolved to prepare seriously for his future profession,—that is to say, for the outward and material part of it; further than this he did not think it necessary to go. Indeed, the thought of any inward preparation did not occur to him. He wrote up a sermon nine months before there was any occasion for using it.

On October 5 the bishop sent him word that ordinations would take place on December 22. Somewhat alarmed at this speedy turn of affairs, he wrote to the diocesan examiner to ask what books he should read and how he was to prepare. He was informed that he need not trouble himself, and that from the respectability of his family he must already be quite prepared. Such seems to have been his own opinion; for he made no preparation whatever. He went through the ceremony as if it were a business transaction, as we learn from his own words:

"Sunday, December 22, I breakfasted with Mr. Gibbs and Mr. Gregory at the inn (Peterborough) at eight o'clock. At nine two others of the candidates, Mr. Pearson and Mr. Witherall, joined us, and we went to the palace, whence his lordship led us into the church, where we were ordained. The service took an hour, including the sacrament which he gave us. I began my church reading then by reading the Gospel in the service. I went (a clergyman) to the deanery. At eleven we passed from the palace to church, where Mr. Parsons preached a good long sermon—at us, very palpably. We then went to a cold collation at the palace, and in the evening we attended church. After that we received our letters of orders and licenses, and paid our fees."

However inadequate the preparation for his new calling, no sooner was he launched upon it than he began to look

seriously at the duties involved, and to endeavor to perform them according to his best capacity. Thorough in all things, he soon began to perceive that numerous opportunities for good lay before him, even at Althorp, where his parents had their country residence, as well as at Great Brington, whose rector was abroad,—the care of the parish being left to the young curate.

He at once began a house-to-house visitation, and after a few days became quite interested in the task. He assisted the poor, consoled the dying, used all his efforts to induce people to go to church. He was much surprised at the indifference to religion which he found among the poor. To the sacrament, to which he was formerly so indifferent, he now began to be drawn very strongly, exhorting his flock to approach it; even going so far as to persuade several neighboring clergymen to administer it to the feeble and decrepit who were not able to go to church. At that time he himself was not in full orders. He was anxious to follow the accepted rule on all occasions, and it was his custom to discuss points of duty with his brother clergymen. He never failed to write a sermon every week, and he catechised the children every Sunday.

Shortly after this he went to London, where we find him discussing doctrine and orthodoxy with Bishop Bloomfield, who did not approve of the extempore praying, so foreign to the customs of the Church of England, to which his former pupil was becoming habituated. The result of these conversations was not satisfactory to either.

While in London Mr. Spencer attended the theatre for the last time in his life. After that he abandoned, by degrees, several other unclerical pursuits, such as hunting, card-playing, and dancing. He also began to interest himself very earnestly in the Dissenters about him, with the desire of convincing them of their errors; believing, as he always did, that Our Lord had taught but one system of Christianity.

Relative to this period of his clerical life, we quote the following extracts from a letter published by him in the *Catholic Standard* after he had become a Passionist:

"When I was ordained deacon in the Church of England at Christmas, 1822, I had, I may say, all my religious ideas and principles to form. I do not well know how far this is a common case now. I have reason to think it was a very common one then. My mind was possessed with a decided intention of doing good. I was delighted with the calling and the life of a clergyman; but my ideas were very vague as to what a clergyman was meant for or had to do. Naturally, on becoming acquainted with my parishioners, among whom the Wesleyan Methodists, the Baptists, and the Independents had been gaining ground for some time previously, I concluded that I had to oppose the progress of the sects, and to draw back those who had joined them....

"I was at this time living at Althorp, my father's principal residence in the country, serving as a curate in the parish to which it was attached; but the park itself was extra-parochial. Among the visitors who resorted there was one of the most distinguished scholars of the day, to whom, as to many more of the Anglican Church, I owe a debt of gratitude for the interest which he took in me, and for the help I actually received from him in the course of inquiry which has happily terminated in the haven of the true Church. I should like to make here a grateful mention of his name; but as this has been censured, I forbear.

"I was one day explaining to him with earnestness the line of argument

which I was pursuing with Dissenters, and my hopes from it. I suppose I expected encouragement, such as I had received from many another. But he simply and candidly responded: 'These would be very convenient doctrines, if we could make use of them; but they are available only for Roman Catholics: they will not serve us.' I saw in a moment the truth of his remark, and his character and position gave it additional weight. I did not answer; but as a soldier who has received what he feels to be a mortal wound will suddenly stand still and then retire from the *mêlée* and seek a secluded spot to die in, so I went away with my High Churchism mortally wounded in the very prime of its vigor and youth—to die forever to the character of an Anglican High Churchman. 'But why did not this open your eyes,' you may inquire, 'to the truth of Catholicity?' I answer, simply because my High Church prejudices were too strong. The remark of my esteemed friend was like a *reductio ad absurdum* of all High Church ideas. If they were true, the Catholic Church would be so; which *is absurd*, as I remember Euclid would say: 'Therefore,' and so forth.

"The one support of the High Church system—church authority—having been thus overthrown, it was an easy though gradual work to get out of my mind all its minor details and accompaniments, one after another; such as regard for holy places, holy days, for consecrated persons, ecclesiastical writers,—finally, almost all definite dogmatic notions. It would seem that all was slipping away. But, coming to the conviction of the truth of Catholicity some years after, it was with extraordinary delight I found myself picking up again the shattered, dispersed pieces of the beautiful fabric, and placing them now in better order on the right foundation, solid and firm; no longer exposed to such a catastrophe as had upset my castle of Anglican churchmanship."

At this time the divided state of his parish greatly harassed his mind. He longed to admit all classes of religionists into the bosom of what he then conceived to be the true Church. But he could not open the doors of the Establishment wide enough for this, and began to have some scruples about the Athanasian Creed, adherence to which must necessarily restrict the field of his doctrinal labors. Asceticism also began to attract him, in that its practices spiritualized and clarified both mind and soul. Fasting he thought a most excellent thing; consulted a clergyman about it, remaining unconvinced by his arguments against it.

In June, 1824, he was admitted to full orders, and in a very different frame of mind from that which characterized his preliminary steps. Shortly after this he was appointed by the Bishop of Chester, formerly Dr. Bloomfield, to the position of chaplain, which he at once accepted. About this period he took up a work of St. John Chrysostom, "On the Priesthood," the first one of the Fathers he had encountered. Hitherto his reading—what there was of it—had been among the Anglican divines. Regarding this he says:

"When I came to what the saint says about the Holy Eucharist as, of course, the grand circumstance which exalts the Christian priest, I was overcome with surprise. I read and read it again. 'Is it possible?' I thought. 'Why, this is manifest popery! *He* certainly must have believed in the Real Presence!' I had no idea that Popish errors had begun so soon,—yes, and gained a deep root, too; for I saw that he wrote as of a doctrine about which he expected no contradiction. And what was my conclusion here? you may ask. Simply

this—*the saint has erred;* otherwise this capital tenet of Popery is true,—*which is absurd.*"

St. John was speedily laid aside. The young cleric's mind was not yet in a state sufficiently receptive to banish the English Reformers and admit their Catholic predecessors. But all these things were to crystallize in his soul, to be appropriated to the good uses the future was to bring. He continued to fast, finding that it really helped him to eradicate his passions and raise his mind to heaven.

In January, 1825, he was presented by his father with the living of Brington, the old rector having resigned. He was pleased with the change. However, instead of deputing a curate to do the work of the parish, as he could well afford to do, as it carried a handsome income, he redoubled his labors. But he was becoming entirely too devoted, too self-sacrificing for the easy-going clergymen who formed the bulk of his acquaintances. Christian *perfection* was not with them, as it was fast growing to be with him, the goal of their desires and aspirations. To practise as well as they could the virtues which belong to all states, to be gentlemen at all times,—this was their rule of life. Unlike him, they made no special efforts to bring back strayed sheep to the fold; as to seeking those who had never belonged to it, they did not dream. The Rev. Mr. Spencer was disappointed that his brother clergymen did not second his endeavors to bring their parishioners to the sacrament, which he believed to be a source of strength and perseverance. "Even bishops opposed him in this," says his biographer, "as in everything else that was not half world, half God."

He became so earnest in his efforts to unite all the sects in his parish, by allowing broader lines of opinion or interpretation than the wording of the Church's text-books allowed, that his father censured his attitude, as one "which, if not under the corrective guidance of greater learning and experience than it is possible for you yet to have, might lead into the wildness of enthusiasm, instead of the sensible and sound doctrine which it becomes an orthodox minister of an Established church to hold for himself and to preach to others."

His mother writes to him: "Infinite peril attends the setting our duties and religious notions in too austere a point of view, and using seemingly mystic and obscure modes of speech in describing religious sentiments. . . . Do not permit yourself to judge uncharitably of the motives of others because their religious sentiments are not always floating on the surface of their words and actions."

In spite of these remonstrances, and many others from relatives, friends, and brother clergymen, he became more and more Evangelical in his views. The Anglican Church was no longer to him an anchor; the indifference and want of unanimity among her various ministers continued to be a painful thorn in his flesh. Their service did not seem to him to be heart-service, their lives were not apostolic. He made acquaintance with some Dissenting clergymen, to the infinite distress of his parents, as well as the annoyance of his superiors. He certainly was leading the apostolic life. Though his salary was large, and the allowance made him by his father most liberal, he distributed it all among the sick and the poor, retrenching from his own table in order to meet the wants of those whose poverty and distress he sought to alleviate.

It was impossible that so zealous a follower of his Divine Master should not eventually be led to the truth. One who knew him from childhood has left this account of that period of his life:

"His great charity to the poor and wandering beggars was unbounded. At times he gave them all the money he had, and stripped himself of his clothes to give them to the distressed; and when he had nothing to give, he would thank God he had only His holy truth to impart, and would speak of the love of God so fervently that he would call forth tears from the poor objects of misery who travelled many weary miles to beg money or clothes of him. Impostors often came with the rest; but even for those he thanked God, and was very happy in relieving them; remarking that he lost nothing by them, but got a lesson of humility. Some poor afflicted mendicants would present themselves with most loathsome sores, and these he would assist in dressing and try to cure. His house was ever open to the distressed, and he longed to make a hospital of it for the poor.

"He was all for gaining souls to God. He would often walk to Northampton to visit the lodging-houses and other infamous dens of the dissolute, to speak to them of God's holy law and mercy to sinners. Indeed his whole time was devoted to doing good. He did not often allow himself the privilege of riding, but would walk to Northampton or farther, carrying his clothes in a knapsack strapped over his shoulders; and would smile at the jeers and laughs against him, glorying in following out the practice of the Apostles. He fasted as well as he knew how, much more strictly than when he became a Catholic. In fact, he allowed himself nothing but plain living, and always granted better to others. He gave no trouble, but was ever ready to wait upon people and make them happy and comfortable. He would listen patiently to all complaints, and turn everything into the goodness of God."

He had formerly been troubled with scruples concerning the Athanasian Creed, which, quiescent for a time, returned with redoubled force after a sermon which he preached in its defence on Trinity Sunday. His own words will best explain the condition of his mind on the reawakening of these painful scruples. In the account of his conversion he says:

"I observed that the arguments by which I defended the Trinity itself were indeed founded on Scripture; but in attempting to prove to my hearers that a belief in this doctrine was absolutely necessary for man's salvation, I resorted to arguments independent of Scripture, because no passage in Scripture could be found which declared that whosoever will be saved must hold the orthodox faith on the Blessed Trinity. I had this difficulty on my mind for eight or nine months, after which, finding that I could not satisfy myself upon it, I gave notice to my superiors that I could not conscientiously declare my assent to the Thirty-Nine Articles. They tried at first to satisfy me by arguments; but the more I discussed the subject the more convinced I became that the article in question was not defensible; and after fifteen months' further pause, I made up my mind to leave off reading the Creed in the service of my church, and informed my bishop of my final resolution. Of course he might have taken measures to oblige me to resign my benefice; but he thought it more prudent to ignore my letter. Thus I remained in possession of my place till I embraced the Catholic faith."

"After this he lost no opportunity to discourse with ministers of opposite persuasions; but none of them shared his eagerness to sift the truth of their pretensions,—to be the exponents of the faith of the Church of Christ. The same was true of his brother clergymen in the

Established Church. Concerning these he remarks:

"My brethren of the Established Church equally declined joining me in my discussions with persons of other persuasions, and disapproved of my pursuit; declaring that I should never convert them to my side, and that I simply ran the risk of being shaken myself. Their objections only incited me to greater diligence. I considered that if what I held were truth, charity required that I should never give over my efforts to bring others into the same way, though I were to labor all my life in vain. If, on the contrary, I were in any degree of error, the sooner I was shaken the better....

"The result of all these discussions with different sects of Protestants was a conviction that no one of us had a correct view of Christianity. We all appeared right in acknowleding Christ as the Son of God, whose doctrines and Commandments we were to follow as the way to happiness in time and eternity. But it seemed as if the form of doctrine and discipline established by the Apostles had been lost sight of all through the Church. Thus I wished to see Christians in general united in the resolution to find the way of truth and peace, convinced that God would not fail to point it out to them. Whether or not others would seek His blessing with me, I had great confidence that before long God would clear up my doubts, and therefore my mind was not made uneasy by them....

"I yet had no idea of the existence of divine unwritten Tradition in the Church. I could imagine no way for the discovery of the truth but persevering study of the Scriptures, which, as they were the only divine rule of faith with which I was acquainted, I thought must of course be sufficient for our guidance, if used with an humble and tractable spirit.... I knew not that it was in the Catholic Church I was at length to find what I was in search of. But every Catholic will see—if I have sufficiently explained my case—that I was prepared to accept with joy the direction of the Church, when once I should be convinced that she still preserved, unchanged and inviolate, the very form of faith taught by the Apostles, the knowledge of which is the key to the right interpretation of the Written Word."

(To be continued.)

Dr. Martin's Wife.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LIFE'S LABYRINTH," ETC.

XV.—STEPHANIE.

MRS. MARTIN passed a sleepless night, her soul torn by doubts and fears. There was no one of whom she could have asked counsel; and now it would have been too late for that. She had committed herself to a certain line of action, and she must abide by the consequences.

As the witchery of Marie's personal presence receded in the background, and Mrs. Martin's first impressions wore off, all her repugnance to the marriage returned. It seemed to her that her lines were cast in places with which she could never become familiar,—that an existence was before her to which she could never become resigned. She felt as if God had deserted her; as though the husband whom she had always imagined as still the guardian of herself and her boy had turned his regard aside from them and left them to walk alone. She remembered the days when she had fondly looked forward to the time that Maurice would follow worthily and grandly in his father's footsteps, and be the protector and comfort of her declining years. And now it was borne

in upon her very positively that these anticipations would never be realized. Through whose fault?

In the whirlwind of her thoughts an incident of the past reproduced itself vividly before her mind. One evening Dr. Middleton had been visiting them, and the boy had asked permission to fire off a charge of gunpowder which a companion had given him. She had always forbidden him to play with firearms, and when he came for the required permission she replied:

"No, my dear; that is something you must never ask."

"But, mamma," he pleaded, "only this once: I shall never ask it again. I could have done it lots of times if I wanted to; but I never did, because you forbade me."

"Maurice," she answered, laughing, "you have a very compelling way, but I can not let you do it."

"Mamma, *only* once. I'm a big boy—I'm ten years. Papa would surely like me to know how to use a gun. Just once, mamma,—won't you, please?"

She glanced at Dr. Middleton. He sat blowing rings of smoke into the air, apparently an uninterested listener. If only he would give her his moral support, or indicate what he thought she ought to do! If even he would say, in his off-hand manner, "Let the boy have his way!" But he made no sign. At the same time she could not help feeling that she was being weighed in the balance. Maurice knelt on the floor in front of her, his arms on her knees.

"Mamma, do!" he said. "Won't you coax her, Doctor?" he added, turning to Dr. Middleton.

His whilom ally smiled and shook his head. The boy continued looking into his mother's eyes until she smiled also.

"Go, then; but be very careful," she said, gently pushing him away. "And never ask it again."

Maurice fled like a young deer. A few moments later they heard the discharge of the small cannon which was one of his dearest possessions, but which had never before fulfilled the office for which it was intended.

"Why did you buy him the thing if you did not wish him to use it?" asked the Doctor.

"All boys like such toys, do they not, Doctor?" she answered.

"Yes, to be sure. But doesn't it seem a sort of thoughtless cruelty to put the opportunity in his way and then not permit him to gratify it? I myself think they are very dangerous things."

"And so do I."

"Why did you get it for him, then?"

"He begged me for it and I could not say 'No.'"

"I have often observed that you can not. Some day you will regret it. He will soon recognize the fact and take advantage of it."

"He will outgrow his persistence,—I know he will."

"Perhaps the boy may," replied Dr. Middleton, dryly. "But, dear Madam, learn to say 'No' and to abide by your own commands; otherwise you will probably be sorry."

The incident and the Doctor's prediction had always remained in her mind. It was all true. She could never say 'No' to Maurice. She had not taught him the first principles of unselfishness, of renunciation. And yet he had been so loving and so lovable that it was difficult for her to imagine how she could have done otherwise than she had. The dominating, impalpable charm of his nature had always held her in sway; even when from time to time she had felt that it was a superficial, light nature, tasting of all the sweets of life without an understructure of patience or faith, or strength to assume or bear life's burdens.

And she acknowledged to herself as she lay there in the darkness, lashing her soul with reproaches, contemning her weakness with all the might of her regretful thoughts, that as it had been last year and yesterday so it would be to-day and to-morrow and forever. She had never understood him, she could never understand him. He had ruled and would always rule her to the end. She fain would have fought against that will,—yes, she would have resisted it at first glance, if such airy fabric could be demolished with a breath; but she knew that for her, at least, its filaments were of steel, which she could neither bend nor break. Turned and tossed on her pillow, she knew that even if the chosen wife of her boy had been the frail and false creation her fears had imagined, instead of the modest and honest girl whom she had seen yesterday, she would in the end have accepted her from his hands, because she was his and he had chosen her.

When her weary brain had worked thus far sleep began to overwhelm her; slowly the waves of bitter, anxious thought lapsed into forgetfulness, and she sank into a light slumber, from which she was awakened by Maurice tapping at her door.

"Mother," he said, "it is nine o'clock, and a beautiful winter morning. Let me order your coffee and then we will go to the Louvre. You will enjoy the visit, I am sure."

But when he saw how pale and tired she looked, he begged her to remain in bed until *déjeûner*, which she did. They breakfasted at a new *café*. It was Maurice's delight to give her a surprise in the way of some appetizing dish each morning. At two o'clock he left her for the studio, and she once more turned her steps to Marie's dwelling. The girl was not at home when she arrived: an unexpected call to rehearsal had sent her out at an unusual hour.

"If Madame will wait," said the old servant, deferentially. "Marie will not be more than twenty minutes now."

"Thank you!" rejoined Mrs. Martin, seating herself on the sofa, rather glad than otherwise that she might have some moments to collect her thoughts. But Stephanie did not seem disposed to go. She arranged the blinds, changed a couple of ornaments on the mantel, and then, turning to the visitor, said:

"If Madame will excuse me, I would like to say a few words. You know it is not as though I were a mere hireling of Mademoiselle. She was my nursling in New York; then when they came to Paris, by a fortunate chance, I met with them again; and, the mother being afflicted, Mademoiselle has been in my charge. And I have taken good care of her, Madame,—body and soul. Does it not seem so to Madame?"

"If appearances count for anything, it does," answered Mrs. Martin.

"In this case they count for much," persisted the old woman. "With all my might I tried at first to prevent her from going to the theatre; but the mother would have it. To the child herself it was agony. But the mother was different."

"Do you mean that she was not a lady—a good woman?" inquired Mrs. Martin. "I beg that you will sit down."

The old woman took a seat on the edge of a chair.

"You do not seem comfortable there. Take this seat," continued Mrs. Martin, pushing an ottoman toward her.

"Thanks! Madame is kind," replied Stephanie, changing her position.

"I ask you again to give me some little information," said Mrs. Martin. "I can ask questions of you which I could not very well ask Mademoiselle. Her mother—what is she like?"

"A lady—from the sole of the foot up," observed the old woman. "But not gentle or kind, like Madame; with a frown that is always there between the brows—straight and deep; and the eyes dark and fierce; and the head thrown back, and the haughty step. That is the mother of Mademoiselle. The father was still different,—not a gentleman I think. I will be frank with Madame. Coarse and large and with a loud voice. How it is possible that they are the parents of Mademoiselle I can not understand. But so it sometimes happens; and when it does it is too bad for the child."

"That is very true," said Mrs. Martin.

"I do not wish to be disloyal to the mother of my darling, who was, after all, a good mistress to me; but I wish Madame to understand. For the child she seemed to have no affection; and as for the father, he paid no attention to the little one. First, in New York, she was but an infant, and most men do not like babies; but later, in Paris, it always seemed he wanted her out of the way."

"You lived with them in New York?"

"Yes, Madame. I went to America with my husband, and my baby died there. Born there it was also, and lived but three weeks. I was married late, and the little Pierre was our only child. Soon after I went—answering an advertisement—to Madame Desmoulins. The little one was then two years old; they had already dismissed one nurse. Too fond of her glass she was. There I remained a year and a half. After that my husband must come back to Paris. I, too, wished it; but I loved the baby and was sorry to part from her. They were a very rich family then, Madame,—very rich. Near the Central Park they lived."

"Desmoulins? Desmoulins?" repeated Mrs. Martin, reflectively. "I can not recall the name. But New York is a large place, and one half of it is yet unknown to the other half."

Stephanie looked at her sharply.

"There is something I might tell Madame; perhaps I ought even to do it. But I have promised—I am bound. I must think first; later, perhaps, I will do it. Madame has a right—now."

"I do not understand," replied Mrs. Martin. "It is nothing prejudicial to the family, I hope?"

"No,—and yet that would be as Madame judges," said the old woman. "But do not trouble: I will think it over, as I said."

"You have been with them since they came to Paris?"

"Almost—yes. It is strange. One morning I was at the Bon Marché, and there came a lady with a little girl. At once I recognized Madame Desmoulins, and I went forward. She was in want of a servant, and I of a place; for my husband had died. So it happened that we came again together. From bad to worse it went on till Monsieur died, and soon there was nothing—nothing. Then it was singing and dancing lessons from Madame; then came the time of poverty, and Madame very ill. So it was that Marie must dance in the ballet. And such devotion to a mother who is cold and harsh Madame has never seen—never! Thank the good God that our angel will see a happy day!"

"And what of her mother? Is she incurably insane?"

"That I can not say. But it seems to me, Madame, that it will always be as it now is. Four times she has been there, and then at home again; but only for a little while. It can not be for the good of any one that she comes and puts the house in confusion. Still the doctors say that she is cured again every time, and they can not keep her against her will. Mademoiselle, too, will

always have it that her mother must come home when she wishes to do so and the doctors say that she is able. But why I know not, except that the child is an angel; for when Madame is here she makes miserable every hour of the day and night that the child is at home. Now it is a certain dish that she must have, which none can furnish but some *restaurateur* of costly price; or now a bouquet of rare flowers; or a *fichu*, which Marie must make and remake, trim and retrim till it almost falls to pieces; or the old trunks must be ransacked for finery which, when Madame puts on, causes her to weep for the days that are no more. Or the little one must 'get out of her bed at night and sing for hours, because Madame can not sleep and must have diversion. Or it is an afternoon in the country, when she must have a fiacre to take her to and from the station, and a dainty luncheon put up. Oh, I can not tell the half of it to Madame!"

"From what you have said, it looks as though Madame Desmoulins is never sane. I am surprised that she is not kept in the sanitarium permanently," rejoined Mrs. Martin.

"They say it is partly ill-temper," sighed the old woman. "And they do not say wrong."

"It is very sad] for those who are obliged to endure it," said Mrs. Martin. "However, I hope some means may be devised by which Mademoiselle will be relieved of this great charge."

"She will never give up her mother while she lives," said Stephanie.

"In any case, it would be a shame to hamper the life of that sweet young girl without urgent necessity. But if all that you tell me is true, it seems to me a duty to remove her from the place."

"May I ask what Madame means?" inquired the old woman. "Mademoiselle will not renounce her mother. She is all for duty."

"I shall not ask her to do that," said Mrs. Martin. "But you will understand that such a person could not form part of our *ménage*."

"Perhaps Mademoiselle would not expect it," said Stephanie, thoughtfully. "She certainly ought not to do so, and she is reasonable. But it is to be feared that Madame Desmoulins, who is very crafty, would insist on quartering herself with Madame, if she knew that Marie was to marry Monsieur Maurice. In her best days I do not imagine she would have done so, being proud; but Madame knows how one alters when one's mind grows weakened."

"I see a difficult problem here," said Mrs. Martin, thoughtfully. "It may prove a great stumbling-block to my plans. I, too, wish to be reasonable; but there are certain limits I could not be expected to pass."

"Such as giving shelter to Madame Desmoulins, in case she should grow somewhat better; is it not, Madame?"

Mrs. Martin nodded. The old woman assumed a listening attitude.

"Mademoiselle comes," she said, rising at once. "It is best that she does not see me here, perhaps. I thank you for your attention."

Stephanie bowed herself away, and the next moment the door opened and Marie stood on the threshold. She was attired in black, as on the previous day, with the exception of a scarlet feather in her dainty little hat, giving the one tone of needed brightness to her whole attire. Her cheeks were like half-blown roses, soft and pink; intense pleasure beamed from her beautiful eyes as she perceived her visitor.

"Ah! I am glad to see you again, Madame!" she said, warmly clasping Mrs. Martin's hand in both of hers.

(To be continued.)

A Spirit-Photograph, and what Came of It.

BY THE REV. EDMUND HILL, C. P.

IF a spirit, whether good or evil, can take the human form at any time (by divine permission, of course), why can it not make the impress of form or face upon a sensitized plate, and even without becoming visible to the photographer?

A young American convert, well known to me, was ordained priest in July last year at the English College in Rome. A few months before his ordination he made the acquaintance of a gentleman who had recently arrived from England with a view to studying at the college—a convert from the ranks of the Anglican clergy. This gentleman had with him a very remarkable photograph.

While a parson, he had become quite proficient as an amateur photographer. On a certain afternoon, somewhat late, he went into his own church, at the request of an intimate friend, a layman, to take the latter's photograph, with a portion of the church's interior for a background. The friend seated himself in one of the pews, and some fifteen or twenty yards behind where he sat was an oaken screen with panels. As the light was poor, the plate had to be exposed at least five minutes. Toward the end of that interval the clergyman noticed that his friend had turned pale and seemed about to faint. Covering the plate, therefore, he went to the man's assistance, who said that he had experienced the most miserable five minutes he could remember; the cause of this experience, however, he could not imagine.

When the plate was developed, what was the astonishment of the amateur photographer and his friend to see upon it *three* faces instead of one! First, there was the face of the subject, distinct and full; but as of a person in great distress,—the eyeballs turning upward and the lips slightly parted. Next, close beside the subject, was the somewhat blurred head of a man in profile, and *of a very horrible appearance*. Thirdly, on the oaken screen above mentioned—apparently on a panel of the screen—was the likeness of a young man, *brother to the subject*, who had been an artist, and had committed suicide, in a fit of melancholy, two years before. This third face was three-quarters full, bearded, and *quite calm* in expression. It was this face, too, of course, which attracted special attention.

The vicar printed several copies of the photograph, and asked the members of the dead man's family what they saw there. They all perceived, and at once, the likeness of the deceased in the background. Copies were then sent to the Psychological Research Society, in London. All the experts agreed that the likeness was not the effect of any graining on the panel or of any atmospheric condition. They acknowledged themselves quite unable to account for the apparition by any natural cause.

But the clergyman was not content to dismiss the strange phenomenon from his thoughts. He already believed in praying for the departed, as numbers of Anglicans do nowadays; so he set to work to pray for the soul of this interesting suicide. His charity was richly rewarded; for before long he found himself constrained to knock at the door of the true Church for admission.

We may suppose that what chiefly worked upon his mind was the evidence he had received of the *reality* of that unseen world in which so many of those outside the Church are losing faith; whereas to us Catholics that world is as real as if it were *not* invisible. It is comforting to know that he did pray

for the soul of the suicide, and that his charity was rewarded; for it gives us good reason to believe that the young man's soul is among the saved. Whereas, on the contrary supposition, it is easy to explain the presence of that other being with the horrible profile as the *lost* soul of the artist depicted on the screen, allowed to stand near his brother and torment him. As it is, that repulsive being must remain a mystery, and why he was allowed to torment the young man who sat for the photograph.

And here it is apposite to remark that suicide, at the present day, is much oftener deliberate self-murder than kind-hearted people are willing to believe. It is, indeed, a serious question whether the great majority of suicides are not inexcusable before God.

Again, it is not enough to call the conversion above narrated a remarkable one. Had the Anglican clergyman not been *in earnest*, both as a thinker and a man of prayer, the lesson designed for him, by an extraordinary occurrence, would have been quite thrown away. The same earnestness manifested itself in his going to Rome to study for the priesthood; and when it was decided for him, later, that he was not called to the sacerdotal state, he returned to England, resolved to devote his life to the cause of Catholic truth in the many ways open to an intelligent layman.

Let me add that, having first heard the story of his conversion at third or fourth hand, I was careful to get the exact particulars before giving it to THE AVE MARIA. So I wrote to my young American friend, now working as a priest in a London parish, and obtained the real facts of the case—as told him by the favored convert himself.

ANGELS descend from heaven every day,
And might be seen if we had Jacob's grace.
—*McGee.*

A Case of Restitution.

A PARISH priest in another country sends us the following narrative, the publication of which will emphasize the importance of restitution in cases where another has been robbed of his good name. The obligation of making amends as far as possible when one's neighbor has been left thus poor is frequently lost sight of; and the too common practice of gliding over the sin by confessing "uncharitable conversation" often misleads the confessor as to his duty.

Mrs. G—— was a lady of position. Among her domestics were two maids whose mother was lodge-keeper. On all three the lady had the utmost reliance, and felt the highest respect for their character. And the confidence was well deserved. The greatest devotion was manifested to the lady's interests, her servants being devoted to her young children, and showing all manner of loyalty to herself.

A man who had previously been in the lady's employment came to her on one occasion with a report against the widow and her daughters. It was more than he could bear, he declared, to see what was being done behind the lady's back, and he could hold silence no longer. He then gave a detailed account of certain articles that were stolen, naming the days when the thefts were committed and the means employed by the culprits.

The lady knew this person to be attentive to his religion; she was not aware of any ill-will existing between him and the widow and her daughters; and, on the other hand, having known these servants for a long time, she could not believe anything wrong of them. So she replied, promptly and straightforwardly, that she did not credit what

had been told her. "At the same time I must confess I was staggered," she said to me; "though I could not and I would not believe it, and I meant to act as if I had never heard the report. But, somehow, the affair got wind and caused great disturbance about the place. Strange—strangest of all, as it seemed to me,—the woman and her daughters never said a word, never complained or cried or seemed any way concerned over it; but went on with their business just as usual—silently, carefully and attentively."

Things were disturbed for a year or so, but at last the incident began to be forgotten, when one morning the mail brought a letter from the man who had made the complaint. He wrote that he had been attending a mission given by the Redemptorist Fathers, one of whom preached strongly about injuring a neighbor's character. The man went to confession, but the priest refused to give him absolution until he should write to Mrs. G—— to tell her the whole truth, and to restore the good name of the poor widow and her daughters, whom he had so cruelly—but, as it happened, so impotently—belied.

There was a good confession; and the confessor, of course, was simply discharging his plain duty in requiring his penitent to retract the calumny. It is just possible that this point is not sufficiently insisted on in catechism classes, though detraction is often a more serious sin than theft.

THESE beautiful lines of Coleridge have been well applied to St. Francis of Assisi, "the meek man of God," as he is called by Dante:

He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast;
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

Notes and Remarks.

The disfranchisement of the Negro in North Carolina may be viewed from many standpoints. Theoretically, it is a clear violation of the spirit of the Constitution; practically, it is a declaration from the people of North Carolina that the son of the bondwoman must not be heir with the son of the free. But it may also be regarded as an argument for letting the Filipinos go their way. With one race problem tormenting the public mind, there ought in all reason to be some prudent hesitation about taking on another race problem. The Spaniards—as history shows—could have done this work incomparably better. They did it in Mexico, where the Indians were benevolently assimilated, not annihilated; and they did it in Cuba, where the color of a man's cuticle is little considered. Our government has failed to civilize and assimilate the inferior races chiefly because it is forced to ignore religion—the great civilizer—in its schools. And of the Tagalo we may say what a clever writer says of the black man: "The book education offered to him by a paternal government is as unsuited to him as that other paternal system which teaches the red Indian girl to play Percival de Sara's tunes on the piano, and then sends her back to adorn the wigwam of a husband with three wives who must cultivate the soil for their lord and master."

A writer in the Hastings (England) *Observer* supplies this curious and very interesting instance of the conservative character of the English people:

It is not a little curious that Rye's town seal should be, of all municipal corporations, perhaps the most papal in the whole kingdom. It is composed of an enshrined figure of the Madonna and Child, around which are the words, *Ave*

Maria, plena gratia, Dominus tecum. I mentioned to a well-known High Church clergyman in Hastings the fact that through centuries of hard and fast Protestantism Rye's town council had been using this seal, when the reply came: "Well, poor people! it didn't hurt them. We may well suppose they didn't understand it." I am not prepared to endorse this, as it may appear to some readers, cynical observation. I merely mention it as a strange fact that, while through generations the Ancient Town should be condemning what it called "Mariolatry" in all its shapes and forms, it, nevertheless, on its every important legal document had impressed a figure of the Mother of God encircled with the invocation, "Hail Mary, full of grace! the Lord is with thee." The local historian may by and by have something to say on this point.

We are at a loss to know what we have ever done that we should be doomed for so many years to read the reports of state and county charities. It is a dreary task. Charity! Heaven help those who on account of crime or misfortune are compelled to enter many of our public institutions! Some of them must be veritable infernos. Here are extracts from the "Indiana Bulletin of Charities and Correction" for the nine months ending July 31:

County Poor Asylum, Fort Wayne. At the present time there are no religious services held at the institution.—County Poor Asylum, Hartford City. Attention is again called to the need of some provisions for sex separation and fire protection.—County Jail, Brazil. There are no religious services held at this time.—County Jail New Albany. The present quarters for women and children are within sound of the voices and sight, nearly all the time, of the most hardened criminals.—County Jail, Princeton. Boys serving fines for petty offences are associated with the worst criminals.—County Poor Asylum, Bloomfield. We found five chairs for the accommodation of thirty inmates. Old and decrepit men and women had no chairs on which to sit at meals or at other times,—not even benches. We found two combs for the whole institution, and no looking-glass; nothing like a bath-tub.—County Jail, Noblesville. The prisoners are not classified as to age or morals.—County Poor Asylum, same place. No reading matter is provided.—County Poor Asylum, Corydon. There are no religious services.—Poor Asylum and Jail. Martinsville. We suggest the importance of some special and definite arrangement for the separation of the sexes. No religious services are held regularly in either institution.—County Jail, Spencer. We do not hesitate to say it is a disgrace to town and county.—County Poor Asylum, Rockport. No regular reading matter furnished. No religious service held.—County Poor Asylum, Sullivan. We saw no reading matter or other means of occupation for the inmates.—County Jail, same place. The walls are defaced by obscene matter.—County Jail, Evansville. We regret that you have refused to consider the employment of a woman attendant for the female prisoners.—County Poor Asylum, Wabash. We recommend that religious services be permitted occasionally on the Sabbath Day.

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The bulletin has its bright side, too, of course. Of St. Joseph's Hospital, Fort Wayne, conducted by the Poor Handmaids of Christ, the committee report says: "The sick are cared for in a humane and tender manner. They are furnished with the proper food and all the delicacies that their condition will permit. The best medical skill has been secured to attend their wants, and all surroundings are made as cheerful as possible." The same praise, it must be said, is bestowed upon several secular institutions; but there is no telling how long present conditions may continue. Would to Heaven the poor, the aged and orphaned everywhere were in care of Sisters, whose methods never change and whose charity never fails! The hard lot of those who pass their days in state asylums and poorhouses might be brightened by an occasional supply of wholesome and entertaining reading matter. Who will help to extend this work, which is as truly charitable as to give food and drink to those who hunger and thirst?

It may be, as a secular editor puts it, that the Catholic peasants of Oberammergau are the only Christians possessing the faith and the inspiration to produce the Passion Play with such religious fidelity; but at least we may claim for our countrymen that they could conduct the "business end" of the enterprise with more cunning. The

Bavarian peasants receive only the most nominal fee for their part in the representation, for which they have been in hard training for *ten years at least;* and "whether the part played is important and fatiguing, or whether it is that of a 'super,'" says the *Westminster Gazette*, "the remuneration is the same." It is no wonder that lynx-eyed Yankee pilgrims have yearned to buy out the whole plant, as they express it, and put it into competition with Col. Cody or the successor of the late Mr. Barnum. The gate-money at Oberammergau this year amounted to $300,000; and the sale of photographs, wood-carvings, rosaries and statues—the manufacture of which is the business of the peasants—has been enormous.

We can readily believe that it was with not a little reluctance the judges of pedagogics at the Paris Exposition found themselves forced either to stultify themselves by ignoring the signal merits of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, or to act with laudable impartiality and award (as they did) fifty-seven "recompenses" to the sons of St. John Baptist de La Salle. Messrs. Léon Bourgeois, Buisson and Bayet, it may be taken for granted, were not unduly prejudiced in favor of the Christian Brothers; and that they decided to grant to those eminent instructors three grand prizes—thirteen gold, twenty-one silver, and fourteen bronze medals,—as well as six honorable mentions, is proof positive that the Brothers fully merited the highest honors in pedagogy. Possibly the Brothers may now enjoy a respite, if only a brief one, from the persistent attacks directed against their system of instruction.

The magnificent response of the country to the appeal from Galveston has proved adequate for the immediate needs of the stricken city; but the material losses, to say nothing of the awful loss of life, will be irremediable. Many of the churches, convents, schools and asylums are utter ruins, and the rest have been almost hopelessly damaged. It will be several decades before the Catholics of Galveston will have recovered from the heavy blow. Meantime the Bishop, the clergy and the religious of the city have acted in keeping with the best traditions of the past. The superb pluck and devotedness of the priests and Sisters, who hurried to the rescue of the victims before the storm had spent its force, have elicited from the daily press many such tributes as this one from the New York *Journal:* "The moral effect of these men and women in their sombre but significant robes is most striking. The ghouls flee and fear such groups as they do not the armed patrol."

A thoughtful contemporary, the *Catholic Citizen*, declares that it would like the idea of Catholic federation better if it was proposed primarily for other than semi-political purposes. "It is not the Indians, the Filipinos, nor the soldiers who furnish the larger questions for the Catholic public," says that paper. "The larger questions are found in the way Catholic immigration from Italy and other parts of Europe is being lost to the Church; in the way the home-life of the poorer Catholics in our cities is being neglected; in our unscientific treatment of such important matters as Catholic charities and Catholic higher education." Now, these are excellent subjects to bring before the federation once it becomes an accomplished fact; but, as a practical man of the world, the editor of the *Citizen* must surely know that the wise plan is to profit by the interest aroused in the movement among Catholics—it will be long before

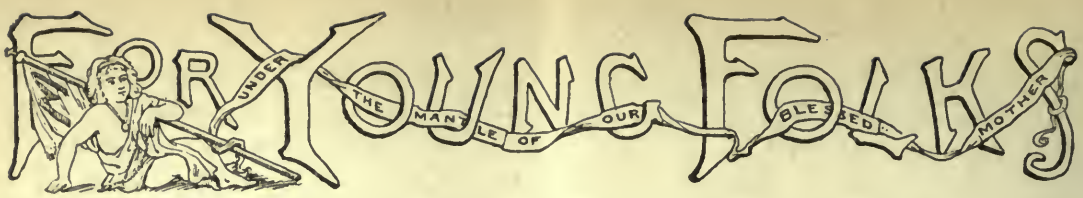
the psychological moment comes again—and defer clammy criticisms until later. It would not surprise us if Catholic federation should be defeated by the characteristic failing of American Catholics—the passion for debate.

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It appears that the purpose aimed at by the federation movement is still generally misunderstood. "Language can not more plainly declare than my Boston letter and my Trenton address that I have not the remotest idea of promoting or even suggesting a Catholic political party," writes Bishop McFaul. "It will be necessary, of course, to have organization. All societies composed of Catholics should endeavor to touch at certain points; so that, while each retains its identity and pursues its own aims, there may be a bond of union enabling them to exert a concerted influence. But the formation of a political party is not contemplated. It is not to bring our religion into politics that an appeal is made to the Catholic laity of America; on the contrary, it is to keep our religion out of politics. American citizens, because they are Catholics, are discriminated against; and we are determined to unite for the purpose of defending ourselves against this un-American bigotry."

Seven hundred French priests met in congress at Bourges last month to discuss the more important religious and social questions—the drink evil, Sunday observance, the training of the clergy, the formation of social and religious clubs for girls and workingmen. The Archbishops of Bourges and Besançon were present, and the spirit of initiative and aggressiveness was strong in the congress. Abbé Gayraud aroused the fury of the Royalist press by his appeal to the clergy to move away from the policy of isolation, to accept the actual government heartily, and to assert themselves vigorously in the interests of the people. It is to be regretted that the government is not more deserving of such enthusiastic loyalty—official France plumes itself on its atheism,—but we should like the Abbé Gayraud's policy to have a fair trial. As Archbishop Ireland recently said to an assemblage of French priests: "You may regret as much as you like the world of other centuries. It has gone; it will never return. You must come into touch with this world that is new. You must go to the people." Evidently this feeling is growing in France, too; for fifty-four members of the French hierarchy have given their adhesion to the resolutions of the congress.

While Henri Lasserre will always be remembered as the devoted historian of Our Lady of Lourdes, another layman of France seems destined to secure a fame not less enduring in connection with the miraculous Pyrenean shrine. Dr. Boissarie's name is one that has become familiar to all who are interested in the wonders constantly occurring at Lourdes,—one that we have quoted frequently in our pages as authority for more than ordinarily striking prodigies, and one that will henceforth be more than ever identified with the most glorious pages of the Grotto's history. The eminent physician has recently published a magnificent octavo of nearly six hundred pages, with one hundred and forty illustrations, under the title "Les Grands Guérisons de Lourdes." Dr. Boissarie treats of only such cures as he himself has witnessed, such as numerous witnesses besides himself bear testimony to, and such as the highest scientific authorities have examined and studied with the utmost thoroughness.



Dot and Carrie.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

II.—Dot is Adopted.

THE next morning, though very strange and shy, Dot was quite well. She looked at the boys with wondering eyes; but, to Carrie's delight, clung to her and would not allow her to leave her for a moment. This state of things, however, did not last long; and before night she was perfectly at home at Craglonen, and she and Randy and Dickie were the most devoted friends.

Several days passed and no one turned up to claim the child. Inquiries were made amongst the various persons—passengers and sailors—who had been saved from the *Henriette;* but none of them knew anything about her. Some of them remembered having seen her toddling about the deck with her nurse. One lady said she had noticed the little girl, and been amused by her the first time she saw her. She was sitting up in her berth, talking to the stewardess.

"'She,' said the child, pointing to a pretty, fragile lady lying on the bed underneath, 'is our mudder. She's all of our mudders. Our fadder went and leaved us.'—'Father's only gone for a time, Dot,' cried one of her brothers, a bright-faced lad of ten. 'He'll soon come to England.' I turned away, amused," the lady added. "But, as I was very ill, I paid no attention to them again, and never heard their name."

Of herself, Dot could give very little information. Her English was imperfect, and her pronunciation so strange that it was difficult to understand her. That her name was Dorothea Melville, and that the locket she wore round her neck contained her mother's hair, dawned upon them gradually; and after a week or so they sent to the papers an exact description of the pretty child, and everything she had on when saved from the wreck. To this they expected an immediate reply, and the speedy arrival of some near relative to claim and carry her off. But their expectations were not realized. Days and weeks passed and their advertisement remained unanswered.

Then Mrs. Kerr began to feel uneasy. Were they never to get rid of the little girl? She shrank from taking on the support and education of another child. They were not wealthy. In fact, at the present moment, until her husband obtained the appointment he was looking for, they were obliged to be very careful, and live as quietly and at as little expense as possible. Therefore it would be absurd to undertake the care of this little stranger. Such a thing could hardly be thought of, and something must be done. She, the children, Carrie and Harold especially, were daily becoming attached to the poor little waif; and the longer she remained with them, the harder they would feel their separation from her when the time came.

"The love she has for the child is good for Carrie," she mused one day. "She is less selfish, less impatient, since she has had Dot to look after. But the child can't stay here always. I must talk the matter over again with Will. He's inclined to let things go on as they are, and keep her with us till some

one does come to claim her. But I can't agree to that."

She left the house; and as she went over the lawn a little shaggy dog, blind of one eye and limping with one leg, ran up to her, wagging a stump of a tail and sniffing joyfully round her feet.

"Poor Hoppy! how are you?" she said, patting the rough head. "Where are all your friends, the children?"

Hoppy frisked and barked, scampered on a little; and then ran back, barking and whining louder than ever.

"All right! Quiet! I'm going as fast as I can," she laughed. "Dear, dear, but you're ugly, Hoppy! And yet they all love you, and wouldn't part with you for worlds. They saved you, did Harold and his father, from some boys who were ill-treating you; and would never part with you since, though everybody laughs at you and them. Poor old Hoppy! it was a good day for you when you found your way in here."

Turning round by the ivy-covered summer-house, she heard the sound of merry laughter, and the ceaseless chatter of children's sweet voices; and presently at the far end of the orchard her eyes fell upon as pretty a picture as ever gladdened a mother's heart.

Upon the grass lay Randy and Dickie, face downward, heels in the air, their tongues running on continually; their chubby faces wreathed in smiles of happy contentment. Close by them sat Carrie, dressing her doll and singing softly to herself as she cut out and arranged the little silk frock. Upon a garden-seat, sketch-book in hand, was Harold; and before him, a bunch of bright autumn leaves in her arms, stood pretty, golden-haired Dot.

"She's so lovely like that, Harold!" Carrie said, interrupting her work and her song to look at her brother and his model. "I wish you could draw her just as she is."

"I wish I could!" exclaimed Harold, "But you know I'm only a duffer; and, somehow, I can't get her to look as she does really."

Dot, standing thus, was certainly an enchanting creature. She had a peerless head, and her hair was like a cloud of gold. Her laughing eyes were sapphire blue, with dark, daintily pencilled brows. Her face was oval, her complexion that of a wild rose. She had a slender, graceful little figure, and her feet and hands were slim and shapely for a child of such tender years.

"How sweet she is and how happy! No wonder Harry is anxious to draw the little fairy!" thought Mrs. Kerr. "But I don't think he's a good enough artist yet to do justice to such a restless little mortal."

"Dot tired, Haway!" lisped the child, shaking her head about and putting her bunch of leaves over her shoulder. "Dot wants to go to Caway."

"Just a minute longer, Dot," began Harold. "Steady—"

But Hoppy came suddenly along, and, springing at the little girl, caught the leaves in his teeth, and sent her rolling on the grass.

"Dear wee doddie!" she cried, pulling his tail and laughing merrily. "I'd much wather play wis Hoppy,—indeed I would."

"Very well," the boy answered. "You have been very good; so I'll let you off now, you rogue!"

From his earliest years Harold had shown a great talent for drawing, and was never so happy as when left alone with his pencil or paint brushes.

As Dot and Hoppy made merry on the grass, and Randy and Dickie ran up to join in the fun, Mrs. Kerr went across to Harold and sat down beside him.

He looked up from his drawing with a smile.

"Isn't Dot a darling, mother?" he

asked, brightly. "She's quite at home with us all now."

Mrs. Kerr looked from him to the children on the grass.

"You would all be sorry to give the little one up, dear?"

"Rather. But"—with a quick start—"there's no fear, is there? No one has answered the advertisements?"

"No, and I am beginning to think no one ever will."

"I hope not," said Carrie, edging up to her mother; "for then Dot will be ours—our own little sister. Wouldn't you like that, Harry?"

"Indeed I would. She's a perfect lamb."

"But, my children, we must consider. How can we keep the child?"

"Keep her? Of course we must keep her!" cried Harold.

"What else can we do?" said Carrie. "We can't turn her into the road."

"There are homes, dear children,—orphan asylums. We might send her—"

"O mother, no, no! Pray don't think of that!"

"But you must remember we are not rich and have our own children, my darlings, to provide for. Dot will cost us money. Even now she wants clothes of every description."

"I've got a whole pound in my money-box,' said Carrie. "You may have it all for Dot, mummy."

"Thank you, dear!" said Mrs. Kerr, caressing her little daughter's curly head. "I can manage without that. But I was thinking more of the future. When Dot grows older she will require even more than she does now. How can we, just at present, undertake to support and educate another girl?"

Harold's bright, frank eyes looked straight into his mother's, and, laying his hand upon her shoulder, he said:

"Do you remember a little verse you taught me last year, mother?"

"No, dear. What was it?"

"Sufficient for to-day its care,
Its evil and its sorrow;
God imparteth by the way
Strength sufficient for the day."

"I like that, my boy," said a manly voice; and, glancing up in surprise, Harold found his father standing close beside him.

Carrie sprang into Mr. Kerr's arms.

"Papa!" she cried,—"O papa, mother thinks we must send poor Dot away!"

Her father kissed her and sat down beside his wife, and, holding his little daughter very close, said:

"Mother is just as anxious to keep our sweet waif as you are, dear; but you see we have to consider ways and means. Money is very scarce at present, Carrie mine."

"I know. But, father, we'll give up all our Christmas and birthday gifts; and I have a pound and Harold has two; and Randy and Dickie even—"

Her father laughed. Then, as Carrie flushed and looked on the verge of tears, he pressed his lips to hers.

"You are very generous, my little girl, and I am greatly pleased. Only"—his eyes twinkling—"I fear it's rash to promise anything for pickles like Randy and Dickie."

"They're very good-hearted."

"To be sure they are; and so, thank God, are you all. But I think mother and I will be able to manage without calling upon any of you to break open your money-boxes. Eh, Constance?"

His wife smiled assent and laid her hand on his.

"I think so, dear. But, seriously, Will, it is time we decided something about this child. Harold and Carrie want to keep her. And you know I would gladly do so if—"

"You weren't such an anxious little woman and we were not so short of money. But we must put our trust in God, Conny, and hope for the best. The child costs hardly anything now; and

when I get that appointment, one more or less won't matter."

"When you get it,—yes. But things are looking rather hopeless, Will. You want some powerful person to speak and use his influence to get it for you."

Her husband sighed.

"Yes, that's just what I do want. Jim thinks Lord Raghan will do what he asks him; but I have my doubts. However, he's certainly friendly with your brother. So we must hope for the best, dear."

Little Dot, with Hoppy jumping and barking by her side, and Dickie behind her, came running across the grass, laughing and holding out her two chubby hands as she cried:

Oo's my fend, Misser Kerr. Save me from Hoppy and Dickie!" And she hid her face upon his knee.

"You sweet baby!" he exclaimed, delighted. "I am indeed your friend. Go away, Hoppy! Go away, Dickie!"—to his younger son, who ran up leaping and shouting and pulling the child's frock. "This is home. You must not touch her here."

"Come along now and play, Dot!" whispered Dickie, after a few moments' tranquillity. "The big people talk of things we don't care about. Come and see the rabbits."

"Ess, Dickie, I'll go wis you, 'cause I like yabbits," she cried, gaily; and, slipping her hand into his, she let Dickie lead her away.

"Constance," Mr. Kerr said, his eyes following pretty Dot and her sturdy companion, "we must be guided by the wishes of our children and keep this little girl. God has sent her to us in a strange way, for some good purpose. He loved and blessed little children when on earth: for His sake let us love and cherish Dot and treat her as our own. Some day her friends may turn up to claim her. Till then she must be our second daughter,—eh, Carrie? Does that please you?"

"Oh, yes, papa dear!"—Carrie's eyes danced with joy,—"indeed it does!"

"Mother," cried Harold, "you agree with father,—think he is right?"

"Yes, my son,—certainly. I have said what I thought, but I will not oppose you all any more. We will keep Dot, and from this day forward I shall love and cherish her as my own child."

"And she shall be our sister!" cried Harold and Carrie in a breath; and they flung their arms round their mother's neck and kissed her rapturously.

After this things went on much as usual at Craglonen, and in a short time the excitement about little Dot passed away; she became very dear to all the children and just like one of themselves.

(To be continued.)

Told of Rubens.

Peter Paul Rubens had achieved great success. Other painters had failed, he had triumphed. Honored by the king, applauded by the people, beloved by his friends, the possessor of wealth,—there was little left to desire. One day while walking in the suburbs of Madrid he entered a convent, whose inmates were living under a most austere rule; and in the choir he observed a picture which enchained his eyes.

"Look!" he cried to the pupils who had accompanied him. "Here is the work of a master-hand."

"Who can the artist be?" inquired Vandyke, Rubens' favorite scholar.

They looked all over the canvas for a name, but found only the marks of erasure where a name had been.

"I will find out about the picture," remarked Rubens, turning to the guide. "Kindly beg the Prior to come here."

The Reverend Father appeared.

"We are enchanted with this picture," began Rubens. "Such coloring, such drawing! Who, please, is the artist?"

The prior answered quietly:

"He no longer belongs to the world."

"Dead! How dreadful!" exclaimed Rubens. "Well, if he had lived, I should have to take a second place."

The prior looked puzzled.

"Oh, you do not know who I am! I am Peter Paul Rubens."

For a moment a singular expression lighted the face of the prior, and he looked upon the artist with interest and admiration. Then he relapsed into his usual calm.

"You mistake me. He is not dead, but he no longer belongs to the world."

"Oh, he has entered religion! Well, Father, kindly tell me his name, that I may let the world know and gain for him the glory he merits."

"He does not wish earthly glory: he lives only for God. I can not give you his name."

"Now, my dear Father," said Rubens, "don't you think you are somewhat unfair? You oblige me to take considerable trouble. If you will not tell me his name, I must find some one who is more obliging. The idea of hiding such gifts in a cloister! I have a great deal of influence, and it shall be used to induce Master Painter to let his light shine before men, as we are ordered to do in Holy Writ."

"Listen, my son," answered the prior. "Before this man left the world he endured much, sinned much; then God was good to him and gave him peace. In return, he laid all his talents upon the altars of that Church to which he owes pardon and happiness. He does not regret his step; and I ask you, in Heaven's name, to respect his secret and to be silent concerning the merits which you say his picture possesses."

Rubens bowed. "It shall be as you wish," he said, motioning to his pupils that it was time to depart.

The prior withdrew to his cell; and, after a prayer of thanksgiving to God, he seized a box of colors and a palette and gently dropped them into the river which flowed beneath his window.

As for Rubens, he was very thoughtful and silent all the way back to Madrid.

The Liberator's Piety.

The granddaughter of Daniel O'Connell gives us this pleasant incident of the Liberator:

The occasion was a monster meeting on the hillside; and when the crowds caught sight of him, such cheers went up as have never been heard in sad old Ireland since that day.

"How do you stand this, father?" inquired his son Daniel. "It's enough to turn one's head with pride."

"My dear boy," answered the father, "at such times I pray doubly hard."

O'Connell's piety was the keynote of his life, and he never was so busy that he could not find several hours during the twenty-four to devote to God. He had the privilege every day of assisting at Holy Mass, celebrated by his own chaplain; and was permitted to keep the Blessed Sacrament continually in his own house,—an honor still accorded to his grandson, Daniel O'Connell, of Darrynane Abbey.

In old English pictures the professional gravedigger is often represented as wearing a whip tied about his waist,—for the purpose, doubtless, of keeping away boys whose curiosity interfered with his calling. One ancient sexton in Scotland used always to begin his digging by saying to the boys: "Noo, laddies, bide awa for a while, and I'll let you see the grave when it's dune."

With Authors and Publishers.

—Mr. Justin McCarthy has retired from politics to devote his remaining years exclusively to letters. Mr. McCarthy has been distinguished as statesman, biographer, novelist and magazinist.

—Professor Kaulen, of Bonn, who has just celebrated his sacerdotal Golden Jubilee, is one of the most eminent Scriptural scholars in Germany. Since the death of Cardinal Hergenröther, twenty years ago, Dr. Kaulen has been busy with a new edition of Wetzer and Welte's "Kirchenlexicon," a work of monumental industry and erudition.

—Those who contemplate a visit to the Eternal City will welcome "The Pilgrims' Guide to Rome," a little book just issued from the press of Messrs. R. & T. Washbourne. It is translated from a well-known French work by the Abbé Laumonier and adapted for the use of English-speaking pilgrims by Charles J. Munich, F. R. Hist. S., vice-president of the Catholic Association, at whose request the translation was made. The book is appropriately brought out and is supplied with a good map of Rome.

—Copies of John Gilmary Shea's translation of Charlevoix's "History of New France" have hitherto been ranked among the rarities. Soon after the publication of the work the entire edition, with the exception of one hundred and fifty copies, was destroyed by fire. It is therefore good news that Mr. Francis P. Harper is issuing a new edition, limited to seven hundred and fifty-nine numbered sets, of this invaluable work. A sketch of Dr. Shea and a bibliography of his works are included in the work.

—Those who wish to keep *au courant* with modern historical literature must not overlook the "Collection of Studies and Documents Relating to the Literary and Religious History of the Middle Ages," which the Libraire Fischbacher, of Paris, is bringing out. The first volume of the series—the tract on the Portiuncula indulgence, by Brother Francis Bartholi—is already issued. Other volumes still to come are a biographical study of Brother Elias, by Dr. E. Lempp; the Blessed Angelo Clareno's "Chronica Septem Tribulationum," with an introduction by Prof. Tocco, of Florence; the "Actus S. Francisci et Sociorum ejus," never before printed; and, last but not least, a critical edition of the Fioretti. The last two volumes will be prepared by M. Sabatier, who, though a Protestant clergyman, has done as much toward a critical knowledge of the life and times of St. Francis as any living Catholic writer.

—Max Pemberton, we observe, is catalogued by the London *Tablet* among the popular English writers who are converts to Mother Church. The fact—if it be a fact—was not known to us. Mr. Pemberton's fiction is in great favor with magazine readers, and a new novel from his pen—or must we say typewriter now?—is in press by Appleton & Co.

—Some interesting biographical details of Lionel Johnson are afforded by a writer in *New Ireland*. Mr. Johnson is now thirty-three years old. He was a hard reader at Oxford and his studies led him inevitably into the Church. He was, however, not actually "received" until he left Oxford, being the last person confirmed by Cardinal Manning. His forbears for three hundred years had been strongly prejudiced against the Church and the Irish people; his own conversion was so thorough that his biographer declares he has "two dominating loves—the Catholic religion and Ireland." Though known to the public chiefly as a poet—he stands in the front rank of the junior bards,—he has a very unusual grasp on theology and a scholarly knowledge of several other subjects.

—A heartless editor who "writes sarkastic," as the late Artemus Ward would say, has drawn up a code of rules for beginners in literature, instructing them how to approach an editor. Mingled with the caricature there are a few really important directions, and for the sake of these we reproduce the code here:

Write and ask him if you may call to talk over literary projects with him. That will oblige him to dictate a polite note saying that you may.

Take to the interview a scrap-book containing your past work on newspapers and periodicals. He will enjoy looking it over.

Begin the interview by saying that you have not thought of any subject to treat of yourself, but you hope that he may have something he wants written up. It is well to add that it is almost impossible to get ideas, as all the articles seem to have been written already. Being in hourly dread of turning down a future genius, he will labor patiently to make you betray a spark of ability.

Explain to him how you came to take up literary work, setting forth at length your financial difficulties. He is paid by the week, so his time is not important to him.

Ask him if he knows that his magazine printed a portrait of Li Hung Chang over the title of Mrs. Burke-Roche several months before. He has already received ten thousand letters on the subject, but will no doubt be glad to explain for the ten thousand and first time just how it happened.

Mention that you have some photographs about which an article might be written, but that you don't want to go to the trouble of writing it unless you are sure of its being accepted. If he feebly suggests that he can not order work without some knowledge of your style, offer to leave the scrap-book with him.

As you rise to go (if you ever do) produce a manuscript poem and ask him to write you frankly what he thinks of it. Do not leave a stamp; he will gladly pay two cents to get it taken away.

Explain that you have never happened to read his magazine, but are going home to do so at once, in order to see just what sort of things he wants. Cheered by this sign of intelligence on your part, he will doubtless present you with a copy.

After you have gone, write him several pages on monogramed paper, asking if you may submit a one hundred thousand word serial. That will give him a chance to write you another note explaining that his magazine is always glad to consider original contributions.

Fasten the pages of your serial tightly together, roll them, omit your address, and request an answer by the following Tuesday. When the manuscript comes back, write the editor asking for the real reason for its rejection. He is a patient man and a diligent one. But it is possible that he may not answer.

By carefully following these directions, as a wise contemporary observes, any person can have the satisfaction of knowing that he is conducting himself like a majority of those who assault editorial rooms.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Education and the Future of Religion. *Bishop Spalding.* 5 cts.

General Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures. *Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S. S.* $2, *net.*

Father Anthony. *Robert Buchanan.* $1.50.

The Soldier of Christ. *Mother Mary Loyola.* $1.35, *net.*

Where is the Church? *Rev. Charles Coupe, S. J.* 40 cts., *net.*

The Autobiography of St. Ignatius Loyola. *J. F. X. O'Conor, S. J.* $1.25, *net.*

The Testament of Ignatius Loyola. *E. M. Rix.* $1, *net.*

Sermons on the Blessed Sacrament. *Scheurer-Lasance.* $1.50, *net.*

A Form of Prayers. *Marquis of Bute.* 45 cts., *net.*

Sanctuary Meditations. *Fr. Baltasar Gracian, S. J.* $1, *net.*

Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption. *W. H. Mallock.* $3.50.

The Flowing Tide. *Madame Belloc.* $1.60, *net.*

A Son of St. Francis. *Lady Amabel Kerr.* $1, *net.*

Poor Dear Ann. *The Prig.* 75 cts.

The Bible and its Interpreter. *Rev. P. H. Casey, S. J.* 50 cts.

The Gospel Story. *B. F. C. Costelloe.* $1.60, *net.*

Studies in Church History. Vol. VI. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* $2.50.

Meditations on the Psalms of the Little Office. *Peregrinus.—Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.* 75 cts., *net.*

Currita, Countess of Albornoz. *Luis Coloma.* $1.50.

The Knights of the Cross. Vol. II. *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* $1.

A Journey with the Sun around the World. *Rev. William McMahon.* $2.

St. Jerome. *Father Largent.* $1.

Studies in Poetry. *Thomas O'Hagan, M. A., Ph. D.* $1.

The Church of Christ the Same Forever. *Rev. D. McErlane, S. J.* 50 cts., *net.*

Christian Philosophy — God. *Rev. John T. Driscoll, S. T. L.* $1.25, *net.*

The Heiress of Cronenstein. *Countess Hahn-Hahn.* $1.25.

The Nursing Sister. $1.25.

Jack Hildreth on the Nile. *Marion Ames Taggart* 85 cts.

Holy Mass: A Morning Paradise. *Very Rev. R. O. Kennedy.* 5 cts.

Giovanni Baptista de Rossi. *Very Rev. T. J. Shahan, D. D.* 20 cts.

Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire. *Samuel Dill, M. A.* $2.

The Spirit of the Third Order of St. Francis. *Father Peter Baptist, O. F. M.* $1, *net.*

The Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau. *Mary Frances Drew.* 60 cts., *net.*

St. Francis of Sales. *A. De Margerie.* $1.

A Book of Spiritual Instruction. *Blosius.* 75 cts., *net.*

A Month's Meditations. *Cardinal Wiseman.* $1.10. *net.*

The Duchess of York's Page. *Mrs. William Maude.* 70 cts., *net.*

Essays, Educational and Historic. *A Member of the Order of Mercy.* $1.25, *net.*

Meditations for Retreats. *St. Francis de Sales.* 75 cts., *net.*

The Acts and Decrees of the Synod of Jerusalem. *J. N. W. B. Robertson.* $1.60.

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LI. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 20, 1900. NO. 16.

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The "Ave."

THE music of the earth was stilled,
And Paradise,
That once with harmony was filled—
When brook and bee and bird
Echoed the sound they heard,—
Now feared Love's whispered word;
For sin was born,
And Time's fair morn
Heard discord in earth's melody arise.

Like music from a distant shore,
There stirred the air
A sound, that, pulsing o'er and o'er,
Soft touched the sad earth's heart,
Where sin had left its dart;
Aye, 'twas of Heaven a part!
Pain found surcease
In God's blest peace
That came to earth with Gabriel's love-winged prayer.

A Feast of the Waning Year.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

JUST in the solemn decline of the year the Church has a most beautiful feast to the honor of our Blessed Saviour: the 23d of October is dedicated to the Most Holy Redeemer. A sweet title is "Redeemer." It is the one chosen by our Lord Himself, the one decreed by God, the one ordered by Gabriel, the one given officially at His Circumcision: "And thou shalt call His name Jesus; for He shall *redeem* His people Israel."

Now, "Redeemer" implies slaves,—poor human slaves in bondage. If we awoke some day, after a long sleep, and began to think of Adam and Eve, or of Noah and his family at the moment they came forth from the Ark after the Deluge, and considered with ourselves that all the human race sprang from these few, and that all were brethren coming from this parent-stock,—oh, how wonderful it would be to think that of these the brother should make slave of the brother and of the sister and of the little child, and should lord it over them! But, as with a staggering blow, history—the personal history of man, who was "made little less than the angels"— forces the odious and dishonorable and dishonoring fact in our faces.

Poor Adam! if he be in heaven, he might, even there, weep when he sees this one terrible curse, out of the many curses, that his sad disobedience has brought on his own flesh and blood. Oh, the stripes of humanity! typifying and being surpassed only by the stripes at the pillar in Pilate's hall.

Listen to our further degradation! Plato, the wise man of the pagan world, observes: "It is said that in the minds of slaves nothing is sound or complete; and that a prudent person ought not to trust that class of persons." He quotes Homer,—"which is equally attested by the wisest of our poets":

Homer: "Jupiter has deprived slaves of half their mind."—Aristotle: "If we compare man to woman, we find the man is superior: therefore he commands.

The woman is inferior: therefore she obeys. Even so among men themselves, there are some who are as inferior as the body is to the soul, and the animal to man: naturally these are slaves."

Listen to our glory! St. Paul: "For you are all children of God. . . . There is neither Jew nor Greek; there is neither bond nor free. . . . For you are all one in Christ Jesus." And again: "There is neither Gentile nor Jew, barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free; but Christ in all." Yet again: "In one Spirit were we all baptized into one body, whether Jew or Gentile, whether bond or free."

If Adam be in heaven, oh, with what happiness he must listen to such words! How sharply was the contrast thus made manifest between the disobedience of Eden and the obedience unto death of Calvary! And just as opposite as their words were the acts of the world and the Church.

Left to itself, our human nature is, alas! a very bad and cruel thing. Men were cruel to slaves; women were, I believe, more cruel still; and children cruelest of all. If we look any day at our children running after a butterfly; and when they have caught the golden fairy of the sunshine, if we watch them wantonly, because thoughtlessly, tear the many-dyed beauty into shreds, we get an idea of children's wantonness. Slaves, except for their physical value, were of no account in the eyes of their masters. The pranks of the masters' children, so long as they "touched not the lives of the slaves," had as little of wrong as their treatment of the gaudy butterfly of Southern Europe.

Ladies of rank (history insinuates and imagination points out) used to torture their poor slaves on the least provocation. Fancy them preparing to go to a banquet, or returning from it; something has gone wrong; they are "out of temper," and they must—unmortified souls!—"revenge" themselves on some one. The slave is the nearest and he bears the burden. The Greek historian Thucydides tells that at Sparta, on one occasion, the slaves were all induced to go to the Temple of Jupiter, and there put to death.

At Rome, if the owner were murdered, all the slaves were put to death. The historian Tacitus has preserved for us one of these melancholy scenes in his annals. He tells that a certain prefect named Pedanius, being murdered by one of his slaves, all in his possession, to the number of four hundred, were put to death. There was a tumult when the rumor spread abroad that so many were to be sacrificed. The Senate was hurriedly called together; and Tacitus gives the oration of one Cassius, who held that it was necessary that this dreadful and bloody execution should take place. "Our ancestors," he says, "always mistrusted the dispositions of the slaves; they would not trust even those who had been born in their own houses and had been brought up in the family from their birth. And if these were not to be trusted, shall I be told that we are to have trust in this mixed rabble, brought from all parts of the globe, and differing from us in religious habits? These, I affirm, can be restrained only by terror." And terror prevailed: the four hundred unfortunate human beings were led out between lines of soldiery and butchered.

It was no wonder that the Christian religion should appeal to poor creatures such as these, and it did. There was a natural reason and a supernatural reason why slaves—unknown names to us and merely embraced in the words, "and their family," of St. Paul's Epistles,—should be the bulk of the Christian worshipers at the beginning of the Church. The natural reason was that the death of a crucified Man

appealed in every way to them, who were oppressed and despised, rather than to their owners, who were immortified and looked with contempt on a religion proceeding from a slave—for a crucified person was in their eyes a slave,—and, moreover, executed between two thieves.

Oh, mind you! it was hard for the people of the world to believe in the religion of the Cross, preached by poor fishermen; and therefore do we read that the preaching of the Gospel was a "stumbling-block to the Jews and foolishness to the Gentiles"; for they could not believe that any god loved man to such extremities as to suffer and die as Jesus Christ had done. The supernatural reason was because the owners were very frequently converted by the virtues, especially of purity and honesty, that they saw in the slaves; God, as the Apostle says, selecting the weak things of the world to confound the strong, that no flesh might glory in His sight.*

By an answering twofold reason did the early Church turn eyes of pity on the multitudes of human beings held in slavery. One was natural and one was supernatural; for, moved by the bowels of common humanity, the Church had compassion on them; and, supernaturally, she saw in them the image of God—of that very Saviour and Redeemer who had died for all.

So St. Paul, that most human of men, who made himself all to all, writing to the owner in favor of one of his slaves that had run away, calls the slave—listen to what he calls him—his son: "I beseech thee for my son, Onesimus. Receive him as my own bowels (*no longer as a slave, but as a most dear brother*). If he hath wronged thee, or in anything is in thy debt, *put that to my account.*"

That women often abused their slaves to such an extent that the slaves died from the effects of ill-treatment was only too true; and the Church in the Council of Elvira makes this ordinance with regard to it: if the slave die within three days after the ill-treatment the lady has to do several years of penance for it.

That men, even Christian men, used to ill-treat them, we are again not left in doubt. The Council of Orleans makes an ordinance that if a slave run to a church and take refuge there, he is not to be given up, no matter what his crime, until the owner takes an oath that he will not maltreat him; the ordinance declares that if such owner forswear himself he is to be separated from the faithful and deprived of the sacraments. It was not alone the souls of men, then, that the dear Redeemer redeemed, but their bodies also.

We come now to the blessed Feast of the Holy Redeemer on the 23d of October; and we find it to be the patronal feast of two religious bodies of men—one of whom was introduced because of the slavery of the body, the other because of the slavery of the soul—the Redemptionists and Redemptorists. It is singularly attractive to study the ways of Almighty God and mark how He introduces now one religious order into His Church and at another time another; each suited to its own time and neither suited to the other.

The Redemptionist Order was founded about seven hundred years ago, by St. John of Matha. We go back in thought to the wonderful period of the Crusades. Jerusalem, the holy city of Christendom, was in the hands of the Turks, bitter

* My mind associates with these the effect our poor Irish had on American families. And I have always agreed with the view put forward by Mr. Aubrey de Vere in his "Innisfail": It was by a special destiny of the Celtic race that they should go to all English-speaking lands to carry there, and there silently preach, the "good tidings" of the Gospel.

enemies of the true faith. For love of the dear Redeemer many Christians ventured to Jerusalem even into the very heart of the enemy's country, and were made prisoners. But prisoners then meant a different thing from now: prisoners then meant veritable slaves.

God had pity, and He put it into the mind of a holy French hermit, Felix of Valois, to try to relieve their lot. Felix mentioned the subject to his confessor, a young priest, John of Matha, who informed him that he had been thinking of this very same thing. They agreed to pray for a year. At the end of the year they went to Pope Innocent III.; and, lo! the Pope had been already inspired by God with regard to it. He gave it his sanction, drew up the rules, and ordered its habit, which was to be of white serge, with a cross of red and blue on the right breast. The one purpose of the Order was to redeem the poor captives. The members were to go into the far countries, take money with them—the revenues of the house at home,—and try to purchase the captives from their masters; while the members at home were to help by prayer and the begging of alms.

In the year 1200 St. John sent into Africa two of his brethren from the first house, which was in France; and these two brethren—an Irishman and an Englishman—redeemed as many as one hundred and eighty-six captives, and thus made one hundred and eighty-six families at home happy. St. John himself went out shortly after, and released one hundred and twenty more.

After some time God inspired other holy souls—but this time in Spain—to undertake a kindred work. St. Peter Nolasco, St. Raymond of Pennafort, and King James I., of Arragon, founded a like Order, under the blessed invocation of Our Lady of Mercy, in the year 1218. As Spain was at that time a good deal in the hands of the Moors, these holy friars had enough to do at their own door. They went to Africa, however, working all along on similar lines to those of the Redemptionist Order. "Our Lady of Mercy" continued to flourish for several centuries; a priest of the Order was chaplain to Columbus in his voyage to America.

The Redemptionist Order was to labor primarily for the bodies of men, the Redemptorist Order was to labor for their souls; and, though the former at first sight appeals more pitiably, as much as the soul is above the body so far is the spirit of the latter beyond that of the former.

In the year 1696, a little more than two hundred years ago, there was born a son in a noble family of Naples. The boy was called Alphonsus. He gave promise of great talent and chose the law as his profession. At the age of twenty-seven he abandoned the law to become a priest. He desired to join the Order of St. Philip Neri, but his father would not allow it; and so he became a secular priest, and devoted himself to the poor in the city of Naples. A few holy priests had at the time gathered into a community. Their principal work was preaching and catechising among the poorer classes. Alphonsus joined these, and his experience more than ever convinced him of the necessity of an order of priests whose one duty would be to give missions to the poor.

He took a long time to deliberate; but, urged by the entreaties of the holy bishop of Castellamare, on the 9th of November, 1732, he founded his society, when he was about thirty-six years old. Seventeen years later, despite formidable obstacles, Pope Benedict XIV. approved of the institute and its rules. At that time the name of "the Most Holy Saviour," which Alphonsus had given to it, was changed by the Pope into

that of "the Most Holy Redeemer." Its one great aim was and still is to devote itself to the most neglected souls, whether in town or country.

It is a personal thing, and may be of little value. I was but a boy when one day, many years ago, I saw for the first time, over the door of the Redemptorist church, in the city of Limerick, the legend of their Order: *Copiosa apud eum redemptio.* ("With Him is plentiful redemption.") I was filled with a sudden joy; and felt, young and immature as I was, that the founder who had chosen for his Order a text that spoke so blessedly of the rich mercy of the Lord deserved to be canonized.

I remember their early missions in the county Limerick. The Fathers were of all nationalities: Dutch, Belgian, German, and so forth. Some of them spoke English very imperfectly; and imagine us altar-boys telling them in confession that we were "imitating" them! They infused a spirit of religion into the body of the people that was previously unknown,—such is the impression, at least, which still lingers in my mind.

Their habit, their long rosary beads, the confessions almost at the dawn of day, the early and impressively reverent Masses, their whole-souled preaching,—all captivated the people and won them to God. But their mortified manner of life was the thing that brought poor sinners from far and near, and gained for themselves the enviable name they hold to this day among the people of Limerick—"the holy Fathers."

Go into the city of Limerick and ask for the Redemptorists' church. Many might tell you they "never heard of it." But ask for "the holy Fathers," and the veriest toddler that has left his cradle will with joy conduct you to it. It is impossible to give an idea of the love of the people of Limrick for "the holy Fathers."

In one of the earliest missions in the country that I can recall—somewhere about forty years ago—one little act of mortification that got abroad worked wonders. It was this. The house the parish priest lived in being small, two of the Fathers were put to lodge during the mission at the home of a "respectable" parishioner. They arrived there of a Saturday night and were to begin the mission next day. The chapel bell rang early Sunday morning; but earlier than the bell, and far more extensive, ran the news that during the night the Fathers had removed the feather-beds and other luxuries that the parishioner had prepared for them, and that they slept on the bare straw.

Now, to the mind of the simple people it seemed an heroic act for these great and learned men to sleep like our poor beggars on a little straw. But, to be sure, you do not know how the beggars used to sleep. God be with the times of long ago!—many a night we went out to the stack of straw and pulled a *gwaul* (armful) for them, and brought it in and laid it down on the kitchen floor, turned a soogan-chair (hay-seated chair) down on its face on the ground, made a bed of the straw up against the back of the chair, and gave a couple of bags for covering; and our poor beggars slept soundly till morning. They would stop at your home last night, mine to-night, and our neighbor's to-morrow night; and come round regularly again a week or perhaps a month later. But they are not there at all now, the poor, old, honest beggars (not the "tramps," *profanum vulgus!*) We're depleted, friend! God help us! with emigration and its consequences, we're a spending-out, if not a spent-out, race.

Pardon me! I'm a real old *shanachee* (story-teller) whenever I get on these long-ago times. But, at any rate, that is the way our poor beggars used to sleep

then. And it appealed overwhelmingly to the fanciful mind of the Celt to think that those reverend men, whom they idolized, should have spent the night almost like the poor wandering beggar by the kitchen hearth.

To us children it was such a strange thing to have a lecture all to ourselves, and to sing hymns; also to be asked questions, and to receive medals and crosses for correct answering. Their method of teaching little ones I have found, after the experience of a quarter of a century. and more, to be, with adaptations for certain circumstances, the wisest, most practical, and most impressive. I furthermore believe that the lecture to the children in a mission is the one which, of all the lectures, is calculated to produce the most good,—even among adult hearers. It is cast in the way that the simple, untutored mind can easily make its own.

It has been my lot to meet many venerable members of the Order; but there is one who slept in the Lord not long since, and whom we at this side of the Atlantic cease not yet to lament—the great and learned writer, Father T. E. Bridgett. He was superior in the Limerick house when I was a boy; and I remember well his full figure in the pulpit, and his sermons, which were strongly argumentative rather than appealing. His slow and correct enunciation was something delightful to listen to; and, in our schoolboy eyes, it added no little glory to his great reputation to be told in a confidential whisper, "He was once a parson."

(Conclusion next week.)

It is written in the structure of the soul that no man can attain the higher skills, or master the higher wisdom, or live the divinest life, until he has made acquaintance with grief.—"*The Life of the Spirit.*"

Dr. Martin's Wife.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LIFE'S LABYRINTH," ETC.

XVI.—A Vain Quest.

"NOW that you are here, there is so much to be said," remarked Marie, removing her gloves and pulling the fingers straight,—a trifling circumstance which Mrs. Martin noted, as evidence of an orderly and economical mind. "Excuse me for a few moments," she went on, hastening from the room; whither, having taken off her street dress, she soon returned, wearing the plain black gown and coquettish little apron of the previous afternoon. There was a freshness and brightness about her which seemed to communicate itself to her surroundings. Mrs. Martin felt her spirits rise as she looked at her. In the most natural manner in the world Marie resumed her seat beside her, saying:

"Maurice has told me that you have said some very nice things of me, Madame, and I am deeply grateful; for I can understand that at first—it was very difficult. I see it more and more—as I reflect."

"He told you something of my plan, then?" inquired Mrs. Martin, gazing with admiration into the smiling eyes, as she thought how very hard it must be for any young man not to fall in love with them.

"No: he told me nothing," she replied. "He said you would be so much more clear and explicit than he could be that he would leave it all to you."

"You know that Maurice wishes for a speedy marriage?" said Mrs. Martin after a moment's reflection.

"Yes," the young girl answered. "But there are some obstacles to that; for instance—that is indeed the principal, the only one,—there is my mother."

"Yes, and it is a serious one. If she is incurable, it could be arranged to give her a comfortable and safe home where she is, or in some place equally desirable, while she lives. If not, there remains the problem of what is to be done. I will be frank with you, my Marie. I have learned—I believe from good authority—that, probably owing to misfortunes which have visited her, her temper has been soured, and that she could never at any time be a desirable inmate of our household."

"From whom have you learned this, Madame?" asked Marie, in a subdued voice. "No—I will not inquire. If you wished me to know you would have told me. It is true, Madame,—it is true what you have just said; and it would be most unjust to put such a burden upon you. But I could never desert her—never!"

"Would you not be willing to have a good provision made for her, so that she might reside with a faithful nurse or attendant? Do you not think that Stephanie would be willing to undertake the responsibility? I am sure she would be kind to her."

"I would have to think about it," said Marie. "And I am not sure that Stephanie would accept the charge. I will be frank with you in turn. My mother is peculiar always, even in her sanest moods."

"I doubt very much whether she is sane at all," responded Mrs. Martin. "In my opinion, it would be better to allow her to remain where she is."

"But, Madame, would it not be very cruel, if she wishes to come home and the physicians say that she is fit?" Without waiting for an answer, she continued hurriedly: "Well, as I have said before, I must consider it. Perhaps if I could see her every day—as I could of course—it might be thought of."

Mrs. Martin hesitated for a moment, seeking appropriate words for what she was about to say.

"But, Marie, there is something else. If you agree to my proposition, it will be impossible. We shall not stay in Paris: we shall return to America."

"Not remain in Paris!" said Marie. "I thought that Maurice was enamored of Paris, and that you liked it also. Oh, why could we not remain here?"

"Can you not see that I must forget, and have others forget as early as possible, that the wife of my son has been—on the stage? We belong to another world—different, altogether different from the world in which you live; which, however, I am glad to know is not yours from choice but dire necessity. The day will come when you will feel just as I do now, Marie; and it is my desire to remove you as soon as possible from your present surroundings and all that may remind you of them."

"I understand you," said the girl,—"I fully understand you. And you have been so kind and good that I have no choice but to obey. You are wise and experienced, Madame. But now you ask me to *leave* my mother. I could not do it,—it would be monstrous; I could not do it."

"No, not to leave her altogether,—at least not at present. And if it came to the point, she also, perhaps, might be taken to America."

"She would not go!" exclaimed the girl. "She hates it. Nothing would induce her to return to the place where she had been wealthy and honored. Always she speaks of it thus. Here we are unknown,—we live in obscurity."

"Well, well, do not distress yourself," replied Mrs. Martin. "There is much to be done first. I would like you for a time—say one or two years—to go to a good convent school."

Marie's face grew brighter.

"Ah, I should like that," she said. "How often and often I have thought I should like it! To be sure I am not dull and I have read a great deal—my mother devours books when she is well,—but I am not educated. I have never written a letter—a real letter—in my life, Madame; would you believe it? But it costs money, much money, to obtain such an education, and I do not see how it could be accomplished."

"Would you not, as Maurice's wife, be willing to accept the means of support for your mother?" asked Mrs. Martin.

"Yes," she replied, simply. "I would be willing; just as if he were dead and you unprotected, I should be glad to work for you."

"Would you not also, then, consent that his mother should assist you to acquire the education which she considers necessary to fit you for your future position and duties?"

"Yes, Madame, I think I would. I know that I am very ignorant; and, besides, I am not well instructed in my religion. You are such a good Catholic, Maurice tells me. I have never made my First Communion, Madame."

"But Maurice said that you were a devout Catholic, Marie!"

"I have tried to be—in as far as I knew, Madame. My mother is not practical; Stephanie has taught me all I know of religion. Once a year she goes faithfully to the altar, and always to Mass. Once, about five years ago, she said it was time that I should go to confession and prepare for First Communion. But when she went to the curé she came home very angry, because he made it a condition that I should give up my place at the theatre; and she would not let me go to him, though he sent twice. I could not help it, Madame,—do you think? Was there anything else to be done?"

"Will you be sorry to leave the stage?" inquired Mrs. Martin, waiving the question.

"Oh, no, no!" was the reply. "My taste is for home and love and a quiet life. Sometimes I almost loathe it. But it is not all as you think," she hastened to add. "There are many good, brave and noble girls making their living so."

"A week ago I would have said there were not any," rejoined Mrs. Martin. "But to-day I am willing to concede that there are. I know of one good, brave and noble girl, at least, among the number; but, please God, she will leave the ranks very soon."

"I am under contract till May," said Marie. "Madame, you know that I can not break my word."

"The time will soon pass; we must accept the inevitable," returned Mrs. Martin. "If I were very rich and could buy the manager off—I have read of such things,—you should never go on the stage again. But we can not help ourselves. Meantime I shall look about for a good school for you. Maurice can continue his art studies in Paris if he chooses for a year or two, and at the expiration of that time set up a studio in New York—if he still continues to think that art is his calling. Then I hope we shall all be happy together. Let us not worry about your mother, Marie dear; it will all be arranged for her as well."

"It is a pleasant prospect," said the young girl, thoughtfully, her beautiful face uplifted to that of Mrs. Martin, who bent and kissed her pure forehead. "And Maurice will be pleased. All has turned out so beautifully!"

"I am not so sure that he *will* be pleased," said his mother. "He is very unpractical as well as changeable. He wants to be married at once. That, as you, like a sensible girl, have already admitted, is out of the question. And the chances are that he may suddenly

come to the conclusion that art is not his forte and wish to take up some other profession—if art is a profession."

"All young men are so, I have heard. But I have not noticed that Maurice is unpractical. He has assured me that he has no debts, and that is a great merit for a fine young man like him—in Paris. Maurice is good,—very good."

"Yes, I believe he is good," said his mother. "But he is not so serious as I would wish him to be."

"He is *so* young, Madame!" pleaded his intercessor.

"That is true. But so are you, and yet what a wise little head you have on your shoulders!"

"I am a girl,—women are wiser, I think. And, then, my life has been so different. Consider, Madame, I have been the sole breadwinner of our family since I was thirteen."

"Ah, *pauvre petite*, it shall be so no longer, please God!" said Mrs. Martin fervently, pressing the small hand in hers. "I feel that you will have head enough for both. And now, Marie, the next thing is that you send in your resignation promptly, and I will look for a school. I do not anticipate any trouble about that, however."

"You will not return to America?"

"I must, but I shall place you first. I will return for the wedding, and we shall all go home together. I mean to go to the Sacré Cœur to-morrow to make inquiries as to terms, and so forth."

"They are very expensive and also exclusive there. I have heard there are very good schools in the provinces where the prices are not so dear."

"You shall have the best, Marie."

"And now I have a question to ask. Something troubles me. If my mother should not get better, there is dear, good Stephanie,—what of her?"

"Could she not get a position?"

"She is old: she could not do hard work; but something might be found for a while. Later, if it were so that she might come with us, you would bring her,—would you not, Madame?"

"Well, yes, we would find a place for Stephanie," said Mrs. Martin,—"unless she might prefer not to leave here."

"I think she would go to the end of the world with me," said Marie, in her sweet manner, that was so charming in its girlish simplicity. "Some day, perhaps, I shall be able to tell you all she has been to me. But now—it is too soon. Some day, in the years to come."

Marie seemed much affected. Though she was unaware of it, her listener understood. From what Stephanie had said she divined that the old woman had in all ways possible compensated for the mother-love which Marie had never known.

There was no performance at the theatre that evening. Maurice begged that he might fetch Marie and that they should all dine somewhere together, afterward going to the concert of the Mexican band. They did so, and had a cup of chocolate later; mother and son accompanying Marie home.

In his exuberant delight, the young man would have remained up all night arranging the future; readily falling in with his mother's plans, and making it appear to himself, if not to her, that most of them had had their origin in his own active brain. Once having gained her over, he was willing to do anything she advised; admitting now that a couple of years at school would give his *fiancée* the little touches still lacking to make her a perfect woman and incomparable wife. He would work hard; he would soon convince them that his career had been well chosen.

His mother, too, felt quite cheerful,—something more than resigned. She had already begun to love Marie for herself; but the background of her young life

was never absent from her thoughts. She could not forget it, though entirely persuaded that the girl had not suffered by it. But after a few days, when she had been to the Convent of the Sacred Heart and had told there the story of the young girl who was to be her daughter-in-law, the Sisters kindly but decidedly informed her that they could not receive her. Sad and humiliated, Mrs. Martin endeavored to conceal her mortification; and, instead of saying some bitter thing as she felt impelled to do, calmly inquired whether the superior could direct her to another convent where they would not be so rigidly particular. But the superior knew of none; it would be very difficult to place her, she thought.

Somehow she found herself once more in the cab she had hired for the errand; and—though later she persuaded herself it must have been fancy—she felt that she, too, had been included in the reserve with which the superior had wrapped herself about when she had broached the subject of Marie. She had a good quarter of an hour's bitterness, with some tears, which relieved her; then, with her usual sense of justice, joined to natural clear-sightedness and human kindness, she began to look at the opposite side of the picture, seeing at once that it would have been impossible for the religious to do otherwise. The sting remained, but she went bravely on—first here and then there,—only to return at evening from a fruitless quest. No one would receive Marie, whom at every rebuff she figuratively clasped closer and closer to her heart.

At the same time she resolved to spare both the young things the mortification and pain of knowing what she had endured; and, with the inventiveness which only women know, she calmly announced to Maurice when he returned to dinner that she had changed her plans. Marie must return to America with her, she said; she had suddenly but unalterably realized that it would be the best, the only way. He fully agreed with her. Why had they not thought of it before?

"Those stiff *pensions!*" he said. "She would never like to be immured in one. And at home you can keep her with you always. Shall you not do that way, mother mine?"

"That is what I intend to do," she responded. "It will be far better than sending her to school. I can teach her myself; she might have lessons from some one besides. But the question now is, will Marie readily accede to this new project?"

"She will do anything you ask," said Maurice. "She thinks you are the wisest and best and most loving mother in the whole world."

(To be continued.)

A Closed Gentian.

BY ALICE WORTHINGTON WINTHROP.

HAUNTER of heights, where solitude reposes;
Dreamer of dreams, in dreamland's own domain:
Dumb soul and desolate! Thine air discloses
The secret of thy loneliness and pain.

In the tall pines the morning winds have risen;
Thrushes awake, the mists of night are gone;
Glad streams flash by, released from snowy prison;
Sombre, austere and grave, thou broodest on.

The glory of noon sunshine thrills the mountains;
Far, far above their peaks are shining white;
Within thy soul is hidden heaven's azure,—
Wilt thou not open it to love and light?

Night after night stars circle into silence,
Night after night the moonbeams woo the snow;
When Slumber bares her bosom to the darkness,
Then dost thou dream of the bliss that others know?

Still art thou mute, beloved of the shadows?
Psyche of flowers, thine Eros comes! Arise!
Unveil thy heart, and let each dewy petal
Mirror the lovelight in his eager eyes.

Father Ignatius Spencer.

III.—Conversion. Ordination to the Priesthood.

IN November, 1827, at the time when the Rev. Mr. Spencer's mind was most perturbed about the Athanasian Creed, an incident occurred which did much to turn his thoughts toward the Catholic Church. On returning from a visitation he found a letter purporting to be from a gentleman "grievously troubled about the arguments for Popery." The letter was from Lille, and was anonymous; but he answered it at once, and it had the effect of making him wish to find out what sort of people Catholics were.

At this time also Mr. Spencer became acquainted, at Northampton, with a zealous priest who, through his influence, was allowed to minister to the soldiers without insult and obloquy. Later this priest met and thanked him, saying that it was Providence who had sent Mr. Spencer there at that particular time. It may be realized how little he knew of Catholics when this remark surprised him, and he said to himself: "Really, these Papists believe in Providence!"

He soon received another letter from Lille, through which he learned that he had no proper notions of Catholicity: that his opinions were prejudices, not based upon observation or inquiries of his own, but taken for granted from the declarations of others. Anxious to follow the truth, he began to examine further. He had at first endeavored to convince his unknown correspondent of the errors of Rome; but later he determined and promised to continue the same line of investigation with the inquirer, if he would make himself known and would pause a while before joining the Catholic Church. In his own account of the circumstance he says:

"I heard no more of him, however, till after my conversion and arrival at Rome, when I was informed that my correspondent was a lady, who had herself been converted only a short time previously. I never heard her name before (she was a Miss Dolling), nor am I aware that she had ever seen me; but God moved her to desire and pray for my salvation, which she also undertook to bring about in the way I have just related. I can not say that I entirely approve of the stratagem to which she had recourse; but her motive was the best, and God gave success to her efforts; for it was this which first directed my attention particularly to inquire about the Catholic religion. The lady did not live to realize the object of her wishes and prayers. She died at Paris a year before my conversion, when about to take the veil as a nun of the Sacred Heart; and I trust I have in her an intercessor in heaven, as she prayed for me so fervently on earth."

Relative to the result of these letters, he has left us some keen observations, which are very interesting as showing his state of mind at that time. They may be read with profit by the fervent Catholic, and by any sincere inquiring Protestant whose eyes may fall upon these pages. He writes as follows:

"After this period I entertained the opinion that the Reformers had done wrong in separating from the original body of the Church; at any rate, I was convinced that Protestants who had succeeded them were bound to make a reunion with it. I still conceived that many errors and corruptions had been introduced among Catholics; and I did not imagine that I ever could conform to their faith or join in their [illegible] without some alteration on their part. But I trusted that the time might not be distant when God would inspire all Christians with a spirit of peace and concord, which would make Protestants

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anxiously seek to be reunited to their brethren, and Catholics willing to listen to reason and to correct those abuses in faith and discipline which kept their brethren from joining them.

"To the procuring such a termination to the miserable schisms which had rent the Church, I determined to devote my whole life. I now lost no opportunity of conversation with Protestants and Catholics. My object with both was to awaken them to a desire of unity with each other; to satisfy myself the more clearly which was the exact truth, in which it was desirable we should all walk together; and then to persuade all to correct their respective errors in conformity with the perfect rule, which I had no doubt the Lord would in due time point out to me, and to all who were willing to follow His will disinterestedly. I reflected that when Catholics were finally willing to enter earnestly with me on these discussions, they would at once begin to see the errors which appeared to me so palpable in their system. But I was greatly surprised to find them all so fixed in their principles that they gave me no prospect of reunion except on condition of others submitting without reserve to them. At the same time I saw in their conduct and manner of disputing with me nothing to make me suspect them of insincerity or of want of sufficient information of the grounds of their belief.

"These repeated conversations served to increase my desire to discover the true road, of which I knew that I, at least for one, was ignorant. But I still imagined that I could see such plain, unmistakable marks of difference between the Catholic Church of the present day and the Church of the primitive ages as described in Scripture, that I constantly put aside the impression which the arguments of Catholics, and yet more my observation of their character, made upon me; and I still held up my head in the controversy."

At the close of the year 1829 the Rev. Mr. Spencer became acquainted with Mr. Ambrose Phillips, a convert to the Catholic religion; and thus was begun a friendship seldom equalled and never surpassed in the beautiful spirit which animated it; a friendship which had for its basis the salvation of their own souls and that of their fellow-creatures, particularly their compatriots,—a work in which both labored and prayed without cessation to the end of their lives. Mr. Spencer had heard of the conversion of Mr. Phillips, and had long been anxious to meet him, curious to learn the means and the process of reasoning by which he had been led to embrace the Catholic faith. When they at last met, instead of finding that Mr. Phillips had suffered himself to be blindly led by others, he was delighted with his extraordinary intelligence and the clear logic of his conclusions.

Meantime Mr. Phillips was equally interested. He prayed fervently himself, and recommended Mr. Spencer to the prayers of several religious communities. Later on he wrote, inviting him to his father's house to meet the (Protestant) bishop of Litchfield; an invitation which the Rev. Mr. Spencer accepted, having first informed his father of his intention to do so. The effects of this visit were sudden and surprising. On the Sunday previous he preached in his own church, fully expecting to occupy his usual place on the following one. He never stood in that pulpit again.

During the ensuing week Mr. Spencer passed long hours in conversation with Phillips, who seemed invincible in every argument. This was remarkable, as he was at that time only seventeen years of age, and the Rev. Mr. Spencer was forty. While a guest of Mr. Phillips he

was much in the company of several Protestant clergymen, who joined in their discussions, but without, in the opinion of Mr. Spencer, showing any advantage in favor of the Reformed religion. He was now entirely at sea, feeling that he could no longer remain in the Established Church, and yet not satisfied as to the Catholic. But God was about to fulfil His designs on him with more speed than he thought.

On the day preceding that appointed for his return, he went with Mr. Phillips to have some further conversation with Father Caestryck, the priest of the place; which conversation overcame at once all opposition. The priest made him see that, instead of arguing about each individual point, the way was made easy and plain by submitting all to the authority of one guide. The scales fell from his eyes; grace flooded his soul; humbly, submissively, he resolved to acknowledge the convictions that had forced themselves upon him.

At first he intended to return to his charge and preach one more Sunday to his congregation; the next moment he reflected: "Have I any right to stand in that pulpit, being perfectly convinced that the church to which it belongs is heretical? Am I safe in exposing myself to the danger of one day's travelling, while I turn my back on the Church of God, which now calls on me to unite myself with her forever?" He said to Phillips: "If this step is right for me to take next week, it is my duty to take it now. My resolution is made and forever: to-morrow I will be received into the Church."

Mr. Spencer continues: "We lost no time in dispatching a messenger to my venerable father, to inform him of this event. While I was forming my last resolution the thought occurred to me: Will it not be said that I endanger his very life by so sudden and severe a shock? The words of Our Lord rose before me and answered all my doubts: 'He that hateth not father and mother, and brothers and sisters, and houses and lands, and his own life too, can not be My disciple.' To the Lord, then, I trusted for the support and comfort of my dear father under the trial which, in obedience to His call, I was about to inflict upon him. I had no further anxiety to disturb me. God knows the peace and joy with which I lay down that night to rest. The next morning, at nine o'clock, the Church received me for her child."

Seventy years ago the Catholic Church enjoyed neither the respect nor the privileges which are now accorded her. By Protestants, Catholicism was then supposed to be dead, and its memory was held as an execrable thing. But about the time of the conversion of the Rev. Mr. Spencer it began to show signs of life, as evinced by the debates on the Catholic question, as well as by a few other notable secessions from the Established Church.

A just man in every particular, Lord Spencer was ever favorable to Catholics. He voted for the Emancipation Bill, as an act of justice; never dreaming that his own son would be one of the first to reap the benefit of the measure he advocated in Parliament. Heavy as the blow must have been, it could not have been altogether unexpected, as the new convert had so long held such unsettled opinions. There was neither rancor nor animosity shown by any member of the family: he was received as before; his sincerity was respected, and a liberal allowance made him. This friendly attitude was greatly appreciated by him, a load of apprehension having been thus lifted from his heart.

Full of enthusiasm, he wished to carry the glad tidings to his old flock; and, with this in mind, he wrote at once

to Dr. Walsh, the Vicar-Apostolic of the central district, putting himself at his Lordship's disposition with the idea of being ordained priest without delay. But that prelate thought it best to go slowly, and suggested that he quietly proceed to Rome to prepare himself for Holy Orders. This met with the approval of his family, and by the 1st of March he was on his way. On his arrival in Rome he at once presented himself at the English College, where he was received by Cardinal Wiseman. A week later he sent the following letter to Mr. Phillips, giving him some impressions of his new abode:

"I have felt completely comfortable and happy ever since I arrived here. The life of the college is, of course, regular and strict. A year and a half ago I could not have believed in the existence of a society for education such as this. Such discipline and obedience, together with freedom and cordiality, is the fruit of the Catholic religion alone, in which we learn really to look on men as bearing rule in God's name; so that they need not keep up their influence by affectation of superiority and mysterious reserve. I do not know all the members of the college by name even yet; but, as far as I do, I can speak only in one language of them all. I have kept company principally with the rector and vice-rector. I am not put on the footing of the ordinary students, being a *convictor* — that is, paying my own way,—and having come here under such peculiar circumstances as warrant some distinction; though I desire to make that as little as possible. I do not go with the others to the public schools, but am to study at home under Dr. Wiseman and Dr. Errington. The rules of the house I observe; and, indeed, so do the rectors as the rest."

While he was pursuing his studies and preparing for his ecclesiastical vocation under the very shadow of St. Peter's, the world at a distance was not a little busy with rumors concerning him. He had disappeared suddenly,—there was some hidden cause for the quick conversion and resignation of his living. He was the victim of Popish plots, which would soon be unravelled, to the confusion of those who had woven them. Slanderous reports were not wanting, neither were calumnies. But he heeded none of them: his eyes and thoughts were set upward, above all petty spites and uncharitablenesses; and his only anxiety was to complete his studies as speedily as possible.

Called suddenly to England, he was ordained priest on the Feast of St. Philip Neri. Stopping one day in the harbor of Genoa, he went on shore to say Mass in the cathedral; and found the same priest at the head of the sacristy whom he had met twelve years before, and with whom he had disputed on matters of religion on the occasion of his first visit. And now a priest himself, he offered up the Holy Sacrifice in the temple which he had formerly called the receptacle of superstitious practices, and where he had, in heart if not in words, ridiculed the precious treasures of the relics of the saints.

(To be continued.)

It is said that Savonarola applied to St. Francis de Paul for counsel soon after entering the Dominican Order; and in a letter to a friend St. Francis alluded to this, and predicted that Savonarola would be 'a reformer in the Church, that he would convert many and die the martyr's death.'

A beautiful human soul always suggests God, as the shining in the still waters at night makes us instantly aware that a star is above us. We do not need to look at it: we know that it is there.—*H. W. Mabie.*

A Liberal Education.

BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

III.—A Growing Experience.

MR. BUTLER'S remarks put Ralph into a blaze. He jumped from the road-wagon and ran into the drug-store to telephone Mr. Tracey, with the conviction that he couldn't be reached; it would be too good luck. But it wasn't: Tracey answered promptly—you could always get Tracey,—and gave them an appointment for nine o'clock that night.

"I never let an idea get cold," said Mr. Butler in his easy way, as they drove on toward the factory. "If there is anything in it, we want to know it right away. This is a big country, and there are a lot of people thinking all the time. If there isn't anything in your scheme, it is of still greater importance to know it."

While they talked jogging slowly back, the drive grew more crowded with vehicles bound for the park. A gentleman with a fleeter rig than most of those about him passed them, driving alone. He turned his head as he went by and was at some pains to see who rode with Mr. Butler.

"There goes Mr. Manton," observed the young man.

His companion looked up quickly.

"Manton, eh?" Then after a pause, as he watched the head salesman pull ahead, "Did he see us?"

"Yes, sir."

"There's very little gets away from Manton," remarked the president, dryly. "I'm afraid I've done you no kindness in showing you at my side to Mr. Manton. We shall probably hear from this. By the way, do you know there's not a rubber in our factory that would stand a week under the punishment of a wagon wheel?"

"Well, really, I don't know enough about it to talk," responded Crosby. "Probably the idea isn't feasible."

"We'll hear what Tracey thinks about it," said the president, thoughtfully.

When they alighted in front of the factory the vast building was dark, but in the office there glimmered a light at the vice-president's desk. Tracey, in fact, was waiting. To have enlisted, even momentarily, the attention of two such men was enough to make Ralph's heart beat; the only fear was that his idea might prove visionary and rebound in ridicule on himself. Yet he felt that he had disclaimed everything but the bare suggestion.

"Crosby talks about putting tires of rubber on buggy wheels, Tracey," said Mr. Butler abruptly, throwing down his overcoat as he took a chair by the vice-president's desk and motioned Ralph to another.

Young Tracey had large blue eyes, and he had a habit at times of turning them on a person like a pair of acetylene headlights. He looked at Ralph very much as if the latter had proposed robbing a bank.

"It would take the jar off the vehicle; don't you see?" continued the president. "A running gear would last, I should think, twice as long, not to speak of the ease in riding. Could you get up a rubber that would take the pounding and yet afford a reasonable resiliency?"

"It is a mere suggestion," ventured Ralph; which immaterial observation drew the headlights silently back on him again.

The president lit a cigar; Ralph wiped the perspiration from his face; Tracey looked particularly solemn.

"The tires would cost as much as the buggy," said he quietly, at last.

"Cheaper to buy a new rig than to fool with the tires,—eh?" asked Butler.

"The idea is not new," continued

Tracey. (Ralph felt a cold chill.) "It has been tried both here and in England. In the case of the English experiment the tire was a practical failure." (At which Ralph remembered he had not had dinner.) "The difficulty, strangely enough," proceeded Tracey, whom it was impossible to shut off when he once got started, "has been found in securing traction without creeping." And with that he launched into technicalities which left Ralph quite in the air.

"What could the things be made for?" inquired Mr. Butler when Tracey had concluded, as if he were not quite ready to drop the fascinating subject.

Tracey went into a mass of figures.

"The cost in England was, say roughly, twenty guineas per set of four; here they have been gotten up for about ninety dollars."

Mr. Butler pulled at his cigar.

"if you could get them together for seventy-five, Tracey, there might be something in it, provided the mechanical difficulties could be overcome."

"Come up to the laboratory," said Tracey; "I want to look over some notes I once made on that matter. It was before we had begun our new process tire—" Tracey started suddenly, apparently at a thought suggested by his own words. Then he spoke sharply: "By jiminy, that might do!"

He started for the laboratory almost on the run, the two men after him. When they got upstairs it was nine thirty: it was half-past two when they came down. The two experienced men were very quiet; Ralph was breathing hard. He had a secret, and the first great one of his life. And when he got home Uncle George had to hear it all,—at last, to wake up wide and sit up in bed to listen; and when they finally quieted down, the sun was peering above Lake Michigan.

Ralph was at his desk at eight o'clock; the vice-president at his before seven, as usual; and at nine thirty Mr. Butler, imperturbable, walked into his office. There was nothing to indicate unusual excitement anywhere except up in the laboratory; and as nobody, not even Mr. Butler himself, was admitted there without an order from Tracey; and as workmen in one portion were never, on any consideration, admitted to any other portion, I myself shall take no undue liberties with the regulations of the company.

But after five o'clock, when the office force was pretty well dispersed, the three conspirators of the previous night, leaving separately, gathered in the laboratory. Dinner was had later in the factory restaurant, and a long evening was put in; the head chemist being a fourth, and the engineer of applied mechanics a fifth in the council.

This, in brief, was the daily story for the next three months. At the end of that time Ralph drove up to the factory one evening at five o'clock on the first set of Crosby tires ever run on Washington Boulevard, and invited Tracey out for a ride. The experiment, after a mile of travel, was distinctly a failure. They went back with one tire off and one tire on. Ralph felt, literally and figuratively, "broke up"; but Tracey was too old a campaigner to mind those little things. Baffled certainly, but not beaten, they got their heads together again. Ralph securing a leave of absence from Mr. Manton, who was surlier than usual about it, put in a week at a blacksmith shop on Hampden Court, just off Washington Boulevard.

There Ralph Crosby stood in his shirt sleeves one morning, greatly absorbed in the welding of a queer-looking band of iron which he held while a smith hammered at the hot joint of it.

While Ralph watched, a carriage,

driving into the court off the boulevard, stopped in front of the shop. The coachman handed the lines to the footman, and, jumping from the box, ran into the shop to get some trifling repair for the running gear of his brougham. As Ralph looked out at the carriage he noticed that the occupants were a gentleman and a young lady; moreover, that the lady happened to be looking straight at him. It was Pauline Elliot.

He couldn't hide nor run nor sink out of sight. He hung onto his tongs; but the tire misbehaved, slipped over Ralph's head like a circus hoop and fell on the floor. He stepped out of it with the best grace possible, and walked out toward the carriage as the brave man walks toward the cannon's mouth.

Miss Elliot promptly, and with a cordial smile, opened the door and extended her hand. Ralph, holding his hat high, walked with such sprightliness as he could muster across the old plank walk and extended his own rusty palm with something of a flush.

"I'm hardly fit to shake hands, Miss Elliot," said he, showing his begrimed paw apologetically.

The young lady stretched her hand as far as she could.

"Don't apologize, Mr. Crosby; and don't refuse to shake hands after deserting us so long," she smiled.

So Ralph made bold to take her very delicate glove into his own generous fingers. Then old Mr. Elliot spoke, and at the same time Ralph remembered he still had the tongs in his free hand; he couldn't drop them without comment, nor put them in his pocket unobserved; so he just held to them and tried to talk back.

"I hope you won't think I've gone crazy?" he laughed, addressing both.

"You look as if you were learning the business, Crosby," put in Mr. Elliot.

"Not exactly that either, Mr. Elliot. I'm doing some experimenting here for the Tracey Tire Company."

"Who's the Tracey Tire Company?" inquired Mr. Elliot with the bluntness of fathers.

"Why, papa dear, don't you know?" asked Pauline, mildly surprised. "It's the largest rubber company in the country," she added, impulsively. Then, thinking she had ventured too much, she leaned back, a bit confused.

But the little interpolation put courage into Ralph, and he bombarded the old gentleman with statistics. Then the smith got the tire hot again, and Ralph had to excuse himself for a while to give some directions. By the time he got out to the curb again the Elliot coachman had inconsiderately resumed his seat and was ready to drive off.

"Good-bye, Mr. Crosby!" said Pauline, putting out her hand again. "I hope your experiment will prove a success."

"Why don't you come and see us?" growled Mr. Elliot, very decently. He was usually rheumatic and crusty.

"I've been working night and day this year, making up for lost time," laughed Ralph. "But I want to come," he declared, stealing a look at a pair of slender gloved hands resting placidly on the lap-robe.

"We are still at the same number," suggested their owner, softly. "How is your Uncle George? Won't you please remember us? Good-bye!"

When they were gone Ralph tried to get his mind fixed again on the iron band, but every few minutes he looked involuntarily around as if expecting to see somebody.

When he got back to the factory it was six o'clock. He hurried through the offices to catch a stenographer to dictate some letters before going home. It happened that all had departed except Miss Vernon, Tracey's own secretary.

When she saw Ralph's dilemma, she offered to take the work herself. When they sat down at Ralph's desk the main offices were deserted; but while they worked Mr. Manton came in.

"Look here, Crosby!" said he curtly, crossing to his desk and opening it.

"Just a minute, sir!" responded the young man, finishing the paragraph he was dictating.

"I want to see you *now!*" called Manton, with perceptible acerbity.

"Certainly." And, rising, Ralph went over to him.

"Here are some orders you entered yesterday for the Calumet drug company," said Mr. Manton, handing him the sheets. "Where did you get those discounts on hot water bags?"

"Why, from you!"

"No, you didn't."

"Well, but, Mr. Manton—"

"That's the second time this week you've tried to saddle your blunders on this desk. What's the use of your making such statements? You know perfectly well," said Manton, except that he used an irritating oath, "that I never gave you or anybody else such discounts to work from." And he flung the sheets on the desk to emphasize his anger.

"But I insist that the mistake is not mine, Mr. Manton."

"Then I'm a liar?"

"Oh, by no means! Only the mistake, if there is a mistake, must be yours. I wouldn't dream of making discounts without instructions from you."

Manton drew back with an expression of utter disgust.

"Crosby, you're the cheekiest cub that I've ever had to lick into shape."

"Don't call me a cub," replied Ralph, quietly.

"I don't know what else to call you," said Manton, insolently. "You know perfectly well I never gave you any such figures." And, stepping closer, he shook his finger first at the offending figures and then at Ralph.

"Don't bully!" said Ralph, backing away from Manton's finger as if it pricked him. "I know I am right, and I know you gave me those discounts. If there is a mistake, fill the order and I will pay the difference out of my own pocket. But you shouldn't abuse me about it. The mistake is yours, I say."

"If you say the mistake is mine you're a liar!" retorted the head salesman.

There were only two other people in the apartment — the big porter, John Sullivan, who was sweeping out; and Miss Vernon, an unwilling witness to the dispute. Neither of them saw the blow, for it was quicker than light; but they saw Manton fly across the aisle like one lifted into the air by a cyclone, and saw him fall in a heap against a chair.

Sullivan ran to his side; Ralph stood perfectly still. Struggling to his feet, Manton started to rush at Crosby, but the porter restrained him. Ralph, steadying himself with one hand on the desk, watched with apparent unconcern; only there were bluish lights playing in his eyes that made poor Miss Vernon scream with excitement.

"Don't let him near me, Sullivan!" stammered Ralph, controlling his voice with an effort, as Manton attempted to get loose. At that moment the street door opened and Mr. Butler stepped in upon them.

"What's the matter here?" he asked slowly; but there was a nettle in his voice. Manton was getting out of Sullivan's arms and Ralph was standing expectant at his desk.

"Let Mr. Manton explain," responded Crosby, with a tremor which he was unable to control. But he looked directly at his dazed enemy.

"This bankrupt gentleman that you've

put in here to run my department—" stuttered Manton.

"Drop the epithets, if you please!" said Mr. Butler, sternly.

"Pays no attention to my instructions about prices," added Manton, huskily; "and when I call him down he turns out to be a slugger."

"Strange," said Mr. Butler, "that two men with common-sense can't get on in this office without quarrelling like a pair of teamsters! I will hear the rest of this in the morning. Miss Vernon, will you take a couple of letters for me?"

Manton started for his desk; but, noticing that the "bankrupt gentleman" showed no signs of leaving it, he went to the washroom instead. Ralph picked up his papers, though with the slightest evidence of reluctance, and crossed over to his own chair. Mr. Butler had thus diplomatically quelled the disturbance, and secured a witness whose fresh impression of the scene he took care to get at once.

Next morning Mr. Manton came down late—after Mr. Butler even,—and, with much dignity added to the perceptible abrasion on his powerful jaw, walked directly into the president's office with an ultimatum. Either Crosby should be discharged, he declared, or he would quit the company then and there.

Mr. Butler met his threats in the blandest of bland ways.

"I appreciate your grievance, Mr. Manton," he remarked, in his blunt, sympathetic manner. "Crosby's conduct is inexcusable. And, on the other hand, you were mistaken in the controversy. Oh, yes!" and he raised a deprecating hand to ward off a dispute, as Manton flared. "The chief stenographer, Miss Button, was taking down your dictation last Wednesday when Crosby came up and asked discounts for the Calumet drug company. She happened by mistake to take them down. Here are the original notes under that date. Here is where she crossed them out when she learned they didn't belong in your letter, as she at first supposed. This, so it happens, is incontestable. But," added Mr. Butler, "it doesn't exonerate Crosby from such discipline as we shall see fit to impose on him."

Mr. Manton had gotten around very early with his ultimatum; but at such times Mr. Butler stayed up all night if necessary. In this instance Miss Vernon, who liked Ralph because he was a gentleman, and disliked Manton because he was a bully, had furnished the proof of the facts in dispute immediately after a conference with Miss Button, who luckily had them in her note-book.

Manton was not even abashed by the evidence of his blunder. He began at once to shift the blame of the quarrel on the hot temper of young Crosby, and again reiterated his demand that he should be discharged.

"Don't understand that I defend Crosby," said Mr. Butler. "But you must leave his case in our hands. Don't put any difficulties before me in the nature of an ultimatum, Manton. It isn't wise nor necessary. I'm as much vexed over the affair as you possibly can be. You must leave it entirely with the officers of the company."

Continuing in this manner—for to present the details of the settlement of so serious a disturbance in an office force would fill a chapter,—Mr. Butler mollified the big bully until he agreed to leave the issue with Crosby in the president's hands. To handle so valuable a man as the head salesman really was without breaking with him altogether, and yet to give him no advantage in the nature of a dictation, required all Mr. Butler's diplomacy.

Ralph came back in the morning very much cooled. His uncle, after hearing everything, had for the first time in his

life reproved him severely. There had been very little sleep in the Crosby apartments that night.

When the young man appeared in the office everything was so quiet that he did not suspect how closely he had come to a summary discharge. Only Miss Vernon's good offices had saved him from a misfortune which might have hurt him for years in his struggle to get a foothold in the world. But the decision had been made long before he went to the president's office. Miss Vernon and Tracey had saved him from anything worse than a bitter reproof.

"Crosby, I don't care a rap about your justification," said Mr. Butler, with some impatience, after Ralph had stated his case. "When you jump into this sort of a mess, you drag your friends in a good deal deeper than yourself. I can't undertake to explain a whole question of business policy to you. This man is very valuable to this house. I don't like the fellow any better than you do. I have been inclined to knock him down a good deal oftener than you have. I have had provocation which to me was as great as yours to you. Suppose I began doing business that way. Where would I end? On the scrap heap. This man knows our methods, our policy, our trade—everything but our laboratory secrets, and I can hardly keep him out of them with my fists. Yet he possesses exceptional executive ability, and I don't know to-day where I could replace him. Even if I could, it would cost me no end of worry and trouble if he got away from here at this juncture. Now you gave him a chance to come into this office and dictate your discharge to me."

Ralph sat very much dejected.

(To be continued.)

It makes a great difference in the force of a sentence whether a man be behind it or no.—*Emerson.*

The Materials of the Little Office.

BY THE REV. ETHELRED L. TAUNTON.

II.

LET us try to get an exact idea of the purpose of the Psalms, and then we shall be able to deduce certain principles of interpretation which will be of use to us hereafter. Whose voice is it we hear in the Psalms? It is a threefold voice: David or the other authors, Jesus Christ in His own person, and Our Lord speaking in the person of His creatures. The first voice is clear and, generally speaking, is easily to be recognized; but David spoke in prophecy, and he was himself the type of Him who deigned to be called the Son of David. So the literal and first meaning, which applies to David only, finds its full significance in Our Lord, who is the real speaker in the Psalms. St. Augustine says: "Let us commend oftener and oftener, and it does not weary us to repeat what is useful for you to know, that it is our Lord Jesus Christ who frequently speaks in His own person as our head; often in the person of His body, which is ourselves and His Church; yet so that the words seem to come from the mouth of but one man; so that we may understand that the head and body are integrally one and can not be separated; as that union of which it is said: 'They two shall be in one flesh.'* If, therefore, we acknowledge Him in one flesh let us acknowledge Him in the one voice."

"Thus we explain," says the learned M. Bacquez, "what the holy doctors teach: the Psalms are full of Jesus Christ; they are His instrument, His voice, His language: the language of the members and of the head. They are a single yet at the same time a

* St. Mark, x, 8.

manifold voice, in which are expressed and mingled all the blessings of heaven and earth, all the yearnings of love, all the tones of gratitude, all the prayers of the needy. In this way can we also understand what Our Lord says so clearly that He is the object of the Psalms, and that they speak of Him.* This, too explains why He makes such frequent use of them, particularly on the cross, and applies their words to Himself.†...Thus we see the aim, the object, the divine reason of the Psalms. We hold the key to them, and bear in hand the torch that sheds light upon all their difficulties. We know how to search out their depths, measure their breadth, and comprehend their variety, harmony, and general meaning. It is always Jesus Christ, the mediator, the great high-priest, the only worthy adorer of His Father, who stands before the throne. It is always He who prays, He who speaks, through us....At times He seems to be referring to one nation only or limiting His words to some special circumstance or event. But, in truth, His thought goes beyond His words. What seems the object is only an image, a symbol or a type of the widest signification. Israel means all God's faithful people; Jerusalem, seated on a mountain and set upon a rock, means the Church; Sion, where the tabernacle was, the holy of holies, is heaven, the eternal sanctuary wherein the Lord dwells and is ready to listen to our prayers...." ‡

This exalted view of the Psalms sets them far above every other formula of prayer, and explains why for nineteen hundred years God's people have found in them the good of their souls. Says an old writer: "If you are sad, the Psalmist weeps with you; if you are joyful, he gives your joy wings that lift you up to heaven. Do you mourn? He is ready to comfort you. Are you depressed, betrayed or ill-treated? He is by your side to meet your want." And is this any wonder when we remember they are the words, the expression, of the Sacred Heart of Him who was acquainted with sorrow, and like to us in all things except sin?

There is another principle in reference to the Psalms to be drawn from the doctrine of the mystical body—viz., that if the words are absolutely true of Our Lord, they can also in measure be referred to us who are His members. *In measure*, we say; for in proportion as we approach to Him and the more we are likened to Him in all things, the clearer will be the application of the Psalms to us and the nearer shall we be to having the same mind that was in Christ.

Following out this thought, and bearing in mind these words, "Those whom God hath predestinated He hath predestinated to become conformable to His Son in all things," we may ask who in all creation has been predestinated to a higher union with Him, and who bears the closest resemblance to Jesus? Surely it is she who bore Him, who nursed and tended Him, who cared for Him during all His mortal life, who kept all His words in her heart, who stood by His cross and was the object of His last love and care. Mary, our blissful Mother and most gracious Lady, is the example of what a creature can become by grace. She, as the Mirror of Justice, reflects in the highest way the perfection to which a mortal can attain, and how far he can become an image of the Word made flesh. If Jesus bears

* "Which were written in the Psalms concerning Me." (St. Luke, xiv, 44.)

† St. Matt., xxvi, 47. St. Luke, xxiii, 46. St. John, xv, 25.

‡ The generality of mystical writers take those two, however, in the opposite sense: Jerusalem, the "vision of peace," meaning heaven; and Sion, the fortified rock, the Church militant.

in His human form her likeness so that He can be recognized as Mary's Son, His Mother bears His mark, being the chief work of the Author of grace, His very masterpiece. "She is the great wonder set in the heavens: a Woman clothed with the sun, with the moon beneath her feet, and crowned with twelve stars";* the wonder of all God's creatures, who marvel that any one can be raised so high, that any one can be so glorious and yet remain what they are themselves—a mere nothing in comparison with the Maker. To Mary, then, we can make such application of the Psalms as can be referred to the highest of all creatures; and what is true of the mystical body of Christ will be especially and more appropriately true of her whom the Fathers of the Church delight to style "the neck which joins the body onto the head."

It must be remembered that, according to the mind of the Church, the Office is a choral service,—that is a public service sung or recited with a certain ceremonial. And this should be carefully borne in mind by those who, for any reason, are prevented from joining in the public recitation. As regards the Psalms, the practice of singing them antiphonally—that is by two choirs, each taking a verse in turn—is said to have been first introduced by St. Ignatius, the third bishop of Antioch, on account of a vision in which he had heard the angels praising the Blessed Trinity in alternate choir.† Compare the vision of Isaias: "I saw the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up, and His train filled the temple. Above it stood the Seraphim, . . . and one cried unto another and said: Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts: the whole earth is full of His glory."‡ The custom appears to have been introduced into the West by St. Ambrose at Milan.*

After the Psalms comes spiritual reading; and this is (as far as the Little Office is concerned) from the Sacred Scripture. This follows the same course of interpretation as the Psalms, being, like them, the word of God. Jesus is again the explanation of the Scriptures, Old and New; for they both refer to Him. He was looked forward to in the Old and set forth in the New. "Many kings and prophets have desired to see the things which you have seen,"† He said; and once more: "Search ye the Scriptures, for they testify of Me."‡ And what is true of Him is, in due measure, true of His members, and principally of our ever dear and Blessed Lady.

From an early time—at least from that of St. Ambrose, though probably earlier—hymns were introduced into the public prayer of the Church. St. Hilary of Poitiers (368) is the earliest hymn-writer in the West. St. Benedict makes use of them in his Office. Hymns in the Office are employed to rouse the soul by their cheerfulness and jubilation. St. Augustine thus defines a hymn: "A song in praise of God; if it be not addressed to God it is no hymn, nor is it a hymn except it set forth His praise." The three hymns in the Office of Our Lady answer well to that definition; for in singing the praises of God's sweet Mother-Maid we are praising Him who has done such mighty things to her§ and has made her all she is. The three hymns we make use of—the *Ave Maris Stella*, *Quem terra, pontus, sidera*, and *O gloriosa Virginum*—are attributed to Fortunatus, bishop of Poitiers, who died in 600. But in the form used at the present day they have suffered from certain revisions made in the time of

* Apoc., xii, 1.
† Amalarius De Eccles. Off., iv, 7.
‡ Isaias, vi, 1-3.

* Rabanus Maurus, De Instituto Cleric., 2, 50.
† St. Luke, x, 24. ‡ St. John, v, 39.
§ St. Luke, i, 49.

Urban VIII., and have lost in the process much of their old rugged beauty. For thirteen hundred years they have been sung in the Church, and are hallowed by the memories of countless saints and servants of God who have greeted Christ's Mother in their sweet strains. They seem to sum up in their short, concise lines thoughts too deep for expression, — thoughts that will bear only the slightest expression. We seem to treat her as she treated her Son: in all simplicity indicating her want. She said: "They have no wine." We say, *Bona cuncta posce*,—"Ask for us all good things."

(Conclusion next week.)

Notes and Remarks.

Although scandals are inevitable, they are not necessarily irreparable; and it sometimes happens that where disedification abounded atonement has been so complete as to blot out even the memory of scandalous deeds. It is very gratifying to hear that an unfortunate priest, who publicly renounced the faith and caused scandal in different parts of this country, has retired to a monastery in Italy, there to do lifelong penance for his evil course. He has published a letter of recantation, in which he professes his firm belief in all the teachings of the Church, implores pardon for the scandal he gave, and begs the charitable prayers of all who may hear of his conversion. The announcement that he is never again to exercise priestly functions in public is especially edifying, because this decision represents the most perfect reparation that could be made. The place of a priest who has had the misfortune to give public scandal of any kind is in retirement. The truest service he can thenceforth render to the Church, no matter what his talents or efficiency may be, is the practice of exemplary penance. The public conscience and all notions of Christian repentance require that such a one should be silent and inconspicuous to his dying day.

Canada naturally feels proud of her part in effecting the canonization of St. John Baptist de la Salle. It is not generally known that one of the two miracles required to complete the "cause" was wrought in Montreal. The incident is recalled by Archbishop Bruchési in an admirable pastoral letter ordaining a solemn triduum in honor of the new saint. "Brother Nethelmus suffered from an incurable disease caused by an injury to the spinal column. This malady had reduced him to such a state of weakness that he was unable to walk a single step, or even to move his feet in the slightest way. Thus paralyzed and given over as incurable by the most skilful doctors, the sick man lets himself fall before the image of the founder of his Order. With the ardor of filial confidence, he implores with abundant tears St. John Baptist de la Salle to look with pity upon him and to assist him. At once a miracle is wrought—the judgment of the Church permits us to use this word. Brother Nethelmus feels his feet reviving, that strength returns to them, that he has power to move them. He gets up and walks. Supernatural intervention has cured him."

A successor to the beloved Bishop Rademacher has been appointed in the person of the Rev. Herman Alerding, of Indianapolis. The diocese of Fort Wayne has been practically widowed for almost two years, during which its affairs were administered with conspicuous ability by the Administrator, the Very Rev. John Guendling, V. G. Father Guendling assumed the direction of the diocese at a peculiarly trying time, and it is

due him to say that he rose superbly to the situation. A cordial welcome awaits Bishop-elect Alerding in Northern Indiana, whither his good name has long since preceded him.—The diocese of Columbus is still rejoicing over the consecration of Mgr. Moeller; and the Archdiocese of Dubuque has given a royal welcome to Mgr. Keane. The consecration of auxiliary bishops for Indianapolis and Peoria adds two worthy prelates to the hierarchy. If the bishops of our country come together eight years hence to celebrate the centenary of the first partition of the original diocese of Baltimore, it is not improbable that there will be an American bishop for each year of the century.

The *New Century* deserves our gratitude for the best statement that we have seen of the conditions which brought about the great strike among the miners of Pennsylvania. Our Washington contemporary, with characteristic enterprise, sent a special correspondent to study the problem on the spot, the result being a strong article in support of the miners. Their grievances, briefly stated, are these. The average miner's wages throughout the year amounts to about $250, which is considerably less than a dollar per day; yet even this small wage is greatly reduced by the system of "company stores," all "run" by the mine-owners, which the men are required to patronize. The cost of provisions in these stores is said to be from fifteen to thirty per cent higher than in stores owned by private individuals. In many sections also it is stated that the mine operators charge almost twice the market-price for the powder, cotton, oil, etc., used by the men in mining the coal. Says the wide-awake correspondent of the *New Century:*

> I found a number of cases in which the net earnings of a miner working full time for a month had dwindled down to a very few dollars. And in one case I came upon a miner's account for August as rendered him by the company which showed that, after so deducting for his powder (eleven kegs) and the amount paid his helper, the miner owed the company over four dollars. (An attempt was made by a reporter to secure a photograph of this bill; but the miner refused, saying it would lead to his being "black-listed.")

Still another intolerable grievance is the system of "dockage." When the cars loaded with coal are sent up to the surface, the company's weigh-man arbitrarily "docks" the miner as much or as little as he pleases for the slate and rock that may be mixed with the coal. This matter and also the system of company stores were remedied by legislation years ago. Remedied, that is, on paper; in practice, both abuses have gone on unchecked.

For the sake of the coal-buying public, which suffers greatly during a strike, as well as for the sake of the men, some method of arbitration between the miners and the operators ought to be made compulsory by law. The scheme is by no means quixotic. For six years arbitration has been compulsory in such cases in at least one country of Australasia, and the arrangement has proved a blessing to capital and labor alike. Arbitration insures at least some semblance of reasonableness in the solution of labor difficulties; strikes, like wars, are essentially irrational.

If all who appreciate THE AVE MARIA were to exert themselves even slightly to increase its circulation, we should soon be enabled to enlarge our space and carry out plans, which it is a vexation to defer, for the improvement of the magazine. On the principle that a word to the well-disposed—we will not say wise—is sufficient, nothing further need be said. But the requirement of more space is emphasized this week by the omission of several columns of editorial

matter and the necessity of dividing articles which ought to be presented in their entirety. Not to speak of other things in type, it seems a pity to delay from week to week notices of interesting and important new books. However, we are always happy to allow extra space to contributors like the author of "A Morning Paradise." Could anything be more charming than his reminiscences of the coming of the Redemptorists to Ireland? It is a blessed privilege to publish articles like our present leader, and a joy to think of their having thousands of appreciative readers.

Strange things occurred at Galveston during the recent terrible hurricane, in which, it is now asserted, no fewer than 7000 persons lost their lives. The destruction of property was so great that it will be several years before the city is restored to its original condition. A correspondent of the *Galveston News* relates that of all the beautiful memorial windows in the Church of the Sacred Heart only one escaped injury; it presents a lifesize portrait of St. Peter Claver, and his feast fell the day after the storm. The Mother Superior of the Ursuline Convent, in a letter to the editor of the *Southern Messenger*, refers to a statue of the Blessed Virgin venerated for many years under the title "Our Lady of Storms," the locality of which proved the only safe refuge to the members of the community and many terrified Negroes:

> Needless to say that our Blessed Mother was invoked thousands of times during the dreadful night of terrors, when we feared each moment would be our last. This shrine, although in quite an exposed situation, remained untouched, in spite of the fact that the third and first floors of our monastery were torn to pieces. The second floor, to which we had removed the Blessed Sacrament when the water began pouring into the chapel, and on which the shrine is located, proved the refuge of the greater part of the community, and of about 100 Negroes, who were driven thither, panic-stricken, by the falling of the walls of the old academy which had been assigned to them.

Another correspondent tells of the preservation of 1200 persons who took refuge in a school-house:

> We passed a most agonizing night; our only comfort being our Rosaries, as well as the blessed candles which a pious neighbor thoughtfully carried with her, and which served as a beacon of hope and faith to the Catholics present, and also illuminated the dark and dreary room in which we thought to meet our doom. When the storm was at its height, the waves dashing against the windows, the roof falling in, the gable ends crashing into the rooms, and all hope of earthly relief abandoned, then were the decades of the Rosary recited as only a dying Christian, relying on the Help of Christians, can recite them. Nor were our prayers in vain. Every one in that building is living to offer praise and thanks to the glorious Star of the Sea, who was our protection on that fearful night.

Are these only singular coincidences and extraordinary escapes? The Author of the natural order is its obvious Superior and Lord. Is it unreasonable to think that He willed the preservation of that window for the testimony and example it affords us? "More things are wrought by prayer than the world dreams of," sang Tennyson. Supplications are sometimes heard according to the intention of him who prays, to teach us that prayer should be unceasing, and that when heartfelt it can never be in vain.

There are only two German universities, Heidelberg and Freiburg, to whose classes women are admitted as a matter of right; in all the others the attendance of the fair sex is regarded as a matter of privilege, dependent entirely upon the taste of the professors. In some of the American universities to which women were freely admitted there is an evident wish to return to the ancient exclusiveness. In every case, it need hardly be said, it is the wisdom of co-education, not the desirability of higher education for women, that is in question.



Little Nell.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

SOMETIMES she is very naughty—
Romping up and down the stairs,
Tearing pinafores and dresses;
For her misdeeds go in pairs.
Sometimes she is very thoughtless;
To be neat she does not try
When this careless fit is on her,—
But she never tells a lie.

Sometimes she is rather idle,
Likes to sew for "Dolly dear";
Hates that "horrid, horrid spelling,"
And "examples" more severe.
Sometimes she is quite ungracious,
Just the same as you or I;
Little Nell is *not* perfection,—
But she never tells a lie.

But, when all is said, our girlie
Is like other children are;
She can be as kind as any,
She can patient be—as far.
With her mite she's ever ready,
On an errand she will fly;
Always sweet to baby brother,—
And she *never* tells a lie.

Dot and Carrie.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

III.—Some Talk about Dot.

AFTER a storm comes a calm; so the days that followed the terrible afternoon on which the *Henriette* had been wrecked and little Dot saved from a watery grave were days of delightful weather. Warm and balmy was the air, brilliant the sunshine; and the children were out in the garden or down on the sandy beach from morning till night. They built castles, laid out gardens, and were always ready and eager to begin again each day, heedless of the fact that their work was destroyed, almost as soon as it was finished, by the incoming tide.

Dot alone did not like the sea. She shivered and cried and clung to nurse's knees, hiding her face in her dress, and calling out that she could not bear it. If coaxed and cajoled into approaching the water's edge, she screamed so wildly when a wave came running close to her feet that Mrs. Kerr at last decided that the little girl was to be left with her in the garden when the others went to dig on the sands.

"I will stay and keep her company, mother," Carrie said. "The poor darling shall not be lonely."

"You'd only laugh at us and call us muffs if we were so silly," cried Randy. "And the sea is just lovely. Dot would soon grow to love it, if you made her come once or twice."

"If you had suffered on the sea as Dot has done you would hate it too," answered Carrie, nodding her head wisely at her little brother. "But you haven't; so just run off and leave us in peace. I'm going to tell Dot a story." And Carrie settled herself in a big chair in the summer-house and drew little Dot upon her knee.

"I'm glad I'm not a girl!" laughed Randy; and, taking Dickie's hand, both boys scampered off to the beach, Hoppy barking and yapping at their heels.

However, Carrie's desertion and her devotion to Dot did not please Randy.

"We can't have half the good games we used to have when you played with us," he said some days later. "Dickie is such a baby. When I plant flowers in

the sand-garden, he pulls them up the next minute to see if they have begun to grow. It's too bad. And I'm tired of having only him to play with. Do leave Dot for a little while, Carrie, and come with us."

"I can't, Randy. You boys ought to be happy enough together; and you would be, only just out of contrariness you want me. Where are the Lesters? Don't they play with you?"

"No: their mother says it's too late to play much near the sea, and so they stay at home now."

"Well, why don't you do the same, little brother? We might have some fine games together here."

"Oh, it's dull in the garden!" Dickie answered. "I get tired going round and round in such a small place."

"I am sorry your ideas are so grand," laughed Carrie. "Remember how tiny our nursery in London was."

"But there were carts and omnibuses and organs and monkeys, and all sorts of lovely things there," replied Randy. "I'm getting tired of Craglonen and think I'd like to go back."

"To the fogs and smoke? Thank you! I hope we'll always live in the country," said Carrie. "But sit down and I'll read you a little bit of 'Through the Looking-Glass.' It's such a jolly story, I think."

The little fellows squatted themselves crosslegs on the ground.

"That will be nice," rejoined Randy. "Will Dot understand?"

"I think so. Listen to this:

'I weep for you,' the walrus said;
'I deeply sympathize.'
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes."

"That's nonsense!" exclaimed Randy, who was a very matter-of-fact young gentleman. "A walrus doesn't have a pocket-handkerchief, I'm sure. Can't you tell us a sensible story about soldiers and fighting and—"

"I don't know any stories like that."

"Well, we're not going to sit here, like pins stuck into a pincushion, listening to that stuff!" cried Randy, whacking the ground with a stick. "Haven't you an old doll to bury, Carrie? A funeral is a lovely game."

"I don't like it at all," said Carrie, decidedly. "A funeral is a solemn and a sad thing. We ought not to make an amusement out of it."

"*You're* a solemn thing!" the boy laughed heartily. "And I declare so is baby Dot. Look at her! Such a pair—Dot and Carrie! It sounds like a sum. No wonder you're so serious!" And he turned head over heels out of the summer-house onto the grass.

This set Dot laughing and Hoppy barking. And, encouraged by the noise and merriment, Dickie stood on his head and tumbled on top of Randy. Then a general scrimmage ensued; and in the middle of it all Mrs. Kerr came down the steps onto the lawn, accompanied by a tall girl with long, fair hair and a bright, happy face.

"Children, children!" said Mrs. Kerr. "What does this mean? Maud will be shocked at such unseemly conduct."

Randy and Dickie sprang up, looking very red and very shy, and began to smooth their tumbled hair.

"We were only playing, mother," they answered, stealing furtive glances at their cousin to see what she was really thinking about them.

"Try to be very good, then," Mrs. Kerr said, smiling; and she hurried back into the house again.

Meanwhile Maud Huntley had passed into the summer-house, without another glance at the shamefaced boys.

"Take this rocking-chair, Maud," said Carrie, when she had kissed her and made her welcome. "I'm so glad you've

come to stay with us for a time. Isn't our little sea-waif a darling?"

"Indeed she is, and she looks quite at home at Craglonen." And, embracing the child warmly, she seated herself as desired.

Dickie and Randy then crept into the summer-house and curled themselves up at Maud's feet. She smiled at them and patted their heads. They smiled back at her, well pleased; and settled themselves down to gaze at her sweet face and listen to what she was saying. Maud Huntley was a great favorite with them, and her coming generally meant pleasant excursions, delightful games, and merry tea-parties.

"Lie down, Hoppy!" Randy whispered in the shaggy dog's ear. "We must all be as good as gold, old fellow, or we'll be put out."

The others smiled at this; and Maud asked gaily where they had found such a miserable, one-eyed little mongrel.

"Father and Harold saved him from some cruel boys, and he's as faithful as faithful can be,—aren't you, Hoppy?" said Randy, burying his face in the dog's rough coat.

"He may be faithful," laughed Maud, "but he's not beautiful. Blind of an eye and lame of a leg,—I never saw such a specimen."

"Beauty doesn't matter a pin," replied Carrie. "We all love Hoppy."

"You're the quaintest children I ever knew," said Maud. "It always does me good to come to stay with you—"

"That's the reason you come so seldom," said Harold, stepping in as she spoke and shaking her warmly by the hand. "O Maud, you know it bores you just a little to come to stay with such quiet people! Carrie's a bit young for you, and boys are not always the companions you would like."

"You are quite wrong, Harold." The girl colored but laughed brightly. "I am five years older than Carrie. But I don't mind that; and, strange as it may appear, I adore boys."

"Kiddies like Randy and Dickie?"

"Yes, even as small as those. But this time, especially, I have been longing to come over to hear about that storm and this little girl. Have you never heard from any of her friends?"

"Never. And we are all hoping we never shall," said Carrie and the boys in a breath. "We'd miss the darling greatly now."

"You are warm-hearted little beings, and Uncle Will and Aunt Constance are just as bad."

"As bad!" Carrie cried, indignantly. "Father and mother are good—and—and we are all fond of Dot. She's a perfect darling."

"And you're another!" Maud cried, kissing her. "And I was only chaffing when I laughed at you and uncle and aunt. However, with stray dogs and children saved from wrecks, you'll have a fine menagerie if you stay much longer at Craglonen."

"We have quite enough now," laughed Harold. "We must not open our doors or our hearts to any more. But those we have we shall keep, if possible."

Maud smiled and looked admiringly at little Dot.

"Florence and Edith and Kitty are wild to see her," she said. "They wish *our* father had saved her. But we could never have kept her. There are too many girls at our place already."

"I just think so!" exclaimed Randy, forgetting himself for an instant. "You are like a school."

"Don't be rude, sir," observed Carrie, reprovingly.

"I wasn't rude. I—"

"Only agreed with what I said," their cousin remarked. "Don't be too severe on him, dear. But you have more room for another girl than we have."

"Yes," Carrie admitted. "So we have. I always longed for a sister."

"Well, I wouldn't fix my heart too firmly on this sweet little creature; for, you see, some one may turn up and claim her any day."

Carrie turned pale.

"Oh, I hope not! And yet, of course, if her real friends were to come for her, we'd all be glad."

"I should think you would,—for her sake, anyway."

Dot had slipped away unperceived, and was running round the lawn, with Hoppy at her heels.

"She's so happy here," said Carrie; "and we'd miss her"—clasping her hands—"very, very much!"

"She was lucky to find such good friends," said Maud, looking after the pretty child. "Her mother must have been drowned, I suppose?"

"People think so," said Harold; "but nothing is known for certain."

"I wonder who her father is, and if he is living or dead?" remarked Maud, thoughtfully.

"That's what we're all wondering," Carrie sighed. "But I don't think we shall ever know. Her mother, brothers and sister must all have been drowned, if what that lady said was true."

"What lady?"

"A passenger in the *Henriette* who was saved by the life-boat."

"What a terrible experience! Is the poor mite sad about it?"

"Sometimes she cries and asks when her mother and nurse and Jack and Charlie and Muriel are coming back. But she's too young to keep on fretting. She hates the sea, and shivers and screams if we take her near it."

"She gets plenty of it here."

"Not so much round here and up in the orchard. We never take her to the beach. She suffered too much there."

"So she remembers the shipwreck?" said Maud. "Poor wee baby! You ought to send her away from this."

"We couldn't do that," said Harold. "It's only by having her just as one of ourselves, in this wild, quiet place, where the plainest clothes are all that's necessary, that father and mother can manage to keep her. Times are bad at present, Maud."

"I know. And father and mother and cousin Bob think it rash and quixotic of Uncle Will to adopt another child at such a time."

"What does 'quixotic' mean?" asked Randy. "Nothing bad, I hope."

"No, dear. It only means foolish, unwise," said Maud, smiling.

"Well, father is neither!" exclaimed Carrie, hotly. "He loves little children and hates to see them suffer. He feels sure that God sent Dot to us for some good purpose."

"And he is perfectly right, dear," said Maud, putting her arm round Carrie. "I hear you are quite a reformed character since she came: not a bit wild or—"

"O Maud, don't! I am only trying to be good. And I'd hate—just hate—if father had to send Dot away. Wouldn't you, Harold?"

"Yes, dear. And you know, Maud, father is hoping for that appointment as Lord Raghan's agent. If he got that, little Dot's keep wouldn't matter much to him. Now, would it?"

"No. But the thing is to get the appointment. You heard that Lord Raghan was dead, I suppose?"

"Yes, of course. But—the King is dead—long live the King!" said Harold. "There is another Lord Raghan, who will do just as well. He will want an agent too."

"Yes," Maud replied gravely. "But, you see, no one knows this one. In fact, at present no one knows where he is. Everything is at a standstill on the estate till he comes home. And even if

he were at Lynswood, father would have no influence with a stranger."

"It is very unfortunate," said Harold. "Has no one any idea where he is?"

"Not the vaguest, I believe. He went to Australia years ago as a poor man to seek his fortune; and nothing, as far as we can find out, has been heard of him since—"

"What a set of solemn-looking faces!" cried Mr. Kerr, coming across the lawn to the summer-house, with Dot perched upon his shoulder. "One would think it were a Quakers' meeting I was breaking in upon. Why, Maud, what sad tale have you been telling these pickaninnies to make them all so glum?"

"We were only talking about Lord Raghan, Uncle Will. He is indeed a strange mystery."

A cloud passed over Mr. Kerr's face. But it soon vanished; and, laying his hand upon the child's shoulder, he said cheerfully:

"I don't want any of you to bother your small heads about that matter, but be as happy as the day is long."

"Yes, uncle. But poor father is so disappointed."

"Of course he is, and so am I. For I had begun to hope—but forget it all! God allows these things, and we must be patient and not grumble. Isn't our Miss Dot a fascinating little person?"

"Yes, indeed. And she seems to love you dearly, Uncle Will."

"So she ought," said her second father. And he caught Dot in his arms, kissed her tenderly, and set her on the ground. "That seems a nice cottage at Cobham your mother has written about, Maud. I think it might suit."

"O uncle, I do hope so! It would be lovely to have you all so near us."

"Well, my dear, stranger things have happened. When our time is up here it would be a capital plan to pass on there. A spring and summer amongst our friends would be delightful. But we shall have plenty of time to talk this over. Come along now, Maud. I have promised to take Dot for a drive in our little donkey-cart. Will you and Carrie join us?"

"How enchanting!" exclaimed Carrie, throwing aside her doll. "You're the best papa that ever was. Come, Dot, and get on your warm coat." And she ran off toward the house, Dot's hand tightly clasped within her own.

"Our little madcap is settling down," laughed Mr. Kerr. "Without losing her fun and good spirits, she is quite well-behaved of late."

"She's like a little mother to Dot, I hear," said Maud.

"Exactly. Her love for our sweet sea-waif is wonderful. But come along, Maud. The children will meet us at the other door."

(To be continued.)

Straw Horseshoes.

In Japan most of the horses are shod with straw. Even the awkward cart-horses wear the strange straw shoes, tied about their ankles with strong wisps of straw-rope. They are made of the ordinary rice straw, and so twisted and braided that they constitute a comfortable cushion for the foot to rest upon. These shoes are very cheap, and when worn out are simply thrown away. When one starts on a long drive or journey he takes with him a stock of straw horseshoes, which are tied firmly either to the front of the cart or upon the horse's body. Long ago they used to say in Japan, 'It is a distance of so many horseshoes,'—referring to the number that would be worn out and discarded before the journey was over. The ordinary horse requires a new pair of shoes when he has travelled eight miles.

With Authors and Publishers.

—"A Little Gray Sheep," by Mrs. Hugh Fraser; a new edition of the "Confessions of St. Augustine," with an introduction by Mrs. Alice Meynell; and "Death Jewels," by Percy Fitzgerald, which first appeared in our pages, are among the forthcoming books.

—The charming sketch of Father Rouelle, which the governor of Borneo contributed to a recent number of *Blackwood's*, has been reprinted as a pamphlet by the Catholic Truth Society of San Francisco. By an unfortunate oversight no credit is given to that magazine.

—"The Holy Rosary, Its Origin and Growth as a Devotion," is the title of a timely *brochure* just issued by F. Pustet & Co. The anonymous author affords an explanation of the character and merit of the Rosary, also short meditations on the mysteries which it commemorates.

—Mr. John Morley has his biography of Gladstone so well under way that the first volume will probably be issued in January. The work will be in two volumes, the first of which, illustrated with unfamiliar portraits, consists of the life and letters of the famous parliamentarian; the second contains some important documents and notes.

—The literature of amusing advertisements has received another important addition—this time, and very appropriately, from the North of Ireland. The whole country-side has been posted with this warning from the police: "Until further notice, every vehicle must carry a light when darkness begins. Darkness always begins as soon as the town lamps are lit." Irish town lamps probably bear a strong resemblance to the American kind.

—"Freehand Drawing of Ornament" is a model of artistic bookmaking. It consists of twenty-four photographic reproductions of examples of relief ornament, and sixty-eight analytical diagrams of construction, with directions to the student as to the method of proceeding. This instructive guide is the work of Mr. John Carroll, author of several treatises on art subjects; and Benziger Brothers are the American agents for the publishers, Messrs. Burns & Oates.

—Professor Charles F. Johnson, of Trinity College, Hartford, is the compiler of an "Outline History of English and American Literature," lately published by the American Book Co. This work is intended as a text-book for a course of three hours a week, the school year comprising thirty-three weeks. The biographical matter is supplemented by critical remarks based on modern methods of literary interpretation; and the selections given, though few, seem representative.

—"Devotional Hymns to Our Lady," for unison or two-part chorus, composed and arranged by Victor Hammerel, comes from the music publishers, J. Fischer & Bro. This collection we recommend to sodality choirs and for use in Sunday-schools.

—Volume fifth of the Caxton Lives of the Saints, like the preceding numbers of the series, is a little classic. There is a charm in the quaint simplicity of these records of holy living which fully justifies the general title—"The Golden Legend." The Macmillan Co.

—With the falling leaf come those other reminders of the flight of time—the almanacs. First on the table is the *Catholic Home Annual*, with an attractive "Nativity" on the cover. The usual calendar is supplemented by stories and devotional articles from the pens of Maurice Francis Egan, Magdalen Rock, Clara Mulholland, and other well-known Catholic writers. The illustrations are of interest in themselves; but, as we remarked of previous numbers, they are placed without relation to the reading matter.

—"The Tenure of Catholic Church Property in the United States" and "Church and State in the United States of America, Theory and Practice," are the titles of two new pamphlets from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Baart. The first is a paper prepared for the International Scientific Congress held last month in Munich; the second was read at the Australasian Catholic Congress, Sept. 10-15. It need not be said that these two papers are of great interest and importance. We are glad to see them in print for preservation. Both have been carefully revised by the reverend author, and to the Munich paper has been added a valuable appendix.

—The English Catholic Truth Society has added to its biographical series an interesting sketch of Nano Nagle, foundress of the Order of the Presentation. No. 2 of "The Early History of the Church of God," by the Bishop of Clifton, begins with the preaching of the Gospel at Cyprus and Antioch and ends with St. Paul's journey to Corinth. This important work will be completed in twelve monthly numbers. The Gospel of St. Matthew, with notes by the Very

Rev. Canon McIntyre, D. D., professor of Scripture at Oscott College, is the first issue of a new series of penny booklets which are intended to encourage the reading of the Gospels. We feel sure this series is destined to legitimate success.

—Students of Pitman's system of shorthand will welcome a handy volume edition of Robinson Crusoe (the story of his life on the desolate island) in correspondence style. Nothing could be more appropriate as a shorthand reader than this famous story,—particularly, perhaps, the chapters entitled "Conversations with Friday" and "Crusoe Instructs Friday." The publishers have also issued a second series of readings for beginners. This book comprises seventeen lessons, which will be found especially suitable for dictation practice.

—It is very gratifying to hear that another edition of Father Tyrrell's excellent little book, "External Religion: Its Use and Abuse," has been called for; and to learn that the demand still continues for "Hard Sayings," and "Nova et Vetera." The importance and timeliness of the first named work can not be exaggerated. The author recognizes the fact that the Catholic and Protestant conceptions of Christianity are very different; and he deals with these two conceptions in their entirety, wisely ignoring points of apparent concord.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Education and the Future of Religion. *Bishop Spalding.* 5 cts.

General Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures. *Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S. S.* $2, *net.*

Father Anthony. *Robert Buchanan.* $1.50.

The Soldier of Christ. *Mother Mary Loyola.* $1.35, *net.*

Where is the Church? *Rev. Charles Coupe, S. J.* 40 cts., *net.*

The Autobiography of St. Ignatius Loyola. *J. F. X. O'Conor, S. J.* $1.25, *net.*

The Testament of Ignatius Loyola. *E. M. Rix.* $1, *net.*

Sermons on the Blessed Sacrament. *Scheurer-Lasance.* $1.50, *net.*

A Form of Prayers. *Marquis of Bute.* 45 cts., *net.*

Sanctuary Meditations. *Fr. Baltasar Gracian, S. J.* $1, *net.*

Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption. *W. H. Mallock.* $3.50.

The Flowing Tide. *Madame Belloc.* $1.60, *net.*

A Son of St. Francis. *Lady Amabel Kerr.* $1, *net.*

Poor Dear Ann. *The Prig.* 75 cts.

The Bible and its Interpreter. *Rev. P. H. Casey, S. J.* 50 cts.

The Gospel Story. *B. F. C. Costelloe.* $1.60, *net.*

Studies in Church History. Vol. VI. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* $2.50.

Meditations on the Psalms of the Little Office. *Peregrinus.—Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.* 75 cts., *net.*

Currita, Countess of Albornoz. *Luis Coloma.* $1.50.

The Knights of the Cross. Vol. II. *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* $1.

A Journey with the Sun around the World. *Rev. William McMahon.* $2.

St. Jerome. *Father Largent.* $1.

Studies in Poetry. *Thomas O'Hagan, M. A., Ph. D.* $1.

The Church of Christ the Same Forever. *Rev. D. McErlane, S. J.* 50 cts., *net.*

Christian Philosophy — God. *Rev. John T. Driscoll, S. T. L.* $1.25, *net.*

The Heiress of Cronenstein. *Countess Hahn-Hahn.* $1.25.

The Nursing Sister. $1.25.

Jack Hildreth on the Nile. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.

Holy Mass: A Morning Paradise. *Very Rev. R. O. Kennedy.* 5 cts.

Giovanni Baptista de Rossi. *Very Rev. T. J Shahan, D. D.* 20 cts.

Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire. *Samuel Dill, M. A.* $2.

The Spirit of the Third Order of St. Francis. *Father Peter Baptist, O. F. M.* $1, *net.*

The Passion Play of Oberammergau. *Mary Frances Drew.* 60 cts., *net.*

St. Francis of Sales. *A. De Margerie.* $1.

A Book of Spiritual Instruction. *Blosius.* 75 cts *net.*

A Month's Meditations. *Cardinal Wiseman.* $1.10, *net.*

The Duchess of York's Page. *Mrs. William Maude.* 70 cts., *net.*

Essays, Educational and Historic. *A Member of the Order of Mercy.* $1.25, *net.*

Meditations for Retreats. *St. Francis de Sales.* 75 cts., *net.*

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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A Harvest Sleep.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

WHAT can match the delight
Of a windy night
When the only cloud that veils the sky
Is the Milky Way;
When the crisp trees sway
And the weather-cock heaves its sigh?

When the nuts drop, drop,
On the old roof-top
And you raise the bedclothes soft and sweet,
Oh, how fresh and cold
Feels the rag-mat old
At your bare and weary feet!

When you clear again
Your misty pane
To scan once more the starry deep;
When you wrap your form
In the blankets warm
And ask dear God for sleep!

The Materials of the Little Office.

BY THE REV. ETHELRED L. TAUNTON.

III.

SOME other features of the Little Office which need a few words of explanation are the antiphons, the invitatory, the responsories, the versicles and responses, and the prayers.

"The object of the invitatory is to kindle within us the spirit of prayer by fixing our thoughts upon Him who is the object of our adoration and prayer. It is to the Office what a text is to a discourse—the primary thought to which all else is subordinated. It is repeated many times, so that we may thoroughly understand it, grasp all its shades of meaning and be penetrated deeply with it. . . . Psalm xciv is the development of the invitatory, as this is the refrain of the psalm and its special application. . . . In it we hear Jesus inviting us and calling upon us to bless with Him our Sovereign King. To kindle our fervor, He recalls the works of God and His infinite perfections, and awakens in our heart reverence and love—two sentiments which react one on the other and are essential to the spirit of religion. The first part of the psalm inspires a lively desire to praise God, while the second cautions us against indifference and heedlessness in His service." (Bacquez, pp. 336–8.)

The invitatory, as its name implies, is an invitation. Its form, consisting of a psalm, with a short phrase repeated between each verse, is an interesting illustration of the oldest way of singing a psalm. The verses of the psalm were sung by a lector or cantor; and the people, who neither had books nor (at nighttime) light, contented themselves with listening to what he sang; and repeating after every verse the phrase, which, as it were, gave the key to the whole psalm, and kept up the fervor of the listeners. In the case of the Little Office the invitation is *Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum;* "whereby," says the devout author of the "Myrroure,"

"each of you stirreth and exhorteth others to the praising of God and of Our Lady."

The antiphons are to the psalms what the invitatory is to the *Venite:* they serve to give the key to the application of the psalm. Durandus thus discourses on the antiphon:

"It is begun before the psalm, and signifies action; this sets forth the bond of holy charity, without which labor avails not and whereby labor has its merit. Rightly, therefore, according to its melody is formed the tone of the psalms, because love shapes our words.... The antiphon is recited imperfectly before and perfectly after the psalm, because charity here below is imperfect: here it is begun; but in heaven, our true country, it is made perfect by good works which flow from love, according to the words of Isaias: 'The Lord whose fire is in Sion and His furnace in Jerusalem.' Yet in the greater of our feasts the antiphon is said entire before the psalms also, to teach us that in those times we should show ourselves more perfect in good works. It is begun by one of one choir and ended by many of both choirs; first, because love begins from one, that is Christ, and through Him is perfected in His members."

The responsory is the complement to the lesson. "It is a return of the soul, or a lifting up of it, to God on account of what has been said. The responsory is to the lesson what the antiphon is to the psalms; but it has a more practical motive. It serves to fix the soul upon the special object of the Office and it suggests useful application of the words. It recalls an important truth—that it is not sufficient to hear God's word: we must keep it, meditate on it, try to fathom it, and put it in practice." In the Office of Our Lady the responsories form beautiful prose hymns in her honor, and are full of strength and sweetness. They are added to the lessons, and signify that by good works we must respond to the doctrine, that we may not be cast into outer darkness with the slothful servant who hid his lord's money. They are, as it were, spiritual songs; for those things are called songs which are sung; and they are spiritual because they proceed from the joy of the spiritual mind. But they are sung that in the recitation of the lesson our minds may be lifted up to the heavenly fatherland, and therefore *Gloria Patri* is inserted.*

The lessons for Matins in the Office of Our Lady are three in number, and are followed by responsories. Says the "Myrroure": "Three things are needful to the common health of man. The first is that the understanding be lightened with knowledge of truth to know what is good and what is evil; and for this knowledge is had by reading or hearing of wholesome doctrine: therefore it is understood by the lessons. The second is good use of the will: that the will assent to love that that is known good, and to hate that that is known evil. And for the will answereth thus to the knowing, therefore it is to be understood by the response, that is as much to say as *answer;* for it answereth in sentence to the lesson as is beforesaid. The third is work, so that that thing that the understanding knoweth evil and the will hateth be fled in deed and eschewed; and that thing that the understanding knoweth good and that the will ruled by grace loveth be done in deed. This is understood by the verse that is as to say a turning; for the knowledge and will ought thus to be turned into deed. And after the verse a part of the response is sung again; for as a good-will causeth good deeds, so good deeds help to strengthen the will....

* St. Benedict seems to have been the first to introduce the *Gloria Patri* into the responsories.

"The versicles and responses are short ejaculations which help us, by a sudden change, to recover our recollection if our minds have wandered during the psalmody or after a long hymn."*

The liturgical prayer of the Church always ended with the special petitions of those present. This was either in silence or with the *Pater Noster*, as St. Benedict orders; or, after an interval of silence, heralded in by the word *Oremus*, the one who presided *collected*, so to say, the aspirations and petitions of all present into some short and comprehensive formula, which he in their name presented to God. Hence the name of *collect*† often given to these prayers. They are beautiful examples of vocal prayer—short, pithy, and to the point. There is not *much speaking* in them. That wonderful series of prayers in the Sunday Masses throughout the year are a very mine of sweetness, and serve admirably as *foundations* for mental prayer in its true form. The form is simple in the extreme; it embraces but one main petition and consists of only one sentence.

These collects are models for our own private prayers. The long addresses to God so much affected in modern books of devotion seem to savor of that *much speaking* censured by Our Lord. There is no sentimentality, no exaggeration; but a sober and simple statement of our want, with a mention of the grounds upon which we base our prayers. "Orisons are said in the end of each hour; for the Apostles, whenever they were together, kneeled down and prayed, or they departed asunder. And the one that saith the orison standeth turned to the east; for Paradise, from whence we are exiled, is in the east. And therefore, thinking what we have lost and where we are and whither we desire, we pray turned towards the east."*

Having thus treated of the general materials used in the Office of Our Lady, we will proceed to indicate the form in which they are used. First as to Matins. After the introductory versicles and invitatory with the hymn, three psalms (according to the day of the week), with their own antiphons, are said or sung. Then follow three lessons, with their responsories. The third lesson, however (out of Advent), being followed by the hymn *Te Deum*. Then comes Lauds, which is composed of the usual Sunday psalms of the Divine Office. There are eight psalms altogether, sung under five antiphons. These are followed by the Little Chapter or Little Lesson, which in turn succeeded by the hymn. After versicle, the Gospel canticle *Benedictus Deus* is chanted, together with its own antiphon. Then follow the prayers.

The four Little Hours are based on another plan. After the introductory versicles is a hymn, with three psalms under one antiphon; a lesson, versicles, and prayer. Vespers is developed on the same lines as Lauds, but with only five psalms. Its formation shows its ancient connection with Lauds, as being with it the original public prayer of the Church. Compline stands by itself,—introductory versicles; three psalms, as in the Benedictine rite, without any antiphon; a hymn, a canticle with its own antiphon, followed by versicles and prayer. Needless to say, the formation of these various hours is taken mainly

* The word versicle, a little verse, means a "turning" of the mind to God.

† Many of the collects in the Missal (whence those of the Breviary are mostly taken) are the arrangements of St. Leo the Great (461), St. Gelasius (496), and St. Gregory the Great (604). Bright, a Protestant writer, says: "The collect form, as we have it, is Western in every feature: in unity of sentiments and severity of style, in its Roman brevity and majestic conciseness, its freedom from all luxurious ornament and all inflations of phraseology."

* "Myrroure."

from the Roman pattern of the Office. It will be noticed how the number three runs through the whole Office. In it we may see our worship to the Blessed Trinity, three in one; or an incitement to praise Almighty God from the threefold relationship of Our Lady, as Daughter of the Eternal Father, Mother of the Eternal Son, and Spouse of the Eternal Spirit; or as the expressions of our faith, hope, and charity.

(The End.)

Dr. Martin's Wife.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LIFE'S LABYRINTH," ETC.

XVII.—An Unpleasant Revelation.

A WORLD of annoyance seemed to confront Mrs. Martin next day. This new aspect of affairs had changed all her plans, and she feared it would meet with serious opposition from Marie herself. The girl was so gentle and sensible that she hoped to convince her it would be far more desirable to go to America than to remain in France; yet she could not well see how she would explain the sudden change. She was not diplomatic by nature: her way was to conceal nothing of her motives. But now it had become necessary, and she was at a loss how to accomplish it.

"Shall I fetch Marie this afternoon, mother, or shall we go somewhere together?" asked Maurice before leaving her that morning.

"I believe I would rather be left alone to-day, Maurice," she replied wearily, lifting her hand to her forehead. "My head aches slightly and I have some letters to write. To-morrow we can all go out together, and then I can tell her of our new plan."

"Very well," he remarked, cheerily. "You are tired from going about so much yesterday. You will feel better by noon, I hope; and this evening we can take a walk."

He kissed her and went away. When he had gone she sat down to write to Dr. Middleton and Bridget; but her pen rested idly on the paper. She could not explain the indescribable weariness which seized her.

"I am discouraged," she thought,—"discouraged and mortified; but I must be neither. My cross is a very little one, after all, when I think of what other women have to bear."

Rallying her thoughts with an effort, she prepared once more to begin her writing; but at that moment some one tapped lightly at the door.

"Come in!" she responded, rising as Mrs. Blanc entered.

"I beg pardon, Madame, if I have interrupted you," she observed. "But there is an American lady just come—or, rather, she came yesterday—who is confined to her room with a sprained foot. She is consumed with *ennui* up there,"—she pointed to the floor above, and added: "She can not read French and has no English papers or books. When I happened to mention that there was another American lady in the house she begged that I would ask you to call upon her. Is it too much to ask, Madame?"

"Certainly not," replied Mrs. Martin, promptly; and she began to replace her writing materials. "I shall be glad to go. I am neither busy nor inclined to do the little I had set out to accomplish this morning."

"Ah, that is well!" said the landlady. "I will show you up. It will be a great kindness. For you also it will certainly be a pleasure. It must be good, I think, to meet a countrywoman in a strange land."

Mrs. Martin did not reply. She was not specially desirous of making new

acquaintances, but in this case it did not seem right to refuse. Besides, she felt this morning that she was a burden to herself, and welcomed anything in the nature of a diversion.

The newcomer proved to be a Mrs. Green, of New York. She was a woman of good appearance, well dressed, and with quiet manners which appealed at once to Mrs. Martin's sympathies. After Madame Blanc left them they fell into easy conversation. Mrs. Martin learned that the lady and her husband had been making the tour of the Continent, and were now on the way to their home in New York. Mr. Green had been called to London on business; but, owing to her sprained ankle, his wife could not accompany him.

"We were at the Hotel M——," she said; "but it was so gloomy that I resolved to make myself as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. I had heard of Madame Blanc's as a place where I should be likely to meet some Americans, and so I came—yesterday. But she tells me you are the only American lady in the *pension* at present. Do you not find it very wearisome, or have you friends in Paris?"

"My son is here," said Mrs. Martin. "He is pursuing his art studies; he wishes to be a painter. I think he has considerable talent."

"How pleasant that you can be with him! And how fortunate for him! Have you other children?"

"No," responded Mrs. Martin. "He is my only child. I am a widow."

"Yes: I could see that from your dress. We have no children. I have always envied mothers—especially of sons. I am partial to boys."

Mrs. Martin did not reply. Presently the other lady resumed:

"I injured my ankle in such an odd way. My husband is an architect, and is about to enter the competition for plans for the V—— lunatic asylum, or sanitarium, in New Jersey. To that end we have been visiting institutions of the kind on our travels through Germany and Belgium. We went out to S—— one day last week; they have a beautiful sanitarium there, with every modern improvement. As we were leaving, I made a very slight misstep. Thinking my foot was on the ground, I stumbled and fell upon it with all my weight. It was a dreadful shock, and has been quite painful since; but I am slowly getting better. The doctor tells me I must not attempt to walk before a fortnight. But my husband will be back in a couple of days, and we can ride about. We are great comrades."

"You referred to the sanitarium at S——," said Mrs. Martin. "There is a—person there in whom I am, to some extent, interested,—a person whom I have never seen, but it may be my duty to see her on matters of business before returning to America. Are visitors received at all times?"

"I do not know that," replied Mrs. Green. "I presume one must have some sort of permit. It was necessary for my husband to obtain one; but if one has a friend or acquaintance there, it is not likely there would be any obstacles. We had a curious experience that day,—nothing of great importance, but it goes to illustrate the fact that the world is very small, when all is said."

"Did you meet some one there whom you had previously known?"

"How quick you are!" observed Mrs. Green. "Yes, we did. You have lived in New York, Mrs. Martin?"

"Yes, I have lived there for several years. At present my home is only forty miles from there."

"Well, you may have heard, among the many ups and downs of New York people, of a banker and broker named Dunbar, who made a certain reputation

in Wall Street for a time. Finally, his wild-cat schemes came to grief, and he failed for a large sum."

Mrs. Martin felt her face growing white. She moved farther back into the shadow of the curtain.

"Yes," she answered, with as much indifference as she could summon. "I remember the circumstance of the failure very well."

"My husband was caught that time for ten thousand dollars, which in those days meant much more to us than it does now, I am thankful to say. For a time we hoped to get something out of it, but very soon saw that it was a dead loss. Dunbar and his wife—who, by the way, was a beautiful woman—disappeared, and were soon forgotten, except, perhaps, by those whom he had swindled. And now I am coming to my story."

"You saw Dunbar at the asylum, perhaps?" ventured the other, in a tone almost of supplication; for a dreadful suspicion had arisen in her mind from the moment her companion had begun to relate her experience.

"Not him, but his wife,—very much changed, of course, but still a striking-looking woman."

Mrs. Martin shrank farther back from observation.

"Poor woman!" she faltered. "She was probably crazed by her troubles."

"No doubt," said Mrs. Green. "We were passing through one of the wards, when we came upon her seated near a window, reading. She suddenly lifted her eyes, and I recognized her at once; so did my husband. We had met them several times in society. Her hair is now white as snow, but she wears it in the same way—piled on top of her head and loosely pompadoured in front. Nowadays it is the fashion, and not strange; but in her time in New York it was unique. Her sharp, black heavy-lidded eyes are undimmed; they have the same haughty expression as formerly, and the heavy eyebrows are still black as jet."

"Did she recognize you?"

"Oh, no! She had but a very slight acquaintance with us at any time."

"You have no doubt of her identity?" persisted Mrs. Martin.

"Not the slightest. As we passed on I said to the young doctor accompanying us—who, by the way, is an American over here studying different forms of insanity: 'That lady is an American.'—'I have suspected it,' he replied, 'because she always avoids Americans. But she is very French: speaks the language like a native, and her name is French.'—'What does she call herself?' I asked.—'Madame Desmoulins,' said he. He told me further that she is supported—kept there—by a daughter who is the *première danseuse* at 'Les Jeunes,'—a very good girl, too, people say. Isn't it strange—life and its reverses? I remember that child, dressed like a French doll, riding about with Mrs. Dunbar,—at least I suppose it is the same. I believe they had but one."

"Yes, life is strange," answered Mrs. Martin, in a voice that seemed to herself sepulchral—as though some one were speaking from a closed tomb.

Mrs. Green noticed it.

"Are you ill? You look very pale. The room is too close, perhaps; though these French rooms seldom are. But no doubt, like myself, you always want a breath of fresh air. If you will kindly set the window ajar, the feeling may pass after a moment. I know you are faint: you look it."

Mrs. Martin rose.

"I have had a headache since last night," she said, still in that far-away voice that did not seem to belong to her. "I will open the window; and, if you will excuse me, I shall go down to

my room and try to rest a little. I am afraid the air of Paris does not agree with me."

She extended her hand to her hostess, who took it kindly for an instant.

"How very cold your fingers are!" she said. "I hope you are not going to be ill, Mrs. Martin. Take a hot draught and go to bed for the rest of the day. And come to see me again, won't you, please? I have enjoyed this little visit so much."

"Thank you! I shall be all right in a little while—this afternoon, I hope. And I will come again."

Mrs. Martin set the French window slightly ajar, folding a newspaper and inserting it between the frames, so that it might not close again; then softly opened the door, smiling adieu as she passed into the corridor. But when she reached the stairway she was obliged to hold firmly to the baluster to keep herself from falling, the throbbing in her head was so violent, the dizziness so great. At length she was in her own room—but, alas! not alone; for Maurice was awaiting her, the morning paper in his hand.

(To be continued.)

Our Best Beloved.

WHEN love's glad song is in the heart,
It hath but one refrain,
And seeks its joyance to impart
In that sweet, deathless strain.
And as the music trembles low—
"I love you, love you, dear!"—
An ever-changing melody
Falls on the loved one's ear.

Thus, Mary, do we bring to thee
Our love in changeless song—
The *Ave! Ave!* of our hearts
That angels bear along.
And as the music trembles low
That tells our love for thee,
O listen, well-beloved One,
To this our Rosary!

Father Ignatius Spencer.

IV.—Life as a Priest. He Joins the Passionists.

THE Rev. George Spencer had now the fullest opportunity of serving God in an apostolic manner,—one which he had long desired, and which, in so far as lay in his power, he had striven to put in practice. From a Protestant incumbency of three thousand pounds a year he was appointed to one of the poorest missions in the Catholic diocese—West Bromwich,—and he delighted in being housed like the poor. He at once placed all his property in the hands of the bishop, taking money only as he needed it,—little for himself, much more for his poor. His biographer gives an interesting account of his life at this time, part of which we shall quote in order to give our readers some idea of Father Spencer's piety, zeal, and self-abnegation:

"His ordinary course of life was: Six o'clock, rising; followed by meditation, Office and Mass. Then he heard some confessions; and after breakfast, at ten, he went out through the parish until six, when he returned home to dinner. The time that was left until supper was spent in instructing catechumens, reading, praying, or writing. He had no luxuries, no comforts; he scarcely allowed himself any recreation except in doing pastoral work.... During the first year of his residence at West Bromwich he opened three schools; one of them had been a pork-shop, and was bought for him by a Catholic tradesman. Here he used to lecture regularly twice a week, and was surprised and pleased to find a well-ordered assembly ready to listen to him. He says in a letter at this time: 'I go to bed weary every night, and enjoy my sleep more than great people do theirs; for it is the

sleep of the laborer.' He was rather sanguine in his hopes of converting Protestants; but, although he received a good many into the Church, he found error more difficult to root out than he had imagined."

He went on in this even course for the whole of the first two years of his life in West Bromwich, without any striking event to bring one part more prominently forward than another. His everyday work was not, however, all plain sailing. Just in proportion as his holiness of life increased the reverence Catholics began to conceive for him, it provoked the persecution and contempt of Protestants. A person who still lives on the spot that was blessed by this holy priest's labors has sent us a most interesting letter; as it bears evidence to some of the statements we have made from other sources, it may be well to give it insertion:

"I was one of his first converts at West Bromwich, and a fearful battle I had; but his sublime instructions soon taught me how to pray for the grace of God to guide me to His true Church. He was ever persecuted, and nobly overcame his enemies. I remember one morning when he was going his accustomed rounds to visit the poor and sick, he had to pass a boys' school at Hill Top. They hooted low names after him; but seeing he did not take any notice, they came into the road and threw mud and stones at him; he paid no attention. Then they took hold of his coat and ripped it up the back; he did not mind, but went on all day, as usual, through Oldbury, Tipton Oudley, and Hill Top, visiting his poor people. He used to leave home every morning, and fill his pockets with wine and food for the poor sick; and return about six in the evening, without having taken any refreshment all day, though he might have walked twenty miles in the heat of summer. One winter's day he gave away to the poor all his clothes except those that were on him. He used to say two Masses on Sunday, in West Bromwich, and preach. I never saw him use a conveyance of any kind in his visits through the parish."

But what was weariness of body or sweltering heat or biting cold or storm or rain or the deprivation of creature comforts in comparison with the elation of spirit, the sublime consecration to the service of his Master of this enthusiastic soul! From his rising in the morning to his lying down at night he was sheltered in the sweet peace and perfect abandonment of self to God, which only the true Christian knows. There were no longer doubts about doctrines nor difficulties about Dissenters. His way was plain and clear, without mist or equivocal clause. He knew now that there was but one way for Catholics being united with heretics—the unconditional submission of the latter to the Church. No going half-way to meet them,—as agitators for reunion in our own days think in their ignorance that it should be possible for the Church to do, by the sacrificing of principles to the soothing of their scruples. Either all or none—the last definition of the Council of Trent, as well as the first article of the Apostles' Creed.

If a new convert has difficulty about any matter, he will not find bishops giving him vague, shifting answers, quite ignorant themselves of what is the received interpretation of a point of faith. He will be told at once by the next priest what is the doctrine of the Church; and if he refuses to assent to this he ceases to be a Catholic. This looks an iron rule in the Church of God; and those outside her pale can not understand how its very unbending firmness consoles the doubtful, cheers the desponding, strengthens the will,

and expands and nourishes the intellect.

A priest, too, has many consolations that few can understand or appreciate. It is not the number and efficiency of his schools, the round of his visits, or the frequency of his instructions. No: it is the offering of the Divine Victim every morning for his own and his people's sins, and it is the conveying the precious blood of his Saviour to their souls through the sacraments he administers. Only a priest can understand what it is to feel that a creature kneels before him steeped in vice and sin, and, after a good confession, rises from his knees restored to God's grace and friendship. All his labors have this one object—the putting of his people into the grace of God, and keeping them in it until they attain to their reward.

There is a reality in all this, which faith alone can give, that makes him taste and feel the good he is doing,—a reality that will make him fly without hesitation to the pestilential death-bed, and, in the discharge of his duty, glory in inhaling a poison that may end his own days. He must be ever ready to give his life for his sheep—not in fancy or in words, but in very deed,—and thus seal by a veritable martyrdom both the truth which he professes, and his love for the Master whom he has been chosen to serve.

Toward the end of the year 1834 Earl Spencer died. Father Spencer loved his father deeply, and felt his loss keenly. Shortly after, while he was on a brief visit to Althorp, his brother, the new Earl, thought fit to forbid him speaking to any one in the vicinity but persons of his own rank. He accepted this prohibition meekly; though it must have been a sore trial to him not to be allowed to go among his beloved poor.

Father Spencer's mind was one that never permitted itself any rest from zeal. He had always been a man of many schemes—some of them rational, many of them impracticable,—and now that he had become a Catholic he burned to do wonderful things. All these he proposed from time to time to his director and diocesan superior; but all met the same fate: they were not entertained for a moment. Later he came to see that, though the prelates of the Church move slowly, they move on the side of certainty and safety. With the desire that all should receive the truth as he had received it in the first days of his conversion he entered into several newspaper controversies, but soon came to see how unprofitable is this sort of contention.

From the very beginning of his career as a Catholic priest his hopes and prayers were turned with an intense energy to the conversion of England. In 1838 the work assumed practical form, and from that time until the day of his death it was something vital to his very existence. After a season of severe labor, being somewhat broken in health, he went with Mr. Ambrose Phillips to Paris. While there he paid a visit to the Archbishop, Monseigneur Quelin; and after having broached to him the subject of prayers for the conversion of England, his Grace immediately took up the idea, and proposed it to his clergy.

This proposal was most favorably received. Greatly encouraged by the response of the secular clergy, Father Spencer obtained letters of introduction to the heads of many religious houses, male and female, who were equally kind. This having become known in England, the papers began to comment upon it, and very soon the whole thing was magnified into a Papistical plot.

Father Spencer was not deterred by these pretended alarms; once having grounded his pet project, he kept steadily on, rather welcoming the publicity

given it by the newspapers, as it drew the attention of foreign countries to the pious scheme. He began to receive letters from all parts of the Continent concerning it. All the convents and seminaries throughout Holland soon began to offer all their Thursday devotions for the conversion of England. It met with like success in Belgium and Italy, more especially in Rome.

From that time Father Spencer never made a speech at formal dinners or meetings without introducing the topic, until many, even fervent Catholics, thought him overdoing the subject. He kept on serenely, regardless of praise or blame, provided censure did not emanate from his superiors. After a while he wrote also to the Irish archbishops; and, somewhat to his surprise, received most favorable replies. Says his biographer:

"This he accounted great gain. It was the prayer of the martyr for his persecutor, of Stephen for Saul, and of Our Lord for the Jews. Poor Ireland had groaned and writhed in Saxon bondage for long centuries. She saw her children scattered to the winds, or ground by famine and injustice beneath the feet of the destroyer; and at the voice of a Saxon priest she turned round, wiped the tears from her eyes, pitied the blindness of her oppressor, and offered up her sufferings to Heaven to plead for mercy for her persecutor. The cry was a solemn universal prayer, framed by her spiritual leaders, and carried to every fireside where the voice of the Church could drown the utterings of complaint. Father Spencer thought more of the prayers of the Irish than of all the Continent put together; these were good, but those were heroic. He began to love Ireland henceforth with an ever-increasing love, and trusted chiefly to the faith and sanctity of her children for the fulfilment of his intentions."

In the beginning of May, 1839, Bishop Walsh called Father Spencer to Oscott College. This change was made because his Lordship believed that if he gave him charge of the spiritual care of the students the rare sanctity of the man could not fail to infuse the apostolic spirit, of which he had already given such proofs, into their receptive minds. No choice could have been better made. He had had a great deal of experience in the drudgery of parish work, which is not the case with all college professors; therefore they are not qualified to teach others, except from an abstract point of view, how to succeed with profit to themselves and their flocks in this the usual field of labor of nine-tenths of those who become priests.

To this new field Father Spencer had brought a willing heart, a saintly soul, and a cultured mind. And at Oscott he still continued parochial duties, visiting the sick, taking them the sacraments; and by the incidents he met with, as well as the high esteem he put upon such labors, he led those under his care to feel that in the most prosaic side of the priest's life lie the germs of its truest poetry and its deepest sublimity. At the same time he entered heartily into the sports of the students.

From the beginning of his career as a Catholic priest he had strong leanings toward the religious life, though at first the taking of special vows was not an acceptable idea to him. He could not see how a vow might strengthen the voluntary obligation which every true Christian takes upon himself. At times he longed for an association of priests who would live together in community without the obligations of vows. But he was again and again repulsed by his superiors on the subject. His idea was that secular priests living as religious and yet more in touch with the people could do them more good than those who direct them from behind

conventual walls, restricted by their vows from going about among them. He was frequently heard to say that his hope was not in religious orders, but in secular priests leading the lives of religious.

When the Passionists, after many disappointments, came to England, it was at the College of Oscott that Father Dominic, superior, remained for some time in order to learn English. Father Spencer had known him in Rome, and in one thing they were in accord heart and soul—the conversion of England. This, no doubt, was the hidden bond which after a time drew Father Spencer toward the Order.

In the year 1844 he was ordered to take a complete rest, and set out, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Phillips, for a tour of the Continent. Everywhere they went he asked prayers for the conversion of England. After his return to Oscott he went into retreat under the direction of Father Clarke, S. J.; and the result of that retreat was that he became a Passionist. His resolution was not as much of a surprise to his friends as it was to himself. In a letter written to Mr. Phillips about this time he says:

"You will be surprised and wonder how I have come to this mind, after such decided purposes as I have always expressed to the contrary. I can only say, Glory to God, to our Blessed Lady, and to St. Ignatius! It was entirely owing to the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius, which I have gone through twice—and only twice,—in private and alone, in the effective way."

In the first of these retreats, made at Louvain, he had some doubts as to whether he should not relinquish his peculiar ideas and become a religious; but probably he was not ripe for it at that time. God wanted him to wait a little longer. No such intention was in his mind when he began the second retreat at Hodder. The same thoughts, however, returned, till at the close he found himself determined; and his only difficulty was the choice between two Orders—the Jesuits and the Institute of Charity. He concluded that after the retreat was over he would consult Father Dominic as to which was the better choice, when suddenly it occurred to him that he ought to become a Passionist, and from that moment all his doubts vanished.

That good religious was delighted to receive him,—all the more that he came to him as a pauper; for by the terms of his father's will, if he should put it out of his power to use the money personally, the three hundred pounds a year until then paid to him should revert to his brother and other trustees, to be used for his (Father Spencer's) advantage. The capital his father had given him absolutely had long since vanished in charity and the building and repairing of churches and schools. But finally everything was settled satisfactorily. His three hundred pounds remained to the bishop, and his noble-hearted brother promised to provide for his pensioners.

One can not help wondering why at least a small sum was not presented as a gift to the Order of which he was thereafter to be a saintly and beloved member. Barring his books and a few small movables, the veriest pauper in England was not more destitute than the Rev. George Spencer—thenceforward to be known as Father Ignatius of St. Paul—when he entered the novitiate of the Passionists on his birthday, December 21, 1846.

(To be continued.)

God is so good that He never sends us a cross without providing a Cyrenian to help us carry it.—*Anon.*

A Liberal Education.

BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

IV.—The First Contract.

"I SEE the trouble I have made, Mr. Butler," said Ralph Crosby, when the old gentleman had completed his very effective reproof. "When I struck Manton I didn't think about anything or anybody. But I don't want to stand in the way of a peaceful settlement of the matter," he added as manfully as he could. "I had better quit: I see that."

"No, you had not better quit," said Mr. Butler shortly, in reply to Ralph's suggestion. "Last night, I will say candidly, I was of a mind to let you quit; but this morning I am not. Moreover, if I let you go now at Manton's behest, I put my neck into his halter. No. Go back to your desk; and you may take with you the reflection that for weeks to come your hastiness will make trouble for your friend Tracey and for me. There's no help for it. Don't discuss it,—I don't want to hear another word about it. I know Manton has been jealous of you ever since he saw you with me that night on the boulevard. I knew I should hear of it; this is the outcome. My frankness shows my confidence in your discretion, Crosby."

It was one more everlasting lesson in a liberal education. Ralph began, too, to perceive that it is always acquired at the expense of one's friends and of one's pride. He did some hard thinking the rest of the morning, and after lunch he walked over to Manton's desk.

"Manton, I was too hasty last night," said he quietly.

Manton looked up amiably.

"Well, I rather thought so, Crosby," he responded in a bluff, pleasant way. "My jaw isn't rubber, you know: I shan't be able to eat meat for a week. Change your discounts on garden-hose and XXX rubber gloves. Here's a new list. Give me a cigar. What? Well, I guess I haven't got one either. Say, ask Sullivan to step here and I'll send him over to Madison Street for a box."

Ralph retired, somewhat nonplussed by Manton's amiability; he began to think now that he had done the head salesman an injustice. But that night Tracey and he were working up in the laboratory, and Ralph told him his version of the affair and asked the young inventor what he would have done.

"I would simply have said to Manton, 'If you want to be a blackguard, you can have the discussion to yourself: you can't interest me in it any longer.' Then I would have walked to my desk. But now that it's done don't make the mistake of being fooled by his smooth words. Remember, he will 'knife' you every chance he gets."

Which warning was another shock to Ralph. He had to readjust his point of view so often that he began to despair of reaching solid ground. But this he knew: that what Tracey or Mr. Butler told him he could "bank" on.

"By jiminy, Crosby!" exclaimed his friend a minute later, with his strongest byword, "I believe your retaining device is going to do the business. I guess you've solved that part of it." And he examined the wheel band which Ralph had been at such pains to perfect the day before. "Now for the welding."

A week later Ralph had Mr. Butler's road-wagon fitted out complete with the new rubber tires, and one evening after dark he and Mr. Tracey once more essayed the boulevard. The result was delightful beyond all they had imagined. As Tracey put it, it was like rolling over a feather-bed.

At ten o'clock they stopped before Mr. Butler's house on Ashland Boulevard. The president was vastly pleased, and

invited them in while he took out Mrs. Butler for a spin. Florence Butler, the daughter of the house, received the young gentlemen and ushered them into the drawing-room, where she had a little company of friends. Ralph entered first, leading the way for Tracey, who seemed less at home under the soft light and in the sound of the low laughter. But Ralph himself started when first among the guests he discovered Pauline Elliot and her brother from the North Side.

Mr. Butler was so pleased with the new tires he did not return until eleven; then ice-cream was served in the dining-room. The supreme moment came when the president of the Tracey Tire Company, without the formality of rising, toasted, in an Apollinaris lemonade, Ralph Crosby, and introduced him as one of the few successful contrivers, either here or abroad, of a rubber tired wheel. Then the young ladies, as Mr. Butler spoke rather glowing words, naturally looked at Ralph, and later wanted to see the new device; and Ralph was called on to drive them by turns up and down the boulevard. If he took Pauline out last, he kept her wheeling a bit longer than the rest, so that everything was evened.

Very soon the new tire department was regularly organized at the factory. Ralph felt a qualm at not being called on to take charge of the venture,—it was put into the hands of another. But he was beginning to feel that wiser heads than his own were shaping his career; so he put his best energy into the details of the work before him, little imagining what was in the near future.

One afternoon in October Mr. Butler sent for him.

"Crosby," said he, taking up a batch of letters and telegrams, "here's the biggest account on our books: the George and Gordon Company of New York. They are Manton's customers, and he's at home sick, as you know. There's a hen on down there; you will see it all after you get into this correspondence. Unless we can get these differences straightened out, it looks as if we might lose their spring contract. I can't go down myself; it will come to sending you to New York to handle it. You'd better dig into this thing hard before you start. It's like this, my boy. If you don't thoroughly understand your subject, and comprehend every factor in the case as to price, quality, quantity, and the possibilities concerning their ability to supply their needs elsewhere, they will have you in the air before you have talked ten minutes. This is no thousand dollar affair, and you will want all your brains when you go into session with these people in their own office. About concessions, talk to Tracey: he is final authority on costs. My impression is that there is only a shaving of profit left at the present prices; yet we can't afford to lose the outlet for our goods: it's too big. By enabling us to run full, it enables us to cheapen our production."

Mr. Tracey, who was always kind, took an especial interest in posting up Ralph. After he had made him complete master of comparative and competitive costs, he went further and conveyed to the nervous young man that general grasp of the situation which is a salesman's strongest armor.

"And there is just one point further," observed the vice-president in conclusion. "I mention it with reserve, because, badly handled, it might have just the opposite of the effect you desire. But the fact is, this market you are going into is to us of such importance that if we lose this contract we ourselves may be forced to put a bicycle factory into the Eastern territory, simply as an outlet for our tires. Now, the difficulty

is that if you throw this at them cold they will very likely respond by throwing you out of the office. Nobody likes to be threatened, least of all big bodies such as the people you are going against. At the same time a club, though the last argument which should be brought into a negotiation, is sometimes in trade matters the only effective one. If you can figure out a way of threatening them without doing so offensively and arousing instant antagonism, you may have to resort to it. I say, you may. Everything depends on the way the thing develops. The aspect of these affairs shifts every hour; and it is the man who clearly notes the current, and who follows it or diverts it, who is most successful. Without being on the ground, neither I nor any one else can tell you what to say or how to say it or when to say it. I hope you'll be fortunate. You can't make any concessions at all, yet we want the business."

With these facts staring him in the face, Ralph took the Limited for New York. He made only one acquaintance on the train going down. That was Horace van Benton, a young newspaper man leaving Chicago for the Eastern field. He proved a quick, observant companion, and an interested listener to young Crosby's talk; which was, however, as to his immediate affairs, sufficiently guarded.

After intrenching himself at a swell hotel, Ralph drove down to the offices of the George and Gordon Company and met the vice-president, Mr. Ritchie, who appeared to have the matter in hand. An appointment was made for the afternoon, and the Western man was invited to lunch with Ritchie at the latter's club, where he was given also a visitor's card.

Human nature is much the same among all classes of men. Operators like Mr. Ritchie, before they begin to talk big business to a man, like to talk with him on general topics, to "size him up"; and they derive from this the pleasure of the swordsman who examines the blade of his antagonist. If it glitters free from specks, the owner will not fare worse in the duel which is to follow; respect also weighs in an encounter.

In the afternoon they did indeed get to business; but the session went in glittering generalities. The vice-president played around Ralph's fly like a very capricious trout. The next day he pleaded other engagements: it was part of his policy to break down Ralph's barriers by wearing out his patience. The young man was coached for that, and amused himself as best he could in the interval, going back to Mr. Ritchie on Wednesday. On that day Mr. Ritchie took another tack. He raised the question of quality. It was a false move, such as very clever men sometimes make. Ralph had heard Mr. Butler say once that Benjamin Tracey knew more about rubber than any man in America—or, for that matter, out of America. He knew Mr. Butler's judgment; he knew Tracey. The latter had told him that quality was the strongest card he carried for getting the business, and that if they began to talk quality he could depend on it as being a sign of weakness. So, indeed, it proved: the moment Ritchie found Ralph knew precisely where he was at on the question of quality, he slid away from that subject as gracefully as possible and suggested another session in the morning.

All this while the question of price, which Ralph felt was the crucial one, had not been approached; it came sharply up in the morning. Ralph had then to assume the defensive. It became his task to say much, and not too much, without committing himself to

concessions; to fall back, in fact, on everything else. Mr. Ritchie did the angling this time, and he whipped the pool with the skill of an artist; but Ralph didn't rise.

Every once in a while the New Yorker would branch off on another subject, always coming back with perfect ease to the matter of extra discounts. The interview closed, however, without Mr. Ritchie's landing anything, and he patiently named Friday for the next attempt.

Meantime Ralph had invited Mr. Ritchie to a dinner at his hotel.

"And I took care, Uncle George," said Ralph, telling it all up in their little room on Ohio Street afterward, "that it was just a bit better dinner than Ritchie's at the club. That's the only time I have gotten any returns on the thousands of your money that I have squandered. I knew how to order and how to entertain. There's no great loss, you know, and so on. But I thought as it was being served that my knowledge had cost you a round pot.—Well, Friday we turned in for another session, and what do you suppose? Whom should Ritchie call into the deal but Henry S. Gordon, the treasurer! (You've heard of Gordon.) He called in Gordon; and I found Ritchie had been hammering me like a sirloin steak all the week, for this man Gordon to eat up. I hung on to what patience I had left, though. I took Mr. Henry S. Gordon's knife and turned the edge of it every time. When they saw they couldn't break me down on discounts, after a week's wrestling they had the nerve to tell me that their contract with our competitors, the New Jersey Syndicate, was practically completed; and that if I had nothing more to offer, they would not delay closing it.

"I didn't eat very much dinner that night. Then I was going to sit in my room all evening, but I thought of what Mr. Butler told me: to keep out in plain sight all the time and to go to the theatre occasionally. So I strolled into the office from the dining-room, and whom should I see but my newspaper friend, Van Benton, that I met on the train! The minute I set eyes on him the thing began to dawn on me like sunshine. In fact, the minute I left George and Gordon's office I knew what I wanted to do, but I didn't know just how to go about it. Well, sir, I took Van Benton to the theatre. He was a capital fellow, and had the longest kind of a nose for news. When the opportunity came around just right I opened on him.

"'If you would keep me covered, Van,' said I, 'I could give you the scoop of the week. It may surprise you to hear that our folks are considering the opening of a bicycle plant down here; if they decide to do so, it will be the biggest in the country.' (He was ablaze in a minute.) 'Trade conditions,' I explained, 'have forced the company to it. We are tire-makers and not wheel-makers, but we shall now make wheels to insure our output of tires; and from the largest makers of tires we shall develop into the largest assemblers of bicycles.'

"After the play I invited him for supper at the hotel. Do you think he would come? Not much! He hustled back to the *Globe* office with the bicycle story. Next morning it came out, as you saw it, in the *Globe* in scare heads: 'Tracey Tire Company to build a great bicycle factory. Eastern market invaded,' and so on."

Ralph stopped long enough to hear Uncle George laugh.

"Next morning," he continued, "just as I got through breakfast, who should call me up on the long-distance 'phone from Philadelphia but Mr. Butler! I had no idea he was in Philadelphia.

The truth is he was sort of hovering near by without my knowing it, to jump in and help if necessary. But to give you an idea of how that thing travelled: Mr. Tracey in Chicago had an inquiry from a private news agency about that story before ten o'clock in the morning; and when it was run down it appeared that the inquiry was started from the Chicago office of the George and Gordon Company. Mr. Butler told me over the 'phone, and asked me to run over in the afternoon and meet him at the Girard; but to see them once more any way, and to keep a stiff upper lip.

"So when I went down at eleven to say good-bye to Mr. Gordon—Ritchie had dropped completely out of it,—the first thing Gordon asked was whether, if they accepted our proposition, we were prepared to give the same exclusive agency for the Atlantic States which they had enjoyed the year before. I said we would. Then he asked whether we would make the concessions they asked. I said 'No.'—'Mr. Ritchie,' he went on, 'favors passing you on your basis; but I have held out for your goods on the score of quality. We shall expect the usual twelvemonths' guarantee?'—'Yes, certainly,' I replied; and while I was gone at the 'phone he actually started his stenographer at drawing up the contract.

"I couldn't get over to Philadelphia in the afternoon, but I left at nine o'clock that night, after a swell dinner with Mr. Gordon at another club; and I left with their contract signed in my pocket. But at dinner Mr. Gordon said: 'By the way, Crosby, before you leave you had better, perhaps, take occasion to deny that cock-and-bull story in the *Globe* about a Tracey cycle factory here. You know [I did not know] we are working up a combine of the cycle manufacturers; and, while I understand perfectly well that the story is a fake, it might demoralize our Wall Street friends, don't you see?' So I gave him a written statement denying it, and 'phoned Mr. Tracey to deny it in the Chicago Sunday papers, which he did.

"It was eleven o'clock that night when I got to Mr. Butler. I never was so tired in my life, Uncle George; and never so happy, I think, as when I handed Mr. Sidney W. Butler that contract."

(To be continued.)

A Feast of the Waning Year.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

(Conclusion.)

ON the festal day of the Most Holy Redeemer the Church, we may be sure, will chant sublime things; let us, therefore, attend very carefully. We will bear in mind all the time that the Redeemer is both God and man; and that He was God for a long eternity before He became man.

At Matins, when the bell rings at midnight, the Church and her children sing. Let us listen to the chant:

Church: The Redeemer of the ages, the very King of the angels.—Children: Come, let us adore.

And then, with one voice, the whole choir exclaims:

Creator blest of all is made,
Ruler beloved, behold us here;
As thus we wake from drowsy sleep,
So may we watch in holy fear!

Our hearts and hands we raise to Thee,
As Paul, Thy prophet, hath it preached:
"Brethren, beware, let not your minds
With wine and feasting be o'erreached."

Pity, O Christ, our human sins!
For sin all flesh hath sore oppressed;
Therefore we rise each night from sleep,
And rob our bodies of their rest.

Born of a Virgin's spotless womb,
All glory, Jesus, be to Thee;
The Father, too, and Holy Ghost,
Through all the ages yet to be!

Then follow the sacred antiphons and psalms. It will repay us to read the antiphons thoughtfully. We are to bear in mind that it is the Lord Jesus *suffering* that is commemorated.

Antiphons: I have called to the Lord with the voice of my mouth (Father, if it be possible), and He hath heard me.—O Lord, our Lord [Jesus Christ], how admirable is Thy name over the whole earth!—The Lord is [admirable] in His holy tabernacle; the Lord is [admirable] in heaven; His name is admirable.

V. Save me, O God, and have mercy on me!—R. In the churches I will bless Thee.

Now the white-haired Jewish prophet, Isaias of the royal line, is called forth, and he cries aloud (li, 1–5):

Lesson 1: Give ear to me, you that follow that which is just and you that seek the Lord. Look unto the rock whence you are hewn, and to the hole of the pit from which you are dug out. Look unto Abraham your father, and to Sara that bore you; for I called him alone and blessed him and multiplied him. The Lord, therefore, will comfort Sion, and will comfort all the ruins thereof; and He will make her desert as a place of pleasure and her wilderness as the garden of the Lord. Joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of praise. Hearken unto me, O my people; and give ear to me, O my tribes! A law shall go forth from me, and my judgment shall be a light of the nations. My just one is near at hand; my Saviour is gone forth, and my arms shall judge the people; the islands shall look for me, and shall patiently wait for my arm.

Church: I have seen the Lord sitting on a high and lofty throne; and the whole earth was full of His majesty.—Children: And these things that were beneath the throne filled the temple.—Church: And the Seraphim stood above it; six wings on one and six on another.

Lesson 2: Lift up your eyes to heaven and look down to the earth beneath. The heavens shall vanish like smoke; and the earth shall be worn away like a garment, and the inhabitants thereof shall perish in like manner. But my salvation shall be forever; my justice shall not fail. Hearken, you that know what is just,—my people who have my law in your heart. Fear ye not the reproach of men, and be not afraid of their blasphemies. For the worm shall eat them up as a garment, and the moth shall consume them as wool; but my salvation shall be forever, and my justice from generation to generation.*

Church: Look down, O Lord! from Thy throne and think upon us; bend down Thy ear, O Lord! and hearken to us.—Children: Open Thy eyes and behold our misery.—Church: Thou who rulest Israel look on us, who leadest Joseph [tenderly] as if he were a sheep.

Lesson 3: Arise and put on strength, thou arm of the Lord! Arise as in the days of old, in the ancient generations. Hast thou not struck the proud one and wounded the dragon? Hast thou not dried up the sea, the water of the mighty deep, who madest the depth of the sea a way, that the delivered might pass over? They that are redeemed by the Lord shall return and shall come into Sion singing praises: and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads. They shall obtain joy and gladness; sorrow and mourning shall flee away. I myself will comfort you. Who art thou that thou shouldst be afraid of a mortal man and of the son of man, who shall wither away like grass? And thou hast forgotten the Lord, thy Maker, who stretched out the heavens and founded the earth; and thou hast been afraid continually all the day, at the presence of His fury, who afflicteth thee and had

* Is., li, 6–8.

prepared Himself to destroy thee. Where is now the fury of the oppressor? He shall quickly come that is going to open unto you. He shall not kill unto utter destruction; nor shall His bread fail; but I am the Lord, who trouble the sea, and the waves thereof swell; the Lord of Hosts is My name.*

Church: O God! who sittest on the throne [of judgment], and judgest with equity, be Thou the refuge of the poor in their tribulation.—Children: Because Thou alone regardest their labor and their woe.—Church: For the poor man is abandoned [by all but] Thee; Thou art the support of the orphan.

At the second nocturn the Church and her children return once more to the beautiful antiphons and psalms.

Antiphons: In the midst of Thy temple, O Lord! we have experienced Thy mercy.—Thou alone art my King, who commandest health in Jacob.—Immolate to the Lord a sacrifice of praise and render your vows to the Most High.

V. In Thy good-will, O Lord God! remember us Thy people.—R. In Thy salvation visit us.

In the fourth, fifth and sixth lessons the Church calls upon Pope St. Leo to address her children on the meaning of this sacred feast.

Lesson 4: If, my brethren, we would consider the beginning of our creation, we should find that man was formed after the image of his Creator that he might the more easily become His imitator. And we would find this to be the greatest dignity of our nature, that the form of the Divine Benignity should be reflected in us as in a glass. And to this form the divine grace does every day restore us; since what was overthrown in the first Adam is raised up in the second. But we had no other source of reparation save the mercy of God alone; whom we would not have loved had He not first loved us, and by the light of His truth dispelled the darkness of our ignorance.

Church: On my right hand is God, that I may not be moved.—Children: Thus hath my heart expanded and my tongue rejoiced.—Church: The Lord is my portion for inheritance and my cup.

Lesson 5: God, therefore, by loving us, restores us to His image; and in order that He may find in us the form of His goodness, He gives us power to do that which He Himself does; by lighting up in us the lamp of our intelligence and inflaming by His fire the charity of our souls; so that we may love not only Himself but even all that He loves. For if among friends it be the firmest sign of friendship that there should be a similarity of thought, so that sometimes it is found leading innocent companions into evil ways, oh, how ought we to desire and strive that there be not the least difference or estrangement between us and God in those things that are pleasing to Him! And it was thus the prophet spoke: "There is to be anger [for you,—you are to have anger] in His indignation; and life [for you] in His will; because we can by no other way have the dignity of the Divine Majesty within us than by modelling ourselves on the fashion of His holy will."

Church: Behold, O Lord! how desolate is the city that was full of riches, and how solitary she that was queen of nations!—Children: There is none to console but Thou our God.—Church: Weeping, she hath wept in the night, and the tears are on her cheeks.

Lesson 6: When the Lord then says, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart and with thy whole soul, and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," let every faithful soul take upon itself the beautiful charity of the

* Is., li, 9-15.

Creator and Ruler of all; and let it bow down before His will, in the works of which there is nothing opposed to the truth of justice, nothing to the pity of clemency. For even though a man be fatigued with great labors or tried by many inconveniences, he knows it is well for him to endure with patience when he remembers that he is either tried or corrected by these.

Church: They adorned the face of the temple with golden crowns, and they raised an altar to the Lord.—Children: There was great joy among the people.—Church: With hymns and exultation they blessed the Lord, and there was great joy among the people.

Antiphons for the third nocturn: But I cried to God, and the Lord saved me.—My God is my saviour, my salvation and my hope forever.—O God, our protector, look down and behold the face of Thy Christ!

V. Thou hast made Thy power known among nations.—R. Thou hast redeemed Thy people in the might of Thy arm.

The Church takes up the Bible and reads from the Gospel of St. John: "At that time Jesus said to Nicodemus: No one ascendeth into heaven but He who descendeth from heaven, the Son of Man who is in heaven," and so on.

The seventh, eighth and ninth lessons are reserved for St. Augustine:

Lesson 7: No one ascendeth into heaven but He who descendeth from heaven; for He descended and died, and by that very death freed us from death. Slain by death, He slew death. And you know, my brethren, how that same death entered into the world through the envy of the devil. For God did not make death. The Scripture saith: He rejoiceth not in the perdition of the living; for He created, that all things might exist [and not be destroyed]. What does it there furthermore say? That, through the envy of the devil, death came upon all things. But to that death, fraudulently introduced by the devil, man did not come, compelled by force; for the devil had no power to compel, but he had craft to persuade. If you do not consent, the devil has brought in nothing; it is your own consent, O man! that leads to death. From a mortal are mortal [children] born; and from having been immortal we are become mortal. From Adam are all mortal men; but Jesus, the only Son of God, the Word of God, by which all things were made, equal to the Father, became man, because the Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us. When, therefore, He sustained death and hung up death on the cross, by that death of His all mortals were freed from death. And that which was done by a figure among the Fathers, the Lord Himself made real [the brazen serpent in the desert].

Church: An enviable people, whom the Lord of Hosts hath blessed, saying, The work of My hands thou art, Israel My inheritance.—Children: A blessed nation, whose Lord is God; and whom He hath selected for His inheritance.

Lesson 8: And, says the Scripture, "As Moses raised up the brazen serpent in the desert, so shall the Son of Man be raised up." What is this serpent that was raised up? It is the death of the Lord on the cross. Because death was brought in by the serpent, therefore the figure of a serpent properly represents death. Deadly is the bite of serpents; the death of the Lord is lifegiving. The serpent is upraised that the serpent might not prevail. Death is upraised that death might not prevail. But whose death? The death of Life. And is not Christ Life? And yet Christ died.

Church: The two Seraphim cried out one to the other: Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabbaoth.—Children: The earth is full of Thy glory.—Church: There are

three who give testimony in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Spirit; and these three are one.—Children: Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts! All the earth is full of Thy glory.

Lesson 9: Therefore, brethren, that we may be cured from our sins, let us look upon Christ crucified; for as Moses (so we read) raised up the serpent in the desert, so it is fitting that the Son of Man be raised up, that everyone who believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life. In the same way as those who turned their eyes on the serpent did not die of the bite of the serpent, so those who, with the eyes of faith, look on the death of Christ, are cured, even more truly, from the bite of sin. But those were restored from death to a temporal life; but here, it is said, they shall have life eternal....

Antiphons for Lauds: Sing to the Lord, for He hath done wonderfully; declare it through all the earth.—Behold God is my Saviour: I will act faithfully, because He is become [a victim] for me unto salvation. Alleluia.—You shall draw waters in joy from the fountains of the Saviour; and you shall say, Give praise to the Lord and call upon His name.—Salvation is made and strength, and a kingdom to our God and power to His Christ.—Exult and give praise, O dwelling of Sion, because great is the Holy One of Israel in thy midst!

Anthem: Blessed be Thy name, God of our fathers! because Thou hadst mercy when Thou mightst have been angry, and in the time of tribulation forgivest the sins of them that call upon Thee.

The Church and her children sing:

Redeemer and Maker of this earth,
Saviour descending from above,
O Jesus, sweetness of all hearts,
And chaste delight of those who love!

What sacred pity touched Thy soul,
The guilt of all our crimes to bear?
What human cry hath reached Thy Heart,
Our rightful pains and death to share?

O Lamb! compelled, but not by force
Of men, our birthright to restore,
Thou dost enrich our souls by grace
To bear Thy face for evermore.

All glory, Jesus, be to Thee,
Who didst to Mary's womb descend;
To Father, too, and Holy Ghost,
Ages and ages without end.

V. Lord, Thou art become a refuge to us.—R. From generation to generation.

Anthem: Behold, this is our God; we have expected Him and He will save us. We have waited for Him; we will be glad now and rejoice in His salvation.

V. Redeem me, O Lord! and have mercy on me.—R. In the churches I will bless Thee, O Lord!

Anthem: But of him are you in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom and justice, sanctification and redemption. Thou art worthy, O Lord our God! to receive glory and honor and power; because Thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God in Thy blood out of every tribe and tongue and people and nation. And hast made us to our God a kingdom and priests, and we shall reign on the earth.

V. Thou hast declared Thy power, O Lord! amidst the nation.—R. In the power of Thy arm Thou hast redeemed Thy people.

Anthem: Thy kingdom is the kingdom of all ages; thy sway from generation unto generation. Alleluia.

Priest: O God! who didst appoint Thy only-begotten Son to be the Redeemer of the world, and Him, when death was overcome, and us Thou didst restore to life; mercifully grant that, meditating on these Thy benefits, and ever united to Thee by charity, we may receive the blessed fruit of His redemption; through the same Lord Jesus Christ.

In the meditation of divine mysteries keep thy heart humble and thy thoughts holy. The best way to see daylight is to put thy candle out.—*Quarles.*

Notes and Remarks.

A traveller, returning home after a stay of many months in foreign lands, writes these interesting words: "I remember well the wistful, half-envious expression on the face of an Englishman in the oasis town of Biskra when he saw me going to Mass: '*You* have *your* Church everywhere!' So it is. I was in the Desert of Sahara, and yet at home." Not for nothing is the Church of all lands called Catholic; yet it is possible that the wistful Englishman, after his return to London, may talk with much satisfaction about the church that is "Catholic, not Roman." We have often thought that travel will eventually do more to batter down the wall of religious prejudice that separates our Protestant friends from us than any other influence. Nothing so forcibly brings home the greatness of the Church and the littleness of the sects as travel in foreign countries.

In a paper read before the congress of the National Prison Association, held in Cleveland, it was shown that the annual expenditure put upon our government by the criminal classes amounts to two hundred millions of dollars! The annual loss of individuals from robberies, forgeries, etc., is twice that amount. If one were to consider that the executive, legislative and judicial departments of the government are largely occupied with the erection of penal institutions, the preparation of penal statutes, and the prosecution of criminals, it would be difficult even to guess at the actual expense entailed by crime. Mr. Eugene Smith, who brought this matter before the Cleveland congress, believes that unless a remedy for this shocking condition be speedily found our civilization will go the way of the ancient ones, and chaos will supervene. "There is one differentiating fact in our favor," he says, "and in it lies the only hope for our future; it is the vitalizing and regenerative energy of Christianity." Now, this is very true; also very familiar to people who hear Catholic sermons or read Catholic publications. We hope the members of the congress carried with them from that meeting the deep-seated conviction that the home, the church and the school should join forces to supply people with more of that vitalizing and regenerative energy.

The lament of the Rev. Dr. Lambing over the infrequency of pastoral letters from our bishops to their flocks has been happily reinforced by the fact that a recent pastoral from the pen of Bishop Maes on "Sunday Observance" was not only reprinted in full by the Cincinnati *Commercial-Tribune*, but was even made the theme of strong editorial approval. The matters touched on by the Bishop of Covington were not precisely those most likely to enlist the favor of a secular journal in these expansive times, one of them being a condemnation of "Sunday picnics" held under the auspices of Catholic societies. We quote a paragraph from the editorial in the *Commercial-Tribune*:

> That the pastoral letter will be productive of excellent results in and among the flock of Bishop Maes, there can be little doubt. Of impressive bearing, of kindly heart, of great learning and of undoubted sincerity of purpose, it is also true that his utterances will commend themselves to the religious element everywhere.

The marriage of an apostate French priest has furnished the anti-Catholic press of France with a pretext for a new edition of its attacks on the celibacy of the priesthood. In connection with this subject Father Girod, a missionary from Tonkin, relates an incident that occurred when he was in the Foreign

Missions' Seminary, Paris. He was on duty one day in the "Martyrs' Hall," giving to the different visitors information as to the various paintings and other objects that constitute the Seminary's missionary museum. In one group of callers was a young man about twenty years of age, an extreme type of the Parisian dude, who had glanced rather superciliously at some of the pictures and curiosities, and entirely ignored others. Approaching Father Girod when the other visitors had left the hall, this youth looked the priest squarely in the face, and asked: "But, after all, Monsieur l'Abbé, I should like to know why Catholic priests don't marry." Father Girod simply turned toward an Anamite picture representing the awful agony of Blessed Cornay, whom the executioners were cutting into pieces, and replied: "Look there, young man, and tell me whether, when one has a wife and children, one is apt to have a taste for that kind of life and death." The dandy did look, and then, respectfully asking permission to shake the priest's hand, wished him good luck and retired.

The general election consequent on the dissolution of the fourteenth parliament of Victoria's reign has brought the British public face to face with a question that has never so directly challenged them before. The bishops of England, in conference assembled, have requested the Catholic electorate to insist upon an expression of the views of candidates regarding the Catholic schools of England. The Liberal Party—which, by the way, seems doomed to defeat—aims at setting up an absolutely sectarian system of schools, such as our public schools profess to be but are not. This policy the bishops condemn. What they propose is that a certain sum be fixed *per capita* for the education of children; and that schools, whether religious or secular, be remunerated according to the number of children to whom they impart the elements of education. The denominational schools may be under the control of the government school board, so far as discipline, methods of teaching and study, and the quality of the secular education imparted are concerned. This is a subject on which the bishops of England ask Catholic voters to interrogate the candidates for Parliament; and there has been no such outcry as that which met the innocent proposal to federate the Catholic societies in this country.

An illustration of the powerlessness of wealth in certain circumstances was recently made public by the daily papers. Three years ago a New York millionaire, Mr. Charles Rouss, was afflicted with paralysis of the optic nerve, causing total blindness. He immediately offered an honorarium of $1,000,000 to any person who should restore his sight. Since that time he has suffered many things at the hands of physicians, no fewer than three hundred specialists having worked on the case. Finally, Mr. Rouss formally withdrew the offer and gave up hope. "I submit to the will of a higher than earthly power," he said. "The Almighty Father doubtless intended me to be blind for the rest of my days. I know that no man can cure me." Mr. Rouss is said to be a man of charitable impulses. Despite his affliction, he is still able to control one of the largest emporiums in the metropolis.

In the course of a feeling tribute to the late Zachariah Montgomery, whose efforts in behalf of religious education the Catholics of this country should never forget, the *Michigan Catholic* observes: "We have come to be so well content with being allowed to conduct

our own schools in peace and at our own cost, that we scarcely remember the heroes on our side in the days when the right to spend our own money in our own way was denied us unless we chose to accept the charge of being disloyal to the nation and to its institutions. But it will do us no harm to bear in mind that there was such a period, and to honor the memory of those who were our champions in that day and generation." Foremost among them were the venerable Bishop McQuaid, of the diocese of Rochester; Judge Edmund F. Dunne, and the grand old man of the West who lately passed to his reward.

It is quite probable that a goodly number of anti-Catholic French editors, provincial as well as Parisian, will hereafter display more circumspection than they have hitherto done in discussing the affairs and the character of the Assumptionist Fathers. These sturdy and militant religious distinctly object to the rôle of meek and uncomplaining recipients of libellous outrages and hyperbolical defamation; and they have emphasized their objection by prosecuting as many as thirty journals that have been indulging in this pastime. Twenty-three of these actions have been decided in favor of the Fathers, fourteen of the cases after an appeal had been taken; the remaining actions have not yet been concluded. It is an excellent lesson to teach the irresponsible scribbler: that a body of citizens, not less than individuals, have rights which may not be disregarded with impunity.

A nobleman in truth was the Marquis of Bute, who passed away on the 9th inst. at the historic ancestral home in Ayrshire, at the age of fifty-three. Born into one of the oldest and wealthiest families of the English aristocracy, the lamented Marquis received the grace of conversion to the true faith on attaining to full manhood, and was ever after an exemplary Catholic. His translation of the Breviary was his most notable, but not his only, literary service to religion; he even utilized the tedious hours of his last illness to prepare a form of prayers for the use of persons unavoidably prevented from hearing Mass on Sundays. A circumstance which rendered his conversion more than usually notable was that he held at the time the highest office among the Freemasons of England. *R. I. P.*

There lives at Durand, Michigan, a Methodist clergyman whose honest hand we should like to clasp—the Rev. Mr. Roedel. A Catholic trainman was fatally injured in a railway collision, and, by mistake, Mr. Roedel was called to minister to him. The dying man courteously declined his services, but asked him to send for a priest. Mr. Roedel at once hurried to his home, harnessed his horse and himself drove six miles across the country to bring Father O'Sullivan, of Gaines, to the side of the dying engineer. It was no fault of Mr. Roedel—honored be his name!—that the priest arrived too late to impart the consolations of religion.

The persecution in China is still raging in remote districts, and many lives are being sacrificed to the fury of the fanatical Boxers. Up to the end of September, 5 bishops, 28 priests (European and native), 3 Brothers and 12 nuns, with a large number of Christians, which it is almost impossible to determine, had perished. Many of these had refused to apostatize, and so are martyrs in the strict sense of the word. The November number of the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith* will give detailed accounts of the massacres and martyrdoms.

Notable New Books.

Handbook to Christian and Ecclesiastical Rome. In Three Volumes. By H. M. and M. A. R. T. The Macmillan Co.

It is a sufficient description of this book to say that it is designed to answer any question which the visitor to Rome may ask regarding the Eternal City. Part I. is entitled "Christian Monuments," and deals in detail with St. Peter's, the basilicas, the churches and the catacombs. Part II. deals with the liturgy—the Holy Mass, the Office, and the principal ceremonies and feasts of the ecclesiastical year. Parts III. and IV., which constitute the third volume, treat of the origin and development of monasticism and of Church organization.

These three fine volumes are a marvel of condensation; so far as we can see, no subject is slighted which the authors could reasonably have been expected to touch upon. The work is also extremely interesting, despite the exigencies of condensation; and when the reader has gone through these volumes he will have acquired more information, we venture to say, than he would have gathered in many years' residence in Rome. The information, moreover, is both minute and uncommonplace; much of it is of curious interest. The chief purpose of the compilers was to assist prospective visitors to the City of the Popes; but we fancy this handbook will be even more eagerly sought after as a work of reference by people who stay at home. Certainly no priest, teacher or writer for the press will consent to be without it once its merits become known. To the authors and publishers best thanks are due.

Lectures for Boys. By the Very Rev. Francis Cuthbert Doyle, O. S. B. Three Volumes. R. and T. Washbourne; Benziger Brothers.

The language of eulogy is so sadly abused by the newspaper book-reviewers that it is hard to find worthy terms in which to praise a work like this. 'Monumental' is an unusual word to apply to a collection of sermons; yet we have no hesitation in saying that the amount of talent, experience and mental effort involved in the production of these three portly volumes would have sufficed to win abiding fame for the author in any other field of effort. We rejoice, however, that Father Doyle has not chosen another field; for poor as our general pulpit literature is, its chief weakness is the almost total absence of sermons suited to boys. These lectures—really fifteen-minute sermons—are especially intended for collegians; but, with slight alterations, all of them (and with no alteration most of them) could be used in addressing boys' sodalities and young men's clubs. There are—we own that we did not count them—between two hundred and three hundred sermons in all, covering almost every phase of religious life; not pulpy nor mawkish nor sentimental, but virile, snappy, entertaining, instructive, and sweetly reasonable and persuasive,—just the sort of sermon needed by the average Catholic boy. There is no redundancy, no impractical soaring, few exclamation marks, and much solid, wise, *concrete* advice. Limited as is the public to which these discourses appeal, they have already run into two editions in England,—a distinction they well deserve. We feel safe in saying that any one who is called upon to speak regularly to audiences composed exclusively of boys will find these handsome volumes most valuable.

The History of the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ. By the Rev. James Groenings, S. J. B. Herder.

Father Groenings takes up the history of the Passion immediately after the institution of the Holy Eucharist, and follows the tragedy of Redemption step by step through every word and circumstance of the Scriptural narrative till the eve of the Resurrection. The qualities of this work are simplicity and fervor. There is no attempt at ornate speech and no trace of imagination; but there is much plain, unctuous and solid religious instruction for earnest, simple folk; and much that priests will find helpful in the preparation of sermons. The author has gathered material out of many books of commentaries, and, as with Montaigne, only the thread that binds the nosegay together is his own. The intense emotionalism and grotesqueness that render many of the old treatises unfit for modern use are pleasantly absent from his pages; and the book may be unreservedly commended for spiritual reading during Passiontide, especially in places where regular sermons on the sufferings of Our Lord are not heard.

The Spiritual Life and Prayer, According to Holy Scripture and Monastic Tradition. Translated from the French by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. Art and Book Co.

For most readers it will be sufficient praise of this excellent volume to say that it was translated from the French with the cordial approbation of Cardinal Manning, who annotated it himself, and who had begun to write an introduction for the

work when death came to him. Unquestionably it was a work of piety to translate this stimulating though somewhat fragmentary treatise on the religious life, particularly rich as it is in quotations from the Fathers and the saints. It is practical, too, as an extract will show:

It is of the utmost importance, therefore, for the sanctification of the soul that at least once a day she should examine herself and see not only of what sins she has been guilty, but moreover what are her imperfections and secret tendencies. This is a sure means of obtaining self-knowledge and of foiling the devil's artifices; for he has no better allies than our own inattention and thoughtlessness. It is the way to repair our daily losses by loving contrition, to obtain abundant graces, and finally to bring about the continual amendment of our life. St. Benedict could not overlook this important practice. He thus recommends it: 'With tears and sighs daily to confess his past evils to God in prayer, and to amend those evils for the time to come." And the Psalmist renders the same thought in these words: "My soul is continually in my hands and I have not forgotten Thy law."

The solidity of this goodly volume is typically Benedictine, the very beef and marrow of spiritual direction. Some of the chapters are intended primarily for nuns, but the devout male sex may well condescend to skip these for the sake of the rest. We can only hope that such spiritual books as this may be multiplied in the land; the result is sure to be a happy one—fewer devotions and more devotion.

Alice of Old Vincennes. By Maurice Thompson. The Bowen-Merrill Co.

Those who have grown tired of fiction which is half philosophy and of novels with scenes set in foreign lands will welcome this vivid romance of the American Revolution. It is concerned with the brave lives and daring deeds of those who took active part in that memorable struggle for liberty, especially those whose lot was cast in Fort Vincennes,—their lives and loves, their joys and tears, their hardships, sacrifices and rewards. The story is of intense and varied interest; so varied indeed that the book is sure to find favor with all classes of readers. The author is so thoroughly familiar with the early history of Indiana, knows so much about patriots like Colonel Clark and Father Gibault—of whom most persons know nothing,—and writes so informingly of their services to the Revolutionary cause, that one might be inclined to think he had recast some orgotten story of the last century instead of producing a romance which is old only as regards the setting of its scenes.

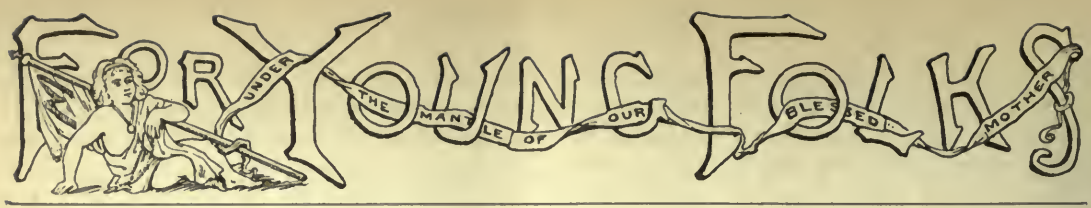
Mr. Thompson is not a Catholic, but the character of Father Beret, the white-souled pastor of Old Vincennes, is drawn with singular charm and sympathy. The figure of Père Felician by Longfellow is hardly less pathetic or picturesque. Of other well-drawn characters, of many graphic descriptions, and of the dramatic situations of the story, all of which are excellently worked out, we must not speak. An extended review of "Alice of Old Vincennes" would be almost an offence. The book is attractively published, as it deserved to be; and the illustrations, by F. C. Yohn, are an added charm.

A Priest's Poems. By K. D. B. Catholic Truth Society.

"K. D. B." is Father Kenelm Digby Best, of the Oratory; and though "Poems," in the highest sense of the word, is a more ambitious title than some of these pieces deserve, it is still true that Father Best has a knack of turning a verse with very uncommon neatness. Cardinal Newman has given strong commendation to the translations of his brother Oratorian, and indeed the smoothness and fluency of his renderings out of other tongues must appeal to all readers. "St. Cecilia" and "The Plaint of the Sorrowful Soul" have given us more pleasure than any of the other pieces, though all are worth reading. It is a fact that these verses are greatly superior to those contained in certain volumes that have been very much talked and written about during the past year. Compared with Father Best's lines, most of the religious verse collected into volumes seems wooden, spiritless, and without vitality. The book is attractively printed and bound.

The Art of Study. By B. A. Hinsdale. The American Book Co.

Nowadays the study of psychology is part of the training necessary to acquire even the rudiments of the science of teaching. The relation between teacher and pupil proves the wisdom of studying the nature of the child before attempting to draw forth its latent powers. Professor Hinsdale, who occupies the pedagogical chair in the University of Michigan, has done much toward the training of teachers in his works addressed especially to them; and his latest book, "The Art of Study," will serve to emphasize his previous efforts toward outlining the position of instructor and of student. To the list of reference books recommended by Mr. Hinsdale we would add the volume on psychology in the Stonyhurst series, a new edition of which has just appeared; also "The Child," by Mgr. Dupanloup, and Bishop Spalding's essays on Education.



At Neddie's Window.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.

O MOON! forever sailing up the sky
And down again, I watch you, mounting high
And dipping low, and wonder where you go
When I am sound asleep?

O stars! forever peeping in and out,
How well you seem to know your way about!
Now fast, now slow. I wonder where you go
When I am sound asleep?

O clouds! like phantom ships across the sky,
Sometimes you float and sometimes seem to fly,
Now high, now low; I wonder where you go
When I am sound asleep?

Moon! do you climb and climb beyond the hill?
Stars! do you shine and shine o'er wood and rill?
O clouds! are you forever wandering still
When I am fast asleep?

Dot and Carrie.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

IV.—Amid New Scenes.

MAUD spent several happy weeks at Craglonen. She loved the grand wildness of the sea, and thoroughly enjoyed the fine excursions round the neighborhood planned for her amusement by her uncle and Harold. But at last her mother wrote saying that she must return to her lessons; and, very much against her will, she said good-bye to her uncle and aunt and cousins and went home.

"I am sorry, very sorry, I shall never see Craglonen again," she said, as she warmly embraced each member of the family in turn. "And the only thing that comforts me is that you will all follow me soon to Cobham. The woods and the fields are lovely there in spring. Carrie and Dot will go wild over the primroses. I'm glad you've taken the cottage, Uncle Will."

"So am I, dear; and so are your aunt and the children."

"Oh, yes, it is a joy!" cried Carrie. "I love new places and so does Dot." And, slipping her arm round the little girl's waist, she danced her up and down the room, then out to the hall-door to see Maud drive off.

The winter that year was a trying one, and there was a good deal of sickness at Craglonen. Dot got the measles; and Carrie, Randy and Dickie all caught them from her, one after the other. So Mrs. Kerr had her hands full.

"I'll be glad to get away from here," Mrs. Kerr remarked to her husband one wild day in March. "The little ones all want a change now, especially Dot. I wonder if the cottage is ready for us?"

The door opened and in ran Carrie, flushed and excited.

"O mother, I've had such a pleasant letter from Maud! She says the cottage is now waiting, and that I am to have lessons with Kitty and Edith. She says their governess would like to teach Dot her letters. When may we go, mother mine?"

"Very soon, I hope. Will you like the change, and having lessons with a governess?"

"Like it? I'll be delighted. I want to work hard and be clever so as to help you and father when I grow up."

"You do help us now, dear," and she kissed her lovingly. "Every good child helps her father and mother; while every naughty child gives them sorrow and unhappiness."

Carrie threw her arms round her mother's neck.

"I'll try very hard not to do that, mother. But, oh, it will be lovely to go to a new place and get Dot away from the sea!"

"She does not seem to mind it now. She has forgotten."

"Not as much as you think, mother dear. And the loud roar of the waves always makes her cry."

"Poor little soul! Then I am glad, both for her sake and our own, that we are leaving Craglonen."

After this there was nothing but bustle and excitement in the big castle by the sea. The children packed and unpacked their various belongings a hundred times over. Dolls and books, pictures and Noah's Arks, were tied up in boxes, labelled, corded and directed; then all taken out again and carefully examined, just to make sure that they were in no danger of being broken. But at last everything was ready, and one balmy April day they turned their backs on Craglonen and the noisy ocean, and started in the best of spirits for their new home in Cobham.

Their first peep at the village was a pleasant one, and Harold's artistic eye was charmed with the place.

"I'll have my little camera out here very soon," he said, as they drove up the picturesque High Street. "And I'll make any number of sketches. Just look! There's the Pickwick Inn, with the fat old gentleman's portrait hanging over the door, and the sign of the 'Leather Bottel!' Isn't it delightful!"

"Very, dear," replied his mother. "And see how pretty the old church is!"

"Yes, and the red-roofed Elizabethan almshouses," said Mr. Kerr.

"It's a pity the people at the Inn don't know how to spell, Carrie," Randy whispered. "In my book they say b-o-t-t-l-e, not t-e-l."

"Quite right, my little man!" laughed his father, overhearing Randy's remark. "Nowadays we spell it t-l-e; the other is early English and wrong now, but rather quaint."

"It's an enchanting spot," said Carrie, as they drove down a lane between two hedges fast bursting into the young and tender green of spring. "I hope our cottage will be nice."

"I am sure it will," replied Harold. "They're all nice about here. And how lovely they must look in summer when the roses are in full bloom!"

"We'll find the cottage small after big, roomy Craglonen, I fear," said Mr. Kerr. "However, if the weather is fine, the children will be out a good deal."

"And over at Park Side with the Huntleys," added his wife. "Carrie and Randy will be there the greater part of the day at their lessons; and, then, Harold will soon go to school."

In a little while the big, heavily-laden landau drew up at Woodbine Cottage. The house was small certainly, and Mrs. Kerr heaved a sigh as she thought of the large, airy rooms at Craglonen. But the children could see no fault in the pretty place.

"Small rooms are delightful!" they exclaimed. "And the one narrow flight of stairs is so nice."

"We're up and down in a minute," said Dickie. "And it's just three steps from the nursery to the drawing-room."

"Shall I ever have a quiet moment?" said Mrs. Kerr. Then, consoling herself with the idea that the garden was good, and the field at the back of the house a fair size, she went up to take off her bonnet, as the children scampered away to see what things were like outside. When tea was ready they could scarcely be induced to come in, so charming did they find the surroundings of the cottage.

"And there's such a nice farmyard, mother," said Carrie. "There's a dear

old cow that will give us milk for our tea, and hens to lay eggs, and a donkey—"

"And six 'ittle new back pids!" said Dot, her eyes nearly dancing out of her head with excitement. "And Hoppy found a mouse, and—"

"You'll choke, Dot, if you talk so fast," said Dickie, in a superior tone. "And you ought to say 'pigs'"—laying great stress on the *g*,—"and not 'pids.' People—the Huntleys and all—will think you such a baby if you talk like that."

"Take your tea and don't mind him, pet," said Carrie, helping her to jam. "The Huntleys and everyone else will love you, no matter how you talk."

"Of course they will," laughed Harold. "But it won't do for Dot to go on talking broken English. You'd think it very funny if you met a grown-up lady who talked about her 'pids' and her 'tows,' little one,"—gently pulling her golden curls. "Wouldn't you?"

"Ess, I fink I would." Dot's eyes twinkled, and Dickie and Randy went off into such a fit of laughter that Mrs. Kerr looked in from her own room to see what the fun was.

"Dot will talk plainly time enough. You must not hurry or annoy her," she said, smiling. "You were rather slow yourself, Dickie, remember. Why, only last year you called a razor a 'saver,' meaning to say a 'shaver.'"

Poor Dickie laughed good-humoredly, though he grew rather red.

"I was a duffer, I know. And if Randy hadn't made fun of me, I'd not be able to talk properly yet. But as Carrie spoils Dot, and tells her she's sweet and that people will love her no matter what she does, she'll never learn."

"And Carrie's quite right to be kind and encouraging," Mrs. Kerr said; and she laid her hand caressingly on her little daughter's head. "Her spoiling will do Dot no harm, Dickie."

"Perhaps not; and she's not a bad mite," Dickie replied, condescendingly. "I'm very fond of her."

"She has some funny ideas, has Dot," remarked Randy. "Don't you remember the other day, mother, when you told her she ought to be quick and learn to read, she said she didn't care about knowing how to read? You looked shocked and asked her what people would say to her when she grew up if she could not read? 'You will feel so ashamed,' you said. 'Not at all,' she answered; 'no one will ever know whether I can read or not.'"

Mrs. Kerr laughed.

"Yes; and she said quietly: 'No one ever asks *you* whether you can read or not, do they?' And when I admitted that they did not, the poor dear cried triumphantly: 'There! then what does it matter? I need never feel ashamed even when I am big.'"

"Little goosie!" Harold cried, patting the soft pink cheek.

"I don't think Carrie is the only one that spoils Dot," laughed Mrs. Kerr. "And now, children, if you are not too tired we might go for a run in the Park."

They all declared a walk was the thing of all others they would like best; and in a short time the whole merry party, with Hoppy running and frisking in delight before them, left the cottage, and, entering the park, strolled happily across the greensward toward Cobham Hall. Mrs. Kerr was enchanted with the beautiful place, and called their attention to the splendid oaks, limes, and walnut trees, to the fine cattle and herds of graceful deer.

"It's like fairy-land!" cried Carrie, gathering handfuls of primroses as she went along. "O mother dear, this is ten times nicer than Craglonen!"

"That I don't deny," Mrs. Kerr said. "But look"—as through an opening in the trees beneath them they saw the old

red brick mansion enshrined in a rich setting of dark evergreens!—"that is Cobham Hall. Is it not beautiful in the setting sun?"

"Lovely!" responded Carrie. "But I'd like to go inside."

"And I would like to live there," said Dot. "Wouldn't you? We'd have such lots of room to play."

"You ambitious little person!" Mrs. Kerr said gaily. "You'll have to make less room do you."

"Oh! And shall we never, never go inside?" asked Dot.

"Yes, some day we shall go and look at the beautiful galleries and pictures. They kindly show them once a week."

"Maud told me that," Carrie said. "She says they often go."

"Then we can all together inspect the treasures the house contains," her mother answered, seating herself on a fallen tree. "Gather a lot of primroses now, dearies, and then we'll go home."

The next morning the children were up with the lark, and, after a very early breakfast, ran out to inspect the garden, farmyard and orchard once more. Securely fastened to the thick branches of two fine old apple-trees they discovered a swing; and they were all crowding round it in delight, each one eager to be tossed as high in the air as possible by a good-natured and strong-armed young gardener, when the sound of wheels was suddenly heard on the road, and, looking over the hedge, Carrie called out:

"The Huntleys—Maud, Edith, Kitty, Frank, and Jack. How glorious! Come along, Dot,—quick! They are dying to see you." And, catching the little one's hand, she ran down the path to the gate.

The Huntleys were charmed to see their cousins, and they gazed at Dot in wonder and curiosity.

"She's such a slight little creature!" cried Edith, a bright-eyed girl of ten. "It's extraordinary that the cold and fright didn't kill her."

"Do you remember what happened in the shipwreck, Dot dear?" inquired eight-year-old Kitty, who always went straight to the point.

"No," answered Dot. "I was in bed. Mudder kissed me, and I went to sleep. Then I felt cold and wet; and then I was at Craglonen and Caway was hugging me. Mudder and Muriel and Jack and Charlie have never come back since. I wish they would!" And the blue eyes filled with tears. "But they won't—ever!"

"Don't talk to her about that awful night, Kitty," Carrie whispered. "We want her to forget."

"I won't mention it again,—indeed I won't," Kitty replied, with a little shiver. "It must have been terrible."

"Her father was not in the *Henriette*, was he?" asked Edith. "Maud wasn't quite sure."

"We do not think he was, and she always says 'No' when we ask her," answered Carrie; "but she has no idea where he is."

"One couldn't expect a baby like that to know much," said Maud. "And now how do you all like the cottage?"

"We love it; and isn't Cobham Park beautiful! We went for a walk there after tea yesterday."

"You were energetic," put in Jack Huntley. "We thought you would all be quite tired after your journey."

Harold laughed.

"We were as fresh as paint, and ready for more walking than that. We were delighted with the Park."

"It is lovely. But I like Lynswood better," remarked Maud. "It's smaller, but very, very pretty."

"Is that Lord Raghan's?" inquired Carrie, eagerly.

"Yes. We know all the people there,

and are allowed to wander about the woods and fields as we please."

"How very nice! Has Lord Raghan come home?"

"No. I think he's a myth; anyway he's a mystery," said Maud. "No one seems to know anything about him."

"I wish he would come home and make father his agent," added Harold.

"Yes. For that reason I'd be glad," said Maud. "But otherwise it is nicer for us that he should stay away. It leaves us freer to roam about the place. Sometimes the housekeeper lets us in to see the big drawing-rooms. They are beautiful; and the pictures, though not so good as those at Cobham Hall, are worth seeing. Well, Dickie, little man, what is the matter?"

"I want a drive in your carriage, and so does Dot. May we have one?" the little boy said, imploringly. "Just up and down the road, Maudie, please?"

"No, but much farther on," laughed the girl,—"right away to Park Side, Dickie. Mother told us to bring you all home to lunch."

"But we'd never fit in," said Carrie. "Think how many we are."

"We shall be a little squeezed, true," answered Maud. "But, as the big boys will walk, we'll have room enough. It's only about a mile and a half—ah, there is Aunt Constance!" and she flew to meet Mrs. Kerr, who appeared at that moment at the cottage door.

"They may all come back with us, auntie; mayn't they?" the girl asked as she kissed her. "Mother said you would be glad to have them off your hands for a while."

"And mother was right. Things are a little upside-down this morning. I'll go over for them in the afternoon."

"Do. That will be lovely."

"Have you heard any news of Lord Raghan, Maud?" Mrs. Kerr inquired, a little anxiously.

"No, auntie. But people think he must come home very soon."

"I hope so. I would like your uncle to see and talk to him without delay."

"That's what father says."

"Come on, Maud!—come on!" cried Dickie, running in, his hat on his head and his thick reefer coat under his arm. "The children are all waiting and the horses won't stand—"

"And Dickie is impatient," laughed Maud. "You have seen our youngsters, Aunt Constance?"

"Yes, and think them greatly grown and improved. Come, Dickie dear, don't worry. There's plenty of time. You have the whole day before you."

But Dickie found it hard to control himself, and hopped from one foot to the other, his eyes fixed on Maud.

"It's bad for horses to stand too long," he said at last. "And yours are tossing their heads very angrily."

"Well, come!" laughed Maud. "I won't keep you waiting any longer. Good-bye, auntie!" And she caught Dickie's hand and ran down to the gate.

In another moment the carriage, full of merry, laughing children, drove away to Park Side.

(To be continued.)

The Use of Bells.

The calling of people together by ringing a bell is a very ancient practice. Bells were thus used in the temples of Isis in Egypt, and worn upon the borders of the garments of Jewish high-priests. Bronze hand-bells were found in the ruins of the palace of Nimrod, and the Greeks used them for many purposes. The Romans, who copied so much from the Greeks, learned of them to use bells. Then came Christianity, consecrating the melodious metal object to the offices of religion.

With Authors and Publishers.

—It will please many inquirers to know that the translation of the concluding volume of Dom Guéranger's "Liturgical Year" (Time after Pentecost, Vol. IV.) is in active preparation. It will be published by the Art & Book Co.

—Tolstoi, the Russian Zola, has been solemnly excommunicated by the President of the Holy Synod. As regards both faith and morals, Tolstoi's books are "peculiar," which fact helps to explain the remarkable vogue he enjoys in English-speaking countries.

—Among forthcoming holiday books will be an illustrated edition, in elegant binding, of "Christmastide," by Eliza Allen Starr. This favorite booklet contains five essays on Christmas, Our Lady at the Crib, Epiphany, the Early Madonnas, and Raphael's Madonnas. The new edition will contain eleven illustrations from paintings by renowned masters.

—Cardinal Newman's famous vision of death, "The Dream of Gerontius," has at last been set to worthy music by Mr. Edward Elgar. The cantata is said by judicious critics to be "the most complicated ever written by an Englishman." Already there are demands for the public rendition of the new masterpiece, which we may hope to see produced in this country before long. Mr. Elgar is a Catholic.

—The Art & Book Co. announce a new edition of Walter Hilton's "Scale of Perfection;" one of the old English ascetical books most prized by our forefathers in the Faith. Hilton was a canon of Thurgarton in Nottinghamshire, and flourished in the fourteenth century. We may gather how widely his book circulated from the fact that it is found in some half-dozen MSS. in the British Museum alone; and Wynkyn de Worde printed it more than once.

—*Sonntags-Predigten*, bearing the imprint of Meyer and Miller (Chicago), is a volume of miscellaneous sermons from the pen of the Rev. Bernard M. Skulik. There is much to recommend this volume to the readers of sermons. Father Skulik has a simple and downright mode of expression very suitable to the truths he announces. As to the matter of these discourses, it has been the theme of preachers from the earliest ages of Christianity, and has lost none of its freshness in the progress of the centuries. In the thirty-three sermons contained in this volume, such subjects as "The Mission of the Apostles," "The Duties of Children to their Parents," "The Reward of a Well-Spent Life," "The Resurrection," etc., afford spiritual pabulum varied enough for the most exacting taste

—One hundred years ago Hans Christian Andersen, beloved of children, was born; and the admirers of the great Dane have determined to signalize the occasion by publishing an elaborate edition of his famous fairy tales. Translations in English, German, French, and Norwegian will also be published, the English version being introduced by Mr. Edmund Gosse. Hans Tegnier, a compatriot of Andersen's, will illustrate it.

—A new book by Francesca Alexander, consisting of beautiful rhymed legends, entitled "The Hidden Servants," is published by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. It will be remembered that we are indebted to this American-Italian writer for "The Story of Ida," "Roadside Songs of Tuscany," and "Christ Folk of the Apennines," all of which were edited and highly praised by Ruskin. The last of the three has been out of print for several years, and is now as rare as it is precious.

—It is said that the letters accompanying rejected manuscripts are commonly remarkable for nothing except a cold, commercial heartlessness; but sometimes the editor's feelings get the better of him. A London author having submitted the most daring kind of realistic novel to a well-known English magazine, the editor, who was a friend of the author, replied as follows:

My Dear Sir: Oh! my dear sir!

Yours faithfully,

—Each week, on reading the Rev. Mr. Starbuck's contribution to the *Sacred Heart Review*, we are impressed anew with the value of that learned gentleman's work in dispelling the misapprehensions of our non-Catholic friends. Some at least of these weekly essays ought to be reprinted by the Catholic Truth Societies. It would be well for all to know, for instance, that the very name *Protestant* was originally assumed not by protestants against the doctrines of Rome, but by protestants against religious liberty, as Mr. Starbuck shows. It is sometimes necessary to recall such disagreeable facts as this to people who like to mention the Inquisition.

—Of the late Miss Margaret Stokes, an English Protestant writer who has just passed away, the

London *Catholic Times* says: "On looking through her works, which are to be found in our public libraries, we have often wondered how it was she was not a Catholic. At any rate she performed, in an exceptionally able and painstaking manner, a labor of love which should long ago have been executed by Catholics." The work here referred to was Miss Stokes' sympathetic and reverent books detailing the labors of the Irish missionaries on the Continent of Europe. These books are entitled "Three Months in the Forests of France," and "Six Months in the Apennines."

—It is very gratifying to observe that a number of educated laymen are now cultivating the habit of sending communications to the daily papers to correct misrepresentations of Catholic doctrine and to combat calumnies against the Church. We are particularly pleased with Mr. Neal H. Ewing's letters to the New York *Times*. They are well-written, severely logical, and invariably charitable and courteous. The paper in which Mr. Ewing's communications oftenest appear is one of the ablest and most influential in the United States. The *Times* deserves its prosperity. It is one of few newspapers that will print nothing that is not fit for general reading.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Handbook to Christian and Ecclesiastical Rome. Three Vols. *H. M. and M. A. R. T.* $10.00.

The Spiritual Life and Prayer, According to Holy Scripture and Monastic Tradition. $1.75, *net.*

A Priest's Poems. *K. D. B.* $1.25.

The History of the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ. *Rev. James Groenings, S. J.* $1.25, *net.*

Alice of Old Vincennes. *Maurice Thompson.* $1.50.

Education and the Future of Religion. *Bishop Spalding.* 5 cts.

General Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures. *Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S. S.* $2, *net.*

Father Anthony. *Robert Buchanan.* $1.50.

The Soldier of Christ. *Mother Mary Loyola.* $1.35, *net.*

Where is the Church? *Rev. Charles Coupe, S. J.* 40 cts., *net.*

The Autobiography of St. Ignatius Loyola. *J. F. X. O'Conor, S. J.* $1.25, *net.*

The Testament of Ignatius Loyola. *E. M. Rix.* $1, *net.*

Sermons on the Blessed Sacrament. *Scheurer–Lasance.* $1.50, *net.*

A Form of Prayers. *Marquis of Bute.* 45 cts., *net.*

Sanctuary Meditations. *Fr. Baltasar Gracian, S. J.* $1, *net.*

Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption. *W. H. Mallock.* $3.50.

The Flowing Tide. *Madame Belloc.* $1.60, *net.*

A Son of St. Francis. *Lady Amabel Kerr.* $1, *net.*

Poor Dear Ann. *The Prig.* 75 cts.

The Bible and its Interpreter. *Rev. P. H. Casey, S. J.* 50 cts.

The Gospel Story. *B. F. C. Costelloe.* $1.60, *net.*

Studies in Church History. Vol. VI. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* $2.50.

Meditations on the Psalms of the Little Office. *Peregrinus.—Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.* 75 cts., *net.*

Currita, Countess of Albornoz. *Luis Coloma.* $1.50.

The Knights of the Cross. Vol. II. *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* $1.

A Journey with the Sun around the World. *Rev. William McMahon.* $2.

St. Jerome. *Father Largent.* $1.

Studies in Poetry. *Thomas O'Hagan, M. A., Ph. D.* $1.

The Church of Christ the Same Forever. *Rev. D. McErlane, S. J.* 50 cts , *net.*

Christian Philosophy — God. *Rev. John T. Driscoll, S. T. L.* $1.25, *net.*

The Heiress of Cronenstein. *Countess Hahn-Hahn* $1.25.

The Nursing Sister. $1.25.

Jack Hildreth on the Nile. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.

Holy Mass: A Morning Paradise. *Very Rev. R. O. Kennedy.* 5 cts.

Giovanni Baptista de Rossi. *Very Rev. T. J. Shahan, D. D.* 20 cts.

Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire. *Samuel Dill, M. A.* $2.

The Spirit of the Third Order of St. Francis. *Father Peter Baptist, O. F. M.* $1, *net.*

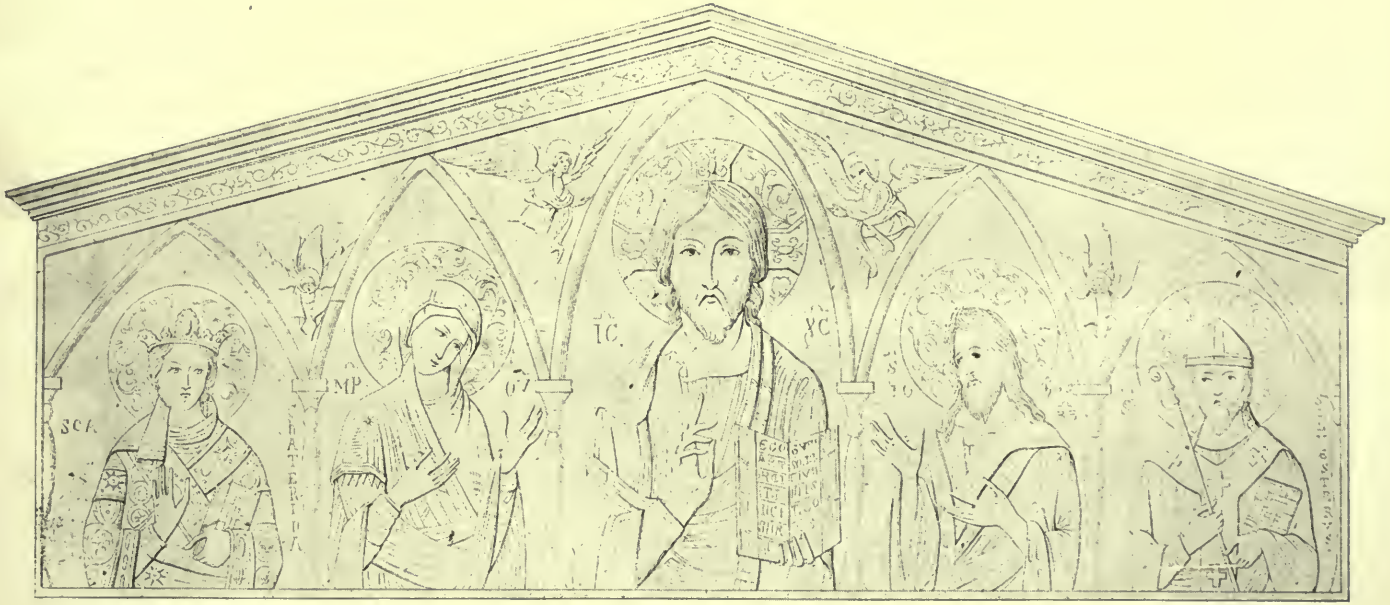
The Passion Play of Oberammergau. *Mary Frances Drew.* 60 cts., *net.*

St. Francis of Sales. *A. De Margerie.* $1.

A Book of Spiritual Instruction. *Blosius.* 75 cts., *net.*

A Month's Meditations. *Cardinal Wiseman.* $1.10, *net.*

LIBRARY



THE SAVIOUR WITH SAINTS.
Giunta Pisano.

THE AVE MARIA

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LI. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 3, 1900. NO. 18.

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All Saints' and All Souls'.

BY FREDERICK GEORGE LEE, D. D.

MUSING over friends departed, loved ones known and missed and gone,
As November's sun was smiling, speaking summer to the morn,
Autumn blooms were sweet and odorous in their latest parting breath,—
Yet gazing upon Beauty I could only dream of Death.

Golden shower-clouds drifting, purpled up between the earth and sky,
Seemed to pause, as though thanks giving, ere like tears they fell to die;
Yet earth in all its splendors was the goal where both were borne,—
For I looked not so far onward as the Resurrection morn.

As All Saints' Night went gliding by she wreathed the sacred hours
With glory from her coronal of everlasting flowers:
There came, but not from earth, a Voice that whispered of the blest,—
An echo from that far-off land in which the wanderers rest.

The world had sobbed itself to sleep, all silent after strife;
The shades of death had vanished in the rays of endless life;
While that Voice divine thrilled sweeter, from the Home where angels soar,
As it whispered, "Saints are shining as the stars for evermore";

While the Holy Souls are thirsting for our Eucharists and prayer—
Christ, have pity! Lady, help them! Mount they soon the golden stair!
And may all at last God's mercy know, when sinking on earth's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

Mary in the Calendar.

BY DOM COLUMBA EDMONDS, O. S. B.

Our Lady on All Saints' Day.

IN announcing the solemnity which occupies the attention of the faithful on the 1st of November, the Church uses the following form in her Martyrology: "The Festival of All Saints, instituted by Boniface IV. in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God, and the holy martyrs." How thoughtful the Church is in the arrangement of her yearly celebrations! How fitting it is that the saints should not be separated from their Queen on the day when their unending glory is solemnized with so much rejoicing!

The Festival of All Saints is not one of those which originated with the beginnings of Christianity; indeed such could hardly have been possible, seeing that the feast is intended to commemorate the fruit of many years of cruel persecution and many generations who have striven after holiness. The idea, however, of keeping festivals in honor of special classes of God's servants, as distinct from those of individual saints, found expression in the liturgy from comparatively early times. As the martyrs* occupied so prominent a place

* The anniversary of the martyrdom of St. Polycarp was instituted at Smyrna shortly after his death, A. D. 155.—See "Origines du Culte Chrétien," Duchesne, p. 272.

in the estimation of the faithful during the first centuries of Christianity, they were the first to be allotted the honor of a collective festival.* This would seem to have assumed a definite form some time before the close of the fourth century. St. John Chrysostom, while speaking to his flock, observes that on the octave-day of Pentecost they find themselves in the midst of the army of martyrs. He is evidently referring to a feast in their honor.† Other allusions of a similar nature may be found in the works of this holy doctor.

In course of time this festival of all martyrs became the Feast of All Saints, its celebration being held on the first Sunday after Pentecost. The selection of this particular Sunday seems to have been influenced by a desire to crown the chief liturgical celebrations of the year with a solemn feast dedicated to the whole company of the just, who are rightly esteemed the special fruit of the Redemption. This post-Pentecostal commemoration represents the practice of the Greek Church only.‡

In the Latin Church the Feast of All Saints, as celebrated on the first day of November, originated appropriately in the Holy Church of Rome, the fruitful mother of a countless band of martyrs and blessed saints; its date may be assigned to the early part of the seventh century. The germ of this feast, like several others of Roman origin, may be found in the dedication of one of the principal churches of the Eternal City.§ In this case it is the conversion of the famous pagan Pantheon into a Christian church. The Pantheon — or Rotunda, as it is sometimes called — was a temple erected by Marcus Agrippa, the favorite counsellor of Augustus, about twenty-five years before the birth of Christ. It was dedicated to Jupiter the Avenger, out of compliment to Augustus on the occasion of his victory at Actium over Antony and Cleopatra. Its name of Pantheon had reference either to the number of statues of the gods to be found within it or to its curious form representing the heavens, the supposed residence of the pagan divinities. This unique building resembles in shape a half globe.*

During the fifth century, when the Christian religion obtained supremacy in the Roman Empire, it was usual in the East to demolish the temples of idols. In the West, however, when all fear of the revival of pagan worship had passed away, it not unfrequently happened that pagan temples were dedicated to the worship of the true God. In the case of the Saxon Church, Pope St. Gregory expressly allowed the practice, as may be gathered from the history written by Venerable Bede.

Not long after the death of St. Gregory another monk, in the person of Pope Boniface IV., sat in St. Peter's Chair. At that time the Pantheon was almost the only heathen temple left in Rome. The Pontiff, wishing to convert this splendid fane to God's service, asked and obtained permission to do so from the Emperor Phocas. When the building had been properly restored and purified, the Pope, with solemn rites, opened the temple for Christian worship in the year 607, under the title of S. Maria ad Martyres (Our Lady and All Martyrs).† This important event, commemorating

* Durandus (cap. 34, Rationale) says it was customary in Rome to commemorate *all Apostles* on the 1st of May. SS. Philip and James have now their festival on that date.

† Christian Antiquities (Smith), art. "All Saints."

‡ Ibid.

§ "Origines du Culte Chrétien," Duchesne, pp. 262, 269, etc.

* "Lives of the Saints," Butler, Nov. 1.

† It is related that on the occasion of the dedication twenty-eight chariots were used to convey the holy relics thither from the various catacombs. (Smith, "Christian Antiquities.")

as it did the final victory of the Church over paganism in the very centre of the Empire, was annually celebrated on the 13th of May, and its mention is still to be found in the Roman Martyrology.

This constituted the beginning of the Festival of All Saints. But a further development was due to the consecration, in Rome, of a special chapel within the Basilica of St. Peter to the honor of Christ, His Holy Mother, the Apostles, martyrs, confessors, and all the just. The event took place about the year 731, when a special Office was also drawn up for use on the solemnity. Pope Gregory IV. (827), being desirous to increase still further the importance of the new festival, ordained that the institutions of the Pontiffs Boniface IV. and Gregory III., during the preceding centuries, should form a combined celebration to be commemorated annually on the 1st of November.

It is noteworthy that previous to the pontificate of Gregory IV. the festival had found its way into England, and parts of France and Germany. But the Pope was anxious for a more universal celebration; and, having set out for France about the year 837, he endeavored to influence Louis the Pious to propagate the observance of All Saints' Day. The consequence of this visit was the promulgation by the King of a general decree ordering the observance of the feast throughout the Frankish dominions. It may be said that from the time of Pope Gregory IV. the Festival of All Saints has taken its place in the liturgical year as one of the chief solemnities.

The final selection of the 1st of November rather than the 13th of May is supposed to have been due to the fact that in the autumn the people are more free, harvest-work having been completed; and at the same time they are then more disposed to gladness and the rendering of thanks to God.*

All Saints'-Day has probably been kept with an octave, at least in Rome, from the time of its first institution; the *universal* obligation of the eight days' celebration, however, dates from the Middle Ages.

OFFICE AND MASS.

It seems needless to remark that the Office of the feast is extremely dignified and soul-inspiring; in a sense, it may be likened to the echoing of the praises of that great eternal feast which God celebrates continually with His elect in heaven. Many of the antiphons and several of the lessons and responsories are taken from the revelations made to St. John in the Apocalypse.

The responsories at Matins commemorate, respectively, the Blessed Trinity, Our Lady, the angels, the Apostles, martyrs, confessors and virgins. At the conclusion of the lessons at Matins five choristers from the extreme end of the choir lifted up their clear voices in the chant of the eighth responsory, which was in praise of the virgins of Christ.† Holding in their hands lighted tapers, symbolical of the lamps of the prudent virgins, and standing before the altar of Our Lady which was situated beyond the choir, they sang to a beautiful yet severe melody the following words: "I heard a voice that came from heaven: Come, all ye wise virgins; take oil in your vessels against the coming of the bridegroom. At midnight there was a cry made: Behold the bridegroom cometh. Take oil in your vessels against the coming of the bridegroom."‡

* Durandus, "Rationale Div. Off." (cap. 34) This author likewise mentions four reasons for the institution of the feast: (1) the dedication of the Pantheon; (2) to supply the omission of the feasts of so many saints; (3) reparation for neglect in honoring the saints; (4) to strengthen our own prayers by the help of the saints.

† Durandus, "Rationale in Div. Off." (cap. 34)

‡ Translated from a Tournay Breviary, 1509.

The responsory of Our Lady in the first nocturn is as follows: "Blessed art thou, O Virgin Mary, Mother of God, who didst believe the Lord! Those things which were told thee have been accomplished in thee. Lo! thou hast been exalted above the choirs of angels. Pray for us unto the Lord our God. Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Pray for us unto the Lord our God."*

The Vesper hymn is deserving of special notice. Father Caswall thus translates the first stanza, which commemorates Christ and His Blessed Mother:

O Christ, Thy guilty people spare!
Lo, kneeling at Thy gracious throne,
Thy Virgin Mother pours her prayer,
Imploring pardon for her own.

Other stanzas invoke the holy angels, prophets, Apostles, martyrs, confessors, virgins, and monks; but the stanza preceding the doxology contains a prayer which carries us back to the needs of the Church during the twelfth century. At that time the Turks were infesting the European coasts of the Mediterranean, and so serious had their threatened incursions become that the very liturgy itself lent the aid of its public supplications.† The petition still remains in its original form:

Gentem auferte perfidam
Credentium de finibus.
Drive from our coasts, O spirits blest!
The false and faithless race away.

The hymn at Lauds invokes Our Lady and the various orders of saints in somewhat the same form as the Vesper hymn.

The solemn Mass opens with the invitation: "Let us rejoice in the Lord, celebrating a festival in honor of all the saints." The Epistle commemorates, in the words of St. John, the great family of God, composed of all nations, tribes and tongues. It is remarkable that among the tribes of Israel, that of Dan has no place. Several of the Fathers see in this omission a mystical signification. Antichrist, they suggest, will come forth from this tribe, according to the prophetical expression of Jacob to his children, that Dan and his race would be as a dangerous serpent.* The Gospel gives in Our Lord's own words the unspeakable rewards of the just, and at the same time Christ points out the virtues which have to be practised if the crowns of glory are to be gained.

In some churches three Offertories are sung: the *Ave Maria*, to Our Lady; *Stetit Angelus*, in honor of the angels; and *Lætamini in Domino*, in honor of the saints.† On this festival the rubrics direct that the altar and the sacred ministers should be vested in white; red was formerly allowed, but at length Our Lady's color prevailed, as she is chief among the saints.‡

Many of the more ancient religious orders, with the approbation of Rome, introduced into their liturgy, during the eighteenth century feasts commemorative of all the saints of their respective orders; the Benedictines, for example, keep a festival of all holy monks on the 13th of November.

The old English name for the Feast of All Saints was All Hallows, or Hallowmass; the word *Halloween*, referring to the vigil, is still a household term in Scotland. Halloween is observed by the Scots at the present day; merriment of a varied character is indulged in. But these customs have no connection with the ecclesiastical observance of the vigil; on the contrary, they are doubtless a survival of superstition and ancient pagan beliefs.§

* Breviar. Romanum, in festo Om. SS.

† "Hymnology," Julian; also "Hymni Medii Ævi," by Mone (No. 635). The oldest form of this hymn is to be found in a MS. of the eleventh century in the British Museum.

* "Messager des Fidèles," Oct., 1884.

† De Antiq. Eccl. Rit., Martene.

‡ Dict. Liturg., Migne.

§ "Book of Days," Nov. 1.

The vigil of All Saints is certainly of great antiquity, as only the more venerable solemnities of the year are honored with a similar day of preparation. All Saints' vigil should convey a special lesson to the faithful, signifying as it does the persecutions, sufferings and penances of God's servants during the present life,—no mean part indeed of their preparation for never-ending glory.

Dr. Martin's Wife.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LIFE'S LABYRINTH," ETC.

XVIII.—A Summons to a Sick-Bed.

"MOTHER, what is the matter?" Maurice exclaimed, as he caught sight of Mrs. Martin swaying from side to side as she came toward him. He ran to her assistance, and helped her to a chair. She stared at him wildly and in silence for a few moments, as he sat close to her, pressing her cold hand.

"Oh, can I tell you, Maurice!" she cried at last. "How can I tell you, my son! What shall we do?"

"Have you had bad news, mother? Please do not keep me in suspense. Is all our money gone?"

"*Money!*" she exclaimed. "Oh, what is the loss of money compared to other things! It is very little,—it is almost nothing—nothing!"

"But, mother, tell me. I can not think of anything that could so distress you. It can not be Marie; for I left her half an hour ago."

"Maurice," she said, seizing his arm, still with that wild stare. "Do you know who she is? No, you do not; but I will tell you."

"Do I know who *she* is—Marie?" he replied, quite bewildered. "What in the world do you mean? Certainly I know, and so do you."

"Yes, since this morning," she added. "Not half an hour ago I learned it in the most accidental way. She is the daughter of your father's step-sister—Camilla Dunbar."

"Pshaw! that can not be. Who has been talking to you, mother?"

"I learned it, as I have just said, by accident." And then, as briefly and as intelligibly as she could, she told him what Mrs. Green had said.

He heard her to the end without a comment, now and then gently stroking her hand. When she had finished he remarked:

"It seems to be true, mother. But even if it is, wasn't it natural that she should have changed her name after such trials? It is often done. In what way does that alter things? It can not affect us in the least. Please do not worry, mother mine! You make too much of it."

"Too much of it!" she cried. "But, ah, I remember! You know very little about that time or the events preceding it, Maurice. It was not necessary that you should; and I myself kept it from you, as I strove to forget and forgive. For long years it has been buried deep in my heart. But now I will tell you."

"Yes, do, mother," he pleaded, in a soothing tone, as one might speak to a child; as though his interest in what she had to say was impersonal or far removed. She did not fail to observe it, and it pained her and irritated her more than she could express.

"O Maurice," she cried, in a voice of anguish, "I believe you have a heart of stone!"

The young man looked at her in a perplexed way.

"Mother," he answered—and there was real distress in his voice,—"you are overwrought and you are weary. Can't you see that I am interested and most anxious to hear what you have

to say? Come now! tell me at once whatever there is to tell."

"Yes, I will—I *must!*" she rejoined, passionately. "And then we shall see if there is nothing—nothing that can touch your strangely constituted mind."

.

Never had life looked so gloomy to Mrs. Martin as on that night, after Maurice had left her, and she sought the repose which, in her anxious and unhappy state of mind, she feared would be denied her. But she slept soundly, and in the morning the sunshine came to her once more,—sunshine beaming from the smiling eyes of her boy. And she could no more have put away from her the renewed courage it brought than she could have put away the hand that gently lifted her chin to kiss her lips.

"You will just go to Marie," he said, "and find out all about it. And if she does not know—I feel as though she may not, mother,—old Stephanie must. Failing that, it will be very easy to go out to the sanitarium. The old Madame—I wouldn't call her Aunt Camilla to save my life: you don't expect me to, mother?"

"Maurice dear, she is not your aunt. Why should you call her so? She is really no relation to you."

"And there is more than one grain of comfort in it too. If she were, Marie would be my first cousin, and there *would* be a difficulty not easily gotten over. But she's not my aunt, thank Heaven! I couldn't bear to think I had any of her blood in my veins. Still, don't be vexed, mother. I am inclined to suspect that you and my father were unduly sensitive. He must have been very high-strung, and I know for certain that you are."

"Maurice! after all I have told you—and it wrung my heart more than you can understand to recall that time—you still can say we were unduly sensitive! You are always giving me new shocks. I can hardly bear it."

"There you are again, mother! So very serious and unhappy! I can not help my different way of looking at things. There is no doubt that those people could have assisted my father if he had not been so proud."

"Yes, and if he had not married me," said his mother. "He did not need their assistance, however."

She spoke with a trace of sarcasm. He perceived it at once and answered:

"Ah, you pain me, mother dearest! And why talk about it any more? I am willing to dislike that woman ten feet deep if you say so, but for the life of me I can't say why we should rake up the old scores. Didn't you say my father made you promise not to cherish any resentment?"

"I am glad you remember that part of the story, Maurice," observed his mother. "It may serve to make you feel less contempt for his memory."

"Contempt for his memory!" Maurice repeated. "Why, he must have been a grand man. You can't possibly think me such a monster as that, mother."

She turned away her head. Hopeless again! Why did he fail her so? She longed for the soft, rich tongue and loving arms of Bridget. The thought of Marie was almost odious to her. She could not dissociate her from Camilla. It was a relief to close her eyes and lean back in the low, deep chair which Maurice had placed for her near the fire when their talk was beginning. He seemed to be entirely unobservant of her mood, for he continued:

"But what I started out to say was this. She—Madame Desmoulins—will be ready to give you all the necessary information, I am sure,—that is if she is in a condition to do so. From what I have heard—I don't like to speak of her often to Marie, you know,—she

is usually pretty rational. Stephanie told me so. She can not help being glad that there is a different future for Marie from that she contemplated; and it seems to me she won't mind a bit, so long as she herself is provided for. You couldn't think of taking her to America, and Marie would not expect it."

"She said the day before yesterday that she would never leave her mother. But I made nothing of it, for I hoped a way might be found. Oh, that she were not that woman's daughter!"

"Don't dwell on that, mother. I am sure she is no more like her than I am like either you or my father. Really, in many little ways Marie is wonderfully like you. And there is a resemblance—a very strong resemblance—in the mouth and eyes."

Before Mrs. Martin could make any answer a servant appeared.

"An old woman to see Madame," he said, making way for Stephanie, who looked very grave.

"Nothing is the matter!" exclaimed Maurice, jumping to his feet.

"With Mademoiselle? No, Monsieur," the old woman answered; turning to salute Mrs. Martin, who had also risen. "It is Madame Desmoulins who is ill," she said. "We have just been summoned there; and Mademoiselle Marie bade me come to tell you, that you might not call at our house to-day."

"Is it anything dangerous?" inquired Maurice eagerly, looking—his mother thought—almost joyful. She hastened to divert the old woman's gaze.

"Are you to remain all night, do you think?" she asked.

"Perhaps," replied Stephanie. "It is not a theatre night; Mademoiselle will remain if it is necessary. The poor lady may be going to die. If so, it will be a blessed relief for all. It will be the finger of Providence, Madame,—the very finger of Providence."

Whatever Mrs. Martin thought, she did not express herself. But she wished to see Stephanie alone. The moment seemed auspicious, and Maurice divined what was in her mind.

"I believe it is time for me to go," he remarked. "And, Stephanie, if there is anything I can do, command me. My compliments to Mademoiselle Marie."

He was gone in a moment.

Mrs. Martin turned to the old woman, who had remained standing.

"Are you in a hurry, Stephanie?" she asked, pointing to a chair.

"I have an hour yet, Madame. We do not start till eleven."

"I wish to ask you some questions. It will not be betraying confidence to enlighten me further about something I learned yesterday. You probably are aware of some of the private concerns of the family whom you have served so long and so faithfully?"

"Perhaps, Madame," replied the old woman. "There was something—that is all I know,—and I thought it might be my duty to tell, but I waited."

"Stephanie, the real name of Madame Desmoulins is—"

"It is Dunbar," was the answer. "At least that is how I knew them in America; and Madame told me that she had changed it because of misfortune,—that she wished to remain unknown to her former friends."

"I understand," said Mrs. Martin.

"But I do not think that Madame Desmoulins was guilty of anything in the past which would be against her reputation," resumed Stephanie, in a tone of concern. "It would not reflect upon Marie, I am sure. The father was, perhaps, imprudent in speculating,—at least so I have heard. But it is the same everywhere; is it not so, Madame?"

"Yes, yes,—certainly."

"Perhaps Madame knew something of them in America?"

"Unfortunately I did, Stephanie," said Mrs. Martin.

"Maybe some money was lost by Monsieur Dunbar?"

"None of mine," was the response. "But a greater misfortune came to me through those people—the greatest of my life, Stephanie. Of my own will I would never have looked upon them again. They had passed out of my life. Alas that they should have come into it once more!"

Stephanie arose and went near to her.

"Madame," she said, "there is something else that I have heard. But of that I am not sure; therefore I do not like to speak. But that too I meant to have told—at the proper time."

"Oh, do not tell me there is anything else, Stephanie!" exclaimed her listener.

"This might console you, poor soul!" said the old woman, with a heartfelt tenderness which compensated for the new familiarity in her manner. "It might be welcome to your ears."

Mrs. Martin looked at her for an instant; and at sight of the kindly, wrinkled face, so full of sympathy, she seized the hand of the old woman in a grateful pressure.

"You are a good, faithful creature!" she cried. "At home there is another like you—my poor old Bridget, who bears more than half my burdens and lightens all my cares. What would I not give at this moment to know that she was near!"

"Do not grieve, Madame," implored Stephanie,—"do not grieve any more. What I know, or think I know, would most certainly be welcome to you—unless—unless—ah, I can not explain! But be patient, and perhaps soon all will be told."

Mrs. Martin glanced at the clock.

"Do not overstay your time, dear," she said. "Now that I have questioned you, I wonder why I did so; for I was already quite certain of the fact that Madame Desmoulins and Mrs. Dunbar were the same."

"Well, Madame," rejoined Stephanie, thoughtfully, "something has occurred to me just now. It may be that Madame Desmoulins is for dying this time. If so, it were well that you see her. She could tell you something, perhaps."

"She could tell me nothing I do not know already," answered Mrs. Martin, with a gesture of aversion. "To see her would only reopen old wounds."

"But if she is now perfectly rational—which, being ill, she may be, as is often the case, I am told, with those whose minds are affected,—is it not right and advisable that there should be some arrangement? Madame is so distressed that she has not thought of it perhaps, and I beg pardon for suggesting it; but Mademoiselle Marie and Monsieur Maurice could hardly marry without the consent of the mother. It is so in this country at least."

"What you say is true," replied Mrs. Martin. "It is right,—not only right but absolutely necessary. And if, as you remark, her senses may possibly have been restored to her, this is the proper time for taking the preliminary steps. And—who knows?—perhaps she will not give her consent."

"Madame Desmoulins is strange," said Stephanie. "But I feel certain that in the end all will go well. And, as I said, this may be the beginning of the end for her. In any case she has come to this: that a good provision is all she will care about, and that Madame will assure her?"

"Yes," rejoined Mrs. Martin, wearily: "that I shall assure her. In the old days she was very proud; no doubt it will be galling to her to accept anything from my hands."

"Yes, she is proud; Madame knows her well."

Mrs. Martin was silent for a moment. Then she resumed:

"Is it your opinion that I should accompany you and Mademoiselle to see her?"

"Yes, that is what I have thought, Madame. It is but an hour's ride; one can return before night, and it may be wise to take the journey. Again, if it should be impossible to see her, no harm will have been done."

"And Mademoiselle Marie? She will not object, you think?"

"She is always sensible; she knows what is necessary, and thinks Madame is perfection. She will be pleased to have Madame accompany us."

"I dread the ordeal of meeting her mother," said Mrs. Martin. "My hands are cold; I feel almost ill."

Stephanie rang the bell.

"A cup of hot chocolate for Madame," she said when the servant appeared.

Before Mrs. Martin had quite recovered from her surprise at this assumption of authority, the old woman turned to her apologetically:

"Madame will pardon, I beg. But as soon as Madame has put on her out-door things the chocolate will arrive; and then, swallowed quickly, the blood will flow in the veins once more and the chill will be gone."

And so it proved. Antoine came soon with the grateful draught, combining food and drink, and in a few moments the two women set out together. They found Marie waiting, a little uneasy at the prolonged absence of Stephanie. But she entered readily into the proposed plan; and as they went forth into the sparkling wintry sunshine Mrs. Martin felt a weight lifted from her heart. There was something indefinably soothing and cheering about the young girl who walked beside her. In her presence all anxieties seemed to vanish; even the thought that she was the daughter of Camilla—the unconscious instrument of the life-sacrifice made years before—failed to keep its hold upon her. The beautiful face, the young elastic step, the musical, finely modulated voice, all renewed their charm. She had a vivid memory of Mrs. Dunbar's face—dark, haughty and scornful; the large, almost masculine figure; the harsh, mocking voice. Mr. Dunbar, too, she remembered, was spoken of as big, burly, red-faced and coarse.

As she sat facing Marie in the railway carriage she could not help wondering how strange it was that in her some long-diverted channels of sweetness and beauty had turned from their sluggish source once more to blend in a clear, pure, pellucid stream of rare loveliness. She remarked, moreover, that Marie did not manifest that anxiety one might think she would naturally feel at being suddenly summoned to the bedside of a sick parent.

"Ah, poor child!" she thought. "It speaks ill for the mother."

When they reached the sanitarium Marie and Stephanie were conducted to the patient at once, while Mrs. Martin was requested to remain in the waiting-room.

(To be continued.)

Equality.

FULL many lie in lowly graves,
With never grassy mound above them;
Or sleep uncoffined in the waves,
Afar from those at home that love them.

A few whom fickle Glory wins,
Whose deeds are writ for worlds to con them,
Have tombs in which are hid their sins,
With all their virtues chiselled on them.

But e'en the thickness of the tomb
Shall dread Corruption pierce to find them;
He does not spare the thrice-sealed gloom
Because men leave a name behind them.

P. J. C.

The Vale of Tears.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

I.—A Couple of Cubs.

WHERE all things are of a kind nothing is distinguished. This was our case in California. At school, as children, we hailed from every State in the Union and from almost every country in the world. Our color scheme was all-embracing, and we were more or less familiar with nearly every form of worship. We were in the truest sense cosmopolitan.

Now all was changed. I began to realize this fact before my elder brother and I had landed in New York city after our voyage around Cape Horn. A marine reporter connected with one of the New York dailies had boarded us down the harbor in search of news.

I was radiant with joy at the prospect of setting foot on shore after three months' imprisonment on the good ship *Flying Cloud*. O the beauty of it all! The winding shores, the ineffable splendor of the foliage,—its wondrous wealth of green seemed a revelation after the everlasting blue and gray of the sea. Of all colors green is the most restful to the eye. How could we endure a landscape for a lifetime were there not nooks of green in it for the eye to feed on and where it may refresh itself? Think of a pink world, or a scarlet or a golden one! Of course the dawn-world is pink, the sunset-world is scarlet, and the desert-world is golden; and very splendid are all these. But the dawn-world and the sunset-world are as brief as beautiful, or they would speedily become a burden; the desert-world is overwhelming, and the eye shrinks from it appalled, while it hungers and is athirst for the oasis. The white world of winter we weary of, but never of the green of the grass, or the greener green of the forest, or the greenest green of all, the fathomless green shade in the heart of the forest. Therefore was I radiant with joy when the marine reporter boarded us; and, finding me naïve and responsive, began to interview me.

At this moment I made a discovery. My brother and I were of more importance, or at least of more interest, to some people than ever before in our lives. We were youngsters; we had lived in California at a very interesting period of its history; we had been three long months at sea without setting foot on shore, and we were ready to talk—at least I was. This was my first sensation after returning to the world. It seemed as if we had survived a deluge, and in an exalted frame of mind we all went out of the ark at our earliest convenience and put up at the Astor House.

There was a parting the next day. The captain and his wife went home to Marblehead for rest and recreation. A fellow-passenger vanished, I know not how or whither. Our cabin-boy, a young Parisian, who had beguiled me during the voyage with tales of adventure that seemed to me fairy-like, and whose companions, he assured me, were of the gilded youth of the French capital, had more than once at sea aroused the ire of Captain Cressy and been sharply reprimanded for his awkwardness. He certainly was an ill-trained waiter. He was of noble birth, he said; had incurred the displeasure of his parents by flying to California when he should have continued his studies at the Lycée. His search for gold was fruitless, and he was obliged to work his passage to New York, where his father's agents or the French consul would surely soften their hearts, kill the fatted calf and welcome the repentant prodigal.

While we were dining at the Astor House on the day of our arrival, the

glass of fashion and the mould of form, oiled and curled, with downy mustache waxed faultlessly,—in short, a perfumed exquisite—paused a few moments as he approached us, greeted us with an airy grace that seemed to fix forever our status—we being a little lower than the angels, and he one of them,—and seated himself at a separate table, where he dined right royally. The waiters knew him for their prey and hovered over him. Who was he? Another Monte Cristo? No. Our cabin-boy, once crowned with the tempest, now wreathed in smiles, basking in the sunshine of restored prosperity, and with a ticket for the parental bosom in his pocket. I was not allowed to rush over and congratulate him, though I yearned to. So ended the evidences of our cruise, and that episode was as a tale that is told.

My brother and I were soon to join our Grandfather Freeman, who was then farming in Western New York. We were to spend a few days in our native city, Rochester, on the journey West; and I was thrilled with delightful anticipations as we drew near our former home. Certainly we were thoroughly weaned; we had developed amazingly in many ways. We had, in some respects, outgrown that fat-witted figurehead, "the oldest inhabitant." But we longed to see our playmates once again, and to review the charming scenes of our childhood; they were dear to our hearts, although old-oaken-bucketless.

Alas and alack! We were now greeted with a kind of shyness or reserve that was embarrassing. We did not rush into each other's arms, fall upon each other's bosom, and mingle our tears for joy. Our companions looked at us suspiciously, as if we had risen from the dead—albeit we had been absent in the wilds of California but two years. We could not at once slip back into our old places and be as we had been of yore, jolly good chums. We never were quite the same from that hour, and that hour was away back in 1857.

The truth is, when we went out to sea, two years before, we left behind us those whose experiences we had shared. They knew as much of life as we did. Our elders had seen us grow up from the cradle; there was no mystery in our past, no special providence in our future—so far as we could see. It was as if we had been members of one family ever since we had graduated from the nursery.

Now we had returned from a fabulous land, rounding a fabulous cape in the farthest depths of a fabulous sea. They were all on the map; the atlas was filled with their outlines fixed to a nicety, crossed and recrossed with lines of latitude and longitude. But in those days the atlas was not a reality: it was as fabulous as the lands we heard of but had never seen. We were henceforth to be held at arm's-length, as it were, and regarded curiously. "Come down and see the young navigators!" cried an old friend of the family to his sons, our former playmates, when we called upon them; and after that we were all a trifle chilly, it seemed to me.

The truth is we were being *lionized*. We were very small lions, undeveloped, and a little frightened by the undue notice we were attracting. But for the two years that were to follow we were not permitted to be quite at ease, nor suffered to forget that we had seen more of the world than our immediate fellows; and the wonder is that we did not grow to be a pair of insufferable, self-conscious little prigs, instead of a couple of very harmless cubs that did not in the least care to be lionized.

We saw all the old friends, and together revisited the old haunts. But we had not met on the old footing; and something—we knew not what—

held us aloof. How often during the few weeks after our return to "the States"—so in those days we called all the land east of the Mississippi—I longed to forget that I had ever been away from the old home and the old friends, and to be just as we used to be before California was dreamed of! But no! The spell was broken, and we were at times conscious of this even when alone with our grandparents on the farm in Western New York.

In due season we arrived at Little Valley, Cattaraugus County, New York, on the New York and Erie Railroad. Our grandfather met us at the station; and after the introductions right and left, to which we were rapidly becoming accustomed, we were driven three miles from the village to the farm. Like two leaves that have fluttered out of space and been whirled away by the dancing waters of a brook, we were swept on for days and days almost without a pause. As those leaves at last drift into some eddy and lie motionless, forgotten of the world, so we came to shelter in a farm-house, where the routine of daily life verged dangerously on stagnation; for its dull monotony was broken only by a dusty drive to Sabbath services.

The tranquillity of that home was restful, and we thoroughly enjoyed it—for a season. It was natural for me then, as it is natural for me now, to set my seal upon whatever habitation may be allotted me, no matter how brief my stay. I don't know just what it is I do or how I do it, but 'tis done before I have been installed an hour. Perhaps I rearrange the furniture or tack something on the wall. The souvenir I have always with me; and it is very precious, though never so trifling. It may be a sea-shell or a bit of drift-wood from the shore where I was lately musing. Then there are always the pictures that have become inseparable companions—chief of these that of St. Anthony of Padua.

St. Anthony was not with me in those early days. I had yet to see Padua, clad in cap and gown, and sandal shoon. I had never yet even heard of St. Anthony, for I came of a race of protesters: the blood of the Puritans was on my head and coursing in my veins. I was only a boy then,—an idle, romantic dreamer. I had brought with me such things as a boy of my nature would be likely to prize and hoard. There was a toy ship made by a sailor in the forecastle of the *Flying Cloud;* there was a Chinese kite in the pattern of a bird with wings extended—a bird of paradise,—painted in many colors and with no yards of string and curl-papers tagging after it for ballast, but capable of steering itself with its own brightly-tinted tail-feathers. There was a box of curiously carved ivory puzzles, a cup and ball, a game of sliding rings, jack-straws, a chain of magic links that transformed itself mysteriously into strange and surprising patterns; and other evidences of Oriental ingenuity. The shoe of a Chinese lady was one of my treasures; also a Chinese casket ornamented with medallion figures, the faces of which were of painted ivory, the garments of broidered satin and silk.

If my wares were mostly of Chinese workmanship it was because the Chinese merchants of San Francisco in the early days offered the most tempting market, and Chinese fabrics had not yet ceased to be a novelty; moreover, the chief of these merchants—Chi Lung, of gorgeous memory,—was my "particular friend," and these were his parting gifts to me when he learned that I was about to cease basking in the scenic serenity of the Chinese Quarter of San Francisco and bury myself in darkest Western New York.

Thus it came to pass that the little attic room in my grandfather's farm-house, which my brother and I shared for a season, speedily assumed an air suggestive of a joss-house or a junk-shop; which it was, my grandparents were never able to decide. At any rate, the air was alien and a trifle aromatic, and redounded to my delight. Yet still I was not happy; still I thought on California and yearned toward her; and the shadow of that yearning never left me until I was once more within her bourne. And more's the pity! Surely a child's life should be of a piece with the life of Wordsworth's sanguine hero,—a life made up of

Cheerful yesterdays
And confident to-morrows.

But not many of them are. And mine? Well, you shall see, if you care to, how for two almost endless years — two ages they seemed to me—it breathed little peace, little hope, little joy; very little indeed save sorrow and silence and sadness.

(To be continued.)

Father Ignatius Spencer.

V.—Life as a Passionist Missionary.

EACH religious order in the Church has its special vocation, its own characteristics, having their origin in the intention and spirit of its founder. That of the Congregation of the Passion, founded by St. Paul of the Cross, in addition to the duties incumbent upon all missionary orders, has for object the implanting in the hearts of Christians a particular devotion to the Passion of our Blessed Lord. No devotion could be more efficacious in winning sinners to repentance.

On the missions a Passionist eats and sleeps like an ordinary individual; for singularity is not one of his attributes. On the contrary, he is extraordinarily cheerful; at the same time his inner life is unusually austere. Like many of the monastic orders, the Passionists rise at midnight from a bed of straw to chant Matins and Lauds and spend some time in meditation. They fast and abstain from flesh meat three days in the week all the year round, besides Lent and Advent. They unite the active with the contemplative spirit; and to this Order the nature of Father Spencer, hereafter to be known as Father Ignatius, was pre-eminently suited.

He was in his forty-seventh year,—a time of life when habits are ingrained, as it were. Although long the servant of the poor, and of all who claimed his assistance in spiritual or bodily needs, he had been, in some degree, his own master. But now, in addition to his priestly vows, he was about to assume others implying more self-abnegation, and to reside in a community then little known or understood in England; in a wretched house, with four foreign priests unable to speak even passable English. He was a great acquisition to them, though he entered without even the price of a habit; bringing them no earthly riches, but what was far more priceless and what they valued at its fullest worth — humility, docility, and burning zeal.

Notwithstanding all this, he was very soon subjected, as all novices are, to the severest trials; more arduous in his case, perhaps, as his superiors feared that, even unknown to himself, there might linger under his humble exterior the spirit of pride,—that spirit the most difficult of all others to eradicate. "A day or two after his arrival," writes his biographer, "he was ordered to wash down an old rusty flight of stairs. He tucked up his sleeves and fell to, using his brush, tub, and soapsuds with as much zeal and good-will as though he had been just hired as a

maid-of-all-work." Of course he was no great adept at this kind of employment, and probably his want of skill elicited some rebukes from his overseer. Some kind-hearted religious never could forget the sight of this venerable ecclesiastic trying to scour the crevices and crannies to the satisfaction of his new master.

After two years of a most edifying novitiate he was admitted to his profession, shortly after which he was sent out on the missions. His first one was given in his former parish of West Bromwich, and was very successful. His old friends and parishioners flocked to hear him, and fifteen Protestants were baptized as a result of his labors. He did not possess any remarkable degree of eloquence, but his belief in what he taught was evidenced by the earnestness of his manner and the holiness of his life, which preceded him everywhere. He loved the parables and the similes of Our Lord, and endeavored in his discourses to imitate the simplicity of his Divine Master. The result of this was that the teaching of Father Ignatius, easy, natural, with no straining after effect, lingered in the hearts of the multitudes whom he addressed, helping them to live their lives many years after he had left them to return no more.

In the latter part of 1848 he was appointed rector of St. Michael's, Aston Hall. In the beginning of September that year he had given a retreat to the students of Carlow College, and went on a begging tour through the country, which was blessed with great success. He also renewed his entreaties for prayers for the conversion of England, which were cordially received by everyone.

When he returned he was sent on a more extensive begging expedition than any he had yet undertaken. The Fathers at Aston Hall stood in sore need of a church. Father Ignatius was commissioned to go out and beg for funds. He complied at once, with his usual docile spirit; journeying, with fair success, through many towns and parishes. He came home only to sally forth again, and this time Liverpool was the scene of his labors. Many and rude were the trials and humiliations he encountered. He thus playfully alludes to some of them:

"My present life is quite pleasant when money comes kindly; but when I get refused, or walk a long way to find everyone out, it is a bit mortifying. That is best gain for me, I suppose; but not what I am travelling for. I should not have had the time this morning to write to you had it not been for disappointment in meeting a young man who was to have been my begging guide for part of the day; and so I had to come home and stay till it is time to go to try my fortune in the enormous market-house, where there are innumerable stalls with poultry, eggs, fruit, meat, and so forth, kept in great part by Irish men and women, on whom I have to-day to go and dance attendance, as this is the great market day. I feel when going out on a job like this as a poor child going in a bathing machine to be dipped in the sea. But the Irish are so good-natured and generous that they usually make the work among them full of pleasure, when once I am in it."

In August, 1849, Father Dominic died. Father Ignatius was at that time in Holland. On his return he learned from Cardinal Wiseman that Father Dominic had nominated him as his successor. The mantle which had fallen upon him was neither light nor pleasant. When his appointment had been confirmed in Rome, the duties and responsibilities which confronted him were great and unusual. There were at that time three houses of the Order in England and one

in Belgium, all governed by the same provincial. They had not as yet been constituted into a canonical province. The members of the Congregation were few in number and mostly of foreign birth. They were obliged to struggle with poverty, misunderstandings and much opposition. They accepted these crosses manfully, on the whole, well knowing that they are the surest signs of God's love and blessing. In temporalities all were alike inexperienced and inefficient, while their new superior was a very child in matters of business.

This was the position in which Father Ignatius found himself when appointed to take the place of Father Dominic. He neither grumbled nor complained, but set to work at once to carry out the intentions of his predecessor as far as possible, endeavoring to make both ends meet, to complete the churches already under way, and did not give up his begging expeditions because of the new dignity which had been laid upon his shoulders.

About this time Father Ignatius began to go about in his habit,—a practice which he continued to the end of his life. He found that the Oratorians did so, and saw no reason why the Passionists should not do likewise. At first they met with many amusing as well as some disagreeable adventures because of their new departure; but people soon became accustomed to the black gowns, and it had the result of obtaining for them additional respect.

In the year 1850 Father Ignatius was about to pay a visit to Rome, and ere leaving wrote a letter to his sister, Lady Lyttleton, telling her that he would call upon her before starting. She was then at Windsor Castle, and wrote him a cordial reply; alluding, however, to his style of dress, and begging him to visit her at her own house, St. James' Place, and not at the palace,—"while you are looking so remarkable." She did not wish to figure in a press report, and so novel a sight at the palace might have led to some unpleasantness. When Father Ignatius went to pay the promised visit the porter did not know him, and would not admit so strange a figure without special orders from Lady Lyttleton herself.

He fared a little better at Althorp, the home of his brother, Earl Spencer. The servant did not know him either; but, seeing he looked tired, got him some bread and cheese and a glass of ale while he was waiting for admission. Presently the Earl passed and was not a little amused both at the position of his brother regaling himself at the porter's lodge and at the confusion of the kind-hearted servant.

At the beginning of the year 1851 Father Ignatius started on another begging tour in Ireland, the gathering of money being really a secondary consideration to the deeper purpose he had at heart—that of renewing the fervor of the people in their prayers for the conversion of England. Oftentimes the spiritual interfered with the temporal, and *vice versa;* as many refused to give alms when asked to pray for "that persecuting country," which had so cruelly wronged them and theirs for so many centuries. Others again would give neither alms nor prayers when both objects were put before them. And yet Father Ignatius always thought the most antagonistic Irishmen the best subjects on which to use his art of persuasion. He regarded them as more worthy of admiration than those who, through lack of patriotism, ignored the wrongs and sufferings of their nation.

Father Ignatius could not understand the apathy of others with regard to his pet theme; and he was wont to say that among the Irish, who had reason to be indifferent if not worse,

and the dwellers on the Continent, who had no affiliation in manners, customs, traditions, or association with England, he met with ten thousand times more response than at home. He had hoped for a warm appreciation of the noble generosity of the Irish from his own countrymen. He had almost believed that the prayers alone of this wronged and persecuted people would have been enough to bring about an overwhelming answer to their supplications; he had even dreamed—for it was but a dream—that justice to poor, oppressed Ireland might be granted through this means. But he was doomed to disappointment and a discouragement which he could not and did not attempt to conceal. Indeed concealment of any kind was utterly foreign to his nature; transparent as an innocent child, his heart was also as quick to rebound from a momentary despondency; and he soon began to think of other means to be used in connection with those already employed in accomplishing his object. This was, as he termed it, "the use of the conversational mode of advancing the Catholic cause."

With this end in view he began to address himself, wherever possible, to those in high places whose influence could have a bearing on the mission he had undertaken. He visited many leading men of the Established Church, and also several holding high state offices; and the substance of these conferences is so interesting that we can not resist the temptation of giving some extracts from the most important, as showing the singular simplicity, ardent zeal, and disinterested charity of Father Ignatius. They were published originally in 1853 in *The Catholic Standard* and *Weekly Register*, and are given in full in his biography. In the account of his interview with Lord John Russell, then Prime Minister, he naïvely says:

"One day, early in February, 1860, I had been on an expedition down to Westminster. I look back upon all my walks during a certain period—that is, while I was constantly wearing my holy habit—as *expeditions*. Indeed they were eventful ones in their way. I was returning through Parliament Street; and, having an hour to dispose of, as I passed by Downing Street I thought I would now try what I had long contemplated—having a conversation with the Premier. I inquired: 'Is Lord John Russell at home?' The attendant who came to the door looked at my figure with some surprise, then said: 'Yes, sir; but he is engaged at present.' I asked: 'Will you be so good as to say to him that Lord Spencer's brother would wish to speak with him?'—'Walk in, sir,' he answered; and to my surprise, I must say, I found myself at once in a waiting-room, and five minutes later was introduced to Lord John.

"He rose to meet me and kindly pointed to a chair. I said: 'My Lord, do you remember me?'—'Oh, yes!' he answered. I then proceeded: 'I hardly know whether what I am now doing is wise or not; but I will explain my reason for wishing to see your lordship, and you will judge. You are aware, probably, that it is now some twenty years since I became a Catholic.'"

He then told of his hopes for the conversion of England and his prayers therefor; also giving an account of his interviews with ministers of different persuasions in the interests of unity. He related how Catholics were afraid to be open in the movement, lest they should be regarded as disloyal to those in power; adding that, though certain they would not be, he had thought it best to come to the highest authority for information. He went on to say that if this spirit had taken hold of the Catholics of Ireland, as he had hoped,

in 1842, they would not in 1848 have taken pikes against England.

In reply Lord John said in substance that he thought the extreme liberty of speech which exists in England made it difficult to conceive how such a reunion could be accomplished; remarking that anything which would promote a spirit of harmony and do away with misrepresentation would be desirable. "Then he continued in a very pleasing tone," writes Father Ignatius: "'And I will tell you that I consider the body to which you belong the one which suffers most from misrepresentation.' Lord Russell previously remarked: 'In answering you, Father, I beg to be understood that I do not speak as a minister but as an individual.'"

On rising to retire, Father Ignatius observed: "I frequently say to persons with whom I have had conversations similar to this what I will now say to your lordship: that I do not promise secrecy concerning them; but I request as a favor that if they ever hear of my making what they consider an improper use of anything they have said, that they will call me to account for it." On this sentence likewise he made no remark, but added again: "I repeat once more that I have not spoken as a minister, as I do not think this is a matter with which I have any concern in that character." Father Ignatius replied: "I understand you, my Lord. Yet I will say that it appears to me I have good reasons for addressing your lordship in your public character." His lordship smiled, slightly bowed, and Father Ignatius withdrew.

Noblesse oblige. Doubtless Lord John Russell knew that he had nothing to fear from the discretion of his visitor, but we should not be surprised to know that he smiled again and yet again after his guest had departed.

(To be continued.)

A Liberal Education.

BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

V.—Some Important Conversation.

RALPH and Mr. Butler sat very late that Saturday night in the Philadelphia hotel. Ralph had to recount the story of the week's campaign over and over; it seemed to please the president better each time.

"It's a good week's work, Crosby,—it certainly is!" he declared, with a remarkable roll of the eyes. "I suppose you've heard Manton's dead."

"Dead!" echoed Ralph, jumping with astonishment.

"Died Wednesday," continued Mr. Butler, knocking the ashes from his cigar. "Buried yesterday. We are well rid of him."

Young Crosby, in spite of himself, looked shocked.

"I understand," nodded the president. "It sounds cold-blooded, but it's the truth. There are many cold-blooded things in this world, Ralph. Manton was a bully and a schemer all his life. He never showed a drop of loyal blood to our interests. It was Manton first, last, and all the time. He got up a scheme once to leave us and take our principal salesmen with him to our chief competitors; all because I refused to raise his salary. But I needed him, so I said nothing. A successful man, Crosby, must have the patience of an Indian. Manton tried to undermine Tracey once, and he was insanely jealous of you. He left his wife and boy in bad shape, too," added Mr. Butler coolly. "Spent every cent of his salary. I suppose she helped him: she was a high-flier." And Mr. Butler again flipped the ash from his long, slender cigar.

But he did not say—that leaked out to Ralph through Miss Vernon long

afterward—that on the day before the funeral he had signed a company check for five thousand dollars and sent it by her to Manton's widow, directing that the undertaker's bill be sent to him personally. He was peculiarly cold-blooded in some ways, Mr. Sidney W. Butler; he didn't even send flowers to the funeral.

And when Mrs. Manton came to thank him he was very ill at ease; he hated scenes. She wanted to ask him to put her boy in the factory, but he told her to put the boy first in a manual training school for two years, and to send the bills meantime to him.

"It's terribly sudden!" said Ralph, drawing a long breath.

"Such things always are," replied Mr. Butler. "You had no idea when you left for New York that Manton would be dead before you got back, and that you would be called on to take his desk."

Ralph went suddenly white.

"Mr. Tracey and I practically decided that on the 'phone yesterday. This contract settles it. You would probably have gotten it any way; but we are, I suppose, like all other people—we like to see the goods delivered."

"I can hardly realize, Mr. Butler," faltered Ralph, "all you have done and are doing for me. I don't know what to say."

"It isn't necessary to say anything. You did the talking when it counted—in New York. Good-night!"

.

During the week following the return of Mr. Butler and Ralph to Chicago there were long conferences between the two and Mr. Tracey; they ended in Ralph's taking Mr. Manton's desk at a salary that stunned him. Somehow, his promotion gave him courage for more frequent calls at Elliots; though he saw little of Pauline during the winter, as she spent it abroad.

One morning in March Ralph was in the street car on his way to the factory very early. At Banker Street the car stopped, and a young lady wrapped to the ears in dainty furs stepped aboard. It was Pauline Elliot.

Ralph sprang to his feet with an alacrity which was not lost on the newcomer, though her eyes were cast modestly down.

"Why, Miss Elliot!"

"How do you do?"

"Take this seat, please."

"Thank you!"

"I didn't know you were back," said Ralph, with some eagerness.

"We returned last week."

"Rather early in the morning for you to be out."

"Lenten services. You know—or don't you?—it's Lent." And the girl smiled faintly but delightfully.

Was it accident? Frankly, I do not know. Though we are cordial friends, I haven't Miss Elliot's full confidence; and concerning this meeting you may speculate as you wish. But as they talked everybody in the car looked at the magnificent girl and the tall, handsome athlete bending, some thought, lower than was absolutely necessary to catch her words.

"I hear that you have become quite absorbed in business?" she ventured, with evident interest.

That opened the way for a topic he could talk on, and talk he did. All too soon the car reached her corner. He could hardly do less than alight with Miss Pauline and walk as far as the church door.

"I don't suppose there's any use of asking you to come to see us while you are so busy," said she amiably, as she turned to say good-bye. "Papa often asks about you," continued the adorable creature, blandly.

At which the young salesman seemed

confused; probably at the thought of Mr. Elliot's solicitude.

"I want to come up often, now that you are all home. I don't get around much since the financial cyclone. But I would like the privilege of dropping in informally if I may."

"Drop in any way you like. Papa is always at home in the evening."

"Then how would it do for me to call around in the morning?" suggested Ralph, with a spark of his old-time audacity.

The young girl blushed, but she had a retort:

"Mamma never goes out in the morning; so you're sure to find somebody."

She added only a good-bye as she passed into the church; but there is sometimes a smile with good-bye which lightens and quickens the heart.

However, these little chance meetings were a tonic to Ralph, who found at the office during his first year at the head of the sales many trying conditions to face. A year which kept the old heads studying might well cause anxiety to a young one. Moreover, Mr. Butler, with superb indifference, spent the winter in California, leaving the responsibility of a selling policy practically on Crosby's shoulders, with only such assistance as his loyal friend Tracey found time to lend him.

As the season advanced, the situation in the rubber world grew steadily and alarmingly worse. Prices on all sides were cut, at first secretly, then openly. The trade became so demoralized that manufacturers met again and again and signed selling agreements designed to put a stop to the frightful losses which were being incurred.

Meantime promoters were keeping the various offices of the big concerns hot with schemes and propositions looking toward the consolidation of the bicycle tire interests of the country. The Jersey Syndicate were especially active in these efforts. They were the movers in the selling agreement which was fixed up in the summer and was made to cover all lines of goods up to January 1, by which date it was hoped that a combine might be effected. They were already in the market with an imitation of the Crosby rubber wheel tire; and they made the Chicago people rather uneasy by the methods which they used to get contracts away from them. The Crosby wheel was not protected by patents. Following the newer policy of the control of valuable inventions, the Tracey people protected their discoveries by the more effective method of secrecy.

But though the Jersey tire was inferior in traction qualities, the Syndicate appeared to be getting business rapidly. Crosby finally instituted a still hunt; and, after camping on their trail for two weeks, secured no end of evidence that they were cutting prices right and left, leaving the Chicago house, under the agreement, to hold the sack.

The salesman was slow to move in retaliation; but once blocked out, his policy was vigorous. He notified the Syndicate that the Occident Company gave notice of withdrawal from the manufacturers' agreement; then he cut prices wide open. Before doing so he went over the ground with Tracey; but the vice-president told him frankly that he could not advise him. He himself had a strike on his hands in the factory; in a word, he had troubles of his own. He intimated pleasantly that young Crosby would have to figure out his own salvation.

Ralph put in a week worrying over the thing; then he concluded the time had come for drastic measures. Their entire trade was demoralized; Ralph must fight to hold it together. He already realized how difficult it would be to get things straightened out after

the clientele was scattered. He worked night and day over a new schedule; and the day his notice of withdrawal went out, the new discounts of the Occident Company were wired from New York to Victoria and from Montreal to the city of Mexico. It created a panic in the rubber goods trade.

The Tracey Company was deluged with inquiries, protests and correspondence of all sorts from manufacturers, consumers and brokers. Within twenty-four hours it was a storm, but nothing to the one about to break under the roof on Ralph.

Mr. Butler got back a few days after the new prices had gone into effect. He had already been apprised of the radical cut, but knew nothing of the particulars. After lunch he came leisurely over to Crosby's desk to talk over the situation and post up.

Ralph got out the new price list and went through it item by item with Mr. Butler, explaining his reasons for each reduction. It would have been evident to a casual observer, and it was very evident to young Crosby, that as the investigation proceeded Mr. Butler was taking on sail. He chewed his thin cigar hard; he hitched in his chair uneasily; he became increasingly restive. Presently he began to discuss, then to criticise.

Ralph met his objections one by one as effectively as possible. The showing on the face of it was certainly a startling one; profits were knocked "galley west." It was heroic medicine, and Mr. Butler took it wryly.

They reached at last the proprietary brands, such as the Tracey dental rubber, the Wigwam beltings, and the Crosby rubber wheel tires. On these they were supposed to have no competition, as the superior qualities, or rather the exclusive qualities, were presumed to protect their market without regard to competitive prices. Every one of them bore the mark of the knife, and the sharp knife.

Mr. Butler threw away his cigar, hitched up closer to the desk, adjusting the spring of his eye-glasses for a fresh grip on his nose. It was growing unmistakably warm around the sales manager's desk.

"Now, these goods," observed Ralph, approaching very tenderly the list of their choicest proprietary brands, "I have put on the same basis as the beltings: fifty and ten and two per cent for c—"

"Great Scott!" shouted Mr. Butler at the top of his voice, bringing his fists down on the desk like sledge-hammers. Every ink-bottle in the big office shook. His eye-glasses dropped to the floor with a crash. "You've cut the life out of us! What in Heaven's name do you expect us to pay expenses on?" he demanded, violently.

Twenty odd men turned quick eyes toward Crosby's desk. There was a hush as of death. Employees who had nothing at stake looked panic-stricken at the outburst. When Mr. Sidney W. Butler went to pieces even Benjamin Tracey had business right away up in the laboratory. Ralph went perceptibly whiter; but he kept his eye steadily on his angry employer, and before he attempted to answer heard the whole of the furious criticism.

"If you will listen a moment, sir, I will make it plain why I have extended the cut to this line. Here are four houses in this agreement; we should handle about fifty-five per cent of the American trade; the other three together handle normally forty-five per cent. For years we have had selling agreements with these people which have been violated before the ink was dry. They make a compact with the sole intention of breaking it; their record shows it again and again. This house has never since I took the sales made a promise to

which it didn't stick. Manton's policy was different; but we will now either abide by our contract or we will have an open market. Under Manton's policy of lying like the rest, we have gradually allowed these whiffets to steal our business by secret rebates and knavery, until it is not simply a question, Mr. Butler, of our making any money: it is a question of our having any business left. Manton made a good showing for the time being, but we are staggering yet under the legacy of his blunders. We have paltered too long; and while I am entrusted with your interests these rascals shall know that this house isn't afraid of them either singly or combined. They have gotten fat on us; now it is war to the knife. We are after the business and all of it; we propose to have it, and we will bring these sharpers to their knees if we have to assess the stockholders to do it. Our only salvation is to club it into them; and on this general line Mr. Tracey, sir, is in complete accord with me."

"Not quite so loud," suggested Mr. Butler; for the heat had extended to the sales manager, and as he spoke he had very noticeably raised his voice. The office men were staring in renewed amazement at him. "Let us step into my office," the president added suavely. "Now, sir, I understand perfectly your policy so far; only why cut into the goods on which we have practically no competition?"

"Because our competitors have never known our costs and never will. If they thought we were losing money on this basis they would stick it out, thinking we would get tired first. I propose they shall think we are making money. They will reason precisely as you do—that we surely wouldn't put our own stuff where it wouldn't make us money. It is simply dust, a blind—something to confuse their calculations. Now let them do the guessing as to whether they are against a newly permanent basis for rubber goods. If you will back me, Mr. Butler, I'll have these chaps on their knees to us for an agreement. When that moment comes—" Crosby paused; even Mr. Butler looked with interest at his new manager for the closing—"I will dictate the terms of the treaty."

Sidney W. Butler pulled another cigar from his pocket and offered it to Ralph, who declined it with a nod and a wave. Mr. Butler then lit it himself, puffed slowly,—seemed to be cooling off.

"How's Tracey getting on with his strike?" he asked imperturbably.

"There wouldn't have been any strike, sir," returned Ralph, "if we could have found an outlet for our full-time output."

Mr. Butler gave no sign of feeling the retort: the cyclone had passed. If Crosby had quailed in the face of the storm for a single instant he would have stood forever condemned. Such men as Sidney W. Butler demand nerve, pluck, staying qualities above all things. Nothing atones for lack of them.

As a matter of history in the affairs of the Tracey Tire Company, Crosby won out completely in his policy. But not so quickly as he hoped: there were anxious days and weeks; but when the victory came it was a stunning one, and it established Ralph Crosby as a factor in the rubber business of the world.

(To be continued.)

Because conscience ceases to remonstrate and remorse to torment, men think the exemption permanent. They do not know that at any moment, in some unforeseen emergency, this abused faculty of the soul may spring into renewed life. This elemental power, this primal endowment, can no more be permanently dissociated from the soul than heat from fire.—*Charles F. Goss.*

The Interpretation of Holy Scripture.

HOLY SCRIPTURE admits of a fourfold interpretation: the literal or historical sense; the allegorical, or that which refers to faith or the Church militant; the anagogical, referring to eternal life in the Church triumphant; the tropological or moral sense, concerning the manner of reaching heaven. Durandus gives the following example: "Jerusalem is understood, literally, of that earthly city whither pilgrims journey; allegorically, of the Church militant; tropologically, of every faithful soul; anagogically, of the heavenly Jerusalem, which is our country." But these four may be reduced to two—the literal and the mystical; and both may be the sense originally intended by the Holy Ghost when inspiring the writers.

Our Lord Himself used the mystical interpretation when He took the case of Jonas and applied it to His own glorious resurrection; and again when He spoke of the temple of His body. In the parables He was intending a mystical sense; for instance, in that of the good Samaritan or that of the prodigal son. The Apostles, following His example, often give a mystical sense to the Scripture; and quote this sense as being, without controversy, the real meaning of the text. St. Paul observes: "Let the elders that rule well be counted worthy of double honor, especially they who labor in the word and doctrine; for the Scripture saith: Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn." (I. Tim., v, 18.) And again, in that famous saying of Osee: "When Israel was a child, then I loved him and called my son out of Egypt." St. Matthew takes this in a mystical sense, and applies it to our Blessed Lord. He says distinctly that the return from the sojourn in Egypt was its fulfilment.

This kind of interpretation the Church has always admitted; and, guided by the same Holy Spirit that inspired the writers, she declares, in certain cases, that the mystical interpretation is the primary one meant by the Holy Ghost. The whole of the Canticle of Canticles she takes as referring to the mystical espousals of God and the soul, although the literal sense refers to an earthly bride and bridegroom. And the description of Wisdom she applies officially in the Missal and the Breviary to Our Lady. We are bound to accept this interpretation not only as lawful but also as true, given as it is by her who is the sole interpreter of Holy Writ. This is also an application of the old principle that from the Church's prayers can be gathered the Church's belief.

The piety of Christians has been fed on mystical interpretation for centuries, and souls have grown in holiness by its means. The work has been that of God's saints, and has resulted from their interior light and close union with God. It may seem at first sight that a few of the writers have gone wide of the mark, and that their interpretations are rather far-fetched. But a closer attention to their meaning, and to the steps by which they have arrived at their conclusions, will often show us that they have had a far deeper insight into the meaning of God's word than we have who criticise them.

Such phrases in the Psalms as "the righteous one," "the poor man," "thy servant," "the word," "the good thing," will all have new depths of meaning when we apply them to Our Lord, who was on earth the righteous man, and so poor that He had nowhere to lay His head; the faithful servant who did His Father's will; the Eternal Word which gives us here below the good thing of the Blessed Sacrament, and hereafter eternal life.

Again, we may take the case, so often occurring, of the names Jerusalem and Sion. The first, "the Vision of Peace," being interpreted of the Church triumphant; the second, "Expectation," of the Church militant; as, for example, "That they may declare the name of the Lord in Sion and His worship in Jerusalem, when the people are gathered together and the kingdoms also to serve the Lord." (Ps. ci, 22.) Or another: "Deal favorably, O Lord! in Thy good will with Sion"; and then, by a very beautiful sequence, "and the walls of Jerusalem shall be built up"; because through God's love and mercy to the Church here, those spiritual stones are prepared by which the walls of the eternal temple are to be built. And once more: "May the Lord from out of Sion bless thee, that thou mayst see the good things of Jerusalem!"—that is, by the means of grace stirred up in the Church we may attain the good things of life eternal. It is seldom in Scripture that these two words, used separately or in contrast, can not be thus explained in the mystical sense. The same applies as well to Jacob and Israel. The *supplanter*—he that has a hard struggle to attain his inheritance—is a figure of the Church on earth; while Israel, "he that sees God," at once suggests the Church in heaven.

Is it too much to say that if we wish to understand the Psalms as holy writers understood them, we must follow, some way at least, along the path they trod? God alone, who inspired the Scriptures, can enlighten our minds that we may understand them, as He did to the two disciples on the road to Emmaus; and the dignity of our study demands that we should pray Him to give us also light to penetrate the sense of the words we ponder.

Except where the Church has officially adopted one meaning before any others, and this is the mystical sense in the proper meaning of the word, the interpretations given in the writings of the Fathers are not to be considered as infallible; they are private explanations which we are free to use or reject as they appeal to us. They are often based on analogy and explain the Scripture in what is technically called an "accommodated" sense. St. Thomas of Aquin says: "It belongs to the dignity of Holy Scripture to contain in one letter many senses. . . . Hence, if some things not understood by the author are fitted by interpreters of Holy Scripture, it is not doubtful but that the Holy Ghost understood them in that sense; for He is the principal Author of Holy Scripture."

Notes and Remarks.

Only those who are easily imposed upon and on whom experience is lost pay much attention to interviews with prominent ecclesiastics on political issues published just before a presidential election. These interviews are often fakes; and when not figments of a reporter's imagination, they are still unreliable. It is so easy for the pencilman to color his victim's words, or to expand a remark of no particular significance into a little speech; committing the speaker to opinions which he, perhaps, never held and to statements which it would be impossible for him ever to prove. The more common tricks of reporters ought to be familiar to people by this time. The object of the man with the pencil is to get persons supposed to be influential to say things in accordance with the policy of the party which his paper represents. In order to accomplish this no means are left untried; and if the prominent citizen can say something and won't say anything, he may be made to say

several things, wise or wild, frank or foggy, according to the facility or fancy of the nimble reporter.

It is foolish to place overmuch confidence in the average newspaper, whose partisan spirit is as plain as its political cast. And it is unfair to hold people responsible for what the papers say about them, or make them say. According to Ward—we refer to the illustrious Artemus,—editors are not required to be more virtuous than other people—readers, for instance. And he says that "some fancy and imagination to enchain the public eye" is a necessary qualification in those who write for the newspapers. Some time ago one of the New York journals published a long interview with Cardinal Rampolla, every word of which was fictitious. We happen to know positively that his Eminence said nothing of what was attributed to him. Reader, beware the newspaper, especially when a political campaign is on!

The isolation of the lepers in Hawaii is to be made more strict. There is a conviction among members of the Honolulu board of health that extra precaution is required to prevent the increase of the dread disease. The eradication of it seems too much to hope for. At present there are nearly 1000 lepers at Molokai, all but forty-five of them being natives of the islands. Thirty are Chinese, five American, four British, five German, and one Norwegian. Strange to say, there is not a single Japanese among the segregated lepers.

It is probable that the relatives and friends of the lepers who visited Molokai a few weeks ago have seen them for the last time. According to the Honolulu *Star*, many of the unfortunate exiles never had any visitors, being given up as dead; others have seen relatives only at rare intervals. Among those who went to the settlement on occasion of the visit of the board of health was the father of a young girl who for nine years had awaited his coming. They spent the whole day sitting side by side, happy for the time being. Their parting can never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. When the hour of departure struck, the poor girl burst into cries and lamentations, which the afflicted father and a Sister of St. Francis were powerless to subdue. A pitiful spectacle was also enacted at the landing when the boats were about to leave for the outlying steamer. The departing visitors and the remaining lepers wept and wailed together; and as long as shore and steamer were discernible handkerchiefs waved their signals of sorrow which must be lifelong, and of suffering which only death can alleviate.

If the reports of savagery in the Philippines emanated from other sources than our own soldiers, one would be disposed to discredit them. But the fact is that the barbarities are oftenest chronicled by those who are guilty of them. Andrew Lewis, of Kingston, Pa., a member of Co. L, 19th U. S. Infantry, in a letter to relatives at home gives an account of an engagement between Americans and Filipinos at a place called Sibalan. He writes:

I was out on detached service for a week, and if I ever put in seven days of the horrors I did it then. There were twenty-eight of us besides the sergeant; and we were relieved to-day (Aug. 12) by a detachment from Company A. They had a big fight at Sibalan, six miles from here, while on their way to relieve us. The insurgents opened upon them just as they entered the hilly country above Sibalan; and the battle lasted two hours, with the Americans victorious. A teamster was shot through the heart in the first volley, and a sick man was hit on the shoulder. He jumped out of the wagon and tried to get away, but they shot him through the head. The other fellow escaped. The rebels took the two mules and the rifles, belts and haversacks off the dead fellows. They even took the shoes from their feet and the hats from their heads; also a watch and chain and

a ring. Smith brought the news to Sibalan, and the two squads double-quicked to the scene of the murder; but the rebels had hiked off into the hills. When we arrived there we found that the head of one of the soldiers had been beaten into a jelly by the fiends. When Lieutenant Shaw saw this he gave orders to burn the town and shoot every living being in sight—man, woman or child.

We refrain from comment, and hope the officer will be able to prove, if ever called upon to do so, that he gave no such order. If he did, then he and his soldiers were the fiends.

This year, for the first time, the women of Idaho will exercise the sovereign privilege of manhood. In three other States also — Colorado, Utah and Wyoming— women will vote for a presidential candidate. It is but just to say that in the States where it obtains, women's suffrage is credited with having greatly improved the *morale* of the candidates. The novelty of voting having already worn off, only about fifty per cent of the women vote even in States where they enjoy the privilege of the ballot. The politicians, moreover, are so wanting in gallantry as to say that the fair sex always slavishly follow the lead of husband, father, brother, or friend; so that the voting is simply doubled, the result being in no wise affected.

According to information gathered by a German Orientalist and summarized in the *Literary Digest*, a marked change is coming over the modern literature of Turkey. It would seem as if a conspiracy existed among the novelists and dramatists of the Ottoman Empire to decry the marriage customs of their forbears and to clamor for the introduction of European ideals and standards of living. We hope, however, that divorce is not counted among the reforms that the Young Turk movement hopes to introduce,—indeed we are sure it is not. We remember how grievously scandalized was a subject of the Sultan, travelling in this country, on learning of our divorce laws. The harem he considered an ascetic institution compared with what, as he said, "amounts to promiscuity." The Young Turk movement in literature has been permitted to go on undisturbed; but the same movement in politics has met with a reception so ungracious that its leaders, we are informed, are "compelled to manage their propaganda from Paris and other Western centres." Turkey may have started spinning down the ringing grooves of change, but as between the harem and the divorce court she much prefers—shall we say the lesser evil?

Heretofore those who believed, on the authority of Prof. Charles Darwin, that they were descended from prehistoric ape or monkey, and scouted the belief that man was a special creation, were free to do so. But now they are not. Prof. Herman Klaatsch, of Heidelberg, who is referred to as one of the most eminent physiologists and anthropologists in the world, declares that the Darwinian theory of man's origin is untenable; and says that the existence of a small muscle in the human thigh, of which monkeys and apes show no sign whatever, is irrefutable proof of the truth of his contention. As this hypothesis is sure to be fully explained in all the scientific periodicals, those who are interested may learn all about the recent researches in comparative anatomy on which Prof. Klaatsch bases his statement.

It will be no surprise to us, however, if many of those who were so credulous as to monkey-origin refuse to give up their cherished belief. We know of a man who from much reading of scientific journals got the idea that he was an acrostic. A learned and kind-hearted friend having heard that he frequently

referred to himself as a confirmed acrostic, resolved to show him his error and try to convince him without giving offence that he could not possibly be an acrostic of any kind. But the kindly effort failed; the first words of explanation were cut short with the avowal: "Yes, I'm an acrostic, and I expect to die an acrostic!"

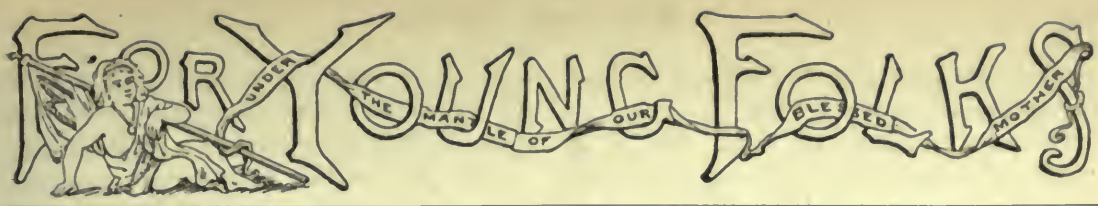
In warning their flocks against the drink evil, the bishops of Ireland bear grateful testimony to the fact that the past few years have witnessed a notable advance toward temperance among all sections of the Irish people. From a joint pastoral letter signed by the entire hierarchy we quote these words: "It is the universal experience of the clergy, and our own, that the extent to which drunkenness prevails has been steadily reduced in recent years; and, what is more important and more hopeful, that a sounder and truer tone of public opinion has grown up in reference to it." The bishops urge the clergy to establish temperance societies in the schools, and appeal to parents "to encourage their children at the time of Confirmation to take a pledge against drink."

Fifty years ago last month Cardinal Wiseman issued his pastoral announcing the restoration of the Catholic hierarchy in England. The storm which then broke showed how deep-seated were the prejudices of the British nation to the Pope and all things Roman. The golden jubilee of the Cardinal's pastoral finds England in another religious turmoil over Popery; this time, however, it is not Roman cardinals but respectable English parsons who seem bent on betraying the English people into the power of the Vatican. Half a century ago an angry mob in London threatened to tear down a Catholic chapel because it was surmounted by that hated symbol, the cross; to-day it is not always possible for an expert to distinguish between an Anglican conventicle and a Catholic church. There are multitudes of Englishmen to whom this change is obnoxious; and during the General Election these men are plying the candidates with questions as to their future course, if elected, toward those scandalous innovations. From this distance it would seem that the attempt to inject religious discussion into the national campaign has not been highly successful.

Zion's Herald is known to all good Methodists as a stalwart of the stalwarts; we are therefore all the more pleased to note that our contemporary has no fault to find with the agitation for the federation of Catholic societies. The solidarity of our Methodist friends has made them a far mightier force in our national life than they would otherwise be,—a fact which the founders of the sect seem to have counted upon. *Zion's Herald* reminds its readers that the Book of Discipline, drawn up by the early Methodist fathers, contains these directions to the brethren:

> It is expected of all who continue in these societies [i. e., the Methodist body] that they shall continue to evidence their desire of salvation by doing good, especially to them that are of the household of the faith or groaning so to be; employing them preferably to others; buying one of another; helping each other in business; and so much the more because the world will love its own and them only.

The policy now agitated among Catholics does not, we are glad to say, go to the full length of Methodist fraternalism; it simply aims at supplying our people with an official organ of utterance by which to demand fair treatment in all things civic. In some countries the hierarchy do this work effectively; in our country such matters are best left to the laity.



The First Snow.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

"HURRAH! hurrah! the snow is here;
Old Winter's come, and Christmas near;
Out, out this moment we must go,—
Hurrah! hurrah! the snow, the snow!"

Now on the scene mamma appears.
"Children, wrap up both head and ears!"
"Mamma, we'll do it as we go,—
Hurrah! hurrah! the snow, the snow!"

"Charley, your overcoat. And, Ned,
Tie this soft scarf round Johnnie's head.
And, Baby darling, must *you* go?"
"O muzzer, *pwease*, I *wuv* de snow!"

They shout and jump, and run and call,
While thickly still the pure flakes fall;
And now a snow-man, "Mr. White,"
Their small hands fashion with delight.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" we hear them cry;
"Soon on the frozen creek we'll fly
With skates and sleds and jolly sleighs,—
Oh, we'll have fun a thousand ways!"

Oh, happy troop of girls and boys,
What music in their mirthful noise
As wild they shout, "The snow is here!
Winter is come, and Christmas near!"

Dot and Carrie.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

V.—Delightful Days.



BETWEEN lessons and walks, as well as merry games and pleasant drives with the Huntleys, the days flew quickly by, and the little Kerrs were happier than they had ever been before. The balmy air of Cobham seemed to agree with them, and very soon any sign of delicacy remaining after the measles disappeared and all grew strong and rosy. Even fragile Dot was developing into a plump, merry child, and enjoyed the fresh air and sunshine. Absence from the sea had worked wonders in her, and it was soon evident that all recollection of the terrible shipwreck was passing from her mind.

"If we only had a house a little larger and more accommodating than this, I would never ask to leave Cobham," Mrs. Kerr said to her husband, when they had been nearly a month at the cottage. "I like the place, and it is pleasant to be so near my brother and his wife. It suits the children, and they are happy with their cousins."

"Yes: I quite agree, dear. If only I could get Lord Raghan's agency, we should be fixed here and could take a larger house."

Mrs. Kerr sighed.

"If only! Has nothing been heard of that strange man yet?"

"Yes. His solicitor told Jim that he is in England somewhere. Any day he may come to Lynswood."

"It is extraordinary that he does not come at once. Fancy being master of such a home and wandering about over the world! Where has he been all these years, Will?"

"Sheep-farming in Australia. He was poor, it seems, and had no idea that he would ever succeed to the title and property as he has done, through the deaths of his cousins and uncle."

"Is he married?"

"He was, but his wife is dead. She and his children all died in some way, Jim says. He has not heard how. The lawyer said his lordship did not wish the matter talked about. No one ever knew his wife in England, and he feels

his terrible loss too intensely to be able to discuss it with any one."

"I quite understand that. But I do wish he would come home and look after his estate. Could not the lawyer appoint an agent, Will?"

"I think not. And it is best for us that he has not the power to do so, as he is anxious to get the post for some friend of his own."

"Then you must see Lord Raghan when he returns and talk to him about it. That is one great thing gained by being so near Lynswood."

"And one strong reason for our coming to this little cottage. I trust I may be allowed to interview him. But these gloomy, dreamy men are not easy people to get on with."

As the days grew long and bright the children spent many happy hours in the open air, gathering primroses, bluebells, and anemones; and they soon found that in no place did these wild flowers grow in such sweet profusion as in the secluded dells in the woods round Lynswood.

This beautiful place was three miles from the cottage, and four and a half from Park Side. But the Huntleys' big wagonette held them all so comfortably that the drive through the lanes and along the pleasant country roads was not the least enjoyable part of their many expeditions.

One lovely day, then, toward the beginning of May, the wagonette left Woodbine Cottage and drove off to Lynswood. A large hamper full of provisions was stowed away in the box under the coachman's seat; Harold's camera and several baskets in which to put their flowers were stacked up in a corner of the carriage. The children, sitting close together, their rosy faces all smiles and contentment, were singing and telling stories alternately; whilst Miss Brown, the Huntleys' governess, sat calmly knitting, pleased to see them all so merry; and Hoppy ran frisking and sniffing after them in high delight.

"We are earlier than usual to-day," remarked Maud. "So let us go farther than we ever went before,—right away round to the end of the woods."

"That will be splendid!" said Harold. "There are lots of pretty bits there, and walks that we have not yet explored."

"It will be rather far for Dot and Dickie to walk," said Carrie. "It won't do to tire them too much."

"I'll give them rides," replied Harold. "So don't be afraid. They love 'bandy chairs' and 'piggy backs.' Don't you, kiddies?"

"Yes, yes, indeed we do!" cried the little ones together. "They're such fun!"

"But the hamper?" said Miss Brown. "No one can carry that very far."

"No. But if you will kindly watch over it, Miss Brown," Maud said, "we'll come back and have lunch just where Thomson puts it down. Will that do?"

"Very well. But I don't think you ought to go too far away, dear."

"Oh, no!—at least not till after lunch," laughed Maud. "So don't be afraid of losing us, Miss Brown."

The wagonette drew up at the most distant edge of the woods; and when the hamper was safely deposited in a quiet and secluded corner, and Miss Brown comfortably seated on a cushion near, her back against a tree, her book and knitting on her knees, the children ran off with their baskets to look for wild flowers and ferns.

"This is a delightful place to tramp about in!" exclaimed Carrie, scrambling gaily through the bracken and briars, Dot's hand tightly clasped within her own. "Are we far from the ogre's castle, Harold?"

"Who's the ogre, Carrie?" inquired Dickie, creeping up to his sister with a rather startled expression. "I didn't

know there was an ogre's castle near here. Is he cruel to little children?"

A peal of merry laughter greeted this speech.

"Poor Dickie, were you frightened?" inquired Harold. "Don't mind Carrie. She's only making fun. There are no ogres here, or anywhere except in pantomimes or fairy-tale books."

"Oh!" Dickie gave a sigh of relief. "Then what does she mean?"

"We call Lord Raghan the ogre just for fun," said Carrie, laughing.

"I'd rather have fairies than ogres," remarked Dot in her own quaint way.

"Of course you would!" cried Edith, laying a chain of primroses round the little one's hat. "They are prettier to look at. You'd make a perfect fairy, Dot. I never saw a sweeter one."

"You never saw *any*," said Randy, with decision.

"Indeed she has and so have I," said Kitty, laughing.

"No! Have you?" inquired Dickie, opening his eyes wide. "Oh, what were they like, Kitten?"

"Like little boys and girls, only they were prettier," replied Kitty, delighted at the child's astonished looks. "And they had wings springing out of their shoulders."

"I wonder if there are any hidden amongst the trees up here?" said Dickie. "Are they small or big?"

"Small. Our old Irish nurse used to call them the 'little people.'"

"There aren't any here," said Dot. "You're only making fun, Kitty."

Harold was walking just behind, his camera under his arm. Not a fern or flower or twitter of a bird seemed to escape his notice. He stopped every moment to look at a nest, an ant-hill, or a lively squirrel on a branch.

"Haway!" lisped Dot, catching hold of his jacket. "Kitty says she's seen fairies; have you?"

"Yes,—I see one now," said Harold, throwing his arm round her. "And I have seen lots where Kitty saw them—at the pantomime."

"Then there aren't any real ones? Only little chindrel pretending?"

"Just so. What a quick mite you are, Dot dear! Dickie would not take a thing up like that."

"I didn't believe they had seen fairies," said Dickie, growing very red. "I knew they were just humbugging."

"Here's a nice mossy place," said Harold, as they came to an open space, with a sloping grassy bank running down into an old chalk pit. "Sit down now, every one, and I'll tell you a pretty fairy-tale I once saw acted. It was by our great English poet Shakespeare and is called a 'Midsummer-Night's Dream.'"

The children all crowded round him, and, squatting on the grass, began to arrange their primroses and tie their violets into bunches.

"How lovely!" they cried. "A story is the very nicest thing in the world."

"I've read the 'Midsummer-Night's Dream,'" said Maud. "Have you seen it acted, Harold?"

"Yes, I saw it acted last year when I was in London with Uncle Fred."

"Wouldn't it be fun to act it here ourselves," suggested Maud,—"just as a game, you know?"

"The fairy part would be amusing," said Harold, "if we could get the little ones to understand. Dot would make a sweet little Pease-blossom and Dickie a merry Puck."

"We don't know what you're talking about," pouted Edith. "You big ones read things we don't read."

"Tell us the story, Harold," said Carrie. "And then we'll not feel left out of all you and Maud are saying."

"Yes, the story!" cried Kitty. "Dot, will you ask Harold to tell us about

the fairies? He'll do anything for you."

Dot laid her little fair face against the boy's brown cheek.

"The story, Haway,—the story!"

He gave her a great hug.

"Because you said 'story' so nicely, and not 'tory,' old lady, you shall have it. So here goes!"

And, leaning his elbow on the grass, he gave them a somewhat crude and boyish account of the beautiful fairy-tale, "A Midsummer-Night's Dream."

(To be continued.)

Edward's Whipping Boy.

Only a short time ago the Empress of Germany was obliged to send her eldest son away from the table because he was rude to a younger brother. Turning to the French tutor who was present, she said: "Monsieur, I beg that you will ask me to excuse his royal highness the Prince." Thereupon the tutor complied with her request; and the Crown Prince, who will one day be emperor of Germany, was obliged to leave the room with his meal only half finished.

It is well known that the young princes have had to take much discipline from imperial hands as well as from their teachers. It is likely that they have often wished for a return of the good old times when the person of a royal prince was considered so sacred that a whipping boy was kept to take his punishment for him.

There is a famous picture in which Prince Edward of England, later King Edward VI., is represented as trying to defend his whipping boy from the punishment which he himself deserved. If an English prince was disobedient or dull about his lessons, the poor whipping boy had to suffer. In this case Edward had not only absolutely refused to learn his lessons, but had been very rude to his governess, who, as a last resort, took a bundle of switches and set about flogging the unfortunate substitute. At that moment the Prince appeared, snatched up the whips and rescued the lad, Barnabas Fitzpatrick by name.

Edward, who was really a kind little fellow, declared that he would in future behave so well that neither he nor his whipping boy should be punished. And he was faithful to his promise. Never again did Barnabas run the risk of being flogged because his royal master had been naughty, and the two became fast friends.

The Pigeons of Peking.

The carrier-pigeons of Peking, China, are the best trained pigeons in the world, and are used for every purpose for which messenger boys are employed. Under the tail-feathers of each of these birds is fastened a little whistle, upon which the winds play as if it were a tiny æolian harp. "Every morning and afternoon," writes a lady who knows China well, "the vault of the Peking sky is swept with the sweet, sad notes of scores of pigeon whistles as the carrier-birds wing their way across the walls with bankers' messages and quotations of silver sales—a stock report and a ticker service older than the telegraph and automatic tapes, a system of market reports as old as time." It is feared that the riotous Boxers, who have recently made so much trouble in the Chinese capital, have destroyed these gentle birds.

THERE are four points of the compass, four winds, four weeks in the month, four seasons, four quarters of the moon, four rules of arithmetic, four great continents, four sides to a room, and the violin has four strings.

With Authors and Publishers.

—A new story by Lady Gilbert is announced by a London firm. Its title is "Cynthia's Bonnet Shop."

—Charles Dudley Warner died last week. He was the author of some of the most delightful books of which our American literature can boast; both in purity and sparkle his writings were admirable.

—Composers of music in Paris, as well as psychologists, are said to be greatly wrought up over Pepite Rodriguez Ariola, a Spanish child, aged three, who not only plays astonishingly well on the piano but also composes. The child has never received music lessons, yet he is said to have a good knowledge of technique. A congress of French psychologists before whom he exhibited his extraordinary powers were both pleased and puzzled.

—In his dedicatory preface to "The Lane that had no Turning," Mr. Gilbert Parker pays a graceful tribute to the French Canadians. "I have travelled far and wide," he says, "and though I have seen people as frugal and industrious as the French Canadians, I have never seen frugality and industry associated with so much domestic virtue, so much education and intelligence, and so deep and simple a religious life; nor have I ever seen a priesthood at once so devoted and high-minded in all that concerns the home-life of their people as in French Canada."

—The Catholic Truth Society of Ireland has been in existence only a short time, but the list of its publications is commendably long. They are all of interest and many of them are of special value and timeliness. We have received "The Amethyst," a temperance lecture in verse, with an appendix in prose, by the Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J ; "Trinity College No Place for Catholics," by Judge O'Hagan and others; "Aline," a charming bit of biography, by the late Kathleen O'Meara; and "Reasons for Holding the Catholic Faith," by Gerald Griffin and Frederick Ozanam; edited by Father Russell.

—Mr. L. Frank Baum, the author of "Father Goose: His Book," has increased his claim on the gratitude of young folk, and old folk too, by writing a companion volume which is described on the title-page as "a laugh book for children of all ages." It is an account—the first ever printed—of a beautiful valley called "New Wonderland" and the impossible adventures of its extraordinary inhabitants. The pictures are all by Mr. Frank Verbeck, the worthy artist-in-chief to the King of the Beautiful Valley. The publisher of Wonderland is Mr. R. H. Russell. Children will wonder how he could produce so delightful a book.

—From St. Xavier's Academy, Beatty, Penn., we have received several new plays by that favorite writer for convent school entertainments, Mercedes; and we feel sure they will be heartily welcomed by teachers. The titles are "The Maid of Orleans" (for twenty young ladies); and for the little folk, 'The Legend of the Rainbow," "The Reproof of the Flower Angel," and "The Gold Spectacles."

—"Holy and Wholesome Thoughts on Purgatory" is the title of a timely little book, revised and adapted from the German by Eleanor C. Donnelly. The thoughts are arranged for every day in the month; hence will be found helpful during November, the month of the Holy Souls. Part second includes special devotions for the faithful departed. Published by H. L. Kilner & Co.

—"The Judgment of Peter and Paul on Olympus" is the title of Mr. Curtin's latest Sienkiewicz translation. One by one the pagan gods pass before Saints Peter and Paul, seated in judgment on Mt. Olympus; and all are successively condemned to annihilation except the divinities of song and love, which are purified and consecrated by the blessing of the Apostles. Another pastel is also included in the volume—a beautiful portraiture of the helpful offices of womanhood in the world. Prose-poems, these literary tidbits are called on the title-page; and prose-poems they truly are. The book is printed in luxurious holiday fashion, and simply but prettily bound. It comes in good time for the Christmas sales. Little, Brown & Co.

—Not all our readers are able to keep up with the vast literature of modern polemics, and hence may not be aware that nearly all the points once urged with much violence by curbstone preachers have been successively relinquished by the ablest exponents of Protestantism. Quite recently a minister in Iowa, who is behind the times, asserted that St. Peter never was in Rome. A paragraph from the *Independent*—it occurs in the review of a new book by Rafaelle Mariano—would have been a sufficient answer to this absurd statement. It is easy for even a child to remember the substance of the paragraph clipped from our staunch Protestant contemporary: "He [Mariano] is able to cite

excellent Protestant authorities, among them such determined Lutherans as Professor Nosgen of Rostock, to show that the best modern scholarship admits that Peter was in Rome and was the first religious teacher in that city. He can further appeal to that prince of patristic and New Testament scholars, Professor Zahn of Erlangen, in confirmation of the same conviction."

—We welcome Vol. VI. of "The Golden Legend" (Caxton's Lives of the Saints), a new number of the dainty Temple Classics. It includes the life of St. Edward, England's king and confessor, and briefer biographies of Saints Elizabeth of Hungary, Hugh, Martin, Ursula, and other holy servants of God. The charm of these little histories is not to be described—the simplicity, the odor of sanctity, the quaint old English. Of St. Elizabeth we are told that she wore "jolly clothes but honest." These booklets are not suitable, however, for general reading. Persons who can not make allowance for the difference of tone between Caxton's time and our own would be shocked to read some pages of "The Golden Legend," though our forefathers were edified by them.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

Lectures for Boys. *Very Rev. Francis Doyle, O. S. B.* 3 vols. $6.

Handbook to Christian and Ecclesiastical Rome. Three Vols. *H. M. and M. A. R. T.* $10.00.

The Spiritual Life and Prayer, According to Holy Scripture and Monastic Tradition. $1.75, *net.*

A Priest's Poems. *K. D. B.* $1.25.

The History of the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ. *Rev. James Groenings, S. J.* $1.25, *net.*

Alice of Old Vincennes. *Maurice Thompson.* $1.50.

Education and the Future of Religion. *Bishop Spalding.* 5 cts.

General Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures. *Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S. S.* $2, *net.*

Father Anthony. *Robert Buchanan.* $1.50.

The Soldier of Christ. *Mother Mary Loyola.* $1.35, *net.*

Where is the Church? *Rev. Charles Coupe, S. J.* 40 cts., *net.*

The Autobiography of St. Ignatius Loyola. *J. F. X. O'Conor, S. J.* $1.25, *net.*

The Testament of Ignatius Loyola. *E. M. Rix.* $1, *net.*

Sermons on the Blessed Sacrament. *Scheurer-Lasance.* $1.50, *net.*

A Form of Prayers. *Marquis of Bute.* 45 cts., *net.*

Sanctuary Meditations. *Fr. Baltasar Gracian, S. J.* $1, *net.*

Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption. *W. H. Mallock.* $3.50.

The Flowing Tide. *Madame Belloc.* $1.60, *net.*

A Son of St. Francis. *Lady Amabel Kerr.* $1, *net.*

Poor Dear Ann. *The Prig.* 75 cts.

The Bible and its Interpreter. *Rev. P. H. Casey, S. J.* 50 cts.

The Gospel Story. *B. F. C. Costelloe.* $1.60, *net.*

Studies in Church History. Vol. VI. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* $2.50.

Meditations on the Psalms of the Little Office. *Peregrinus.—Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.* 75 cts., *net.*

Currita, Countess of Albornoz. *Luis Coloma.* $1.50.

The Knights of the Cross. Vol. II. *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* $1.

A Journey with the Sun around the World. *Rev. William McMahon.* $2.

St. Jerome. *Father Largent.* $1.

Studies in Poetry. *Thomas O'Hagan, M. A., Ph. D.* $1.

The Church of Christ the Same Forever. *Rev. D. McErlane, S. J.* 50 cts., *net.*

Christian Philosophy—God. *Rev. John T. Driscoll, S. T. L.* $1.25, *net.*

The Heiress of Cronenstein. *Countess Hahn-Hahn.* $1.25.

The Nursing Sister. $1.25.

Jack Hildreth on the Nile. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.

Holy Mass: A Morning Paradise. *Very Rev. R. O. Kennedy.* 5 cts.

Giovanni Baptista de Rossi. *Very Rev. T. J. Shahan, D. D.* 20 cts.

Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire. *Samuel Dill, M. A.* $2.

The Spirit of the Third Order of St. Francis. *Father Peter Baptist, O. F. M.* $1, *net.*

The Passion Play of Oberammergau. *Mary Frances Drew.* 60 cts., *net.*

St. Francis of Sales. *A. De Margerie.* $1.

A Book of Spiritual Instruction. *Blosius.* 75 cts., *net.*

A Mouth's Meditations. *Cardinal Wiseman.* $1.10, *net.*

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The Blessed Dead.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

SOMEHOW I can not think of them as mourning,
Although they dwell in dark and silent places;
I can not think of them with sorrowing faces,
But only in their holy eyes the traces
Of God's sweet peace.

Yet in my fancy I can see them turning
To listen for the sounds of supplication,
Sure of God's love and certain of salvation,
In that mysterious country of probation,
Waiting release.

And always I do picture them as yearning
For voices of beloved ones softly praying,
Close to the open door of Mercy saying:
"Christ, grant them Paradise without delaying,
And Thy sweet peace!"

The Vale of Tears.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

II.—Little Valley.

SOME folk are painfully susceptible to climatic influences,—I am, for one. Even inanimate objects soon succumb to the ravages of heat and humidity. Costly furniture, that has been warranted to withstand "all time" in the temperate zone, speedily collapses in the Tropics. This is one of life's lessons I early learned and tried hard to profit by.

My Oriental kite could not or would not fly in the winds of Western New York. My toy ship was bracketed on its beam-ends. My Chinese trophies became a scandal in a house that was famed for simplicity and prayer. The clatter of chopsticks and the crash of gongs could hardly create greater consternation than did I on occasion, when I, innocently enough, betrayed the evidences of alien culture—or lack of culture.

I had footed it over the farm with less show of interest than had been hoped for by my worthy grandparents. I had read the books that were grouped with studied carelessness on the round, mahogany centre table in the parlor with the green shades. These were the poems of N. P. Willis, in blue and gold; "Greenwood Leaves," by dear Grace Greenwood, in green covers; and "Fern Leaves from Fanny's Portfolio"—for Fanny Fern was then in her glory. I had sat by the sitting-room window on rainy days and looked over the meadows to the crossroads to see the stage go by.

It was not an exciting life I led on the Freeman Farm. A little thing went a long way with me,—it had to. I had watched the bulbous frogs sprawling in a whitewash vat half filled with rain-water; I had endeavored to awaken an interest in the sucking calves, but soon wearied, for we had little in common. Then I took to sighing—a habit that has become second nature,—and I must have been something of a burden to the old folk,—a kind of mild reproach, as if they were somehow responsible for my want of interest in life. Heaven knows they were the sweetest-natured, the

kindest and the most reasonable of beings,—albeit it was this grandfather who plunged me into the awful vortex of a Protestant revival, whose billows of unwholesome emotion covered and nearly swamped me; and this I have touched upon in that little book—it may be called the autobiography of a human soul—entitled "A Troubled Heart and How it was Comforted at Last."

Well, the dear old folk resolved that I should be happier at school, and I was placed there. I could not go far alone. My elder brother was a guest in many houses; he was no longer my companion—nor likely to be for two years to come. He returned to California and I was left at the mercy of schoolmaster and schoolmistress. I could not go far alone; for the grand-parental eye must remain fixed upon me, and its sight was limited. I went to Little Valley, three miles away.

Little as that valley was, there was something too much of it for my peace of mind. I boarded and lodged with the station-master and his family. We lived in the upper rooms of the station. It was a brief and, I may add, a very lively life I led for the next few weeks. I never quite became accustomed to it. It is true that I had learned to receive an avalanche of fright at unexpected moments with comparative calmness. The delirious shriek of the whistle, the clang of brazen bells, the asthmatic gasp of the locomotive as it panted at our threshold, and the clouds of steam that at intervals enveloped us, were a part of our daily life, and we were more or less familiar with these; but I could never quite accustom myself to the lightning express that seemed to dash right under my bed in the dead-middle of the night with a frenzied scream that lasted as long as the ear could listen. Thus was my nervous system put in training, that I might by and by be prepared to meet with calm indifference the hubbub of this hurly-burly world.

I remember little of that Little Valley school. It was held in the basement of the church—its denomination I have forgotten,—where I tried my best to "get religion," and even half believed that I *had* got it. At any rate, it filled the hearts of the old folk with joy; and I nearly died of it, but recovered speedily through a change of air and scene.

I remember I had a chum at the station,—a lad of my own age, of a picturesque Spanish type that appealed to me. He might have grown up at the Mission Dolores, or been the wandering heir to some Mexican hacienda, but he was not. The rich man of the village lived in a triangle on the pike; and because of the triangle, which came to a point in the northern edge of the village, we used to think that his estate probably included the greater part of British Columbia; at any rate, there were three deer in his backyard, and numberless balconies and bay-windows added to the dignity of the only house worthy to be called a mansion in that whole county,—at least we thought so. It interested me far more than ever the school did; and Fred W. F——, that quasi-Andalusian chum of mine, and I used to stand afar off and think upon the mysteries of the House Beautiful, and wonder why no member of that exclusive family was ever known to speak to any one else in the world.

And now the sequel. Of course everything in life is a story or a part of a story. A few years after my return to San Francisco I received a note begging me to call at a certain room, in a certain hotel, at a certain hour; and I did so. There stood Fred W. F——, with flowing mustachio and a blushing bride,—the bride none other than the confectionery fairy, sole daughter of the great House Beautiful, in Little Valley, whose frills,

flounces, and pink-and-white doll-like prettiness dawned upon us at a distance only to distract. She seemed a spirit from another world than Cattaraugus county. How Andalusian Fred captured her and bore her away to the wilds of Oregon—where he was constrained to teach a rustic school for hard-earned daily bread, he being penniless and she disinherited,—unless he turned out to be as brave a brigand as he looked, I know not.

Alas for the course of true love! She, unused to hardships and the primeval forest, died within the year. Fred telegraphed me to forward a dispatch to the sexton that the church bell might toll her age to the startled village ear, and I did it. So the bell of the very village church in the basement of which Fred and I had been to school struck eighteen funereal notes; while all the village held its breath, and wondered if the master of the manor at the forks of the road knew that her hour had come. His conscience-stricken heart must have told him that, and he could recall her and forgive her nevermore.

Fred could not bear his burden of grief alone. He came to see me on his homeward way, broken in spirit and at times almost hysterical. He was still little more than a boy in years. He told me how they had lived and loved and struggled in the backwoods; poorly sheltered, barely fed; their companions only the few juvenile stragglers who reluctantly answered the call of the bell which Fred rang in the morning—sometimes there was no response. There she sickened and died, her sickness and death aided and abetted by the poverty that denied them the very necessaries of life. So she died and was buried there in the wilderness, and alone he had turned his back upon all that was dearest to him in life. And so we parted for the last time.

It began to be made evident that I was not flourishing as a student in the basement of the village church. Three miles are not many in life's journey, but the three that lay between Little Valley and my grandfather's farm were not always grateful to the foot of man or boy. The old nag had his home duties, often imperative, and could not conveniently drag me to school and home again five days in the week; and for this reason I was left in store at the station, with a check on, like a piece of animated luggage waiting to be called for.

My grandfather called for me every Friday afternoon and deposited me in the parcel room of the station the following Monday morning. There was a long Saturday at the farm; a Sunday the greater portion of which was passed at church; for there was a morning and an afternoon sermon, each of an unconscionable length; and an evening sermon to conclude with. As we always stayed over till the second sermon was brought to a lingering close, and sometimes returned to the evening sermon, I think I may venture to say that my Sunday was not a day of rest. If it is written of the Sabbath, "In it thou shalt do no work," then we deliberately broke that Commandment every Sunday; for our incessant church-going was work, if there ever was work,—and mighty hard work too.

How well I remember one Sabbath afternoon in the balm of budding spring! I was filled with the joy of life, of love and longing. We were sitting under the lilacs, my grandparents and I, listening to the voices of the spring,—they are the sweetest voices of all the year, thrilling with hope and promise. We could hear the grass whispering and stirring after the shower; drinking in the moisture audibly with the softest and sweetest sounds, like the faint articulation of

baby lips. The sun was near its setting; long shadows were gathering under the low hills, and the woods that crowned them were crests of sable plumes.

Suddenly an apparition — a young woman — appeared. We had not seen her approach. She might, for all we knew, have floated down the brook or risen from the well, or materialized in yonder apple orchard. She tripped into our presence with a fluttering of Dolly Varden skirts, and a dancing of pipe-stem curls about her temples. As the sunlight fell upon her lively features it seemed to me that she was whiter than nature had intended and her cheeks redder than any rose. Never were there such black eyes as hers,—never outside of a picture-book. She startled my grandparents. Grandmother frowned and looked her disapproval; grandfather — as he drew me toward him with precaution — interrogated her.

She had heard, it seemed, that a maid was needed at the farm-house; not being otherwise engaged, she had taken this opportunity of inquiring if this was indeed the case. If it was not, she would continue her stroll; for, after all, she was tempted forth more by the allurements of the season than by any hope of finding service in our family. Without time for consultation, it was suggested that she might come to us on the day following and the matter would be further considered. So she went her way,—vanishing, as it were, and leaving an impression of unreality that charmed me and perplexed my grandparents.

Somehow I found life more engaging after that. I had begun to lose interest; I had packed up my Chinese novelties,—they seemed so out of place in that house. Must I confess it?—for one of my temperament the air was blighting. Therefore I welcomed the advent of the mysterious young woman, who promptly came on the morrow. Her name was Delight; nor was this the worst, in the opinion of my grandparents. She was one of a family of seven children, each bearing a name that began with the letter *D.* Of course the mother of these children was romantic to a degree, and probably given to the reading of old-fashioned romances. In the wisdom of my fourteen years I did not reckon on this; I was conscious only of the presence of an unusual young person who willingly imparted to me, in stolen moments, the secret of her life. That she might never be forgotten, I learned by rote the names of all her tribe. Much have I forgotten in my day — much of value that I could ill afford to lose,—but these idle names of those I knew not and never cared for will ring in my ears to the end of time. At intervals they recur to me like the village chimes; I recite them in a meaningless litany, and dismiss them with a smile. Here they are in the order in which she gave them; but beyond their foolish rhythm they were nothing to me: Delos, Delight, Denis, Dorastus, Doriska, Dorinda, and Diette.

Delight had been a strolling player,—one of a company of rustics that murdered Tragedy and made Comedy pull a long face withal. She was serving us in an off season with profit but no applause. I must confess to having found this pastoral Thespian more diverting than did my grandparents, who soon parted with her, and to my regret. Thereupon I moped and moaned, and gave the old people such concern that it was resolved to remove me from Little Valley and transplant me in fresh soil. They agreed that the moil of life in a railway station had not benefited me—nor did I seem a prodigy of learning. The results were unfavorable; my case required attention. To-day we should call it nervous prostration and recommend the mountain or the sea. But I

was addressed to the two Randolphs, or just between the two, where a somewhat celebrated academy was perched upon a hilltop. Little Valley was little enough to have passed unnoticed; but, little as it was, it was too much for me; for it was the threshold of that long, long valley I knew and still remember as the Vale of Tears.

(To be continued.)

Dr. Martin's Wife.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LIFE'S LABYRINTH," ETC.

XIX.—Madame Desmoulins.

STEPHANIE and Marie had been absent perhaps half an hour when the former returned. Mrs. Martin looked at her expectantly.

"Madame Desmoulins is quite herself—that is, she is perfectly rational," said the old woman. "She was very ill last night. The doctors say it is strange and unusual that, having suffered a stroke of paralysis, her brain has become very clear. She would like to see Madame."

Mrs. Martin stood up, feeling that she was about to face a most disagreeable ordeal. But she was becoming used to disagreeable ordeals. Distasteful as it was, it did not seem nearly so terrible as it would have been even a week ago. Without a word she followed the old woman up the long stairs and through what appeared to be an interminable corridor, until Stephanie paused at a room numbered 127, which she entered. It was a small ante-chamber, containing one chair and a table, beside which Marie sat, looking pale and anxious, her head resting on her hand.

"Mamma sent me out here," she said to Stephanie. "You and I are not to go in until she calls us. Mrs. Martin is to go alone. Fetch a chair from the bedroom, Stephanie, and sit with me."

Stephanie put her head in at the door.

"Mrs. Martin is here, Madame," she said; then made way for her to enter, closing the door as she rejoined Marie. It was a pleasant room, well furnished, with two long windows looking out upon the garden. This much the visitor took in at a glance, which also included the figure of the woman on the bed, propped up by pillows. She, on the contrary, was not pleasant to look upon: a mass of white hair streaming about a dark, scornful face; cold, black eyes looking steadfastly from beneath overhanging brows. The hands, resting upon the coverlet, were tremulous, but they were clasped closely in each other as if to hide their weakness.

"There is a chair," observed Madame Desmoulins, in a voice not meant to be harsh, but which sounded inexpressibly so in the ears of her visitor.

The lady sat down at some distance from the bed.

"Come closer, if you please," said the sick woman. "My sight is good but I am a little deaf."

Mrs. Martin drew nearer. She had not spoken a word as yet, but was gradually becoming composed.

"Time has dealt more kindly with you than with me," resumed Madame Desmoulins. "You still look young, though you have a boy old enough—or one who thinks he is old enough—to marry. Did you ever see me before?" she inquired, in a sharper tone, as her visitor remained silent.

"Once," answered Mrs. Martin, calmly. "But I think I would have remembered you anywhere even if I had not heard that you are—who you are."

"Ah! who told you anything of me? No one here ever knew me."

"That does not matter," replied Mrs. Martin. "But I know that you are the step-sister of my husband."

"How long have you known it?"

"Only since yesterday."

"And it is only this morning that I have learned about these young people. I wonder that you did not object."

"I did object."

"On account of old scores?"

"At first I knew nothing,—that is, I was not aware that Marie was your daughter. My dislike to the marriage was because of her occupation."

"Oh, because of her occupation you thought the boy was about to contract a *mésalliance!*"

"I can not say that I do not think so still," returned Mrs. Martin. "But the child is so sweet and charming and so good that I had almost overcome my prejudice until I learned—"

She hesitated, not wishing to be cruel to a sick and helpless woman.

But Madame Desmoulins said quickly:

"Until you learned that she was my daughter? I thought you were one of those wonderful persons that are called good Christians. And why particularly because she was *my* daughter?"

"Can you ask?" said Mrs. Martin. "You are ill: I do not wish to excite you nor to become excited myself; neither is it my purpose to refer to the past any more than can be helped. But it is not in human nature that I should not have rebelled against the irony of a fate that should bring together my child and yours."

The sick woman looked at her for an instant; then she said, with a slight curl of the upper lip:

"You remember, no doubt, that I slighted you in the old days?"

"I remember nothing—for myself. What I remember is that the girl whom my boy has chosen to be his wife is the daughter of one who was always unjust to my husband, and that it was beside the sick-bed of that child he contracted the disease which cost him his life. Oh, if you have the heart of a woman in your bosom, can you wonder that it is hard—hard for me to give my son, my only son, to your daughter?"

Madame Desmoulins leaned back upon her pillows, her cavernous eyes glowing like two spots of light in her dark face. Then she remarked, with great calmness:

"I can not say that your attitude is surprising, particularly as you seem to me to be a person who would nurse injuries, or fancied injuries. I do not deny that I never liked Desmond. One is not responsible for those things. He did not like me either."

"No, he did not. Yet when you sent for him he hesitated not a moment, nor did he regret giving his own life for that of your child."

"Marie is not my child,—she is not my daughter," said the sick woman, as calmly as before.

"Not your daughter!" exclaimed Mrs. Martin. "Had you another, then?"

"No: she is the one to whom you refer. But did not Desmond tell you the child's name was Madeleine? We called her so when she was a baby."

"I believe he did," Mrs. Martin replied. "But I had forgotten, it was so long ago. I do not understand you."

"Call Marie, will you?" said Madame Desmoulins, abruptly. "I do not care to go over the story more than once."

Mrs. Martin went out, returning with Marie a moment later.

"Can I do something for you, mamma dear?" asked the girl.

"Only sit down—there—near Mrs. Martin," answered her mother. Then she turned to the older woman and went on: "As I said a while ago, Marie is not my daughter."

A wave of crimson swept over the face of the young girl, and she looked inquiringly from one to the other. But Madame Desmoulins continued:

"That removes one objection to her marriage with your son; and I am now

going to tell you something which will, I believe, dispose of any other you may not have found it easy to get rid of. Not only is she not my daughter, without a single drop of my husband's blood or mine in her veins, but she is a distant relative of your own. Her father was the son of Alfred Blake, of London, who was a fourth or fifth cousin of your father."

"Where did you learn this?" inquired Mrs. Martin.

"When the child came to us she had considerable money," rejoined the sick woman. "Her father had had dealings with my husband. Her mother, who was an orphan without relatives, died at her birth. The father died some time after, leaving her property in the hands of my husband, whom he appointed her guardian. We took the child; and my husband—on the theory of some large inheritance that her father had said might come to her some day—looked up the pedigree. But it came to nought, and her fortune went with the rest when my husband failed. There was really nothing in the thing—it went to another branch of the family. But it was while he was investigating it that he discovered her relationship to you. There is no doubt of it: you are distant cousins. You have only to look in the glass to prove it: you are enough alike to be mother and daughter."

Toward the last she had spoken with difficulty, and now seemed exhausted. Mrs. Martin brought a glass of wine and water, which she drank eagerly. Marie was kneeling beside the bed, weeping quietly. When Mrs. Martin had rearranged the pillows the sick woman laid one hand on the girl's head.

"Her real name is Mary Madeleine Blake," she said.

"That was my name," answered Mrs. Martin, deeply moved.

"I do not know what manner of man your son is; but let him be what he may, this child is worthy of him. What am I saying?" she continued. "She is far, far too good for any man *I* have ever seen. She has been a most devoted daughter; she will be a model wife. Go, child,—go! I am feeling tired, and I have some business to talk over with your new mother. Call Stephanie."

Whatever she would have wished, Marie had been too long accustomed to Madame Desmoulins' temper not to obey her command. She went away, and Stephanie came in immediately after. It seemed to the young girl sitting in the little ante-room that hours passed before the two women appeared. Her brain was bewildered by what she had heard; and try as she would she could not but acknowledge herself happier for the information that the woman to whom she had given all a daughter's duty, but whom she had vainly tried to love, was not really her mother.

Meanwhile Mrs. Martin was disclosing her various plans, all of which met with the approval of Madame Desmoulins, as we shall continue to call her. It was arranged that she should remain at the sanitarium under the same conditions as before.

"Tell the child not to come in again before she goes," was her parting injunction. "Some day next week, when I am feeling better, I may send for her. I am glad she has found a refuge; and as for you, Stephanie, I am grateful for your kindness and fidelity. Go now: I am tired; I would like to be alone."

Mrs. Martin took her hand.

"Pardon me!" she said, gently. "But you are very ill. Would you not like to see a priest?"

"A priest!" exclaimed the sick woman. "I never had much to do with priests. I gave them up, and all belonging to them, years and years ago. I wish only to be left to myself."

"Come, Marie!" said Mrs. Martin, as they re-entered the room where the girl sat waiting.

"Am I not to see mamma again?" inquired Marie.

"Not to-day," answered Mrs. Martin. "She is fatigued. Some day next week you may come again."

On the lower floor they found the doctor, who told them that, although seemingly better, Madame Desmoulins' life hung upon a slender thread.

"It is the rally before death," he said. "She will probably go very suddenly. Last night we thought she would not live till morning."

He did not add what he thought: that her death would be a relief to all concerned.

When they were in the train Stephanie said to Mrs. Martin:

"That was what I suspected. Long ago, in New York, the servants said that Mademoiselle was not the child of the Dunbars; and I would have told it to you later had not Madame Desmoulins herself revealed it to-day. I do not wish to speak evil of any one, but certainly there has never been anything of the mother in her conduct toward this dear child. Ah, Mademoiselle Marie! I will say it now: never, never would I have endured Madame's caprices as I have done but for the sake of her whom I have loved ever since I held her first an infant in my arms. It is a joy to me to know that you are of a different blood, a different race,—a real joy. And how good to feel now that you have found not only kind protectors, but that they are of your own blood!"

"I can not realize it yet," answered Marie. "I seem to have been dreaming all my life, or to be dreaming now."

"So it is with me," said Mrs. Martin. "How strange and pleasant, Marie, to think that we are related, even though distantly! I do not suppose there is any doubt of it. I have often heard my father speak of a distant cousin named Alfred Blake, a shipping merchant, who lived in London."

"On the very first day that Madame called," observed Stephanie, "I thought: 'There is a resemblance to some one in that lady's carriage and the way she holds her head.' Later I saw that it was like Mademoiselle. The eyes and the eyebrows and the lips are similar—very similar."

"So said my boy the first or second day after I came," rejoined Mrs. Martin. "It will be welcome news to him."

Then she told Marie how easily she had been able to make arrangements for the future with Camilla. It was a good opportunity also to inform her of the change of plan regarding the completion of her education. Somehow the memory of the repulses she had received on the unsatisfactory quest only a couple of days before seemed now to fade into the background; everything was changed.

"Marie," she said, "how would you like to come to America with me at once instead of going to school here?"

"That is what I should like," replied Marie, her fair face lighting up as she spoke. "To be with you, to have you teach me the things I ought to learn,—ah, that would be delightful!"

"That is what we shall do, then," said Mrs. Martin. "And, my dear, good Stephanie, what of you?"

"Don't worry for me, Madame," said the old woman. "Providence will look after me too. For three years now my nephew has been after me to take charge of his house. He is a farmer, and not a poor one either. He lives at Deux-Roches, about sixty miles from Paris. His wife died some four years back, and he has been besieging me to come this long while. I have said to him: 'Marry again, Louis.' But no, he will not. And now—"

"Are there any children, Stephanie?" inquired Mrs. Martin.

"Two girls; and they will be glad also, I hope."

"They don't know what good fortune is in store for them," remarked Marie. "Stephanie and I have talked of it before, so it is no news to me. Once I hoped she might stay with us, but no doubt this way is best."

"Oh, yes, yes!" responded the kind old creature. "For me it is better to stay in my own country; and though I love my child, I know she is going to good fortune and happiness."

"Marie dear," said Mrs. Martin after a pause, "do you remember—can you recall anything of your babyhood in New York?"

"Very little," replied the girl. "Once I was ill,—I remember that dimly. I can see mamma near me, and a tall, handsome man, with a gentle voice, giving me something to drink. I never forgot him. I was suffering dreadfully,—at least I have a faint recollection of it; he must have relieved me. I cried and wanted him to come back for days afterward, but he never came. It must have been the doctor."

"It was," said Mrs. Martin, hot tears blinding her eyes. "It was Maurice's father. He saved your life that time—for Maurice."

She did not dare to add, "at the cost of his own," though the memory of all it had meant to both suddenly came rushing to her heart. And then as Marie, full of wonder, sat closer, asking her questions, it rent her heart to determine what to tell and what to withhold. The poor woman went through phases of anguish which, had she known, would have saddened and alarmed the girl, from whom she parted calmly and tenderly at her own door at the close of a most eventful day.

(To be continued.)

A Traitor.

O MOTHER, that a child of thine
Should e'er a traitor be!
And yet behold that odious thing,
That thing despised, in me!

A soldier of the Holy One,
Thy colors fair were mine;
I followed where the Christ-steps led
Beneath His blessed sign.

I saw the wounds my Leader bore,
And saw Love's tide stream red,—
Aye, touched those wounds, and yet turned back,
And, coward, traitor, fled!

O Mother, plead my cause with Christ!
Let me my sin atone;
My life, my all, shall be my King's,—
My service all His own!

Father Ignatius Spencer.

VI.—Zeal and Unworldliness.

THE following extract describes an interview with Lord Clarendon while he was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Father Ignatius and he were classmates and friends at Cambridge, but had not seen each other for more than thirty years. Encouraged by his visit to Lord Russell, Father Ignatius thought it might be equally productive of good results to visit the Lord-Lieutenant in behalf of what he called "the crusade for England"; and as he was passing through Dublin he asked permission to wait upon Lord Clarendon. In regard to this he observes:

"He sent me a very kind answer to the place which I had pointed out, mentioning an hour on the day named above [half-past one, November 13], at which time I was introduced into his private room at the lodge. One of his first remarks was that circumstances were greatly changed with us both since our last meeting. Indeed they were, as any one would have said who had seen him as George Villiers of St. John's,

and me as George Spencer of Trinity, walking together in our college gowns at Cambridge; and should now see him in his grand viceregal palace, and me before him in my poor Passionist's habit. And is it not something to be looked on with satisfaction that we should now have a conversation for an hour and a half, the tone of which—although the matter was far more weighty than what would probably have occupied us then—was such that one might suppose our old acquaintance had never been interrupted?"

Lord Clarendon, though not at all in sympathy with the opinions of Father Ignatius, which from his point of view he was incapable of understanding, went so far as to say as the interview terminated: "Taking the view of things which you do, I think you are right." He also requested that his old friend call again when he should be passing through Dublin,—a request of which Father Ignatius availed himself at the first opportunity. On this occasion he resumed the subject so near to his heart. He writes:

"I was speaking of my continued endeavors to move the Irish people to pray for England, and I suppose said that this must have a salutary effect on the feelings of the people. He remarked, with an incredulous smile: 'And do you think the Irish pray for England?'—'I have no doubt whatever that a great many do, but it is as yet nothing to what I desire to bring them to.'—With a still more incredulous look, he added: 'Do you think they pray for England at Maynooth?'"

Having endeavored to reassure the Lord-Lieutenant at this point, and being about to take his leave, Father Ignatius said: "I have been often citing your Excellency since our first conversation as one of those who entirely approve of my proceedings."—"What do you mean?" he asked quickly. "Did I not tell you I would shed the last drop of my blood to stop the progress of your religion?"—"I perfectly remember that," rejoined Father Ignatius. "What I mean is that you approved of my way of acting, considering what I am."—"Oh," said Lord Clarendon, "I understand you! If everyone acted as you do, we should have nothing to complain of."

In his early manhood Father Ignatius had had some acquaintance with Lord Palmerston, and on one bright afternoon he turned into Carleton Gardens in order to obtain, if possible, an interview with him. He found little difficulty in doing so; and, though Lord Palmerston was not quite as gracious as the two preceding, he listened patiently to Father Ignatius' exposition of his views, and replied as follows:

"As you wish to know what I think of your doings, I must say I do not by any means agree with you in thinking it a desirable result that this country should again be brought under subjection to Rome. I do not profess to take my view from the elevated and sublime ground on which you place yourself; I mean, I speak not with reference to religious interests, but to political; and as a politician, when we consider the way in which the Pope's government is opposed to the progress of liberty and liberal institutions, I can not say I wish to see England again under such influence." This certainly was not encouraging, but he added immediately after: "As to what you are doing, as it must tend to conciliate Catholic powers toward England, what have I to say but that it is excellent?"

Father Ignatius also received a kind letter from Lord Derby, and met some Protestant bishops with a view to unity, which to him meant only one thing—the conversion of England to the Catholic Church. But his attempts

at fraternization with these men gave rise to uncharitable rumors concerning him among his own fellow-churchmen, who saw in these movements too much of a concession to error. This was, of course, an entire misapprehension of his real attitude. From Baptists and Methodists he received only rebuffs, and once got so fearful a mobbing that he was nearly killed. Finally, perhaps somewhat as a curb to what was thought his injudicious zeal, and also to establish the status of his "crusade" among his coreligionists, he was directed by his superiors to submit his projects and prayers to the Roman Curia. After some delays they met with approval; Pius IX. being particularly encouraging toward the prayers for unity, granting an indulgence of three hundred days to those who should offer a devout prayer—as, for instance, a "Hail Mary"—for the conversion of England.

On leaving Rome he went to Germany, begging and preaching his crusade. He was received by the Emperor of Austria and his brother the Archduke, who seemed much interested in his work. He arrived in England again to learn that Lord Derby had issued a proclamation forbidding the wearing of a religious habit in public—that is, on the streets or outside of the monastery. To this he was, of course, obliged to defer; but on the next occasion of his going abroad by train he slung it over his shoulder with the cross conspicuously displayed.

In a letter written by Father Ignatius in 1854 is found the first glimpse of a new idea—the sanctification of Ireland. His biographer has this to say about this latest offspring of his saintly zeal:

"This idea was suggested to him by the faith of the Irish people, and by their readiness to adopt whatever was for their spiritual profit. His intending the sanctification of Ireland as a step toward the conversion of England laid the scheme open to severe criticism. It was said that England was his final object; that Ireland was to be used as an instrument for England's benefit; that if his patriotism were less strong his sanctity would be greater. If these objections were satisfactorily answered, they might be given up with a hint that 'it was a very Irish way to convert England by preaching in the bogs of Connaught.'"

The best refutation of these unkindly remarks will be a simple statement of what his ideas were upon the subject. His one great desire was that all the world should be perfect. He used to say that Our Lord had not yet had His triumph in this world, and that it was too bad the devil should still have the majority. "This must not be," he would say. "I shall never rest as long as there is a single soul on earth who does not love God perfectly."

The practical way of arriving at this end was to begin at home. England had not faith as a nation, so there was no foundation to build sanctity upon there. England, however, had powerful influence as a nation all over the world; she showed a great zeal in her abortive attempts to convert the heathen. If her energies were turned in the right direction, grand results might follow. Another reflection was, England has had every means of conversion tried upon her: let us now see what virtue there is in good example.

To set this example and to sow the seed of the great universal harvest, he would find out the best Catholic nation in the world and bring it perfectly up to the maxim of the Gospel. This nation was Ireland, of course; and it was near enough to England to let its light shine before her. What he wished for was to have every man, woman and child in Ireland take up the idea that he or she was to be a saint. This idea should be

caught up with a kind of national move. The practical working of the idea he embodied in a booklet which he wrote some time afterward, and preached it wherever he addressed an Irish congregation. If Ireland, so he argued, took up this at home, it would spread to England, the Colonies, and to wherever there was an Irishman in the world. All these would be shining lights; and if their neighbors did not choose at once to follow their example, we could at least point it out as the best proof of our exhortations.

One objection raised against this scheme touched him on a tender point—his love of country. Many Catholics, especially English converts, thought the words of Ecclesiasticus applicable to England: "Injuries and wrongs will waste riches; and the house that is very rich shall be brought to nothing by pride; so the substance of the proud shall be rooted out." They were of the opinion that England must be humbled as a nation, and deeply too, before she could be fit for conversion. This Father Ignatius could not stand. He writes in a letter to Mr. Monteith:

"As the *unicum necessarium* for myself is the salvation and sanctification of my own soul, so my wishes and designs about England—which, according to the order of charity, I consider (in opposition to many English Catholics, especially converts) I ought to love first of all lands,—are, singly and only, that she may be brought to God, and in such a way and under such circumstances as may enable her to become the greatest possible blessing to the whole world. I have heard plenty, and much more than plenty, from English and Irish Catholics (seldom, comparatively, from those of the Continent) about the impossibility of this, except by the thorough crushing of the power of England. I say to all this, 'No, no, *no!* God can convert our country with her power and influence unimpaired.' I insist on people praying for it without imposing conditions on Almighty God, on whom, if I did impose conditions, it would be in favor of His showing more and not less abundant mercy to a fallen people. Yet though I have often said I will not allow Miss This or Mr. That to pronounce sentence on England, still less to wish evil to her (particularly if it be an English Mr. or Miss who talks), I have always said that if God sees fit that the conversion should be through outward scourges and humiliations, I will welcome the rod and thank Him for it, in behalf of my country, as I would in my own person, in whatever way He might think fit to chastise and humble me."

As the best means to his end—the sanctification of Ireland—the devoted priest proposed to institute a series of what he called "little missions," or short retreats. This project met with the approval of his superiors, and for the last six years of his life he was almost exclusively engaged in it. This work he carried on not only in Ireland itself, but all over the United Kingdom wherever the Irish were resident. And although the task had its difficulties, the whole course of instructions proper to a mission not being covered, it is a question whether the exercises were not productive of as good and lasting results. "The eternal truths," as such, Father Ignatius did not introduce, confining himself to seven lectures on the principal vices and their antidotes. These were practical and they worked wonders wherever he went. He spent much of his time in the confessional, where he was the kindest and tenderest of spiritual fathers. From June, 1858, to September, 1864, he gave two hundred and forty-five of these missions, which he fondly hoped would do much to enable Ireland to resume and retain her

title of the Island of Saints. He was on his way to the two hundred and forty-sixth when he died.

And very humble was the fashion in which he travelled, many and painful the trials he endured. Through cold and heat, from parish to parish, sometimes on foot, sometimes in a conveyance which happened to fall in his way, he would often set out after Mass, with his bags strapped on his shoulder, on a walk of nine or ten miles in order to be on time at his next "station." His feet weary and sore, he would endeavor to lessen the pain in them by walking a little faster; struggling with a broken umbrella against the rain and wind, or clouds of dust; occasionally on a way unknown, to heighten his difficulties.

Arrived at his destination, he would lay down his burthen, put on his habit, then take some dinner, finish his Office, preach his first discourse, and sit in the confessional until eleven o'clock. And though the harvest was great, and he grew to love the people whom he served, and was beloved by them, in the one important thing — or what seemed to him important, as being the mainspring of his work — they were unresponsive, indifferent, uncomprehending. He felt this deeply, and a human cry now and then escapes him. To a friend he writes: "Ah! I do not know whether I shall explain myself to you. I see myself here so alone, though the people come upon me so eagerly, so warmly, and, I may say, so lovingly; yet I have not one on whom I can look as sympathizing with me." Again, in October, 1860, he writes: "I can hardly understand how I can go on for any long time more as I am doing, and not find some capable and willing to enter into them [his projects]. Here I am through the hundred and twelfth parish, with the same proposals, which no one objects to, but no one enters into or seems to understand."

There is something very pathetic in this; we can understand the hopefulness of the dreamer, which is often the folly of the saint; we catch our breath in sympathy with the devoted soul, who in his own day and generation was so alone because his brethren and countrymen and the "dear Irish," whom he went forth to save, were so kind, so generous, and yet so uncomprehending. He is long dead and buried, but since he went home the good seed has borne plentiful fruit; and he will not to-day be considered a visionary who shall say that England will yet be, as she once was, Our Lady's Dower — a Catholic nation.

(Conclusion next week.)

A Canonized Educator.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

THE closing year of the century and the glorious pontificate of Leo the Illustrious have witnessed the canonization of one of the most remarkable of those servants of God who shine out from time to time in the firmament of the Church, rare and brilliant as the comets which flash at intervals through the sidereal system.

Cardinal Newman declares that the idea of a saint is peculiar to Catholics; the perfection which is summed up in that word is so exalted and so contrary to the world's ideals. Yet this John de la Salle, who was so perfect a master of humility, the virtue least understood by the world, has achieved results which even the most worldly-minded must admire; and stands out not only as a conspicuous benefactor of his race, but as a striking historical figure even among the many extraordinary figures of his epoch.

He was born in 1651 of one of those truly noble families of the old Catholic

type which have given so many saints to the Church. Their nobility and fineness of nature, kept wholesome by grace, seem to dispose them toward the lofty spirituality of Christian perfection. The family of De la Salle had likewise given many brave soldiers to its country; for the militant spirit, purified by that fine aroma of piety which surrounded the domestic life of the past, was frequently another motive power in the formation of a saint. The fortitude, the self-restraint, the bravery, the generosity, the ardor required in a soldier, when continued through generations make an excellent foundation for that higher superstructure. In any case, it is remarkable that the lives of many saints point to a martial ancestry.

De la Salle's birthplace was Rheims, that city of chivalric memories, where, "in the shadow of ancestral tombs," the Maid of Domremy laid the crown of France upon the head of her king, where many a monarch had been anointed and many a great one laid to rest. Being destined for the priesthood, John Baptist took orders at an early age, and before he was thirty was a canon and a doctor of theology. But the real crisis in his life was his meeting with a young Christian schoolmaster, who was sent by a wealthy and charitable lady to found schools for the poor. The soul of De la Salle took fire as he encouraged the young man and assisted him in his work. Here he felt was a great cause and the foundation of all things great—the Catholic instruction of youth. John Baptist de la Salle, the brilliant priest, the famous pulpit orator, gave up every hope of ecclesiastical preferment, renounced his patrimony, left the castle of his ancestors, and, selling all, devoted himself once and forever to the service of the poor as their instructor.

After many vicissitudes he founded his Institute of the Christian Brothers, men who should bind themselves by vow to this work of education. He established, three successive times, after beholding their ruin, novitiates for the subjects who flocked to him in spite of neglect, derision and positive persecution. Not only did the enemies of the faith resent a movement which they knew would powerfully strengthen the position of the Church, but even the good and holy looked coldly upon it; the wise were afraid of it, and the great frowned upon it.

But it is in just such combats that the crown is won. De la Salle persevered in the very face of incredible opposition, undismayed by unspeakable trials. His work was the work of God, who had chosen both a saint and a genius for its accomplishment. Therefore success was inevitable. His noble Institute was approved by Benedict XIII., under the style and title of "Brothers of the Christian Schools"; and before his death in 1717—he having meantime resigned his office of superior and retired to prepare for the end—he had established thirty-three houses of his Order, a great central one being at Rome. He had also opened classes for adults, night-schools, normal-schools, boarding-schools for the wealthy, industrial, technical and professional schools, Sunday-schools, as well as eating-houses for poor scholars. And the man who had cast away all his possessions and chosen evangelical poverty for his only portion had thus enriched his country and the world.

De la Salle's own life and character are familiar. He was humble among the humblest; patient with a marvellous patience which belongs to the children of God; charitable with the very charity of Christ; effacing, annihilating himself in the service of God and humanity. Like the Apostles of old, he was incessant in labor; and, howsoever discouraging his surroundings, returned always with

a smile, with that exquisite, winning courtesy of his, to the herculean, though obscure, toils he had chosen.

Why do we forever admire the soldier and fail to applaud the saint, who requires, even humanly speaking, a hundredfold greater courage, magnanimity and nobility to accomplish the work of his hands? There is a tendency, too, to forget the lovableness of the saints; to regard them as far-off figures; luminous perhaps, but beyond the natural orbit; repelling rather than attracting. The fact is ignored that they had the finest of natural as well as supernatural qualities, perfected, as they only can be perfected, by the grace of God. The simplicity, the purity, the self-sacrifice, the piety are equalled by the virility, the courtesy, the self-forgetfulness, the love of country and of their kind.

This lovableness St. John de la Salle possessed in a very eminent degree. It impressed all who came in contact with him. It was an actual magnetism, an attractiveness which, with the perfection of his manners, was a powerful agent in the cause he had at heart—that of Christian education. He desired above all things that the masses should be touched by this leaven,—that it should indeed permeate them; and this principle he inculcated in his followers. If the twentieth century is to be for the people, as many great thinkers believe, then this new St. John with his disciples will be a power with which the world will have to reckon. A wonderful power that Institute already is, with twenty thousand noble souls enlisted under the banner which De la Salle raised aloft, and shouting his war-cry to the world.

Most dear to the Catholic heart, and reassuring too, is that modest habit, ever familiar, and teaching that lesson which is needed to-day as it was needed when their holy founder walked among men. It is a reminder that the mass of mankind must be Christianized; that the rich and the powerful must assist in this work, while not forgetting that they, too, require religious education. There is no excuse for neglect when here is a body of strong and devoted men spending their lives in comparative obscurity, in "humble toils which praise will never pay," for that holy cause. What they have accomplished in the civilized world is too well known to be recapitulated here. In the United States and Canada, to speak of what is nearest home, their primary schools, academies, and magnificent colleges are a subject of pride to Catholics. Their pupils have been distinguished in every walk of life, and they themselves have furnished names of note to literature.

On the 24th of last May there was a tremendous gathering at Rome, in St. Peter's Basilica, the glorious hearth-stone of Catholic faith, to celebrate the triumph of the humble John Baptist de la Salle. Fifty thousand persons, including bishops, priests, religious, and people of all tribes and tongues, were assembled there. The ceremonies were conducted with the utmost pomp and magnificence: splendor of decoration, glow of painted windows, gleam of gorgeous vestments, perfume of incense, blaze of candles, music in its perfection, blare of silver trumpets; most impressive of all, perhaps, sudden silence falling upon chancel and nave. Then in the vastness of that colossal edifice, solemn despite the hallowed memory of its thousand, thousand glories past, a figure uprose—the figure of an old man, the greatest figure perhaps in the world to-day, the figure of Leo the Pope—to proclaim to Christendom that John Baptist de la Salle is henceforth a saint to be venerated upon the altars of the Church, with a yearly festival in his honor. One mighty shout of joy, it is related, burst from the assemblage,—

the uplifting of those myriad voices in homage to the new saint.

That far-off cry of rejoicing reached at last to Canada, and on the 4th of September the Archbishop of Montreal issued a pastoral ordaining that a triduum should be held not only in his archiepiscopal city but in all the outlying parishes where the Brothers have an institute. In thus paying his tribute to St. De la Salle, Archbishop Bruchési took occasion to express, in his own graceful yet forcible language, his special love for the little ones and the paramount importance which he, in common with the Sovereign Pontiff and the hierarchy in general, attaches to Catholic education.

The public triduum opened in the majestic Notre Dame, that church of many memories, and wherein have taken place innumerable and most imposing functions which have become historic. It was on the 28th of September, at four in the afternoon. Notre Dame was crowded to the uttermost, and it was peculiarly fitting that this Sulpician church should witness the inaguration of the ceremonies because of the early and close ties between the newly canonized saint and the Fathers of St. Sulpice. Some fifteen thousand children, pupils chiefly of the Christian Schools, were assembled in the great, dim edifice. The stained-glass windows, resembling the brilliant autumn foliage without, caught a warmer coloring from the vivid autumnal sunshine. The Abbé Le Pailleur, pastor of Mile End church, preached the panegyric, which was at once clear, simple and eloquent. He was able to point the moral and adorn the tale of how the great De la Salle had labored for the Christian training of youth by the significant spectacle of the immense number of pupils of Catholic schools who were present. Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, with music by the famous choir, concluded that initial ceremony.

The second day's celebration was at St. Patrick's, for the Irish and English-speaking boys. The attendance was very large, despite the pouring rain; and once more the rich young voices made Gothic arches ring. St. Patrick's, always an imposing structure and recently renovated and beautified, is to the Irish of Montreal what Notre Dame is to the French—their mother church, the cradle of their memories.

This Irish celebration recalls a long-past incident. While the saintly founder of the Brothers was at the zenith of his fame he was asked by Louis XIV., the great monarch, to educate fifty young Irish exiles, the scions of noble houses expatriated for the faith and for the Stuart cause. It is recorded that they were charmed by the gracious courtesy of their instructor, and profited so well by his teaching that when later they were visited by a fellow-exile, King James II., of England, he was able to compliment them on their distinguished manner and the signal progress they had made.

The closing exercises of the triduum took place at the cathedral, and were made as imposing as possible. The edifice, with its background of white and gold, was beautifully decorated by the Brothers themselves. Flags of all nations hung in groups from every arch and pillar. Palms and flowers in great profusion lent at once a rare beauty and a fragrance to the air. Myriad tapers made resplendent the altar and sanctuary and the statue of St. John placed upon the Blessed Virgin's altar. On the columns were inscriptions giving the number of pupils of the Christian schools, with France in the lead, with two hundred and twenty thousand, and sturdy little Belgium pressing well to the front. But it was curious to read

the far-distant, unfamiliar names of cities and countries which seem so unreal.

The Brothers to the number of one hundred and sixty entered the church, bearing in a handsome casket relics of their holy founder, which were placed in front of his statue, and incensed before Mass by the Archbishop. The students from the Grand Seminary attended in a body and sang the *Te Deum* and other hymns. Gounod's Mass of Ste. Cécile was rendered in that exquisite style for which the cathedral choir is famous; and Mgr. Decelles, coadjutor of St. Hyacinth, preached upon the text, "There was a man sent from God, whose name was John."

In the evening, after Benediction, given by the Archbishop, there was a display of fireworks in most elaborate devices and in untold variety of color—sparkling, scintillating, glowing around the beautiful statue of the new saint as it stood in the simple habit of the world-renowned Order. An immense and joyous crowd assembled about. It was a veritable feast of the people.

Altogether, the Brothers are to be congratulated on the complete success of their triumphal celebration, every detail of which was so perfectly carried out; as well as on the deep, cordial interest shown therein by the clergy and laity alike. Their recent triumphs at the Paris Exhibition, some of which were achieved by pupils of Canadian schools, were wrung, so to say, from an infidel government, and were the vindication of the practical methods of that humble saint who throughout the civilized world to-day, at the instance of the immortal Leo, is "girded about with a glorious girdle and clothed with a robe of glory."

In this world the robe of De la Salle was not indeed "of gold and blue and purple, of twisted scarlet, with precious stones set in gold." It was rather holiness,—an ornament of honor, a work of power, and lovely to the eyes for its beauty. His canonization is, in truth, peculiarly appropriate, and shows the finger of divine guidance holding the inspired Church. Catholic education is the crying need of the moment. John de la Salle was a Catholic educator by excellence, and it is meet that his grand, simple figure should stand forth at the close of this nineteenth century, encircled by an aureola of sanctity, that the eyes of the people may be directed toward it.

All honor, then, to the new-made saint and to his devoted followers, the Brothers of the Christian Schools!

A Liberal Education.

BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

VI.—The New Firm.

THE night after the consummation was accomplished Ralph called at Elliots. While he heard in the reception room the lightest possible step on the stairs he was trying to keep his courage from evaporating, as it usually did at such times. Facing Sidney W. Butler was nothing to it. Miss Pauline appeared.

"So glad to see you, Mr. Crosby! Why didn't you bring your Uncle George? Isn't he well? I'm sorry. And papa's rheumatism is worse again, too."

Ralph raked over his entire experience for rheumatism cures. Pauline asked whether he held to the use of salicylates in inflammatory cases, averring that her father clung stubbornly to the habit of carrying a cold potato in his trousers pocket, as an old and reliable remedy. She did not, however, explain that he was now at a loss to apply the cure, being confined to his bed; but admitted that he was casting about for new protective measures.

It looked for a while as if the whole evening would go to rheumatism; they apparently had it as badly as Mr. Elliot. Finally Miss Pauline suggested that in order to get rid of it they should leave the parlors, which were chilly, for the library. She led the way, and led the conversation toward rubber wheel tires. Before Ralph knew it he was deep into the mysteries of traction and resiliency and creeping, and offering figures as to the enormous saving already effected in the matter of repairs in Chicago alone; advising Miss Elliot, as the inventor might be allowed, that in buying she should be particular to get her tires heavy enough.

Next day the rubber tire question happened to bob up at the office. Mr. Butler came around first with the inevitable cigar—a thin quill of an affair, now no bigger than a slate-pencil, and as near as Crosby could determine growing steadily thinner as the months rolled by. He paused at Ralph's desk in his rounds and sat down for a chat on the condition of business,—which happened at that time to be booming.

"By the way," said Mr. Butler as he was leaving the desk, "you'd better tell your Uncle George to come over to-morrow morning—say ten o'clock if he can,—Tracey has some figures to go over with him."

Promptly at that hour Uncle George, Mr. Tracey and Ralph gathered with Mr. Butler in his private office.

"I'm ready this morning to lay out the plan I have for getting the North Side plant on its feet. Mr. George Crosby and I have been over the preliminaries," explained Tracey. He always referred to the Crosby-Gregory plant as the North Side plant. "It seems to me that the big house is well adapted for the rubber business. What I propose now is a new corporation to take the plant and assets off the receiver's hands at an appraised valuation. The creditors are practically disposed of, as you all know. Suppose we figure the plant roughly at $100,000; capitalize it for $300,000; Mr. Butler and I to pay in $100,000 in cash, and take fifty-one per cent of the capital stock; giving you gentlemen an option on the controlling interest dependent on the showing you make."

"You see it's like this," explained Mr. Butler. "We are now at a point where we must have another factory and a big one. We can build; but Tracey's experience with the plant over there, and yours," he added, addressing Uncle George, "prove that there is no future for it along its old lines. The rubber wheel tire business will have to have a house of its own next year anyway. The success of it is largely Ralph's; and, by the way, I have a check here for his dividend from the profits of that branch of the business up to this date."

So saying Mr. Butler handed Ralph a check. The boy's eyes blurred a little as he looked at the figures. He stammered a word of thanks, then he handed it to Uncle George, saying:

"You're cashier, Uncle George."

That was all he said; but Mr. Butler once told me that nothing he ever saw in business life pleased him so much as to see that boy hand a check for $18,000 to his uncle as quietly as if it had been for eighteen cents. But they were—and are—the Crosbys, rare men. Uncle George as promptly declined to receive it and the incident was closed. Some time was spent in going over the details.

"I don't quite see," said Uncle George, "how we can dispose of the expensive machinery in the bicycle shops. If I could have gotten rid of that, I would have changed the line two years ago."

"We'll get rid of it, George," replied Butler easily. "We've found an excellent way to dispose of it."

"What is it?"

"Send it to the scrap."

Uncle George looked relieved.

"I tried to get Gregory to consent to that once," said he. "It would have been much the cheapest thing for us. But he insisted on hanging on, and I couldn't move without him. By the way, what about Gregory? Is he considered disposed of when he gets his dividend after the sale of the plant?"

"Gregory will have to go to the scrap, too," answered Mr. Butler evenly. "It sounds harsh, I know; but we are not philanthropists. If we were it wouldn't help Gregory. He's had his chance and apparently learned nothing by it. Do you know him?" he inquired, turning to Ralph. "No? Well, your uncle does. He's not only bull-headed but he's always headed the wrong way. He's not a man who can turn quickly on his pins, Ralph. All business men make mistakes. Our books are full of them. If we have been successful it is because we have seen our blunders and dropped them in time; that's all. Your uncle is named for president of this concern—the Crosby Wheel Tire Company,—and you are to be general manager—"

"But, Mr. Butler—"

"General manager—"

"But I don't know anything about the duties."

"You will never learn any younger. If you can't pull out, with your uncle and Tracey and me to fall back on when you get into trouble—for get in you certainly will,—why, you'll have to go to the scrap, too."

Such was Ralph Crosby's advance from a desk to an office. Fast, though, as the business progressed it did not speed fast enough for Ralph Crosby's hopes nor for Mistress Pauline Elliot's good wishes. Not until the new plant was running smoothly and profitably did Ralph venture to break the ice which had frozen over his heart when he came back that November night from Wellington and realized that four of the best years of his life had been practically wasted and that he was penniless.

"I didn't feel man enough, Pauline, to tell it all to you then," said he the night that he asked her to be his wife. "I hadn't the courage then to ask you to wait—"

"But I did wait," she whispered.

"God bless you for it! And do you know I'm beginning now to feel that I'm getting hold of that Liberal Education which it used to be my ambition to acquire? But it came about in a way I little dreamed of then. By the way, how's your father's rheumatism to-night?"

(The End.)

A Warning to Catholic Readers.

A SPECIMEN of the irreligious and immoral literature against which the bishops of Ireland in a joint pastoral recently warned their flocks is briefly noticed in our present number. If the book had anything to recommend it—if it were ordinarily decent and reverent and possessed of some literary merit,—there might be some shadow of excuse for reading it, although it is an attack on our holy religion. But "The Master Christian," by Marie Corelli, is grossly calumnious, indecorous and irreverent, besides being illiterate to a surprising degree. It is the first book by this author that we have tried to read, and we shall never make the attempt again. We wonder that any Catholic would willingly read more than the first few chapters of this notorious novel, or put us to the trouble of doing so.

An explanation of the sad fact that literature of this kind is patronized by those to whom it ought to be most offensive is afforded by the Irish bishops;

they say it is wantonness or curiosity that prompts Catholics to read what any moralist would unhesitatingly condemn and what so many literary critics unsparingly decry. It seems to us that only those whose faith has become weak could find entertainment in books that are an insult to their religion. If we really loved the Church as we ought — if her doctrines, practices and institutions were truly sacred and dear to us — it would always be a source of genuine grief to see them misrepresented, travestied and maligned. It is to be feared that a weakening of faith also accounts for the spread of irreligious and immoral literature in Catholic countries. The danger is a special one, and the proportions which it has assumed are not exaggerated by the bishops of Ireland; they write as follows:

No subject now is too sacred to be made the matter of popular discussion in magazines and newspapers. The mysteries of faith, the solemn truths on which man rests his eternal hopes, are tossed about with as little reverence or reserve as if they were some topics of the most trivial importance; and we fear that sometimes these things leave their poison in the minds of Catholics who read them. "Lead us not into temptation," holds in this as in all other occasions of sin; and the Catholic who out of mere wantonness or curiosity reads such writings loves the danger, and it is no wonder if he should perish therein. The ordinary man of the world — without any special training in such subjects, without any opportunity or intention of following up the questions in discussion to the end, — is no match for writers who are often specialists of great ability and knowledge, but who by some perversity use their powers against God's holy faith; and, at the very least, it is inexcusable rashness for such a man to expose himself to the danger of being unsettled in his belief by the impressions which they make upon him....

Worse, perhaps, and more fatal to many souls is the immoral literature which is poured, almost in floods, over the country. We believe that one should go back to the old pagan times to find anything equal to it in corruption; and it would be a wrong to the great classical writers of antiquity to compare them with a certain important school of English fiction in these days. And what is more deplorable is that many Catholics who deem themselves loyal members of the Church allow themselves the utmost liberty in reading such things. Let a book only be extensively spoken of, then no matter how impure and how suggestive of evil it may be, no matter how gross and indecent may be the phases of human life with which it deals, if only it is fashionable, numbers of people seem to think that they are free to read it. Even women — Catholic women — take this license, and will sit down hour by hour over a book which no earthly consideration would induce them to read aloud in the presence of any one, man or woman, for whom they had a particle of respect. Surely such reading must fill the imagination with images of evil that in the end will corrupt their very souls.

In this matter we Catholics have a high standard of morals, and we should never regulate our conduct by any other. For all Catholics, but especially for women, there is ever set before their eyes by our Holy Church an image that should raise them above foulness of this kind, and make it, in any form, repulsive to them. Mary Immaculate, the Virgin Mother, is their ideal and their pattern; and we can hardly conceive any one — least of all a woman — in whose heart that spotless image is enshrined finding pleasure in the literature to which we refer.

These warning words are of general application. Hitherto we have avoided mention of the writings of Marie Corelli, but it may be to some purpose to name one book of the kind which Catholic readers are in duty bound to ignore, and to quote the opinion of an eminent literary critic who in the course of a scathing review describes "The Master Christian" as "a formal attack upon all the churches by an unlettered lady who knows not the rudiments of theology or criticism."

The Young Priest.

BY EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ.

HE stands before the altar of his God,
Clad in symbolic vesture, and his hands
Are raised in intercession; candid youth
Is on his brow, and in his eyes there glow
Propitiatory fires of strong love
And supplication, — eagerness, yet fear,
Commixt of awe and longing. And he seems
Lit by the flaming tapers; and so pure
Of garb and aspect, — not of earthly mould,
Not framed of clay, but as a spirit free
Stooped from his lofty choir, awhile to pray
Before the dwelling of his Prisoned Lord!

Notes and Remarks.

President McKinley's Thanksgiving Day proclamation is notably free from cant or exaggerated sentiment, though the religious tone is very marked. Many good citizens will of course question the statement that "our power and influence in the cause of freedom and enlightenment have extended over distant seas and lands"; but we hope all will observe November 29 "as a day of thanksgiving and praise to Him who holds the nations in the hollow of His hand"; and pray, as the President recommends, "for the continuance of the divine favor; for concord and unity with other nations, and for righteousness and peace in all our ways." Especially for this—righteousness and peace in all our ways. Our commerce has spread over the world, our power has been felt in many ways, and our harvests have been very abundant during the year; but it must be confessed that we have run a little short on righteousness and peace.

In a deservedly famous passage Cardinal Newman shows that there is little in the life of a priest to tempt any but heroic souls to enter the sacred ministry; yet the old Protestant traditions inculcated in infancy are too deep-seated in most minds to yield easily to the gentle pressure of modern enlightenment. The spirit of the clergy is practically the same in all circumstances, but it is best revealed in times of danger and in conditions of hardship. Hence we reproduce from the *Casket* the following excerpt from a letter written by a missionary in China:

Our cherished friend Mgr. Fontosati is no more. The inhuman wretches not only killed him, but heaped upon him in his last hours a thousand cruelties and indignities. His eyes were gouged out; a knife was plunged into him, which he had hardly succeeded in extracting with his own hands when a monster of cruelty plunged it in again. Of the crowd, many threw stones at him, while others beat him with sticks. For four hours did these and even worse tortures continue; at last the martyr yielded up his precious life. With him died Father Joseph Gomboro, who was given over to similar tortures and dispatched with like cruelty. Before expiring, Mgr. Fontosati and Father Gomboro imparted to each other a last absolution. The mutilated corpses were enveloped in cloths, then saturated with coal oil and set on fire.... Father Cesidio was captured; and being first maltreated in various ways, he was wrapped in cloths which were soaked in petroleum and burned while yet alive.

Just such inspiring accounts come to us every month from almost every pagan country in the world, and the spirit of the foreign missionary is essentially present in the priesthood of all civilized lands. No one knows better than the Catholic laity that the terrible ecclesiastic of certain novelists and sciolists—the ecclesiastic who lives in ease and sensuality, battening on the ignorance and credulity of the faithful—is the product of a perverted or depraved imagination.

We confess that we are sick and tired of reading and hearing about the iniquities of the war in the Philippines. From all sources—soldiers and civilians, laymen and clergymen, Protestants and Catholics, directly and indirectly—we learn of evils that have resulted from the unholy war in which our country is now engaged. Unholy is decidedly euphemistic, as every informed and unprejudiced person must admit. There are many who seem to think that because the United States is waging war it ought to be civilizing and crimeless, whereas all wars are savage and cruel and devastating. The justest war can hardly approve itself to any reasonable man. Who make up armies for the most part? An army is a scourge to any country it invades. The unfortunate Filipinos are being scourged. Crimes to which soldiers are most addicted will be

more or less common in the islands until the "unholy war" ceases. Meantime if the natives hold the opinion that our country is a nation of outlaws—drunkards, ravishers, thieves, and the like,—it must be granted that they have come by the opinion very naturally.

The new biography of Pusey brings to light the letter written by him to Newman when the conversion of the latter was announced. Pusey's beautiful spirit permeates every line; we quote the letter entire:

MY DEAREST NEWMAN:—You will pray the more for us who are left to struggle on alone in a stormy sea with the winds contrary—although I trust with His secret Presence,—for us, both individually and as a body, that we may be, visibly too, one fold under one Shepherd. I could not wish this to be delayed when I had heard that you had ceased to communicate. I can only say, *Tu autem, Domine, miserere nobis!* Ah, past and future is one intense mystery! God be with you always, and remember me a sinner.

Ever yours most affectionately,

E. B. P.

"What a contrast," says a London secular paper, the *Daily Chronicle*, "to the bitterness and contempt usually showered by High Anglicans on their friends who become Catholics!" The bitterness and contempt grow weaker, thank God! as time passes; and the spirit of Pusey is more general than our London contemporary supposes.

Bishop Hedley, of Newport, England, has sent to the clergy of his diocese a pastoral on the attendance of children at non-Catholic schools. The letter, it need hardly be said to the readers of this magazine, is strong, instructive and convincing. The Bishop makes no distinction between secular and sectarian schools: "They all agree in two things—first, Catholic teaching is excluded; and, secondly, some kind of false religious influence is always present in a more or less active form." The papal and synodal pronouncements on Catholic education are gone over very carefully, the result being the following "theological doctrine, which it would be erroneous, scandalous, and even savoring of heresy, to contradict":

It is that to attend a non-Catholic school constitutes a grave and proximate danger to faith; and that, therefore, it is a grave sin for any parent to send his child to such a school, except when, first, there is no other suitable school; and, secondly, unless such precautions are taken as to make the danger remote. This doctrine every priest with care of souls is bound to teach to his flock.

To render the danger remote, children must not join in any act of worship or attend any religious or Bible instruction other than their own; and *some one* must see that they learn their Catechism and frequent the Sacraments. In his own diocese the Bishop requires each pastor to furnish him each year with a list of the children attending non-Catholic schools out of necessity. The priest is strictly obliged personally to impart religious instruction to these children at least one hour a week. Dr. Hedley's reputation for breadth, scholarship, and dispassionateness makes these utterances very notable at this time. We confess to an uneasy feeling that the sentiments of the Bishop of Newport are not as common as they once were in this country.

By a curious irony of fate, Sir Richard Webster, whom Lord Russell worsted in the famous Parnell trial, has been named to succeed him as Chief Justice. The great Catholic barrister is not an easy man to succeed, however; the tributes paid to him after death show that he had captured the hearts as well as the mind and imagination of the English people. We hope it is not too late to quote some sentences from Mr. Edward Dicey's article in the *Fortnightly*,—we are sure our readers will relish them:

One result of his religious training should fairly be noted. He was a man whose life had been passed amidst men of the world, belonging as a rule to a class among whom a certain freedom of

language is habitual. Yet, without any pretence of setting up a higher standard of morality than his associates, his conversation was at all times exceptionally free from offence. In as far as my observation went, the sort of stories told in club smoking-rooms and at bar messes always met with a reception from Russell which did not encourage their repetition; and though he was by no means squeamish in his language, he carefully avoided all talk which lay even on the borderland of impropriety. In the course of a chequered life I have known many men whose conversation was void of offence; but, then, they were not men who had lived in the society in which Russell—by the exigencies of his position and by his tastes—had necessarily passed the greater part of his life. I always attributed his distaste for loose conversation of any kind to the influence of a religion which had taken a strong hold of his mind from the days of his early education. I was the more impressed by this peculiarity from the fact that Russell was so emphatically, in other respects, a man with all the tastes, ideas, convictions, and prejudices of a strong, vigorous, manly nature, and with nothing of femininity about him unless it were an almost womanly kindliness of heart.

A letter written by the Rev. Father Gleason, of California, who accompanied our soldiers to Tien-Tsin, contains some graphic touches that make pleasant reading. This is one: "The Chinese Catholics here abstain on Saturday as well as Friday; and they look upon it as lax that we abstain only one day during the week." Father Gleason attended a Solemn High Mass, at which the celebrant was a Frenchman and the deacon and subdeacon were Chinese. "Over five hundred Chinese received Holy Communion on this occasion," he says; "the men approaching the altar first and the women after them."

An eminent English physician, Dr. Almond, declares in the *Nineteenth Century* that "the injury done to growing boys by the occasional cigarette is an evil which calls for immediate and stringent legislation." There are persons who suppose that the deadly cigarette is not more deadly than other forms of tobacco. A talk with any experienced physician, or a walk through almost any large sanitarium, would correct this false notion. The excessive use of cigarettes in most cases is either the cause or the effect of weak-mindedness—it is hard to say which.

A graceful and cordial tribute to Cardinal Vaughan appears in *The Free Lance*, a new English journal edited by Mr. Clement Scott, the well-known dramatic critic, who is a zealous convert to the Church. His Eminence is beloved by his own flock on account of his kindness and devotedness; and is known to outsiders as "a true Christian, full of humility and absolutely self-denying." "Archbishop's House" is sure to be thronged with Protestants as well as Catholics on days when his Eminence is "at home." Mr. Scott relates one little incident the significance of which is noteworthy. "I remember," he says, "at a reception at Cardinal Vaughan's house in Carlisle Place, Westminster, a lady's surprise when she asked for an ice and a man-servant told her there was none. No: a self-denying ecclesiastic was content to give the fashionable world good but simple fare."

There are two good features of errors made in print: the maker is sure to have his attention called to them and they are as easily corrected as committed. In our notice of the late Marquis of Bute we confounded him in one particular with the Marquis of Ripon. As the former became a Catholic at the age of twenty-one, he could not have reached the highest grades of Freemasonry. Readers as far apart as Canada and Mexico have called our attention to the blunder, which we hasten to correct, without attaching blame to the long-suffering compositor. We can make mistakes without anybody's assistance, and we are always as willing to own up as to be forgiven.

Notable New Books.

The Hidden Servants, and Other Very Old Stories. Told Over again by Francesca Alexander. Little, Brown & Co.

In this delightful book one feels the pulsing of the heart of the people to whom the legends embodied meant much. Quaint folk-lore, woven into rhythm and rhyme that appeal to one irresistibly, records of deeds of faith and charity told in simple narrative verse, have under Miss Alexander's artistic touch acquired a certain dignity which takes not from their simplicity. How wise in the true wisdom were those children of the poor who learned, from such stories as "The Crosses on the Wall" or "The Bag of Sand," the lessons of God's providence and the happiness of forgiving the erring! To these lines may be applied Cardinal Manning's words on a former work by the singer of these songs: "Such flowers can grow in one soil alone. They can be found only in the Garden of Faith, over which the world of light hangs visibly, and is more intensely seen by the poor and the pure in heart than by the rich or the learned or the men of culture."

The Beauty of Christian Dogma. By the Rev. Jules Souben. R. and T. Washbourne.

This is a book of religious meditations, the plan of which is very attractive. It is thus stated by the author himself:

> I analyze one by one all the dogmas of Christianity, bringing out the special beauty that each of them contains, and I endeavor to present a real picture of the beauty that the practice of its moral teaching produces in the soul of the Christian. Then, in a rapid conclusion, I trace an outline of Christianity as a whole from the dogmatic, moral, and social points of view, showing how the Christian in following the good has naturally engendered the beautiful. In an appendix I have related some general notions on the idea of the beautiful and its literary and artistic manifestations.

One need not be versed in the science of æsthetics in order to profit by this excellent work; it will be of greatest service, however, to those who are interested in the religious side of philosophical questions. The chapters on God, the Church, the Blessed Virgin, and the Last Things abound in thoughts that will be new to the majority of readers. One short extract will give an idea of the character and style of this most welcome book:

> Grave sin, the fruit of a misguided will, attacks the infinite majesty of the Supreme Master; and if the sinner does not retract and detest the freely committed fault before death with a new and free act, the soul by that first act is found in violent and definite antagonism against God. There is no longer any possibility of conversion for the sinner who has let the time of mercy and pardon pass away; his crime will always rise up before him and cry for vengeance.
>
> To the particular character of the sin which, directed against God, is invested with a sort of infinity of evil, the Sovereign Judge responds by the relative eternity of the punishment....Men punish evil so far as it is directed against society or individuals; and in that sense sin, however grave it be, does not merit eternal chastisement: God, on the contrary, punishes it when it disturbs the order required by His infinite holiness. Grave sin is called mortal, not only because it causes death to our soul, but because by its essential contradiction to the holiness of God, it tends of itself toward the impossible destruction of the divine nature. And in spite of all, even in that place of sorrow where justice alone seems triumphant, goodness still preserves its rights, and the damned are chastised in a less rigorous manner than their sins merit.

It will be a further recommendation of this volume to state that the author is a professor at the Benedictine Priory, Farnborough, England. The work was originally written in French; the translation, by an unknown hand, seems to have been carefully done.

Studies and Appreciations. By Lewis E. Gates. The Macmillan Co.

Brunetière, in speaking of Romanticism as a phase of French literature, dwells upon the fact that it is, above everything else, the triumph of individualism, the entire and absolute emancipation of the Ego. And one is reminded of this approach to a definition in the opening chapters of Mr. Gates' "Studies and Appreciations," which deal with the rise of the Romantic movement in English literature in the last half of the eighteenth century, and its period of decadence which extends in broken waves up to our own times. With Mr. Henry A. Beers, who has given us an able study in his "English Romanticism in the Eighteenth Century," Mr. Gates regards the movement as a tendency present in the work of individual writers rather than as an epoch-making literary impulse; though he thinks the tendency sufficiently outlined to divide it into periods of growth, common to the movements which have formed so-called "Schools of Literature."

The origin of the movement Mr. Gates finds, as did M. Brunetière in French letters, in a spirit of revolt against the rigid conventional modes of life and art; and, as usual in departures from established standards, excess was the result; and the emancipated Ego went beyond all bounds in giving to "forms of things unknown a local habitation and a name." The decline of the movement is illustrated by studies of Poe and Hawthorne that show a spirit of appreciation

little influenced by the conventionalities of criticism. The chapter "Three Lyrical Modes" is rather comparative as regards the first two singers considered, but delightfully critical and appreciative of Mr. Francis Thompson, a poet of poets.

In the Palace of the King. By F. Marion Crawford. The Macmillan Co.

Mr. Crawford's latest novel is "a love story of old Madrid"—the Madrid of Philip the Second,—and we have no hesitation in saying that it will rank very high among the best of the romances with which this remarkable writer has enriched our literature. It opens strongly, and enchains the reader's attention till the last page. It is intensely dramatic; indeed it has already been dramatized and enacted with great applause. It sparkles with epigram, and the dialogue is unusually felicitous without the least strain or unnaturalness. Its psychology is keen and correct; and the author's marvellous experience, observation and knowledge of men furnish new surprises in every chapter. That the period of the story is reconstructed with skill and scholarship does not surprise us; it has long ago been shown that historical knowledge and the historical imagination are among the ordinary resources of this marvellously versatile man. The art of the story also deserves a word of cordial tribute; for Mr. Crawford is an artist always, and in this book he is found at his best. We realize that we have bestowed very unusual praise on this story of Don John of Austria and Dolores—they are beautiful characters,—but we feel that every reader who takes up the volume will share our enthusiasm. The illustrations by Fred Roe are a delight.

The Master Christian. By Marie Corelli. Dodd, Mead & Co.

We review this book only because our mail has brought us many inquiries as to the fitness of Marie Corelli's novels for reading among Catholics. We reply briefly that neither culture nor edification is to be derived from any book emanating from this unfortunate woman. As to "The Master Christian," we should as soon recommend to our readers the worst of Zola's infamies. It is the sort of thing usually written by notorious ex-priests, but is malicious and defamatory to a degree seldom equalled even by them,—perhaps this is why the first impression was over one hundred thousand copies. All the ecclesiastics in the book except one old cardinal are men without either faith or morals. The book is obviously a counterblast to Hall Caine's "Christian"; but we venture to think it will hasten rather than retard the Romeward movement among Anglicans. A screeching sister in earnest is Marie, but violence nearly always overreaches. Our regret at the publication of "The Master Christian" is greatly tempered by the reflection that the book will disgust most readers with the author and all her works and pomps.

General Physiology for High Schools. Macy-Norris. American Book Co.

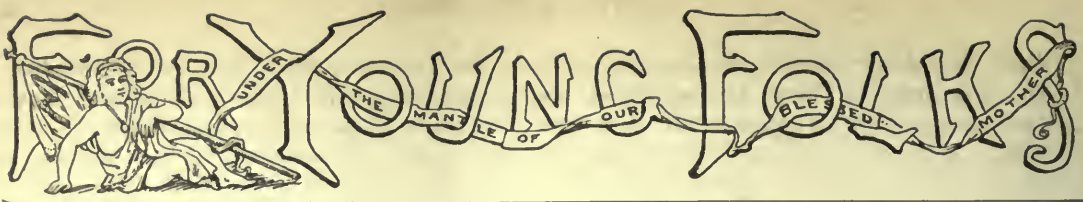
There may be differences of opinion as to the advisability of giving prominence to physiology in the curriculum of high schools. It may be regarded as one of the most valuable studies, or considered as less important than many other branches of which advanced pupils should have some knowledge. There can be no question, however, about the excellence of the present text-book; and we think the authors have done well to base it upon the nervous system, thus enabling them to show the relations and interdependence of the parts and functions of the human organism. The necessary limitations of a school text-book have been kept in mind, as well as the degree of mental development of those for whom the work is designed. Part V., which treats of the preservation of health, is especially satisfying. Exaggeration and conjecture are carefully avoided, all statements being based upon established science and in accord with rational principles.

Days of First Love. By W. Chatterton Dix. Barclay & Fry, London.

"To all bearing the name of Mary, in honor of *the Name* which is above every name, these lines are dedicated," is the introduction to a poem as worthy the subject sung as mortal words usually are in these days. High and tender thought, intensity of emotion, and exquisite workmanship are the qualities this work possesses. The concluding lines are entitled "The Bark of the Holy Eucharist," the last stanza of which is:

> My ship comes sailing o'er the sea,
> To you a myth, a world to me;
> More than a world,—all worlds, all space,
> All gathered light, all treasured grace:
> A shrine where Love her song may pour,—
> "Sweet Sacrament, I Thee adore!"

Mr. Dix was an Anglican, if we mistake not; and as we ponder over his sweet lines to Our Lady, we find ourselves hoping that, like him of Montefeltro, his "utterance ceased with the name of Mary," that key to the Heart Divine!



The Training of Hi-Spi.

BY FLORA L. STANFIELD.

THE first thing Hi-Spi ever seemed to notice was a big yellow dragon hanging on the wall. It had more claws than a well-behaved dragon needed, and great red eyes that would have frightened him only he didn't know enough to be frightened. He thought the dragon very beautiful, and used to lie and watch it during the long hours when his uncles were ironing in the next room.

He had five uncles, who were distinguished thus: the short one, the tall one, the smiling one, the lame one, and the real one. The real one was the only one who could speak English. The rest jabbered in words that made you think they were saying "chopsticks" all the while. All wore queer, full blouses, with wide trousers, and wooden shoes that clattered on the floor when they moved across the room for a hot flat-iron. Hi-Spi used to wonder how their shoes stayed on; but after a while he wore some himself—very little ones at first—and learned how to manage them. Each of the uncles wore his hair short, except in one round place on the crown from whence sprang a long braid that was wound around the head. One day it occurred to the little fellow that the customers who came to get washing done did not have those long braids, and he felt sorry for them. He asked the reason of the lame uncle; but the lame uncle did not know what he said, so only smiled in reply.

Hi-Spi never cried. He didn't know he could. One day a woman brought a baby to the laundry, and when it cried and got red in the face he ran and hid behind his real uncle. He was more afraid of that baby than of the dragon. Dragons did not cry. When he was in pain he just bore it until he got well again. Once he fell downstairs to the sidewalk, but he made no sound. It was not until after he began to play with the other boys that he learned that boys make a fuss when they are hurt.

Hi-Spi learned many other things from the boys. In the first place, he learned that they had mothers.

"What's a mother?" he inquired the first day he ever heard of one,—which was, you will admit, a very sad question for a boy of five years.

"Why haven't I a mother?" he asked his real uncle that night; but the real uncle didn't seem to hear.

"What do they have mothers for when I don't?" he went on.

"Go buy candy," answered the real uncle, producing a nickel. And Hi-Spi went, being very fond of sweets.

His uncles ate all sorts of queer things, and the way they got their rice to their mouths with swiftly-moving chopsticks was a sight to behold. They let Hi-Spi use a spoon. Indeed he soon found out that they were willing he should be different from them. Nor did they try to teach him their strange language that sounded like "chopsticks."

"You talkee Melican [American],—you play with Melican boys," said the real uncle.

And Hi-Spi obeyed. It was, of course, from them that he learned to speak English. He used many words of which his uncles would not have approved if

they had understood the language. Not understanding, they thought he was doing very well indeed.

One day a lady came to the laundry to leave an order. Hi-Spi could hardly keep his eyes off her. He thought she would make a lovely dragon if she was just a little yellower.

"What are you staring at me for?" she asked Hi-Spi.

"Because you look so funny."

"You're a dirty little heathen. I'd like to give you a whipping," she said.

"I'd like to see you try!" answered Hi-Spi, calmly.

Four of the uncles, not knowing what he said, kept on smiling; but the real uncle frowned.

"I lick him," he said, pointing to Hi-Spi.

"Oh, no, you won't!" said the boy. "If you do, I'll tell the people you eat rats."

The lady laughed in spite of herself. The real uncle did not laugh, but neither did he whip his nephew.

When Hi-Spi was about six the uncles used to have many serious conversations concerning him, and one day the short uncle made him sit very still and have his head shaved—all but a round spot on the crown, where the hair was allowed to grow. About that time Hi-Spi was told that he was to have a "Melican" education, so as to be a tea merchant, and that he must go to school. Next morning his little wooden shoes disappeared and leather ones from the nearest shoeshop took their place; while a ready-made suit from the clothier's on the corner was substituted for the little baggy trousers and blouse. To tell the truth, the change was no improvement; but the uncles were radiant.

The first day Hi-Spi went to school he fell in love with two persons. One was the teacher, who seemed to him more beautiful than any lady he ever saw painted on a fan; the other was a boy with long golden curls and a big ruffled collar. He was a new scholar too, and very much frightened.

"What's your name?" asked Hi-Spi, who, as you can imagine, had a great way of asking questions.

"Hopkins," he answered.

That was certainly a pretty hard name for Hi-Spi to pronounce.

"Hoppikins," he went on, "I like you because you're pretty."

At this there was a general shout.

"Little pigtail likes the girl-boy!"

Hi-Spi kept still. In the first place he had learned by sad experience that a little Chinaman stands a poor chance with a crowd of civilized youngsters; and in the second place he had a giant fire-cracker which he resolved to use as an instrument of vengeance. I am afraid my hero was not a model boy, but what he was he had been made by injustice and circumstances. A little lad without a mother, half of his time spent in a basement, the other half in the street,—I must picture him to you just as he was.

The boy with the curls had another name, which, unfortunately, was Tode; and Hopkins Tode he was no more, but Hop Toad then and there and always. In the devotion of Hi-Spi he found a relief from the persecution of the other children, and the two were at once inseparable.

The bully of the school was Tom Flint, aged twelve. He led all games, settled all disputes, and was tyrant in general. No one questioned his authority or openly doubted his heroism. He had dubbed Hi-Spi a coward and Hop Toad a milksop, and the two were thus set apart,—in a way, outcasts.

On every Friday afternoon what were called "rhetorical exercises" took place, when the girls read little essays made up out of their own heads, and the boys "spoke pieces." Tom Flint was the star orator. The way he reeled off

"At Midnight in His Guarded Tent" or "My Name is Norval" was a caution; and in "The Charge of the Light Brigade" he was champion. On the first Friday after Hi-Spi was enrolled on the list of Washington Primary School, Tom was to give the school and the visiting relatives the poetical version of the story of the boy who stood on the burning deck. Hi-Spi sat very near the platform, and just as the orator uttered the words,

The flames rolled on, he would not go,

a tremendous explosion was heard, and the mutilated remains of a giant fire-cracker strewed the floor which Tom's feet had graced. They did not grace it now. The tyrant of the school, who had given to Hi-Spi the reputation of a coward, had forgotten all about the burning deck and was sitting half-way down the stairs, white and trembling.

"Hi-Spi," said the teacher, sternly, "did you mean to do that?"

"Yes, ma'am," he answered, with his usual frankness.

"You may stay after school."

"Yes, ma'am," he repeated, overjoyed.

To stay after school with good Miss Ellsworth, next to Hop Toad the idol of his little heart—what a pleasure it would be!

The scholars dispersed slowly, talking of the fire-cracker, and wondering as to Hi-Spi's punishment. Hopkins waited outside, full of apprehension.

"Hi-Spi," began Miss Ellsworth, less sternly, "do you know you have been a naughty boy?"

"Yes, ma'am," he replied.

"You have been in school only one week and you have made me a great deal of trouble."

"Have I?" he inquired innocently, while his lip began to tremble.

"Why are you so naughty?"

He did not answer, but two great tears rolled out of his almond eyes.

"Why are you not good, Hi-Spi?" she asked again.

"I guess it's because I haven't got any mother," he answered.

Then Miss Ellsworth, who wore a black gown because she, too, had no mother, took him in her arms and cried with him.

* * *

Hi-Spi is, in the eyes of the Church, Hi-Spi no more, having been made a Christian and given a new name; and he is no longer motherless, for Our Lady has taken him to her sheltering arms. He is in China now, but, says the real uncle, "he come back heap soon." So we are waiting for him; and after he is back again there may be more to tell you about the training of Hi-Spi.

Dot and Carrie.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

VI.—The Fairy Sport.

"It's very pretty, that story," said Carrie, when her brother had finished the account of "A Midsummer-Night's Dream"; "and shows that Shakespeare had a lively imagination."

Harold laughed.

"You are too matter-of-fact, sister mine. How do you know this wood is not the favorite haunt of the little people known as fairies?"

Dot crept close to Harold, her eyes very big; and Dickie edged a little closer to Maud.

"Oh, I hope there aren't any fairies here!" Dickie cried, nervously.

Carrie turned and hugged him.

"There are no fairies in the world, dear. Harold is only making fun."

"Dickie is rather like a sprite himself," laughed Harold. "I think it would be lovely to see a troupe of pretty fairies tripping softly about among the trees."

"So do I!" exclaimed Maud. "Let

us have a game, and all pretend to be fairies. It would be great fun. Shall we try it?"

"It would be lovely," said Carrie, clapping her hands.

"Well, you must wait till after lunch," observed Jack, who had been lying on his back, his hat tilted over his nose. "I, for one, am as hungry as a hunter."

"I never saw you better," laughed his brother Frank. "And now that you mention lunch, I begin to feel positively limp. Come along and let us see what good things our thoughtful mothers have provided for us."

"Capital idea!" said Jack, springing to his feet at once. "And when we are refreshed and comforted, we'll turn our attention to fairy dances and gambols through the wood."

"Agreed!" cried all the children in a breath; and they scampered gaily back to Miss Brown and the hamper.

The governess had already begun to prepare the luncheon and had spread the cloth on a mossy piece of ground under a big beech-tree. Upon seeing this, with a whoop of delight the young people flew to her assistance, and in a short time all the good things were set out and lunch was ready.

"Many hands make light work," said Harold, cutting up a veal and ham pie. "I don't think any fairies could beat us at laying a luncheon table in a wood."

"There's no salt! How provoking!" exclaimed Maud, suddenly.

"Pease-blossom—that will be your fairy name, my pretty one," Harold said, giving Dot a loving kiss. "Go find the salt for your king—otherwise my humble self, whom we'll call Oberon."

"I—don't know," she began. "But, oh!"—picking up a little paper parcel that lay in the bottom of a basket—"perhaps this is it."

"So it is. I always knew you were a fairy,—a water-sprite," said Harold, smiling, as he opened the paper and found it contained salt. "Ah, my sweet Pease-blossom!"

"I'd rasser be a land fairy," replied Dot. "I don't like water."

"What are you talking about?" asked Miss Brown, in surprise.

"Oh, Harold has just been telling us about 'A Midsummer-Night's Dream!'" said Maud; "our heads are full of it."

"We are going to act it presently," added Carrie, looking up brightly from her piece of chicken. "Don't you think it is a good idea, Miss Brown?"

"Capital, and a pretty one too. This wood is just the place for it. But how are you going to dress for your parts?"

"Gentlemen fairies must turn their blouses and jackets inside out," replied Harold, with prompt decision. "And the ladies put their sashes across their shoulders instead of round their waists. *Voilà tout.*"

"What about their wings?" inquired Miss Brown, with an amused smile. "Where are they to come from?"

"We must pretend we have wings," answered Maud. "Pretending makes all things easy."

"A little imagination is certainly very useful," said the governess, gaily. "But who's to do the queer old fellow called Bottom, upon whom the fairies put an ass's head?"

"Your humble servant," said Jack Huntley, with a low bow. "My cricket cap turned inside out must stand for the ass's head."

Miss Brown laughed.

"I can do better than that for you with this piece of paper."

"Please do, if you can!" cried Jack. "And I warn all the kiddy fairies that they must keep far away. The old ass, as played by me, will be a kicking one."

"Bottom had only the head of an ass," said Harold. "You must not forget that he was as tame as a lamb, as he

went about wreathed in flowers and petted by the fairy queen."

"I must be allowed to play the part as I please," Jack replied. "So you may devote yourself to your own business, Master Harold, and make an amusing and pleasant king."

"Oberon was not the merry monarch you would make him," laughed Harold. "But I shall do as I please and make him sad or gay as I think fit."

"Poor Shakespeare!" groaned Miss Brown. "He would find it hard to recognize his own characters if he saw them acted by this company of strolling players. Who is to be Titania, the fairy queen, I wonder?"

"Maud," replied Harold. "And Dot, Pease-blossom; Kitty, Cobweb; Edith, Mustard-seed; Frank, Moth; and last, though not least, Dickie, Puck."

"Dickie is highly honored. Puck is a delightful character."

"A mischievous imp," cried Frank. "It suits Dickie to perfection."

"I'll tickle all your noses and throw flowers and dust at you," said Dickie. "So you'd better take care."

"If you can catch us," answered Maud. "But we run fast, and we are going to fly all over the wood."

"Don't go too far or you may get lost," warned Miss Brown.

"We'll go toward the house," said Maud. "Denvers is to drive round here for you and the hamper, and then come round for us to the big side gate. I want to go to Lynswood to talk to the housekeeper."

"You are sure Lord Raghan has not come home?"

"Quite sure, Miss Brown."

"Well, yes, you may—some of you, anyway—go up to the house."

"And we big ones will each take a little one by the hand," said Carrie. "I will not part from Dot."

"Nor I from Kitty!" cried Jack.

"And do some one look after Dickie," said Miss Brown.

"I will," replied Randy. "I'll be sure to keep him in order."

"Who are you?" asked Miss Brown, laughing gaily at the flower-decked Randy. "What sprite's part are you doing?"

"I'm a sprite without a name," the little boy answered, with a solemn air,—"a playfellow of Puck's."

"Then you'll have plenty of fun. See! How does this look for an ass's head?" And she held up a wonderful production in white paper, at which her clever fingers had been working.

"Wonderful!" they all cried.

"Let me try it, Miss Brown," chuckled Jack. And the boy slipped the paper head over his curly hair.

The children shrieked and clapped their hands in delight; and, springing up, danced round the boy in a big ring.

"Take off the ass's head now," said Harold, after a while, "and hide yourself, Jack. The king and queen begin the fun in the play, attended by all the elves."

"All right!" exclaimed Jack, throwing himself on the mossy turf. "Then off you go, dancing, singing, laughing. I'll soon follow you."

"Come, my sweet Titania!" called Harold. "The woods look fresh and shady. Let us away."

He took Maud by the hand and led her along under the trees. The other children, their sashes and jackets put on in all kinds of strange ways, with Hoppy frisking and barking uproariously, soon followed. They all thought it immense fun, the best game they had played for a long time; and there was a great deal of tittering and many bursts of merry laughter as this curious-looking band of fairies ran gaily along after their king and queen.

(To be continued.)

With Authors and Publishers.

—Mr. J. C. Heywood, who died last month in Rome where he had resided many years, was an American and a graduate of Harvard College. He was a convert to the Church and became a prominent figure in the social life of the Eternal City. The Vatican exhibit at the Chicago Exposition was in his charge. Mr. Heywood published one or more novels and a volume of literary criticisms, but was best known as the author of several dramatic poems which rank among the finest productions of our day. Of "Herodias," the first to appear, Ralph Waldo Emerson declared that it was "good to a surprise." *R. I. P.*

—"A Brief Course in Physics," by George A. Hoadley, A. M., is an excellent text-book in the elements of the science, and is written in the light of the latest discoveries. It is neither too rudimentary nor too advanced, and comes close to the ideal text-book for beginners in physics. The chapters on mechanics and electricity are especially well done. They contain all the essentials and very little that would be out of place in an elementary treatise. At the end of each chapter is a list of questions intended to fix in the mind of the student the facts and principles previously treated. With the exception of a few of these questions, the book is quite within the intelligence of the ordinary beginner in physics. The illustrations and type are good, and the book is well edited and neatly bound. The American Book Co.

—The owner of a paper-mill in New England is the happy possessor of a sixteenth-century Latin Bible, which is all the more interesting on account of its size, having been intended for scholars who could not afford a costlier edition. The book was rescued from paper stock, and had many narrow escapes from destruction before becoming the property of its present owner. *Literary Life* gives the following account of this precious old Bible:

The text is in Latin, and it was published in 1573, "cum licentia summi Pont. et privilegio Regis." The authority for its issue was from the supreme Pontiff and the King. It is in the general form of the Octavo Bible, which was first published near the end of the fifteenth century, and known as the "Poor Man's Bible," on account of its size and the fact that it was intended for scholars who could not buy a folio. In 1605 it became the property of one Nicolai, whose name is still legible on the first leaf of the book. In 1637 it passed into the hands of a scholar, Jacobi, whose signature is also legible. In 1727 another owner by the name of Mallet had his signature placed on the fly-leaf. A part of this owner's name has been worn from the page. There is a fourth signature which appears twice in the book, the first time on the original page of the Old Testament and the second time at the beginning of the New. The autograph is that of E. S. Golpin. The Apocrypha is included in the volume. There are more than 1300 pages in the book, the Old and New Testaments and the Apocrypha comprising 1214 of the number. There are 400 illustrations throughout the work. The text and designs are remarkably preserved, making the book one of singular interest as a relic of three centuries.

—As an illustration of the vagaries into which the English language *will* run, even in the hands of a master, the *University of Ottawa Review* quotes this sentence from "The Map of Life," by Mr. W. E. H. Lecky: "Habit will make a Frenchman like his melon with salt and an Englishman with sugar."

—Friends and admirers in many places mourn the loss of Mrs. Alice Worthington Winthrop, whose life closed peacefully last month in Washington, D. C. She was the widow of the late Col. Winthrop, of the United States Army. Besides a book on nursing and diet for the sick, which was so excellent as to be selected for use in Government hospitals, Mrs. Winthrop published numerous articles in prose and verse, all of notable character. Her contributions to THE AVE MARIA were of special excellence and interest. (An unpublished article is in reserve for a future number.) She was a woman of noble character, and her death, we are told, was as beautiful as her life. May she rest in peace!

—It is no wonder if now and then a voice is raised against dancing, considering all the evils that can be traced to this senseless pastime. The matron of a home for fallen women in Los Angeles, Cal., declares that seven-tenths of the girls received there have fallen through dancing and its influence. Of course there are dancers and dancers as well as dances and dances. There are also beverages and beverages, persons who drink and persons who get drunk. To assert that because dancing is an occasion of sin to many there should be no dancing at all, under any circumstances, would be as shallow as to say that because many men drink too much none shall drink at all. Those who would know the dangers of the amusement most indulged in by people to whom conversation is a lost art—who can use their toes to greater advantage than their tongues—are referred to a pamphlet by L. Verhaag, of Centerville, Oregon, entitled "A Word on Dancing. Compiled from Various Sources

both Sacred and Profane." The author can not be accused of mincing matters, or of not knowing his subject. His chapter on "Charity Balls" especially deserves a wide reading. Dancing for some charitable object is one of the modern ways of observing Advent and Lent.

—The 25th of October this year marked the fifth centenary of the death of Chaucer, and the occasion was celebrated by the exhibition of all the Chauceriana of London. Among these is a copy of the "Canterbury Tales," with marginal notes believed to have been made by the poet. Wycliffe, by the way, was a contemporary of Chaucer, and is supposed to have influenced the poet's point of view. It is certain that Chaucer was not a Wycliffite,—indeed it is not certain that Wycliffe himself was so pronounced a one as most persons suppose. The late Marquis of Bute, for instance, who was a very learned as well as a very orthodox Catholic, says of him: "As to Wiclif, he no doubt fell into errors; but I believe that he intended and believed himself to be a perfectly orthodox and devout Catholic priest, and that he was very little more of a Protestant than you or I."

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Beauty of Christian Dogma. *Rev. Jules Souben.* $1.35.

The Hidden Servants, and Other Very Old Stories Told Over again. *Francesca Alexander.* $1.50.

In the Palace of the King. *F. Marion Crawford.* $1.50.

Days of First Love. *W. Chatterton Dix.* 25 cts.

The Judgment of Peter and Paul on Olympus. *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* 75 cts.

Lectures for Boys. *Very Rev. Francis Doyle, O. S. B.* 3 vols. $6.

Handbook to Christian and Ecclesiastical Rome. Three Vols. *H. M. and M. A. R. T.* $10.00.

The Spiritual Life and Prayer, According to Holy Scripture and Monastic Tradition. $1.75, *net.*

A Priest's Poems. *K. D. B.* $1.25.

The History of the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ. *Rev. James Groenings, S. J.* $1.25, *net.*

Alice of Old Vincennes. *Maurice Thompson.* $1.50.

Education and the Future of Religion. *Bishop Spalding.* 5 cts.

General Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures. *Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S. S.* $2, *net.*

Father Anthony. *Robert Buchanan.* $1.50.

The Soldier of Christ. *Mother Mary Loyola.* $1.35, *net.*

Where is the Church? *Rev. Charles Coupe, S. J.* 40 cts., *net.*

The Autobiography of St. Ignatius Loyola. *J. F. X. O'Conor, S. J.* $1.25, *net.*

The Testament of Ignatius Loyola. *E. M. Rix.* $1, *net.*

Sermons on the Blessed Sacrament. *Scheurer-Lasance.* $1.50, *net.*

A Form of Prayers. *Marquis of Bute.* 45 cts., *net.*

Sanctuary Meditations. *Fr. Baltasar Gracian, S. J.* $1, *net.*

Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption. *W. H. Mallock.* $3.50.

The Flowing Tide. *Madame Belloc.* $1.60, *net.*

A Son of St. Francis. *Lady Amabel Kerr.* $1,

Poor Dear Ann. *The Prig.* 75 cts.

The Bible and its Interpreter. *Rev. P. H. Casey, S. J.* 50 cts.

The Gospel Story. *B. F. C. Costelloe.* $1.60, *net.*

Studies in Church History. Vol. VI. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* $2.50.

Meditations on the Psalms of the Little Office. *Peregrinus.—Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.* 75 cts., *net.*

Currita, Countess of Albornoz. *Luis Coloma.* $1.50.

The Knights of the Cross. Vol. II. *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* $1.

A Journey with the Sun around the World. *Rev. William McMahon.* $2.

St. Jerome. *Father Largent.* $1.

Studies in Poetry. *Thomas O'Hagan, M. A., Ph D.* $1.

The Church of Christ the Same Forever. *Rev. D. McErlane, S. J.* 50 cts., *net.*

Christian Philosophy — God. *Rev. John T. Driscoll, S. T. L.* $1.25, *net.*

The Heiress of Cronenstein. *Countess Hahn-Hahn.* $1.25.

The Nursing Sister. $1.25.

Jack Hildreth on the Nile. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.

Holy Mass: A Morning Paradise. *Very Rev. R. O. Kennedy.* 5 cts.

Giovanni Baptista de Rossi. *Very Rev. T. J. Shahan, D. D.* 20 cts.

Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire. *Samuel Dill, M. A.* $2.

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LI. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 17, 1900. NO. 20.

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To Beauty.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

HOW oft thy light is seen across the earth!
Across the earth unseen how oft it flies!
No sky gave birth to thee, yet all the skies
Forever give thee new and wondrous birth.
The sea forever brims with thee; its dearth
Of thee forever wounds our hungry eyes.
No palace houses thee; thy light doth rise
On worthless deserts and they bloom with worth.
Thou art a presence! Thee rapt Nature knows
Gleaming forever 'twixt her and the sun.
Thou art a vision, thou; in thee Light glows
Ageless when the stars are aged and dun.
Thou flittest on—thou goest where He goes,
For God and thou His shadow still art one.

Paris and Ober-Ammergau.

BY MARIE HALLÉ.

THE force of contrast could hardly go further than between the Paris of this Exhibition year and Ober-Ammergau in this year of its Passion Play. There, from its inception, the organizers of that triumph of human skill in the accumulation of its myriad forms, gathered together as if by a mighty magnet from the ends of the earth, seem to have set themselves the task of eliminating, as far as in them lay, all acknowledgment of the Creator of that universe whose treasures they have assembled within its walls, all supplication for His blessing upon their labors, all committal to His providence; and the adorable name of the Almighty, in every speech and act, from the opening ceremony, has been avoided.

France, the eldest daughter of the Church, whose proud title used to be *très chrétienne*, alone among the nations has earned, by the acts of her governors, the sad distinction of omitting any kind of religious ceremony in the public inauguration, when her president and ministers gathered together the representatives of the world to rejoice with them at the opening of their great Exhibition of 1900. They went further and chose a day of mourning and vigil—Holy Saturday—for their feast-day, deeply wounding the susceptibilities of millions of their countrymen.

One feels inclined to wonder how men animated with so strong an aversion to all manifestation of religion can regard all the beautiful expressions of religious art and fervor which their own country and so many others have poured into their galleries, and which, beyond all compare, form their greatest ornaments. Sweetly and strongly the voice of the past speaks of God and the saints in this very Exhibition. The story of the Redemption is woven in silk and gold in those tapestries whose richness and beauty stand unparalleled by modern skill; in the carved wood and stone and chiselled ivory and gem. On every side we find it; and it would seem as if it had needed the impress of religion to preserve to us the works of the genius

of our forefathers, in so immense a majority are the objects which bear that sacred impress.

Once again this Exhibition, despite its authors, proclaims the triumph of Christianity in what is most beautiful and lasting. One feels—and there is comfort in the thought—that a day may come when some of the modern inventions which display themselves in their proud ugliness on the stalls of many nations will be as old lumber, and these dreadful engines of war almost as obsolete as the bows and arrows in the Hungarian Pavilion. But perennial youth, undying charm, will ever remain where art or genius has worked as the handmaid of religion, or has drawn inspiration from that other great work of God, the book of Nature.

The Church, careful of even her most wayward and prodigal children, raised deprecatory hands to Heaven; and it was a happy thought which led the Archbishop of Paris to order Masses continually to be offered, throughout the duration of the Exhibition, at the shrine of Notre Dame des Victoires, to implore a blessing upon those so careless of it. If these men have been found wanting according to the standard of things spiritual, measured by the lower standard of financial success their enterprise has been a failure. A few fortunes have been made; some have enriched themselves to the detriment, if report speaks truly, of their integrity; and many have been half ruined. A fever of speculation had seized upon the people and urged them to the wildest hopes of fortune; the vacant spaces within the area of the great Fair, when parcelled out in concessions, were purchased at prices so enormous as to prove that sobriety of judgment had for the time being abandoned the competitors.

The awakening was speedy; loud have been the clamors for a revision of hasty bargains. With one or two exceptions, all the "attractions" are bankrupt; rolling carpets, revolving roads, electric rails, foreign villages, old Paris streets, optical illusions, mines burrowed under the ground, terrestrial globe or monster wheel,—a like fate has befallen them all. Despite the hundreds of thousands who daily visit it, the fee of admission to the Exhibition has fallen eighty per cent; and it is an ever-recurring wonder to find that all these palaces, galleries and pavilions, with the countless precious treasures they contain, can be visited for the modest sum of two-pence.

Foreign monarchs have held aloof; the Palace of Sovereigns, prepared at great cost for their reception, has had but two tenants: King Oscar of Sweden and the Shah of Persia. The latter's visit was brought to a hasty close after his attempted assassination. Other royal personages, whose curiosity led them to Paris this year, came incognito; among them the King of Belgium and the King and the crown prince of Greece. It is, perhaps, not extraordinary that sovereigns should hesitate to be the guests of men who represent ideas of socialism and revolution which they spend their lives in combating in their own countries. The faithful subjects of the Czar might have thought their monarch slightly inconsistent had they seen him extend the hand of fellowship to some of the members of the present government of France. Nor could the Prince of Wales, whose interest and help during the preparation of the Exhibition had been so efficacious, well afford to visit a town where every newspaper stall displayed insulting images of the Queen, and the public prints teemed with gibes against his country.

Like reasons and the preoccupations of war combined to keep away the great mass of the English people. Their co-operation as exhibitors had from the

first been but half-hearted. Universal exhibitions, according to Englishmen, have served their purpose and have had their day. The span between 1851 and 1900 has sufficed for their utility; and the closeness of intercourse, the rapidity of communication between the nations which prevail at the present day make each fresh development of industry, each new discovery of science so instantly the property of all the world that the bringing them together in a general exhibition is almost, according to these men, a work of supererogation.

Germany and America have furnished the largest contingents of foreign sight-seers; but by the Parisians themselves and by the people of the provinces have naturally been made the great bulk of the thirty-six million visits already paid to the Exhibition. It would be interesting to know what has been the proportion of visits to individuals, and whether the sum total must be divided by five, ten or twenty to obtain the number of persons who have entered its doors. More interesting still would it be to ascertain how many of the provincials, attracted to Paris by the Exhibition, and also by the facilities of cheap travel devised for the occasion, will have been caught by the glamour and fascination of the capital and will return no more to their native place; whether, as its predecessor of 1889, this Exhibition will be held answerable for a great increase in the immigration to Paris and in the depletion of the country-districts, over which the wisest of Frenchmen mourn and which they are doing their utmost to stay.

The dense throng sways to and fro within the great enclosure, intent on the pursuit of pleasure,—which, to judge by the expression of the tired faces, it rarely succeeds in finding. The area is so vast and the demands upon the sight-seers so heavy that a restless fatigue and bewilderment are often to be observed upon their countenances. Death moves unseen among the crowd, and marks time to himself by sudden swift darts at some group of pleasure-seekers. For a moment all is fear and confusion; men rush about with ashy faces; the ambulances come and go, and homes are made desolate; then the stream closes together again like the waters above a wreck, and the incident is past. If, as among the quiet hills we shall traverse to reach Ober-Ammergau, the habit prevailed of marking with a cross the spots where human lives have been lost by accident, the Exhibition and its approaches would be signed by many a *memento mori* that would compel even the most thoughtless to pause.

The Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau is now over; for the twenty-eighth time in two hundred and eighty years the peasants of this little mountain village have fulfilled the vow made by their forefathers. If hundreds of thousands of men and women from the ends of the earth have come during the last five months to witness this celebration, it may be said with truth and to the honor of these villagers that the simplicity and single-heartedness with which they accomplish their vow have suffered no abatement nor contamination. Here is no artificiality or worldliness, except what we visitors may bring with us and take away when we leave; and the peaceful village returns for ten quiet years to the occupation of wood-carving and painting and the care of its great herds of cows.

These simple duties are not entirely abandoned even now; and the crowd of strangers must make way for the stately procession of sleek, beautiful cows, each with a sweet-toned bell round her neck, on their way to water at the fountain near the church, or to their pasturage on the hills. A few

minutes after the play is over, when, contrite and moved to one's inmost heart, one is passing along the village street, it seems strange to meet, in his Tyrolese suit of green, occupied on some humble errand, one of the players whose simple majesty and grave dignity have been so strangely impressive. And, in truth, Ober-Ammergau has been singularly privileged in possessing a race of men who, by the force of tradition, natural intelligence, fine physique, and sincere piety, can present a spectacle so unique as to be unapproachable. In a village of fourteen thousand inhabitants, nearly half—over five hundred men, women and children—take part in this great sacred drama.

The story of the vow has been so often told that almost the whole world now knows it. In the year 1633 poor Caspar Schucklar, a laborer in the neighboring plague-stricken village of Eschenlohe, evading the strict quarantine by which Ober-Ammergau had escaped the dire scourge, came back to see his wife and children, and brought the contagion with him to his native village. He and his family were the first to succumb; but so fiercely did the plague spread, so many were the victims, that annihilation seemed to threaten the stricken place. Then the few householders still living assembled together, turned to God in their extremity, and promised that if the plague were stayed they would perform the Passion Play every ten years forever, in token of gratitude and repentance for their sins. From that hour, so says the local chronicler, the plague ceased. The sick soon recovered and there were no fresh victims. And from decade to decade, with unfailing obedience, with ever-increasing fidelity and pomp, the descendants of those rescued men have fulfilled that promise.

Almost the very first words of the choragus—when, draped in antique robes of white and gold and silver, with mantles of the richest hues, and golden fillets round their brows, the twenty-three men and women who form the chorus stand in line before our eyes—are reminiscent of that memorable vow, and bid us pray with them in their accomplishment of it. So stately are these choristers, so unlike what we usually know by the name, so impressed and penetrated do they seem by the message they unfold, that the thought, "And these are peasants!" returns again and again; and although they appear some twenty times or more upon the scene, that impression never fades from the mind.

The choragus of this year is Josef Meyer, who in 1871, 1880 and 1890 took the part of Christ. With hair and beard as white as snow and his sixty-two years of age, he had to leave to a younger man the impersonation of Our Lord which he had so nobly achieved, and to bring to the part of choragus those qualities of dignity, compassion and compunction, as well as intelligent comprehension, which prevade his whole interpretation of his arduous task. It has been said that neither he nor his successor, Anton Lang, ever acted the part of Christ without first approaching the sacraments; and it is easy to believe that therein they sought and obtained that deep religious feeling, that intuitive skill and apprehension, which shone in their every word and gesture.

(Conclusion next week.)

As the lily in the midst of thorns, the Virgin Mother rises in the midst of the daughters of men. The most beautiful human flowers always bear the thorns of original sin and of daily imperfections: Mary alone was conceived and dwelt on earth without her immaculate robe being soiled with the slightest stain.

—*Rev. Jules Souben.*

Dr. Martin's Wife.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LIFE'S LABYRINTH," ETC.

XX.—A Turn of Events.

WITH his accustomed optimism, Maurice hailed the good news his mother conveyed to him as something quite in the order of events,—a consummation to have been expected. Nothing ever seemed to surprise him very much; moreover, he believed in his lucky star.

"Everything turns out well if one doesn't fret or worry," he said. "What now, mother, if you hadn't shown your usual good sense, and had refused to have anything to do with Marie? Of course it is absurd to suppose anything of the kind: that wouldn't have been *you*. Had you been like the average woman—fussed and been stubborn,—I should have been in despair. Goodness knows what would have happened. You would have missed—just think what you would have missed, mother! And as for her, *pauvre petite!* she might never have discovered that she was not the daughter of that terrible creature for whom she has been slaving all these years; neither would she have learned of her relationship to you. What did I tell you from the first? You must have looked exactly like Marie twenty-five years ago. Indeed, I don't wonder my father fell in love with you and married you post-haste."

"I was not half so sweet as she is, Maurice. She has a much more amiable nature than I have."

"Well, perhaps that is true. For one thing, I don't believe she is one bit resentful, and you are—a little. But you are alike in devotion and unselfishness. Too much alike, I'm afraid. I shall be spoiled between you."

Laughing gaily, he chattered on, and his voice was pleasant in his mother's ears. At last he went away, and Mrs. Martin suddenly remembered her new acquaintance *au troisième*. She felt very tired, but thought an hour spent with the semi-invalid might be of benefit to both. Much to her surprise, she found her gone. Her husband had returned that morning. He had been recalled to America on business, and they were now on their way to Southampton.

"But she gave me her address for you," said the landlady; "and she will be pleased to have you call on her when you return."

"We live miles apart," observed Mrs. Martin, glancing at the card. "Still, it was very kind, and we may meet again some day."

Returning to her room, she endeavored to collect her thoughts and decide on some plans. Were it not for the fact that Marie was obliged to keep her engagement at the theatre or pay a heavy fine for breaking the contract, she would have preferred to leave for home at once. Circumstances rendered this impracticable, unless she returned alone; and that she would not think of doing. It was not yet February, and the thought of remaining in Paris until June was not agreeable. But she saw no other alternative.

Maurice returned about ten. He had seen Marie.

"Somehow, she wasn't a bit jolly to-night," he said.

"I don't think you could ever call her *jolly*," answered his mother. "The word does not suit her."

"No, it doesn't; yet sometimes she can be as merry as a lark," he rejoined. "But to-night she was as serious as a nun. Her mind seems to be full of wonder that she really belongs to us; and, *entre nous*, I'm not sure she isn't a little relieved that Madame Camilla is not her mother. Of course Marie did

not mean it to be seen; but I saw it, nevertheless,—although she kept saying, 'Poor mamma!' every few moments. Stephanie told me she was tired, and sent me away early. She looks pale, mother; don't you think so?"

"Yes, but that is natural. I wish I could take her away at once, Maurice."

"Yes, that would be the thing to do; but how I am going to manage when both of you are gone I can't tell. I don't think I shall stay any longer than the fall. Miliron wants me to go over to Algiers with him for five or six weeks in the summer. And after that I believe I'll cut it and go home. One can do a good deal in New York, if one has any talent at all; and I believe I have some."

"Algiers in summer, Maurice!" said his mother, in surprise. "Will it not be an impossible time?"

"Oh, no!" he said, lightly. "He has a cousin over there; she is a widow. He has been there before and knows all about it. He says it's all a fiction about its being so terribly warm in summer time. And, mother, if I should get home by winter, we can be married then; can't we? There's no use waiting forever."

"It will be time enough to talk about that a year hence at the earliest," said Mrs. Martin. "You are nothing but a boy, Maurice; you have no settled prospects as yet. How I wish you could make up your mind to be a physician, like your father!"

"I—a physician!" he exclaimed. "You have lived with me till now, mother, and cling to that dream still? Don't you know, dearest, in your good, kind, sensible heart, that I have not a single qualification for the profession?"

"Study would bring seriousness, and perhaps develop traits you do not know you possess," she replied.

"I hate the sight of suffering, and I am not unselfish enough to devote my life to the alleviation of it in others. A man must be either a saint or a hard-hearted wretch to become such a physician as my father was. One should have the motive of self-sacrifice—a sort of consecration to the woes of humanity—in order to do the right thing. Either that or the love of science pure and simple; and that makes a man callous. No, I could never be a doctor, mother,—never!"

"You remember little Louis Pulaski?"

"Old Peter's grandson?"

"Yes; he is two years younger than you are."

"I think I do,—a dark little fellow, like a gypsy."

"Yes. He is going to study medicine. He has a perfect passion for it. The old man has strained every nerve to give him an education. He began his medical studies last fall. Dr. Middleton is very much interested in him."

"That will be fine for little Louis. The Doctor will give him a lift if he turns out well; he may even take him into partnership. It sounds quite foreign—Doctor Louis Pulaski; doesn't it?"

Mrs. Martin sighed.

"I was hoping you would see the point I wished to make," she said.

"The point!" he exclaimed, with a puzzled expression. "I don't see any, mother. I am never good at that sort of thing, you know. You wanted to point a moral with little Louis Pulaski, did you? It would be impossible: he is too round,—oh, yes: now I see! You were in the way of holding him up as an example, weren't you?"

"Not exactly that, but I was hoping you might be led to reflect how strange it was that he—with generations of laborers behind him, if one can judge from the bent back and immense hands of his grandfather—was seeking with the greatest eagerness to enter one of

the professions; while you, who were dedicated to it, and to whom it should come apparently by inheritance and training, coldly cast it aside."

"Oh, we don't know that!" he said lightly. "Way back in Austrian Poland, where the noble Pulaskis must have originated, one might find traces of an herb-distilling grandmother or a natural bone-setting grandfather. Pity we haven't time to trace them; isn't it, mother? I'll be bound it comes to Louis by inheritance, though it skipped the old man. And, by the same token, there may be a distinguished physician among my remote descendants also. Besides, with me out of the way, young Louis has one less competitor."

Mrs. Martin was by nature a serious woman, yet there had been a time when Maurice's prattle was to her ears the sweetest music in the world. The years had passed; he had grown to the stature of manhood, and it seemed to her that his most serious utterances were "prattle" still, no more. She tried not so to regard it, saying to herself that no doubt she was growing more serious with years. And oftentimes she found herself at the bar of her own arraignment for the severity with which she judged him, pleading for him that youth and inexperience which time must chasten and the trials of life enlarge.

Such thoughts as these were passing through her mind as he was speaking; with them was the consoling assurance that in the girl he had chosen to be his wife there was even more seriousness than her years would warrant, and that his choice of her indicated judgment she would not have expected him to possess. Thus occupied with her own reflections, she listened to him smilingly, disposed to condemn herself for undue severity rather than reproach his frivolity. She could not help comparing him favorably with the young men all about her. In those clear eyes there were no traces of thoughts or deeds he would not wish her to know; in the outspoken boyish affection which he seemed to lavish equally upon herself and his betrothed there was something innocent and charming even to surprise.

She did not reply to his last remarks; but he saw from her attitude that she was in a very kindly mood, in spite of her previous admonitions. Presently he got up, went to his own room and came back in a moment with a small piece of paper in his hand.

"Look here, mother: I want to show you something," he said, holding the paper before her eyes. "Do you recognize that profile?"

"Certainly I do," she replied. "There is no difficulty about it. But why have you made her look so much older?"

"You think it is Marie?" he said, laughingly. "You do think it, mother?"

"And is it not?"

"It is *you!*" he exclaimed. "Last night, while you were standing in front of the glass plaiting your hair, the resemblance was wonderful. I sketched it as you stood, in two minutes. Now there you are—and there she is."

"I believe you are right," she replied, examining it at arm's-length. "It is Marie without flattery,—yes, it is myself idealized. You must keep the picture, Maurice; it will be interesting to show her when she is my age."

"I will show it to her to-morrow," he said. "But I shall keep it, all the same. Now I know what drew me to her so strongly from the first moment my eyes fell upon her. It was that wonderful resemblance to you. And then I was not consciously aware of it."

"I wonder how it would have been if on acquaintance she had been different? How far would the resemblance have gone toward fixing the young girl in your affections?"

"Oh, but you know she couldn't have been anything but what she is with that face, any more than you could be with yours!" he rejoined. "I remember at school I used to look at all the mothers when they came, and there was not one of them like you—not one that could compare with you. And so it is with Marie. You are absolutely unique, and I can't conceive of one without the other now. She will make up to you all that I lack, mother; and between you I shall develop into an ideal son and husband. See if I don't! It is the most providential thing I ever heard of: your finding she was a relative, and all that,—not too near, you know. And fancy what it must be for her! Or fancy, on the other hand, her having to go on and on in that odious ballet for years and years! Ugh! I can't bear to think of it."

"There is the postman's knock," said his mother suddenly. "I wonder if there is anything for us."

Maurice went to the door, returning in a moment with two letters.

"Both for you," he said, putting them in her lap. "One from Dr. Middleton and one from Bridget. What have they got to say?"

"I shall not read all the Doctor's letter to you, Maurice," she said, after glancing over it. "It might displease you. Still, it is not unkind. It is not you but I who come in for blame. He thinks I have never been firm enough with you, yet he is moderate. With regard to Marie, he is not willing to accept my judgment,—thinks it must be biassed by proximity to you; but is willing to be persuaded on sight. In fact, he says he is anxious to be. Not a bad letter, on the whole."

"You need not have minded reading the whole of it," said Maurice. "I can understand how he feels. You know he was always extremely good to me in his own way; and I'm not afraid of his judgment when he once sees Marie. He will fall head over heels in love with her himself; for he will be sure to see at the first glance how like she is to you. And Bridget—poor old Bridget,—what does she say? You'll read me her letter or let me have it?"

"I will read it aloud. You may be sure she will not hesitate to express her opinion, and neither of us can truthfully deny that we tremble before it. But here it is," she went on, unfolding it.

My most kind Mistress:—Yourself will understand what deep joy and thankfulness filled my poor heart when I read your welcome epistle, in which I learned that Master Maurice was well and in his right mind; and that the voyage had not made you unfit for the great work and the disagreeable you went over to do—trying to turn his mind from what he had settled on as his letter disclosed. And my grateful prayers are ascending to God and the Blessed Mother every moment of the day that the young woman is really all that she ought to be, in spite of being every night on the stage of a French theayter. If any one else but your own good and dear self would tell me this, I could not credit the same. For the judgment of any young man in the matter I would not give a *thraneen*, as there are women not worthy of the name deluding and beguiling them every day of the world. But yourself was always most uncommon keen in reading character, and you have made my poor old heart easy and even joyful by the news you have told in your long and clear-spoken letter.

It is my fervent and sincere hope that longer acquaintance with the young woman will prove what you think of her to be true and lasting. If she is all that you say, the Almighty God, who rules us all and rewards the dutiful

child, may have ordained it for the good of us all; and it is my belief that such has been the case. And, if I may be so bold, to get her away from evil scenes and temptations is now the first thing to be done; and bring her over to America at once, where she may forget all about them. Such, I am sure, will be your plan. And I have only one request to make: Do not let Master Maurice persuade you into letting them marry for some time yet,—not until the young woman has been trained out of the ways of the theayter, and become reconciled to a quiet life.

All is well at the Red House. Peter's daughter comes over and stays with me at night, though there is no need. She says you told her I might be lonely; but how I could be and all my work to go through I can not see. She is a good and decent woman; but the way she brags of young Louis sickens me oftentimes. When I thinks of old Dr. Martin and Master Desmond, and then compares them to the like of young Louis, I does be biting my tongue to keep from telling her "Hush!" with her boasting. And to see them rows and rows of medical books going to waste, and collecting dust in the glass cases, makes me wish Master Maurice had been able to settle down to the studying of them. Howsomever, he may do it yet, please God.

I think every day longer till I see you again. When will you be coming back? With a big kiss and a warm hug to my boy, and the hope that all is as well with both as it was when you wrote, I remain, my dear Madame,

Your obedient servant,

BRIDGET MALONE.

"God bless her kind heart!" said Mrs. Martin, when she had finished. "Was there ever such a faithful creature!"

"Tell her all manner of things from me when you write, mother," answered Maurice. "She will be devoted to Marie heart and soul when she sees her. And wouldn't I like to be there when she learns of the relationship!"

"She will pronounce it a miracle," said Mrs. Martin.

"It does seem like one. It is the reward of virtue, such as we read of but seldom see."

"A telegram for Monsieur!" exclaimed Madame Blanc at the door.

Maurice took the paper from her hand. It read:

"Will you come to us at once—with your mother? Madame Desmoulins is dead.

"MARIE."

(To be continued.)

The Vale of Tears.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

III.—THE TWO RANDOLPHS.

THE two Randolphs yearned toward each other but had not as yet embraced; they were in a sense one and inseparable, as the Siamese Twins were, and as some wedded couples are. But each jealously preserved its individuality and looked with mild disdain upon the other. They were, however, the two halves of a semi-detached village known as East and West Randolph; and in the better half of the two I was comfortably housed by my grandfather, who carefully deposited me one fine day, and departed with an evident sense of relief.

Do not for a moment imagine that he desired to shirk or shift responsibility; he was, in truth, the most conscientious of mortals,—a man whose integrity was above impeachment, but whose only child—my mother—had long ceased to be a care; and I am free to confess that I must have been one, and perhaps a fruitful source of worry.

Fred W. F——, my mezzo-tinted Little-

Valley chum, shared my chamber at the E——s' in one of the Randolphs. With wisdom and foresight past our years, we drew lots for the choice of chairs in our apartment and the windows by which the chairs were placed; each had his own side of the table, so that our books and writing materials were never in confusion. We had never had even a moment's disagreement, and yet precaution perched upon our banners when we found ourselves deprived of independence and of privacy for lack of an extra chamber in that house.

Ah, well-a-day or ill-a-day! Within the week poor Fred, overwhelmed with homesickness, rose on a sudden and trudged twelve dusty miles to Little Valley and the parental bosom, and returned no more to the Randolphs. He left me a hasty note of parting, in which he kindly resigned to me the much-coveted rocking-chair which had fallen to his portion—and so farewell, my Frederick!

There is nothing more pitiful in life than pitying one's self. The E—— family had taken me to its kindly heart; each individual E—— was motherly, fatherly or sisterly, as the case might be. I was lonely and could not disguise the fact. In a whole year of schooling at the two Randolphs—I lodged for a term in each of the villages—I formed no friendship that filled the vacancy Fred's premature departure had created.

My schoolfellows did not attract me in the least. There were none of them to whom I cared to write during vacation; although I had quite recently acquainted myself with the pleasures of the postal service, and was tasting to the full the joys of epistolary correspondence. I had even my private box in the post-office, and flew to it at frequent intervals to see if, perchance, an expected letter might not have miraculously arrived, in spite of the fixed hours of the mail delivery. I wrote to almost everybody in those days of adolescence, and almost everybody wrote to me.

They must have been droll letters,—mere fledglings, not fit to fly; and only think of it—they were written on lined note-paper of every impossible tint, and, if you please, gilt-edged. Often I must have written to exploit my stationery—a sheet of lavender or rose or orange or pea-green; gilt-edged of course, and perfumed. It was always redolent—of what, think you? Of winter-green! I know not why redolent of winter-green, unless, forsooth, because I was a child of Nature. I know the winter-green habit was strong upon me, and I went about with a small phial of this extract concealed upon my person.

I pardon myself the enthusiasm of the literary amateur for the good that letter-writing did me then and for the pleasure it has brought me in these later years—and all my life, in fact. As for the breath of winter-green that was wafted hither and yon with my juvenile letter-missives, it evaporated long ago, and only the faint yet fragrant memory of it remains to me.

Of all the documentary messages I sent broadcast at this period one only is preserved to this authentic history. The note was written home, in a dark hour, and told with what spirit it might something of the life that overshadowed me. It lies before me now—a faded half-sheet with a rude cut of the Randolph Academy filling half of the first page. The picture is not inviting. The paths that wind up the hill from East and West Randolph meet at the threshold of that temple of learning. The trees that border these paths are like the trees that grew in the German toy villages of that year of Our Lord, and nowhere else in the world; slim-bodied trees with a compact cone of verdure at the top,—trees whose crisp, curled leaves, rank

with the odor of perennial paint, never fell in their season unless the tree went with them. At least so it all seems to me now, in retrospection, my academic life, where, between the two Randolphs, I fell into the Slough of Despond. Here is the letter:

RANDOLPH, CATT Co., N. Y.
Sunday, Jan. 10, 1858.

DEAR BROTHERS:—I am again seated to write you a few lines. Oh, how I want to see you! The day has been very pleasant—or it would have been had the landscape not been so dreary. We have had some snow, and it would thaw and be worse than I ever saw the mud in San Francisco. The sun came out quite nicely this morning, and I thought it was going to be a pleasant day; but he vanished about two o'clock and I have seen nothing of him since. He usually does so. I must close with much love. Tease father to send for me.

Your affectionate brother,

CHARLIE.

But that does not tell the tale—nor the half of it. I was homesick,—deeply, darkly, desperately homesick. My elder brother, whose health had been bettered by the voyage around Cape Horn, was advised to return home by sea; thus doubling the Cape a second time within six months. His departure was a blow from which I did not soon recover. Perhaps I had heard even then of "the luxury of tears." I had already learned from actual experience that bitter as tears are—and I knew their bitterness as few of my age have known it—they are even a sweet relief when the heart is well-nigh breaking.

I was so oppressed by the sense of isolation that possessed me that it seemed at times as if I must go mad. One thought was uppermost in my mind: night and day it haunted me. How was I ever to get home again? When should I once more find myself in the embraces of those who were dearer to me than life? I could not study; I could not interest myself in anybody or anything. I was made much of; I was pitied and petted and caressed by almost everyone with whom I came in contact. I was a lion-cub, the one travelled boy in that part of the country. I had the only red-top, long-legged boots that had ever been seen there; they were built to my order and would have thrilled the heart of a cow-boy—had cow-boys been invented so early in the history of the nation. And still I was not happy!

Grief drove me to extremes. My case was desperate, and I resolved to take matters into my own hands. What was to be done? That was a dark secret. Without consulting any one, without breathing a syllable of my dire intent—for, Fred W. F—— being no longer with me, I had no confidant,—I gathered together a few bare necessaries of life, including a fresh phial of the extract of winter-green—what was life without winter-green? dust and ashes surely,—and, tying all within the largest handkerchief I had, I set forth on foot to tramp to California. There were no foolish farewells; these would have been spectacular, and I was too much in earnest to care for that sort of thing. I had left a parting line in my chamber, knowing that sooner or later it would be discovered and my flight made known; but I hoped by that time to be coursing the prairies, bound westward, ever westward,—poor little simpleton that I was!

My note to my grandfather very soon came to light; in fact, he arrived unexpectedly upon the scene—just as if the whole thing had been planned by a novelist who holds everybody in the hollow of his hand and does just as he pleases with him. There may have been a touch of the melodramatic in my farewell and my flight; probably there was. I do not hold myself guiltless in this matter, nor in others that were to follow. I am merely telling the story of an emotional lad who was far from home and who would have given his

life for the sake of once more seeing his people.

O Grandfather Wisehead! There was one broad road leading into the Great West, and he knew I must have taken it; for there was none other for me to take. It would have led me to Chautauqua Lake, and the wilds where now the Chautauquans circle and whirl madly in their sphere, but... well, I was mighty glad when he took me into his buggy; no secret-service agency was called upon to track my weary steps. Moreover, I suffered nothing in defeat: my monthly allowance was noticeably increased, and my future "promise-crammed"; while, oh, how good and delightful it seemed to get back again to the dear spot where I had somebody to talk with and where my tears were not shed in vain!

In a day or two I began to "take notice." We were looking forward to the end of the term, when an entertainment of unusual moment was to be offered to the public,—a public which was composed almost exclusively of the parents, guardians, and friends of the pupils; warranted to be of respectable proportions, appreciative and responsive to a degree.

The chief feature of the exercises was to be a play—a melodramatic episode bordering on tragedy, comprising at least one highly effective situation, that rushed to a picturesque climax in a single act. In vain have I tried to recall the title of this masterpiece. It was the Sorrowful Lord Somebody, the Rightful Something; or, "Virtue Rewarded"; that much of it I remember—the "Virtue Rewarded." I remember also that I was chosen to enact the villain, and that I played a despicable part that awakened the wrath of all parties concerned, not to speak of the loathing in the bosom of the indignant spectator and all the moralists crying to just Heaven for vengeance. I must confess that I entered with unwonted enthusiasm into the spirit of my *rôle;* not that I was in sympathy with the sentiments of the tyrant I impersonated—I was a tyrant and a heartless wretch, in play,—but because, as the saying is, I was wedded to my art, and forgot for the time being that virtue is indeed its own reward, and that in the moment of its triumph it invariably "brings down the house."

The rehearsals of our little play were a joy to us all; especially the final dress-rehearsal. We were our own costumers; and, though far from being historically correct—for we were obliged to design as well as furnish our own costumes, and were not in the least decided or unanimous as to the period in which our tragedy took place,—we were all letter-perfect in our parts and quite unbounded in our enthusiasm.

There may be moments more replete with pride than those following the climax of a dramatic *début*, but I doubt it. Clad in a pasteboard coronet of home manufacture, and very splendid in intention whatever it may have been in fact; a tunic—in other words, a night-shirt—trimmed with a wealth of narrow blue ribbon set on in a Greek pattern; with long white stockings, and slippers slashed freely to resemble sandals; and with short sleeves and gilt-paper wristlets and armlets,—I was a sight to behold, and alone worth the price of admission—the entertainment was gratuitous.

My interest and excitement increased as the evening and the hour approached. We were all dressed betimes and awaited with feverish impatience our turn upon the printed programme. How well I remember the heat of the hall as we climbed upon the improvised stage and took our allotted places in the living picture upon which the curtain rose! And, then, the glare that almost blinded

us when the curtain was raised; the tremor that made my limbs quite uncontrollable; the strange sensation as of swimming that possessed me and made everybody and everything seem unreal. I heard my cues given, and I answered them half-consciously, as in a dream. Yet my voice rang out as clear as a clarion and I trumpeted on to the end of the play, conscious now and again of bursts of applause that staggered me, and of coming to myself then, and then only, at intervals; as for the rest of that "hour upon the stage," we strutted and fretted it as bravely as any "poor player," though he had spent his life in buskins.

It was all over before we knew it. I tore my passion to tatters, and, I fear, startled some of the good people who had driven in from the country in honor of the occasion. I raved and ranted and fell headlong upon the footlights, to be lifted up and borne wearily away by the attendants. And then the house "came down" with a deafening crash; and then I bowed and smiled before the curtain, grew dazed and dizzy; and in bowing myself off the stage backward, as I had seen grown-up actors do, I went headlong down the improvised steps—a pyramid of boxes supporting the rostrum—and came suddenly back to the commonplaces of life; having hurled myself, as it were, from a histrionic heaven and alighted with an emphasis that was little short of a dull thud.

(To be continued.)

Mother Mary.

AS when the traveller in the distance sees
The luring haven of cool forest-trees,
He hastens on with strength and courage new,
His weariness forgot in Hope's fair view;
So doth my soul, half fainting in the way,
Find in thy name its comfort and its stay;
And, heart-refreshed with dew of Love's sweet grace,
Life's path is all illumed by thy dear face!

Father Ignatius Spencer.

VII.—His Saintly Character. Last Days.

FATHER IGNATIUS was necessarily absent a great deal from his community while giving missions. But when he was there, nothing gave him more delight than to return to the austerity of the rule, which many find a little severe compared with privileges and comforts to be enjoyed outside. Everyone was always rejoiced to see him. Those who had not before known him were eager to make his acquaintance; many of them wondered that a man with such a reputation for sanctity should be so cheerful, so ordinary in his manner of conducting himself,—so entirely like one of themselves. But, then, an emergency, a circumstance, perhaps a conversation, would reveal the saint; his charity, his humility, his living piety, soon disclosing themselves beneath that exterior of utter unconsciousness of self which never fails to distinguish the true servant of God.

Whenever he arrived at one of the houses of the Order and had a day or two to stay, it was usual for the young religious or novices to go to him for conference. Says his biographer:

"He liked this very much, and would write to higher superiors for permission to turn off to Broadway, for instance, on the way to London, in order to make acquaintance with the young religious. His counsels had often a lasting effect; many who were inclined to leave the life they had chosen remained steadfast after a conference with him. He did not give commonplace solutions to difficult questions: he had some peculiar phrase, some quaint axiom, some droll piece of spirituality, to apply to every little trouble that came before him. He was specially happy in his fund of anecdote, and could tell one, it was believed, on

any subject that came before him. This extraordinary gift of conversational power made the conferences delightful. The novices, when they assembled in recreation and gave their opinions on Father Ignatius—to whom many had spoken for the first time in their lives,—nearly all would conclude: 'If there ever was a saint, he's one!'...

"He was most exact in observing the rules, and childlike in his obedience. He would not transgress even the most trifling regulation. It was usual with him to remark: 'I can not understand persons who say, "Oh, I am all right if I get to purgatory!" We should be generous with Almighty God. I don't intend to go to purgatory; and if I do, I must know what for.'—'But, Father Ignatius,' one of the priests would say, 'we fall into so many imperfections that it seems very presumptuous to expect to escape scot-free.'—'Well,' he would answer, 'nothing can send us to purgatory but a wilful venial sin, and may the Lord preserve us from such a thing as that! A religious ought to die rather than incur the guilt of the least venial fault.'

"While laboring under a complication of sufferings, he never abated one jot of his round of duties, though urged to do so by his subjects. He was superior, and exercised his privilege by doing more than any other instead of sparing himself. The only thing that pained him was a kind of holy envy. He used to say to his young priests: 'Oh, how well it is for you that you are young and buoyant! I am now stiff and old, and have only a short time to labor for Almighty God; still, I hope to be able to work to the last.' This was his ordinary discourse the very year he died, and the young Fathers were not a little impressed by the coincidence between his wishes and their completion.

"He seemed indifferent to cold: he would sit in his cell the coldest day and write till his fingers became numbed; then he would warm them by rubbing his hands together rather than allow himself the luxury of a fire. He went to give a retreat in midwinter, and the room he had to lodge in was so exposed that the snow came in under the door. Here he slept, without bed or fire, on the first night of his stay. It was the thoughtlessness of his entertainers that left him in these cold quarters. In the morning some one remarked that very probably Father Ignatius slept in the dreary apartment alluded to. A person ran down to see, and there was the old saint amusing himself by gathering up the snow that came into his room and making little balls of it for a kitten to run after. The kitten and himself, it would seem, had become friends by sleeping together on his rug the night before.

"The secret by which Father Ignatius arrived at his perfect way of receiving trials and crosses was his *thanking God for everything*. When some one objected that we should not thank God for a trial when we did not feel grateful, he would say: 'Never mind. You take a hammer to break a big stone; the first stroke has no effect; the second, seemingly no effect; and the third, and so on; but about the twentieth or the hundredth the stone is broken. And no one stroke was heavier than the other. In the same way, begin to thank God, no matter about the feeling, and you will soon break the hardest difficulties.'

"The kindly spirit Father Ignatius ever showed toward Protestants laid him open to the charge of a want of appreciation of the blessings of faith or of not hating heresy as the saints have hated it. Although his whole life and actions simply refuted either conclusion, some of the incidents of this period of his life bring out his conduct in this

respect in its real character. He tried to extend the benefit or plea of invincible ignorance as far as possible. He labored and reasoned, with a warmth unusual to him, to remove the notion some Catholics have that the majority of Protestants know they are wrong but from some unworthy motive will not give up their errors.... Father Spencer's idea of England's apostasy was mainly this: that the body of the people had been swindled out of their holy religion by the machinations of a few crafty, unprincipled statesmen at the time of the so-called Reformation. A system of misrepresentation and false coloring of all Catholic doctrines and practices was invented and handed down from generation to generation. The minds of children were impregnated with the notion that Catholicity and absurdity were one and the same thing. From this point of view did he look at the millions who groped in the darkness of error.

"The twofold aspect of his bearing toward Protestants certainly proceeded alike from charity and zeal. It was a common remark with him that we ought not to suppose people bad and evil-disposed unless we are certain of it; neither should we hurt their feelings by opprobrious epithets. And if we intend to do them any good, we should be the more cautious still as to our thoughts and words. He used to sigh when he had done speaking of the state of religion in England; but he would quickly start up as if from a reverie and say: 'Shall we not do something to save my poor countrymen?' So far was he from sympathizing with the mildest form of error that even in scholastic questions he would always take the safer side. In his love for the heretic, therefore, no one could ever find the least sympathy with the heresy; or if he called the error a polite name, it was only to gain admission to the heart it was corroding in order to be allowed to pluck it out.

"His deep love would make him try to eliminate from those who had died external to the Church all the formal heresy he possibly could; and he felt special delight in the fact that the Catholic Church forbids us to judge the damnation of any particular individual as certain. But, then, let us think for a moment of what he did to uproot heresy. He spoke, he wrote, he preached, he toiled incessantly for thirty years for this single object. Any one that weighs this well will be far from judging that he had the least sympathy with error. Thus his kindliness for Protestants, and his belief that the vast majority of them were in good faith, so far from making him sit down at ease and enjoy his own faith, and not bestir himself unless Protestants thrust themselves upon him to claim admission into the fold, produced directly the opposite effect. Their not being so bad as was generally imagined buoyed up his hope in their speedy recovery; their being so near the truth as he charitably supposed made him strain every nerve to compel them to come across the barrier that separated them from him."

At the same time he placed but little weight upon human learning as a factor in the work of conversion, and put all his hope and strength in fervent petitions for divine grace. About his own attainments he was very modest; yet he was a Cambridge first-class man, could speak French and Italian perfectly, and was able to converse well in German. His father's house was famous for its literary coteries, and his youth was passed amid the congenial society of the best classical authors, living and dead. His meekness was wonderful, his patience no less so. His love for poverty was intense, and he knew not

the meaning of the word human respect.

When he travelled by train he always took a third-class ticket. One time he went to preach in a neighboring town, and was invited to stop with the lord of the manor, a Catholic, who came to meet him in a splendid carriage with liveried servants. The gentleman waited for Father Ignatius on the platform, scanning the first-class carriages, and never looking toward the second. To his surprise, he saw his guest issuing from a third-class carriage. "My dear Father Ignatius," he exclaimed, almost indignantly, "why do *you* travel third class?"—"Because there is no fourth class," was the quiet reply. Instead of travelling with a respectable bag or satchel, he would have one, sometimes two, made of thick, clumsy material, tied in knots at either end. These he slung over his shoulder, trudging along like a mendicant.

He thought nothing of asking for a meal on the road. It was rarely refused him; when it was, he accepted the mortification as another would the most generous hospitality. He usually washed and mended his own clothes, and would wear a cloak faded and worn until it was taken from him by force. Yet he was scrupulously clean in his person, and always preserved a most gentlemanly appearance.

He had a wonderful devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and this from the first,—a devotion which some converts find it difficult in the beginning to attain. Not so with Father Ignatius. When he was especially anxious for a work to succeed he beseeched his loving Mother with "Hail Marys." When asked to pray for any one he invariably promised a "Hail Mary." He went to Mary with all the sublime confidence of a child, whose Divine Son, his God and Lord, was also his elder Brother.

To see him celebrate Mass was to be edified beyond measure. He never missed celebrating, if possible; often arriving from one of his journeys at eleven o'clock, without having had anything to eat since the night before, and going at once to the chapel to offer up the Divine Sacrifice.

Unlike most of his countrymen, Father Ignatius had a quick, keen sense of humor, being always the first to see the point of a quip or joke and the heartiest to enjoy it. His priests would gather about him during recreation, delighted to have the opportunity of listening to him; whether he recounted scenes and adventures through which he had just passed, or the travels of his youth and maturer age, made under such different auspices,—all flavored by a wit fascinating and sparkling, yet sweet, pure and delicate always.

He was deeply attached to his family, and it was not the least of his trials that his favorite brother, Frederick, afterward Lord Spencer, treated him with severity,—the only one of his relatives who did so. A short time before his death, however, his brother relented and invited him to spend a few days at the family seat. Father Spencer was in Ireland when the invitation came. He accepted it with alacrity, well pleased at the prospect of being received at home once more. But almost immediately afterward came the news of his brother's death. They were not to meet again on earth.

His nephew, the successor of Lord Frederick, treated him with greater kindness, restoring after his father's death some funds that had been diverted from his use; and inviting him to pay Althorp a visit, without laying any restrictions as to dress, length of stay, or association with the poor outside the gates, as his predecessor had done. Father Ignatius went merely, as he thought, to pay a visit to his relative;

but found on his arrival that many old friends had been invited to meet him. This visit he loved to recall to mind.

When the other guests went off to dress for dinner, it is said that he told Lady Spencer that he supposed *his* full dress would be out of place at the table. She replied that it would not, and that all would be most happy to see a specimen of the fashions he had learned since his days of whist and repartee in the same hall. The Volunteer Corps were to be entertained that day by Lord Spencer; and when at the appointed time good Father Ignatius appeared in full Passionist costume, the Earl seemed very proud of his uncle, made him sit at his right hand, and in the course of the evening insisted that he should make a speech. Without the slightest hesitation or embarrassment, the intrepid soldier of Christ stood up in his full regimentals and made a most patriotic speech, for which he was greeted with cheer after cheer.

On resuming his "little missions" in September, 1864, his health seemed to be good, though he often complained of weariness, both of body and spirit. He went to Scotland, gave some missions there, and made arrangements to pay a short visit to his friend, Mr. Monteith, a convert, whose godfather he was. He arrived at Carstairs Junction at 10.35 in the morning; came out of the train and left his luggage in charge of the station-master. He then went toward Carstairs House, the residence of Mr. Monteith. He was advancing toward the grand entrance, when he turned off on a bypath. Perceiving that he had lost his way, he asked a child whom he met to direct him. He never spoke to mortal again. He had often expressed a wish to die in harness, so that he might be useful to the end of his days, and that he need be troublesome to none in his last hours. The death of St. Francis Xavier had always seemed to him inexpressibly beautiful. Alone and unaided the Apostle of the Indies had given up his pure soul to God. Alone and unaided also, though in somewhat different fashion, the humble Passionist was destined to return to his Maker.

About eleven o'clock that morning Mr. Monteith and a friend, Mr. Edward Waterton, on their way out to shoot, were met by a man running to the house with the startling information that a priest lay dead in the avenue. Hastening to the spot, they discovered that the dead priest was no other than the godfather of Mr. Monteith, his trusted friend and counsellor, Father Ignatius of St. Paul. On a little corner of the avenue, just within sight of the house, a hundred paces from the doorway, he had fallen suddenly and yielded up his spirit into the hands of his Creator. On the spot where he fell Mr. Monteith, in loving and pious remembrance, caused a cross to be raised bearing the following inscription: "On this spot the Honorable and Reverend George Spencer, Father Ignatius of St. Paul, Passionist, while in the midst of his labors for the salvation of souls and the restoration of his countrymen to the unity of the faith, was suddenly called by his heavenly Master to his eternal home, October 1, 1864."

Kind reader, of your charity, before laying aside this history of an apostle of our own day, recite in his memory, with all the fervor he would have urged, one "Hail Mary" for the conversion of England.

(The End.)

Ah, those thrilling hours when the young disciple, having for the first time confessed openly his love of the Divine, feels that the Divine returns his love and accepts his service!

—*James Lane Allen.*

A Chat with "The Churchman" Concerning the Church.

How gladly would we co-operate with the Roman Church in the spirit of Bishop Spalding, who says: "The old controversy between Catholics and Protestants has to a large extent lost its meaning. Problems of more radical import have forced themselves on our attention. We have all busied ourselves too long with disputations about the meaning of texts, while we have drifted away from the all-tender and all-loving heart of Christ."

THIS paragraph is from an editorial in *The Churchman* dealing with Bishop Spalding's Roman discourse on "Education and the Future of Religion." It is a very noteworthy declaration. We shall try to answer it, and hope to do so without giving offence to our Protestant brethren of any class. Nor do we take offence at other words of our contemporary, which is an organ of the Protestant Episcopal denomination.

Why should you not co-operate with Bishop Spalding, brother? Why should you not begin at once and induce as many as possible to follow your example? His spirit, we assure you, is that of innumerable other Catholics. It would be turning over a new leaf, of course; but why hesitate? The leaf should have been turned long ago. This phrase implies fault; but, truth to tell, most of the Protestant clergy deserve the rebuke administered to them a few years ago by one of their own number. The Rev. Washington Gladden, D. D., of Columbus, Ohio, in an article contributed to the *Century Magazine* accuses the great majority of his *confrères* of holding what to us is a monstrous opinion—namely, that as Catholics we are a dangerous class, to whom any kind of opposition is to be welcomed. "The extermination or repression of the Roman Catholic Church seems to these pious men a desirable end, and they are therefore inclined to argue that any means to that end are justifiable." No doubt there are many Protestant clergymen who do not share this animosity toward Catholics, and a few who even defend the Church when they know her to be misrepresented; but these are exceptions, as everybody is aware. The great majority are men of intense prejudice. Their ignorance of Catholic teaching in an age of books is hard to explain, and their hatred of the Church is equally hard to excuse.

A learned Protestant minister, well known as a writer, a man of most estimable character, says in a letter which lies before us: "I hope to do something to lessen the justice of Ruskin's remark that Protestant writers are in general both prejudiced and ignorant, and that Catholics are in general both well-informed and fair." According to this eminent minister, "the usual assumption of Protestants is that Roman Catholicism is a mere mass of error and superstition, with occasional flushes of Christianity; and therefore does not repay prolonged and impartial investigation. The necessary consequence of this is that Catholic doctrine and history and historical characters are given by Protestants, not as they are, but as they ought to be on such an assumption. It follows that an examination of current Protestant accounts necessarily takes the form of an almost continuous refutation of them."

Here we have light on the attitude of non-Catholics toward the Church, and it is welcome. It explains much and it extenuates many things. We have no desire to palliate the offence of Catholics who say bitter things about their Protestant brethren, or writers who defend their religion in a spirit which is foreign to it; still, if we are sometimes ungentle and impatient with opponents who assume that the Church is "a mass of error and superstition,

with occasional flushes of Christianity," surely our fault should be condoned. Our opponents do not realize what the Church is to every faithful member of it—the most sacred thing in the world, whose advantage is of the very highest importance in our eyes, and whose honor is more precious than our lives.

To *The Churchman* the Catholic Church is probably an aggregation of individuals professing to be Christians, calling themselves Catholics, and acknowledging the Pope as their head. Inadequate as this definition is, non-Catholics know no other. It is helpful for our purpose. If such be the Church, then for the sake of argument we might admit all the accusations ever made against it,—anything and everything save that the head of the Church ever led his followers into error concerning the faith that is in Christ. Wicked popes, hireling bishops, profligate priests; tyranny, lust, superstition, false teaching, and what not,—what matters it how many or how much?

But the Church is more than a body of Christian believers: it is an institution founded by Christ for communicating His Gospel to the world. To it He left His authority to govern mankind; to its keeping He entrusted the truths that He taught; and He made it the dispenser of all those means of salvation destined for the world. The Church is the empire of Christ, His spirit abiding with it. In this sense it is absolutely perfect, and to assert that it ever erred or ever needed reform is blasphemy. The vast majority of non-Catholics may not be disposed at present to believe it, but we must never cease to assure them that there goes with the human deformities on which their eyes seem to be always fixed a higher and more religious spirit than they dream.

The Catholic point of view—so little appreciated, alas! by outsiders—is this: the Church is an institution founded by Christ to spread the glad tidings of redemption; its one object to bring forward the elect to salvation and to make them as many as it can; its claims on the love and loyalty of all mankind being identical with those of Christ Himself. The Church may be conceived to be something different; but this, precisely this, is what it is.

It is indeed true that the old controversy between Catholics and Protestants has lost much of its force in view of the more fundamental controversies of the present. A mighty influence is carrying the generation to which we belong far away from the landmarks of its predecessors. To our mind this drifting is a happy sign. Whatever the surface may seem to be, there is a mighty undercurrent of truth which, sooner or later, will draw all things to itself. This illustrates the importance of Christian reunion, which men like the editor of *The Churchman* can do so much to promote. Sad to say, we busy ourselves with matters incomparably less important even than disputed texts—with questions which may never be settled; and if they were settled could only satisfy our curiosity or our vanity.

Yes, we have drifted away, as Bishop Spalding says, from the all-tender and all-loving heart of Christ. It is well to remember, however, that no matter how near we may approach to it, our love must take the form of obedience. This is the supreme test: "If you love Me, keep My commandments." And one of them, as plain as any other, is this, "Hear the Church." It speaks to us in authoritative accents and answers unhesitatingly every question of the soul. No delusion could possibly be greater, general as it is, than to suppose that the present head of the Church or any of his successors will ever give up

what is now declared to be integral parts of its creed, or ever abate one jot of its claim to be the sole repository of divine truth, or ever cease to assert its demands on the love and obedience of all men.

Submission to the successor of St. Peter, who was divinely appointed to confirm the faith of his brethren, is a *sine quâ non* of Christian reunion. This stern truth was realized by intelligent Protestants as far back as 1640, when the British House of Commons sent a message to the Lords on "the increase of Popery." The speaker of the House, recognizing the unchanging character of Catholic truth, deprecated any effort to promote reunion with Rome. "For," said he, "the Pope being fastened to his errors even by his chair of inerrability, he still sits unmoved; and so we can not meet unless we come wholly to him. A man standing in a boat tied to a rock, when he draws the rope doth not draw the rock to the boat, but the boat to the rock." It is for our separated and much-divided brethren to fasten their ropes to the rock and pull.

All who seriously contemplate the Catholic Church must feel the truth of these words of Harry Thurston Peck: "In our day, when doctors of divinity devote their energies to nibbling away the foundations of historic faith, and when the sharpest weapons of agnosticism are forged on theological anvils, there is something reassuring in the contemplation of the one great Church that does not change from age to age, that stands unshaken on the rock of its convictions, and that speaks to the wavering and troubled soul in the serene and lofty accents of divine authority."

With all the stress laid on its dogmatic teachings, as another Protestant writer admits, the Church has the justice that comes of sympathy for persons that do not receive those teachings. There is condemnation for only error and sin. "She condemns no goodness; she condemns even no earnest worship, though it be outside her pale. The holy and humble of heart who do not know her, or who in good faith reject her, she commits with confidence to the uncovenanted mercies of God; and these she knows are infinite."

The Meaning of the Word Liberty.

MR. RUSKIN was of the opinion that what is called liberty is often the worst sort of slavery, and that obedience is one of the most beautiful things in the world. To be obedient, he says, was one of the first lessons he ever learned; and he tells us about it in these characteristic words:

"One evening, when I was yet in my nurse's arms, I wanted to touch the tea-urn, which was boiling merrily. It was an early taste for bronzes, I suppose; but I was resolute about it. My mother bade me keep my fingers back; I insisted on putting them forward. My nurse would have taken me away from the urn, but my mother said: 'Let him touch it, nurse.' So I touched it, and that was my first lesson in the meaning of the word liberty. It was the first piece of liberty I got, and the last which for some time I asked."

Dust unto dust,
To this all must;
The tenant hath resigned
The faded form
To waste and worm—
Corruption claims her kind.

In that sad place,
By Mary's grace,
Brief may thy dwelling be,
Till prayers and alms
And holy psalms
Shall set the captive free!

—*Funeral Hymn, "Ivanhoe."*

Notes and Remarks.

What a horrible thing is war, and how unchristian! The Church has always discouraged it, even when undertaken in the defence of public right. There have been times when she herself was forced to invoke the aid of armies; but it was always with reluctance, and her ministers did all in their power to mitigate the horrors of battle. International military law indeed owes its origin to ecclesiastics, and was founded on the broad principles of Catholic theology. In the Ages of Faith soldiers returning from even the most righteous wars were not allowed to approach the altar until they had performed acts of penance and purification. The military calling was not regarded as sinful; but, in order to promote that peace which Christ came to establish, it was discouraged in every way. No warlike weapons were ever permitted within the sacred walls of churches, and the lowest clerics were prohibited from bearing arms.

The world has drifted away from the Gospel, hence there are wars and rumors of wars; and, in spite of our boasted civilization, there are violations of the military code on the part of so-called Christian nations so outrageous that even pagans like Li Hung Chang have protested against them. That these protests are well founded the private letters from German soldiers in China are proof. One writer tells of sixteen prisoners being tied together by their queues and driven to Pekin by troops. They were flogged until the blood flowed from their bodies. Afterward eight were compelled to dig graves for themselves, after which they were shot. Another soldier says: "What is going on here during the war is impossible for me to describe; for such murdering and slaughtering is awful. The reason is that the Chinese are outside of international law, so no prisoners are taken. All are shot, or, to save cartridges, stabbed. Sunday we had to stab seventy-four prisoners with the bayonet. They had shot one of our patrols, whereupon the whole battalion was called out to pursue them, and seventy-four were captured. It was cruel, and can not be described as it really happened. I hope it will not go on much longer, otherwise one will forget whether one was ever a human being."

The death of Max Müller deprives Oxford of the last of the great Voices which Matthew Arnold celebrated in his stately and urbane prose. A student of dead languages and dead religions, his researches nevertheless permitted him to probe some very living questions to the quick. He was no ultra-evolutionist, and he once said that the history of language interposed an insuperable barrier between the lowest man and the most highly developed specimen of the brute creation. Darwin, he added, had reduced the world of organic matter to four distinct beginnings and one Creator. "It was left to his followers to carry out his principles, as they thought, by eliminating the Creator and reducing the four beginnings to one. If you think this all rests on ascertained facts, I have nothing to say except to express my surprise that some men of great learning and undoubted honesty are not so positive as to the facts as you are."

Now that the heat of the campaign has subsided, we may remark that the conduct of certain Catholic journals in some respects was very peculiar, to say the least. In more than one of them a flaming advertisement advocating the election of Mr. McKinley, and paid for

at special rates, stood cheek by jowl with indignant editorials accusing the President of unfairness to Catholics, etc., etc. Every honest and intelligent reader of such papers must have been astounded at the evident insincerity of so absurd a course. Think of a Catholic paper asserting editorially that abstract justice, the interests of the Church, the self-respect of Catholics, demanded the defeat of Mr. McKinley, and then appealing through its advertising columns for votes in his favor. Mr. McKinley is noble enough and honest enough, we hope, to have a hearty contempt for such double-dealing, the perpetrators of which are among the most despicable boodlers begotten of the campaign. We are tempted to say more on this subject, but we restrain ourselves, as we often do in such cases.

A correspondent of the New York *Sun*, taking occasion of a horrible crime recently committed in New Jersey, calls attention to a great and growing evil in this country—namely, the freedom from restraint nowadays accorded to young girls of all conditions of life and the indifference of mothers as to their daughters' habits and associations. The evil is declared to be general, no circle of society being excluded. The subject is so important that we quote a considerable portion of the communication:

That a girl should be modest and womanly seems, alas! to be a conception of the past. If she so minds, she talks loud slang, rides bicycles till all hours of the night with comparatively strange men; her mamma meanwhile blissfully slumbering without thought or anxiety, on the theory that her daughter is "able to care for herself," though actually the girl is provided by nature with father and husband especially to defend her helplessness. She may pursue the men without rebuke, even to calling on them in their homes, drink cocktails with them, and smoke cigarettes in public places in their company. It was said that the most unfortunate girl at Paterson was not vicious; yet she drank with every man, even those she met casually on the street, with a freedom of action hitherto accorded only to men! So far is this perilous liberty carried that a careful mother who would wish to give her daughter pure and womanly from the shelter of her arms to those of a husband who shall all her life deeply respect and revere her very tenderness and helplessness, has much, in truth, to contend with from the ridicule of neighbors, as I know by sad experience, who not only ridicule her "puritanical" ideas but oppose them openly.

It has seemed to me, too, as if in this regard the pulpit has much blame to shoulder. All manner of sermons are preached, but never one, to my knowledge, to mothers on the greatness of their responsibility as to their daughters' futures. It would seem, indeed, to be an unopened page of their note-book and quite distant from their thoughts; though unguided, foolish, thoughtless girls are running gaily along into that awful abyss into which we have so shudderingly gazed within these past few days.

The director of the twelfth national census announces that the total population of the United States is 76,295,220. These figures represent a growth of 13,225,464, or 21 per cent, since the census of 1890. The gain during the preceding decade, from 1880 to 1890, had been almost twelve and a half millions, or 24.8 per cent. It is noteworthy that the Territory of New Mexico, in which Catholics outnumber other citizens, has a larger population than at least three of the States that have been admitted to the Union. One of the results of the census ought to be the bestowal of statehood on that slighted but deserving Territory.

The conversion of Dr. Krogh Tonning, the distinguished Protestant theologian of Norway, has been announced far and wide; but the sympathy and practical kindness which he received from his former coreligionists is not so generally appreciated as it deserves to be. Some of the lesser journals having referred in disparaging terms to the Doctor's change of faith, the leading newspapers of Christiania read them a vigorous lesson in tolerance; and the Storthing (the Norwegian Parliament), hearing that Dr. Tonning had resigned his living

for conscience' sake, and respecting his learning and virtue, voted him a pension from the civil list.

The above most gratifying facts are reported by Mr. Wilfrid C. Robinson, who seems rather surprised at seeing the progress of the Church in Norway and the tolerance of the Lutheran population, though these facts have often been noted in our columns. The worthy Vicar-Apostolic, Mgr. Fallize, tells an agreeable story of a Lutheran dean who offered his church hall to a priest for a Catholic lecture, but on one condition. "You must not lecture on points on which we are agreed," he said; "but on those on which we differ." The priest readily yielded, as may be supposed; and it is said that never was a more Catholic lecture delivered before a more Lutheran audience.

Our prediction that a great revival of faith and religious fervor would result from the Australasian Catholic Congress is fulfilled. Its success has been so much greater than was expected—interest and enthusiasm were so intense and so general—that it is now proposed to hold a similar congress every three years. The formation of a Catholic Truth Society, a fresh impulse to religious education, measures to support the Catholic press, to promote societies for young men, etc.,—these are among the many happy results of the Congress, which it is not too much to say signalizes the beginning of a great religious movement in the Southern Continent. His Eminence Cardinal Moran and the bishops of Australasia, who labored so hard to make the Congress a success, are to be congratulated.

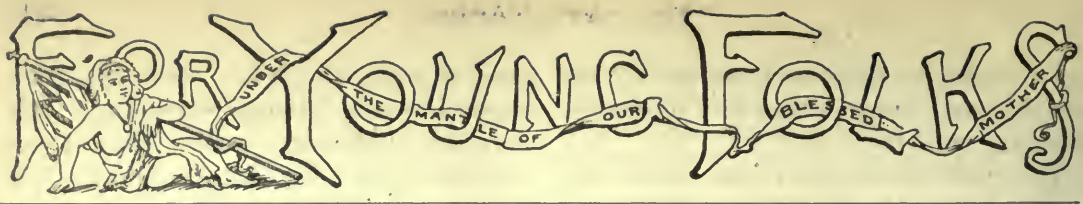
The unique personality of the late Marquis of Bute has inspired many interesting paragraphs in the magazines. The *Academy* says of him: "Lord Bute was a very shy man. He combined hesitation and a huge physique. 'Oh!' was an exuberance with him. Twice repeated, and he felt he had been talkative." What Daniel O'Connell felt for Rome, Bute felt for the Holy Land. One knows this from an incident that occurred at his funeral:

> On arrival at the family chapel (an unpretentious little building which stands on the very edge of the sea, having been built for Presbyterian worship by the late Marquis' mother), the coffin was laid on a bier and covered with a pall of black and gold. The young Earl of Dumfries placed on his father's coffin a small box containing his father's heart, which, by Lord Bute's express desire, is to be taken to the Holy Land and interred on the summit of the Mount of Olives.

The charitable bequests of the deceased nobleman amounted to a quarter of a million of dollars. All through life he is said to have been a true friend of the deserving poor, and of late years he was a generous benefactor of public institutions whose needs appealed to him.

Since the Holy Father issued his pronouncement declaring the invalidity of Anglican Orders, as many as twenty-four clergymen of the Establishment, all of them rectors or vicars or curates or chaplains in good standing, have been received into the Church. It was persistently asserted at the time that the effect of the Pope's decision would be to stem the Romeward current in the Anglican denomination, and to kill off Ritualism; in neither case has the prediction been fulfilled.

The ring and crosier used by Saint Thomas à Becket, the martyred Archbishop of Canterbury, are said to be in Cardinal Vaughan's possession. The chasuble of the saint is preserved at Sens, France; and will probably be sent to England to be used, with the ring and crosier, on occasion of the opening of the magnificent new cathedral at Westminster.



The Hero of the Mine.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

IN the heart of the Lehigh Valley, that picturesque region so aptly named the Switzerland of America, lies the mining town of Mauch Chunk. A paradise, the locality is often called; and indeed during the summer season a more beautiful panorama could scarce be imagined than the green slopes of the great hills, the little glens between them, and the deep cañon through which flows the silver river in a succession of foaming cascades and rapids. Ah, yes! a paradise above ground, when the sun shines; but beneath more like the inferno; for the gap in the mountains is the door of Nature's apparently inexhaustible treasure-house—the coal fields of the Lehigh.

Fair as was the scene outspread before him, the boy Pete might as well have been in the depths of the mine, for all the notice he took of the beauty of his surroundings one morning as he hurried toward the entrance to the coal drift. All who work in the mines become speedily almost as black as the ace of spades; so that on Sundays when they emerge from the grime they seem to belong to a different race than on week-days. Pete's black was of the kind that does not wash off, however: he was a little Negro of so dusky a hue that it would have been a difficult matter to discern him in the dark tunnel of the vein were it not for the tiny flickering lamp he wore in his hat when at work, as a soldier-hero might wear a feather or a cockade. For Pete was destined to be a hero ere night and to show courage worthy of a soldier; although this morning nothing was further from his thoughts as, barefooted, he hurried along the way. In spite of his haste, occasionally he stopped, swayed to and fro with silent laughter, then broke into a wild whoop and ran on as before.

It was while he was thus giving expression to his glee that Tom and Dan Winchell, the sons of the head pitman, met him at a turn in the road.

"Ki, hi, Pete! Are you practising a circus act?" cried Tom.

"Perhaps the spooks got hold of him last night and bewitched him," said Dan.

Pete cut short his contortions, and at the word "spooks" stood staring at his interrogators with wide-open eyes that rolled about in droll fashion.

"Yes, it is speerits," Pete answered, unexpectedly. "Only they done ain't come to me, but to Uncl' Mose, kase he clean forgot to give Lazybones any dinner yisterday."

"Uncle Mose?" repeated Tom, who had no liking for the surly old darky hostler. "What's the joke, Pete?"

"Tell us," chimed in Dan, sure that Pete had got even with Mose; for Lazybones the mule, albeit far from handsome, was the especial pride of the young driver of the mine car.

Pete glanced up the road, then around the curve; and, no one else being in sight, he concluded that he had five minutes to spare.

"It wus lak' this," he began, with a chuckle. "Uncl' Mose is always makin' scuse for his good-for-nothin'ness by purtendin' he done got a misery in his chest or a rheumatiz or somethin'. Well, last night, as I was a-passin' his cabin, I

heerd him a-goin' on to hisself. 'Pore ole Mose is most gone!' he says, a-groanin' lak' the 'bomination o' desolation what mammy tells about. 'Ole Mose done want to lib any longer. Swing low, bright chariot, and take this chile to the skies.' At that I could stand it no more. I done raised my fist and give a great rap on the door. 'Who is out thar?' called Mose, in a style a heap more robustious than he'd used for a long time; kase he was a-scared and thought it was robbers, and folks say he has money stowed away in the cracks o' his ramshackle cabin. 'Who's thar?' he shouted again.—'It's the heabenly chariot come for ole Mose, 'cordin' to request,' says I, in a deep, 'spulchral tone. Now, Mose is a great fellow for speerits, and this time he thought they were after him sure. In a jiffy he had blown out his light; then he called through the door in a voice that shook lak' as if it had the ague: 'Scuse me, Mister Chariot-driver: you've clean mistook the place. Thar ain't no sich Nigger a-livin' around hyar.'"

At the conclusion of his story the mischievous lad turned a handspring and bounded away, leaving the other boys convulsed with laughter.

Tom and Dan were on their way to school. John Winchell was resolved that his sons should have a better career than a future in the mine.

"Let us cross lots," suggested Dan, who was ever impatient to seek out new paths for himself. Tom followed willingly. Their way lay through a fallow field and near to the mouth of an abandoned coal-pit.

"Jiminy crickets, we would better have kept to the road!" said Tom ere long.

The recent rains had turned the field into a slough; the smaller excavations made by the miners were so many inky ponds, and the unused pit was a fathomless, murky lake.

Presently they saw approaching from the opposite direction a figure, who came steadily on with less concern than if a rich carpet had been outspread before her. It was Mammy Debby, the mother of Pete, who had also chosen the shorter road through the open tract. Her red and yellow turban and the hoops of gold in her ears gave her the appearance of an African sibyl; but she was only a simple woman on her way to the village to sell some of her delectable cakes, her cookery being renowned in the locality.

"It is hard travelling this morning, Mammy Debby," called Tom, pleasantly.

"Yes indeedy. I reckon it would ha' been a heap less like a-temptin' Providence to ha' gone round by the road," returned Pete's mother, cheerily.

The boys and Mammy Debby were on excellent terms; many a delicious little cake had she given them out of her basket.

"We met Pete a while ago," said Dan.

Mammy Debby raised her hands in deprecation, albeit her eyes twinkled.

"Then I p'sume he done told you the prank he done played on ole Mose," she answered, with a sigh. "Thar never was sich a chile for jokes as that Pete. Seems lak' he must be merry, to make up for the lonesomeness of his days in the mine. But he's a good boy, is Pete, and kind to his mammy. He is always a-sayin': 'Mammy, I done lak' that you work so hard. By'm by I's a-goin' to earn 'nough to keep us both, and then you'll jest have to be colored lady and do nothin'.' Oh, thar's grit in Pete! And some day it'll come out, I prognost'cate. But land sakes! I must not keep you boys here a-listenin' to me: you'll be late for your lessons."

With a friendly nod she proceeded on her way, and Tom and Dan hurried to the schoolhouse.

Meantime Pete had begun his daily toil in the depths of the earth. His

work was to drive a tram car through the damp tunnels of the mine; and, apart from his thoughtfulness for his mother, all the interests of his life were wrapped up in a pride in his wretched mule, and the strange telegraphic companionship with the miners which he felt he enjoyed, because along his lonely route he yet was often within sound of the cheering click of their picks.

The hours wore away slowly, as on every other dark, chilling day in the mine. It was well on in the afternoon. Pete was urging Lazybones toward the upper gallery on the steep grade of the tunnel. The car was heavily laden, and the knowing old mule pulled sparingly and sullenly; nor could all the boy's inimitable attempts at cajolery induce the obstinate beast to greater exertion.

"Steady now, my Dandy,—you can do it!" he cried at intervals. "Thar! you're a handsome fellow. I'd ruther have you than the finest racer,—'deed I would! Come on,—at it again! Keep on a-pulling."

Away down below John Winchell and a gang of miners were at work in the narrow part of the grade; and in answer to their tapping Pete frequently whistled a gay tune, hoping that its echoes might reach them. Thus he lightened the solitude of the labyrinth of passages that he must traverse, with no one to bear him company but the dumb animal, his fellow-laborer. Of a sudden, however, his piping note was cut short by a far-off, rumbling sound from above, like distant thunder that warns of an approaching storm even though the sky overhead may be still bright with sunshine.

"By jiminy!" exclaimed the young driver, with a start that caused the stray gleams of light reflected from the small lamp in his cap to leap away as if in terror along the walls ahead of him,—"by jiminy, it is one of those loaded tram cars up above that has slipped its brake and is comin' down the grade like a lightnin' express! If it keeps on, those men widenin' the tunnel below there will never know what hit 'em. They'll be landed in kingdom come afore they've had a minute to make ready for the journey; and—"

Pete did not wait to finish his soliloquy. Raising his whip, he brought the lash down upon the rough coat of Lazybones with a sharp sting. The mule kicked wildly ("for all, like a circus horse," the boy said afterward), and, in a rage at such unusual treatment, sprang forward, as if with some vain notion of getting away from a driver who had so inexplicably turned cruel. Notwithstanding his fright, Pete smiled grimly to himself. There was a switch a short distance farther up the tram track, and a siding ran off from it.

"Good Lawd, help me to get thar afore that runaway car done reach the spot, so as I can save those men down below!" he ejaculated. "If I can throw the switch and send that car plum into the siding, it'll be all right," he went on; for the boy had a habit of talking to himself.

Every instant the rumbling grew louder. The heart of the little Negro boy beat like a trip-hammer. Alas! the switch was farther away than he thought. Was he not too late? Now he saw the runaway tram coming—a great, dim mass rolling down through the tunnel, to crush all in its path by its relentless weight.

Oddly enough, at the same moment there arose before the eyes of his mind another vision. Like a contrasting picture to this horrible darkness of approaching destruction, he saw the valley of the Lehigh, exquisitely lovely in the spring sunshine; the encircling mountain peaks; the quiet little town nestling in its deep cradle. He saw the

poor cabin that was his home, and the face of Mammy Debby, black but beautiful with the light of mother-love that shone forth upon him. Would he ever again enter in at that cabin door to meet his mother and hear her pleasant words of welcome? Yes, he might, if he would seek only to gain the siding and save himself. But the men?—he could not escape and leave the men below to perish.

Again he lashed old Lazybones. Alas! the obstinacy of the mule was now thoroughly aroused. Heedless of the danger or else paralyzed by fear, he balked and refused to move an inch.

"Stay, then, you zany!" cried Pete, as he jumped off the car and ran forward.

Faint and panting for breath, the boy reached the switch. Many a one in a like situation would have felt that now it was verily too late to do anything but look out for his own safety. Still the little black boy thought first of the men; he must save them, not only for their own sakes but for the sake of their wives and children. Yet vainly he struggled to throw the switch; it was stiff and did not move. Nearer rolled the terrible car, every second gathering velocity from its weight.

"Sweet Mother of the Lawd, pray Him to help me to do it!" he cried.

The runaway car was almost upon him. Bracing himself to a last effort of strength, he once more tugged at the switch. Thank God, it yielded—it turned! The next moment there was a crash; a great sun seemed to bob up and down before him, and he knew nothing more.

When the boy recovered consciousness he was lying upon the ground at the mouth of the mine, surrounded by a throng of pitmen, miners' wives, and wondering miners' children.

"Wha—whatever is the trouble thar? Whose hurtéd?" he cried, as he raised his head and looked about confusedly. "Whose hurtéd?" he said again, as he recognized Dan and Tom, and presently realized that he had been resting against the knees of his own mother.

"Oh, ma honey, if *you* ain't hurtéd bad, then thar ain't no trouble, thank the Lawd!" sobbed Mammy Debby, while a smile of hope chased away the tears that had stolen down her cheeks.

"Hurrah! Pete's all right!" shouted Dan, as he tossed his cap in the air.

Dr. Crayton had been working over the young miner ever since he was brought up to the surface.

"The boy is suffering from the shock and is badly bruised, but his injuries are not serious," the watchful physician announced, with a satisfied nod.

"Pete, in all probability, you saved the lives of the five or six men who were widening the tunnel down the grade," observed the superintendent, whose face the bewildered lad now distinguished among those bending over him. "I will remember it, and you must have a long vacation."

"But what will my ole mother do if I'm laid off?" faltered Pete, rubbing his head and looking up at Mammy Debby.

The superintendent laughed and said:

"Oh, your wages will go on just the same! We owe you more than that."

"Hurrah! hurrah for Pete!" cried Dan again.

The children, the miners' wives, above all the pitmen who had so narrowly escaped death, joined in the shout, until the hills rang with the joyful echoes.

"Whar—is—ole Lazybones?" asked Pete, in a weak voice, as soon as he could make himself heard.

"That all-fired old mule is as balky as ever, and a more rampageous kicker," answered one of the men. "He'll have to be laid off too, 'cause no one but you can drive him, Pete. When the crash came we rushed up the grade, thinking the mine was caving in upon

us. On the way we discovered old Lazybones at a standstill on the track, as if he intended to take root there. A few rods farther along, at the switch, we found you lying senseless; while beyond you was all that was left of the tram—a heap of rubbish; for it had been dashed to splinters against the wall of the siding. So, Pete, you saved Lazybones too."

A grin of delight overspread the boy's black face, then he closed his eyes and gasped with pain. Thereat one of the men took the little fellow up in his strong arms and gently carried him home to Mammy Debby's cabin.

Many weeks passed before Pete was able to be about again; but when he went back to work the superintendent gave him a place above ground, in the engine-room. And from the day that he so bravely stopped the runaway tram, the young Negro mule-car driver was known as the hero of the mine.

Dot and Carrie.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

VII.—A Meeting in the Woods.

Having danced and marched for some time amongst the trees with the fairy queen, Harold grew suddenly weary of the game; and, sending several of the small sprites away in different directions to gather flowers and ferns, he put his camera in order and began to take some photographs of a picturesque pond, that was overhung by drooping trees and well-nigh covered with bulrushes and purple iris.

"It will make a charming picture," he said to himself. "The young people will all be so busy and happy flitting about pretending to be fairies that they will not miss me; so, till Puck comes back to look for me and drag me away, I'll amuse myself here. It's a grand game, and will keep them all interested. I told Puck not to hurry; so I shall not be disturbed for a good while."

And he pressed the button of his camera and took another photograph.

At that moment a step amongst the underwood and bracken startled him; looking up, he saw a tall, handsome man, with a kind but sad face, coming along slowly in his direction.

"I wonder who he is?" thought the boy quickly. "But never mind: I'll turn my back and not pretend to see him, and he'll certainly pass on his way without speaking. I am doing no harm and have as much right to be here as he has—unless—"

The strange gentleman paused and looked very sharply at Harold and his camera; then stepped up to the boy and remarked:

"You have chosen a pretty view, my little man. But who gave you leave to take photos here? These are private grounds, you know."

Harold crimsoned to the roots of his hair; he seemed embarrassed for a moment, but then looked up with his frank glance into the man's face.

"I know, sir," he answered. "But my uncle, Mr. Huntley, was a great friend of the late Lord Raghan's, and he had special permission for himself and his children to come here whenever they pleased. My cousins and I are all in the woods to-day."

"I thought I heard voices and merry laughter. Please come as often as you like. It does me good in my loneliness to know that others are happy."

"That's very good of you, sir." The boy's eyes were full of wonder. "But—"

"You think I am a stranger and have no right to invite you here? You are mistaken. All this"—waving his hand and sighing heavily—"is mine now. I am the new Lord Raghan."

"Oh!" Harold grew very red again. "I'm—that is—I beg your pardon! I didn't know. And you see—"

Lord Raghan smiled.

"Don't apologize. I am not surprised you did not know me. No one does around here. I only arrived to-day, and am off again to-morrow."

"Oh!" cried Harold, impulsively. "I wish father knew you were here! He wanted so much to speak to you."

"Indeed?" The grey eyes rested with a kindly expression on the boy's eager face. "And who may your father be?"

"My father is William Lansdowne Kerr, of Woodbine Cottage."

"Ah! One of the candidates for the agency," said the stranger.

"Yes; and—and—" Harold stopped short an instant; then continued in a low voice: "Father would be the best agent you ever had. He—"

"Is a fortunate man to have such a warm-hearted little son. I—" his face grew white, his eyes filled with tears—"would give all this land, fine house—everything"—dropping his voice and speaking as if to himself—"to see my own bright boys, or any one of my lost loved ones, standing well and happy before me."

"We were all very sorry for your trouble," said Harold, in a low, shy voice. "It—it is sad to lose those we love. Mother and father often say how much they feel for you."

"They are kind; and"—dashing his hand across his eyes—"so are you. And now I will tell you a secret, little man: I have wired to your father to come to see me at Lynswood this evening about the agency."

"Oh!" Harold clasped his hands in delight. "And you will give it to him? There is no one that would make a better agent than my father."

Lord Raghan smiled and patted the boy's curly head.

"There are several candidates for the post, and all very good in every way. I must think seriously about them before I finally decide. You understand?"

"Yes, quite. But indeed, Lord Raghan, there isn't one of them like father. I am perfectly sure of that."

Lord Raghan smiled again.

"You are a loyal, fearless lad. You and I must be friends."

Harold's color deepened, and then he suddenly felt shy.

"You are very kind—"

"Not at all kind, but very lonely and longing for sympathy. Will you come up and have tea with me when you have finished taking photographs?"

"I'd like to. But, then, I can't well leave the others."

"I see. And where are they now?"

"All through the wood, pretending to be fairies."

Lord Raghan seemed amused.

"What a quaint idea! Who put it into their heads?"

"I did, sir. I told them the story of 'A Midsummer-Night's Dream,' and they all declared they must act it. I am Oberon the king."

"Then your majesty must bring all your fairies, the queen included, up to take tea with me."

"But"—Harold stooped to pick up his hat—"there are so many of us: ten children, and some of them quite small. Then we have a little dog, blind of one eye and lame of one leg, whom people laugh at and call a mongrel."

"And whom you love, I see. Well, why not bring—"

"Hoppy. We called him that because of his limpy paw."

"I see," said Lord Raghan. "Well, bring Hoppy and the ten plump little fairies up to tea at Lynswood."

"They're not all so plump," Harold said, with a merry twinkle in his eyes. "Kitty is as thin as a whipping-post,

and Dot is as delicate and fragile as—as—" finding it hard to think of an apt simile—"as—"

"The fairy she is pretending to be. Well, bring them all, plump and slim; and my housekeeper, Mrs. Turner, will give you a cordial welcome, and supply you with cakes and tea."

"You don't think we shall be too many, sir?" asked Harold.

"Not at all. I'd enjoy a crowd. The sight of your happy faces will do me a world of good. Don't be too late, your majesty King Oberon."

And, bowing low, Lord Raghan walked away toward Lynswood.

"Here's a go!" cried Harold, picking up his camera,—"a regular adventure, I declare. How surprised the others will be and how pleased! Mrs. Turner can make delicious cakes, and the Lord is nice. To think of our calling him an ogre too! Children do make queer mistakes at times,—my word they do. And what a kind face he has! He's like"—thoughtfully—"some one I know. Who can it be? Let me think. Likenesses are puzzling and very odd. It seems funny, but there is something about him that reminds me of little Dot. He's a man, but he has her look somehow. Now I must be off; and when the play is over I'll tell my news. But where can young Puck be? I was so interested in my talk with Lord Raghan that I forgot all about him. It is strange that he has not come to me before this. I hope nothing has happened to the kiddy. I must run and look after him."

And the boy went off, whistling gaily through the wood.

(To be continued.)

If you wish success in life, make Perseverance your bosom-friend, Experience your wise counsellor, Caution your elder brother, and Hope your guardian genius.—*Addison.*

When the King Dies.

In the neighborhood of Madrid is situated the famous Escurial, which is at once a church, a monastery, and a tomb. It was built to commemorate the victory of St. Quentin; and because the battle was fought on the Feast of St. Lawrence, was constructed in the form of a gridiron—the object inseparably connected with the martyrdom of that saint. At the Escurial, three thousand feet above the sea level, the kings and queens of Spain lie in the royal tombs, the last earthly home set aside for royalty. After death, the body of a sovereign remains in state in the grand throne-room at Madrid; and then, followed by a long procession, is borne to the Escurial.

At a certain place the mourners halt for the night, and the next morning the lord high chamberlain stands at the side of the coffin and asks, "Is it the pleasure of your Majesty to proceed on your journey?" Then a silence and a fresh start. The grand portal of the Escurial swings wide when royalty seeks entrance. Once in the royal vault the chamberlain cries, "Señor! Señor! Señor!" then pauses; but in a short time he speaks again, this time in sad and soft tones: "His Majesty does not reply. It is true that the king is dead." He then locks the coffin, hands the key to the prior of the monastery attached to the Escurial, and breaking his staff of office, lays the pieces upon the coffin of his dead master.

After a little while the loud booming of cannon and the tolling of bells tell all without that the king sleeps with his fathers; and the dead are left alone—the kings upon one side of the royal vault, the queens upon the other,—far from the tumult of the busy world, to rest in peace.

With Authors and Publishers.

—It is stated on what seems to be good authority that Paul Bourget has returned to the faith of his childhood, and will prove the sincerity of his conversion by expurgating the forth-coming edition of his works, and by suppressing altogether whatever is injurious to faith or morals.

—A most interesting and edifying sketch of Blessed Francis Regis Clet, C. M., by an unknown writer, is published by Mr. W. P. Linehan, of Melbourne. The story of Blessed Clet is a familiar one to our readers. He was born in France on the 19th of August, 1748, martyred in China February 18, 1820, and beatified a few months ago by Pope Leo XIII.

—The death of Professor Adolphe Hatzfeld, author of "Saint Augustine" in the admirable biographical series of "The Saints," deprives Catholic France of the services of a devout and learned son. Born a Jew, he was converted in early youth. Of his many notable works, the greatest was his collaboration with Arsène Darmesteter on the "General Dictionary of the French Language," begun in 1870. The compilers expected to finish the work in four years: they actually finished it in thirty.

—Lieut. Peter E. Traub, professor of French at the U. S. Military Academy, has prepared a text-book for students of Spanish which deserves to supersede all others. It treats at length of the verb—a prime factor in the study of Spanish,—and every verb with its English translation is fully written out. There is also a most satisfactory introduction on Spanish pronunciation, which is in accordance with the latest teaching of the Spanish Academy. The importance of a knowledge of the language of our island possessions can not be exaggerated. "The Spanish Verb" is published by the American Book Co.

—An important contribution to the Philippine question is Professor Blumentritt's new work entitled "The Philippines; Their Ethnographical, Historical and Political Conditions." He declares that fully three-fourths of the Filipinos are Christian, civilized and homogeneous people; that their sympathies and ideals are European, and that their average education is higher than that of many nations in Eastern Europe and South America. He thinks that all attempts to introduce social or even political equality between the Anglo-Saxon and the Malay will fail, and that the only solution of the problem is the recognition of an independent Philippine republic. Professor Blumentritt is said to be a high authority in ethnography, and he has had the advantage of many years' residence among the Filipinos.

—*Light* is the title of a new quarterly magazine devoted to religion, science, literature and art, published by the Society of the Holy Spirit, New Orleans, La. The first number of *Light* contains a variety of good reading, original and selected, old and new.

—An Australian Catholic has drawn attention to the following statement made by the London *Spectator* in its issue for March 24, 1877:

> The English press is still childishly afraid of saying anything that appears to favor a Catholic cause, however clear may be the justice of that cause. Harriet Martineau tells of two occasions on which tales of hers were peremptorily refused solely on the ground that she had taken occasion to draw attention to the virtues of the Roman Catholics; and she declares that the late Mr. Dickens avowed to her his intention never to allow anything, however true, that could benefit the reputation of the Roman Catholics to appear in his journal.

The grandchildren of Dickens, as we have already noted, are being brought up in the Catholic faith; and, although 1877 is a very modern date, we do not doubt that the warm-hearted novelist, if alive to-day, would revise many of his opinions, social, historical and religious.

—It has always been true that a man need only die in order to have nice things said about him,—*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*. But sometimes laudation of the dead does great injury to truth, and we think the late Frederick Nietzsche furnishes a case in point. The man's hatred of society and of Christianity was so violent that no one can excuse him who believes him to have been sane. Hence we are glad to read these words from so influential a non-Catholic writer as Mr. W. M. Alden: "Nobody denies that he said a good many striking things. It is true that most of them were false, but they were nevertheless striking. But the man was a madman, and what possible value attaches to the blasphemies of a mad atheist? To set up a man like Nietzsche as a philosopher whose words are worthy of serious attention is as preposterous as is the devil-worship which is practised in Paris by men who believe in neither God nor devil but whose chief desire is vainly to try to shock the sense of decency which they once knew."

—It is gracious of Mr. Conan Doyle, who was a member of the Church in the days of his youth,

to say that he feels "no bitterness toward that venerable body, which contains many of the most saintly men and women whom I have ever known." It is serviceable to learn that he regards dogma of every kind "as an unjustifiable and essentially irreligious thing, putting assertion in the place of reason, and giving rise to more contention, bitterness and want of charity than any other influence in human affairs. I have hardly ever written a book in which I have not indicated this view." Now, we know the essential evil of Mr. Doyle's books. Each contains a false notion, which has been refuted a thousand times. If Mr. Doyle understood some first principles of which he seems to have no understanding at all, he would know that there could be no religion without dogma, any more than there could be administration of justice without laws. If dogma has given rise to dissension, it is because men have misunderstood it or rebelled against it. There are many people like Mr. Doyle of a skeptical turn who, as Lowell says, having given up traditional faith as a broken reed, lay hold of a private bulrush of credulity and fancy it an oak.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Beauty of Christian Dogma. *Rev. Jules Souben.* $1.35.

The Hidden Servants, and Other Very Old Stories Told Over again. *Francesca Alexander.* $1.50.

Days of First Love. *W. Chatterton Dix.* 25 cts.

The Judgment of Peter and Paul on Olympus. *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* 75 cts.

Lectures for Boys. *Very Rev. Francis Doyle, O. S. B.* 3 vols. $6.

Handbook to Christian and Ecclesiastical Rome. Three Vols. *H. M. and M. A. R. T.* $10.00.

The Spiritual Life and Prayer, According to Holy Scripture and Monastic Tradition. $1.75, *net.*

The History of the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ. *Rev. James Groenings, S. J.* $1.25, *net.*

A Priest's Poems. *K. D. B.* $1.25.

Alice of Old Vincennes. *Maurice Thompson.* $1.50.

Education and the Future of Religion. *Bishop Spalding.* 5 cts.

General Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures. *Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S. S.* $2, *net.*

Father Anthony. *Robert Buchanan.* $1.50.

The Soldier of Christ. *Mother Mary Loyola.* $1.35, *net.*

Where is the Church? *Rev. Charles Coupe, S. J.* 40 cts., *net.*

The Autobiography of St. Ignatius Loyola. *J. F. X. O'Conor, S. J.* $1.25, *net.*

The Testament of Ignatius Loyola. *E. M. Rix.* $1, *net.*

Sermons on the Blessed Sacrament. *Scheurer-Lasance.* $1.50, *net.*

A Form of Prayers. *Marquis of Bute.* 45 cts., *net.*

Sanctuary Meditations. *Fr. Baltasar Gracian, S. J.* $1, *net.*

Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption. *W. H. Mallock.* $3.50.

The Flowing Tide. *Madame Belloc.* $1.60, *net.*

A Son of St. Francis. *Lady Amabel Kerr.* $1,

Poor Dear Ann. *The Prig.* 75 cts.

The Bible and its Interpreter. *Rev. P. H. Casey, S. J.* 50 cts.

The Gospel Story. *B. F. C. Costelloe.* $1.60, *net.*

Studies in Church History. Vol. VI. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* $2.50.

Meditations on the Psalms of the Little Office. *Peregrinus.—Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.* 75 cts., *net.*

Currita, Countess of Albornoz. *Luis Coloma.* $1.50.

The Knights of the Cross. Vol. II. *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* $1.

A Journey with the Sun around the World. *Rev. William McMahon.* $2.

St. Jerome. *Father Largent.* $1.

Studies in Poetry. *Thomas O'Hagan, M. A., Ph. D.* $1.

The Church of Christ the Same Forever. *Rev. D. McErlane, S. J.* 50 cts., *net.*

Christian Philosophy — God. *Rev. John T. Driscoll, S. T. L.* $1.25, *net.*

The Heiress of Cronenstein. *Countess Hahn-Hahn.* $1.25.

The Nursing Sister. $1.25.

Jack Hildreth on the Nile. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.

Holy Mass: A Morning Paradise. *Very Rev. R. O. Kennedy.* 5 cts.

Giovanni Baptista de Rossi. *Very Rev. T. J. Shahan, D. D.* 20 cts.

Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire. *Samuel Dill, M. A.* $2.

The Spirit of the Third Order of St. Francis. *Father Peter Baptist, O. F. M.* $1, *net.*

THE AVE MARIA

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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Thanksgiving.

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

FOR the gift of the faith Thou vouchsafed us
This world when our souls entered in;
For release from the thrall that enslaved us,
The doom and the darkness of sin;
For our manifold lapses forgiven,
Thy forfeited favor restored,
Heirs to-day to the glory of heaven,
We bless Thee and praise Thee, O Lord!

And here where Thy presence enfolds us,
Let gratitude ever hold sway.
For Thy Spirit who prompts and withholds us;
For Thine angels who guard us alway;
For Thy Son, who, becoming our Brother
And shedding His blood on the Tree,
Left to us His Immaculate Mother,
We breathe our thanksgiving to Thee.

The Victory of Love.

BY THE RT. REV. J. LANCASTER SPALDING, D. D.

WHATEVER brings us into personal relations with wider worlds, with larger and more enduring life, gives us a sense of freedom and joy; for we are the prisoners of faith, hope, and love, and are driven to make ceaseless appeal to them to enlarge the confining walls; to constitute us, if so it may be, dwellers in a boundless universe, where truth and beauty and goodness are infinite; where what uplifts and deifies is eternal; where, ceasing to be the slaves of animal needs, we are made citizens of a spiritual kingdom and have divine leisure to live for and in the soul. Now, more than anything else religion is able to realize for us these ideals; to diffuse itself through our whole being; to level the hills and fill the valleys, to bridge the chasms and throw assuring light into the abysses of doubt and despair; to make us know and feel that God is near, that He is our father and has the will to save. So long, then, as human nature is human nature religion shall draw and hold men; and without it nor wealth nor position nor pleasure nor love can redeem them from the sense of the vanity and nothingness of existence. The things of time are apparent and relative; the absolute reality, the power within and above the whole, religion and religion alone reveals.

The efficacy, therefore, of an organization to keep pure religious faith alive and active is the highest test of its worth, and the Catholic Church when tried by this test stands pre-eminent. Her power to speak to the mind, the heart, the imagination, the whole man, is proclaimed and dreaded by her enemies; while those who believe in her are stirred to tender and grateful thoughts at the mention of the name of her whom they call Mother. She is dear to them for a thousand reasons. Has she not filled the earth with memorials of the soul's trust in God? Who has entered her solemn cathedrals and not heard whispers from higher worlds? Her liturgy, her sacred rites, her grave and [illegible] chants; the dim lights that ever burn in

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her sanctuaries; the mystic vestments with which her ministers are clothed; the incense diffusing a hallowed fragrance through the long, withdrawing aisles; the bells that morning, noon and night repeat the Angel's salutation to Mary and seem to shower blessings from heaven on Catholic lands, — all this speaks to the soul, subdues and softens the heart, until we long to bow the head in prayer and give free course to the gathering tears.

Can we not read in the countenances of those who love her truly, the story of lives of patience and reverence, purity and mildness? How unwearyingly do they labor! How serenely when death comes do they rest from their labors! What a heavenly spell has she not thrown, does she not still throw, over innumerable souls, creating in them habits of thought, love and deed, against which theories of whatever kind are advanced in vain! They have made experiment; they have tasted the waters of life; they know and are certain that it is better to be for a single day in the holy place of the Lord than to dwell for a thousand years in the habitations of sinners. Has she not the secret of teaching the poor and unlearned the higher wisdom — the wisdom that lies in the spiritual mind and the lowly heart; making them capable of feeling God's presence and of viewing all things in their relations to Him who is eternal; enabling them to forget their nothingness in the consciousness of co-operating with Him for ends that are absolute, under the guidance of heaven-appointed leaders, comrades of the noble living and the noble dead; certain that though they die yet shall they live? Thus she turns her true children to righteousness, lifting the individuality of each from out the crushing mass of matter and of men; giving them deeper convictions of the sacredness and worth of life, of the possibilities that lie open to the meanest soul if he be but converted to God, who even in the most degraded can still see some likeness of Himself.

The Church has power to attract and hold the most different minds. In all the centuries since Christ was born, among all the races of men, she has found followers and lovers. She impresses by her long descent, her historic continuity, her power to adapt herself to an ever-varying environment; by the force with which she resists foes whether from within or from without; at all times maintaining her vigor, despite the corruptions of her children and the hatred and persecution of the world; thus manifesting herself as the city of God, the kingdom of Christ,— a spiritual empire in which there is an imperishable principle of supernatural life and of indefectible strength. The unity of her organization and government, the harmony of her doctrines, the consistency of her aims and purposes, the sublimity of her ideals, the persistency of her efforts to mould the minds and hearts of men into conformity with the will of God, make appeal to what is best in human nature.

Her catholicity, too, — her diffusion throughout the world, her assertion and maintenance of the whole body of revealed religion; her ability and readiness to assimilate and consecrate to divine uses whatever is true or good or fair in nature and in art, in literature and in science, in philosophy and in the teachings of history; holding nothing alien to her constitution or to the ends for which she exists, that may be made to declare God's power and mercy and wisdom, or to render less dark and helpless and sorrowful the lot of His children on earth, — this also is a plea to which generous souls must hearken. Then, her claim of infallible authority— of the gift to utter with inerrancy

divine truth to an erring race, asserting at once the highest social principle and the supernatural character of the society established by Christ; setting herself, as the organ of the Holy Spirit, in the highest place, as the interpreter of the doctrines of salvation, even though they be consigned to inspired books, since books can never be the fountainhead of right belief or the tribunal of final resort for a body of living men,—this also compels attentive and serious minds to reflect and to weigh whether the denial of the infallibility of the Church does not lead, with the inevitableness of a logical conclusion, to the denial of revelation.

Her history, which carries us back to the origins of the modern world, bringing us face to face with the Roman Empire, at the zenith of its power and splendor, when the little band that walked with Jesus of Nazareth by the shores of the Sea of Galilee and over the hills of Judea seemed scarcely to exist at all, so insignificant they appeared to be; and then, as the years pass by, placing before our eyes as in a panorama the passion and death and resurrection of the Saviour, the hesitations and misgivings of the Apostles, the ascension into heaven, the coming of the Holy Ghost; the outburst of the divine enthusiasm which impelled the believers to go to the ends of the earth that by their words and deeds, by their lives and deaths, they might spread the glad tidings and bear witness to the supreme and awful fact that God had visited His children and redeemed them from the curse of sin, throwing open the gates of life to men of good will in the whole wide world, without distinction of race or tongue,—that the Church after the lapse of centuries is still able to speak to us and tell us, as though she were a divine person who had lived all the while, that of all this she was part, and to the truth of it all bears testimony, doubtless must uplift, strengthen and reassure whosoever gives due heed.

Our confidence in her increases as we behold her in mortal conflict with imperial persecutors and savage mobs, whose fury seeks the utter abolition of the name of Christian; while her faithful children—old men and young, matrons and maidens—gather round her to shed their blood in her defence; until finally, when three hundred years have passed and hundreds of thousands have offered their lives as a sacrifice and a testimony to God and the soul, she comes forth from the desert and the underground darkness, unafraid and unhurt, to enter on her great task of converting the world to the religion of the Son of Man. With what superhuman confidence and power she battles against ignorance and barbarism, lust and greed, violence and rapine! She grows not weary, but generation after generation sends her heroic sons wherever lies the shadow of the darkness of death, that they may bring all the tribes of the earth to see the new light which has shone from the throne of the Most High.

With a divine enthusiasm they turn from the pride of life, the thirst for gold and the pleasures of sense, abandon father and mother, country and friends, to give themselves wholly to the task the Master imposed upon His Apostles when He bade them go and teach the nations; bidding all men to turn from evil and to seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness,—a kingdom which holds for those who enter the secret of happiness and of all the enduring good both for the time that now is and for eternity. How joyously they take up their work, seeking the lost sheep in interminable forests, in unexplored islands; confronting barbarous chiefs, and hordes inured to rapine and blood; uttering the praise of lowly-mindedness

and cleanness of heart, of peace and mildness, of love and mercy, where such words had never been spoken before,—to men whose whole theory and practice of life was war and robbery and extermination; who had not even the idea of humanity, but considered all who were not united to them by ties of blood as natural enemies!

Is it not marvellous that this far-spreading and irresistible enthusiasm for the conversion and uplifting of the race should have burst forth just when the civilized world was sinking beneath the weight of hopeless impotence and degradation; when tyranny, brutality, greed and lust had destroyed all that gives life worth and joyousness?—that from the midst of the vices that are born of despair should spring superhuman hope and courage; from out a world given over to hate and cruelty, where the poor are oppressed and trampled on, where those who in battle escape the sword are reserved for butchery in the arena, there should arise the tenderest and most passionate love for all who suffer and are heavy-laden? The old world is dying, and the new is waiting to be born. A new religion is here founded on new conceptions of God and of man,—on new conceptions of man's duties to God, to himself and to his fellows; on the faith that the Eternal and Omnipotent, from whom and by whom and in whom all things are, is a father who has care of even the least of His children, and who so loves them that He sends His Divine Son to teach and guide them, to suffer and die for them.

Since God is love, love is the supreme law of the universe; and man's first duty and highest perfection is to love God and all men. This is the Gospel, the glad tidings arousing millions from sleep in the shadow of death. Belief in the pagan deities had perished in the hearts of all who thought, leaving in its place blank atheism or mere nature-worship, which favored the indulgence of the baser appetites and reprobated no crime. Even the noblest and the best either doubted whether there were gods or were persuaded that if they existed they had no concern with human affairs. Out of this mental incapacity, moral degradation and spiritual paralysis there breaks forth a fountainhead of new life—a race of men and women who are certain that God is, and that He is their father. Not now, indeed, for the first time is He called father, but for the first time the name as applied to the Supreme Being implies a tender, personal and intimate relationship with man. The Divine Spirit is breathed into the soul, and awakens a consciousness of the infinite worth and preciousness of life. That the all-high and omnipotent God should enter into personal relationship with the lowliest of His children, should cherish, cheer, guide and uphold them, seems too fair and gracious and exalted a thing for mortals to believe of themselves; yet it is what this new race is persuaded of, and it is the most astounding and most quickening faith that has ever taken possession of human hearts. Is it incredible that He who makes and holds the universe in poise should love? And if He loves, is it incredible that He should love those whom He has made capable of love, in whose spiritual being He has awakened a quenchless thirst for truth, goodness and beauty?

Whatever man may think, woman can not doubt that God is love, or that Christ is that love made manifest. She is the heart, he the mind; and great thoughts spring from the heart. She lies closer to the sources of life, to the faith and wonder of children, to the supreme reality that is veiled by what appears; and she is guided by a divine

instinct to understand that the infinite need is the need of love. Love is her genius, her realm, her all the world. She feels what only the wisest know—that the radical fault is lack of love; that if men did but love enough all would be well. From the dawn of history she had been the great prisoner of faith, hope and love. With a divine capacity for the highest spiritual life and the highest spiritual influence, she had been made a drudge, a slave, a means, an instrument. As it is easy to hate those whom we have wronged, the pagan world having degraded and outraged woman, seemed to take pleasure in heaping scorn and ignominy upon her; and even to-day in heathen lands her lot is little better.

Classed with slaves, thrust aside, mistrusted, kept in ignorance, her whom nature had overburdened, man was not ashamed to trample on. The wife makes the home; the mother, the man. And yet in reading the literatures of Greece and Rome we are hardly made aware that their great men had wives and mothers, so little does woman play a part in their history, except as an instrument of pleasure. The ancients, in fact, had no right conception of love; never knew that God is love, that the last word of all things, the absolute and final good, is love; that true love, or the love of the true good, which is itself love, is the central source whence all wisdom springs. Christ having come, religion is, as Pascal says, God sensible to the heart, which has reasons of its own that reason hardly knows; a method of its own, which is the method of charity—that of Jesus, who finds the root and source of all sin in the lack of affection, in the hardness of the heart, that seeks itself and is thus made the victim of pride, of greed and of lust.

Nothing is beautiful, nothing sublime but the immensity of love; and nothing brings perfect joy and peace but complete self-surrender to God, which is love's highest act. Divine beauty holds the secret of the universe,—it is the cause of love, and love is the cause of all things. They alone have the Holy Spirit, the spirit of Christ, who love Him and all men. Whatever we do, if it be done for love is rightly done. Like a pure flame, love embraces, interpenetrates and fills with light every duty imposed upon us; nay, if duty be also love, nothing else smiles on us with so fair a face. "Where there is love," says St. Augustine, "there is no toil; or if toil, the toil itself is loved." They who love God think not of themselves, but give their time, their strength, their heart, their health, their life, to serve those whom it is possible for them to help. Our capacity is measured by our power of love. We can do or learn to do whatever with all our soul we desire and will to do. As we are most surely reached through our affections, our nature is best explained by them. We are what we love far more than what we think; for it is our love rather than our thought that impels us to act, to put forth and make objective the true self. We are judged by our works, but our works are the offspring of our love. Hence love is the test of the kind of being we are: it is the proof that we are the disciples of Him who is God's love made a sufferer and a sacrifice.

If love be the mark of discipleship, how shall woman be excluded? If sacrifice be the law of love, its way and means, how shall she who from the beginning has been the bearer of the world's burden of sorrow be unequal to the ordeal? If love be patient, kind, gentle, lowly-minded; if it bear all things, hope all things, believe all things, endure all things; if it run, if it fly, if it is glad, if it is free, where shall it find a home if not in woman's heart? If

charity is the greatest of all things, and chastity its twin-sister, where may the double crown be so fitly placed as on woman's brow? If the charity of Christ constraineth us, who shall so willingly yield to the heavenly compulsion as woman?

In truth, the Saviour is associated with woman as no man before or since has ever been associated with her. Through Him, the Virgin Mother holding the Divine Child in her arms is the most hallowed object on earth. The woman taken in adultery, and that other whose sin was known to all the city, draw near to Him, and at once we breathe an air as pure as thoughts that rise in immaculate hearts. He never appears more beautiful and godlike than when mothers crowd around Him, kneeling for blessings on their children. How tender and holy are His relations with the sisters of Bethany! Mary Magdalen is the type of that innumerable multitude of victims whom man, in his brutal passion, having outraged and degraded, spurns and casts forth into hopeless misery. And Jesus speaks but a word to her and she is made pure and forever sacred to all noble and generous souls.

In His religion nothing great shall be accomplished unless woman put her hand to the work. To her the Angel is sent to announce His coming. She is with Him at the manger, with Him in His flight and exile, with Him in all the years of His hidden life, with Him at the marriage feast, with Him when He hangs on the cross. To a woman He first appears when He has risen from the dead. And when He is no longer visible on earth, the hearts of women follow after, seek and find Him in the unseen world, where what is pure and fair is forever so; where no shadow of change or evil can fall upon the face of love. He revealed woman to herself, revealed her to man. Until He taught, suffered and died, the inexhaustible treasures of her great heart of pity and love were unknown even to herself.

Aristotle, the clearest and strongest intellect of the pagan world, had said: "Both a woman and a slave may be good; though perhaps of these the one is less good and the other wholly bad." In what another world we are than that of this mighty master of those who know, when we hear Him who is more than man: "Many sins are forgiven her, because she hath great love"! "If men were quit of women they would probably be less godless," said Cato the censor; but Our Lord, when He lifts woman to the level of His own heart, shows us that by mothers, wives and sisters, by pure and holy women, chiefly shall godliness be kept alive among men. The highest influence is spiritual influence, and henceforth it shall be exercised by woman in a larger degree than by man; and in every age open and sincere minds shall be able to exclaim with Libanius, the pagan teacher of St. Basil and St. Chrysostom: "What women these Christians have!"

The soul is greater than a universe in which there should be no soul; and when God is worshiped in spirit and in truth—that is, with love and sacrifice—the soul of woman clothes itself with a wealth of beauty and devotion. In the days of persecution she suffers at Rome, at Lyons, at Carthage, the worst that fiendish cruelty can invent, with a heroism and serene cheerfulness which men have never surpassed. The desert has no terrors for her, if her life be hidden in God with Christ; and as wife and mother she inspires a reverence and confidence that fill the home with a joy and peace which make it a symbol of heaven. The Church itself, the bride of Christ and the mother of souls, appears to her faithful children in the semblance

of a woman clothed with chastity and beauty and transfigured by love. When she comes forth from the catacombs to plant the standard of the Cross on the Capitol, and the labarum on the ruins of Jerusalem, the victory is due to St. Helen more than to Constantine. Anthusa, Nonna, and Monica gave to the Church St. Chrysostom, St. Gregory of Nazianzen, St. Augustine. Macrina and Scholastica stand as noblest allies by the side of their brothers, St. Basil and St. Benedict, the founders and lawgivers of monasticism. At Tolbiac Clovis invokes the God of Clotilda, and a woman led the Franks to the foot of the Cross.

Throughout the Middle Age, from Queen Blanche, the mother of St. Louis; and the Countess Mathilda, the strong helper of Gregory VII.; and St. Clare, the friend of St. Francis of Assisi, to St. Catherine of Siena, who brings the Pope back to Rome after an exile of seventy years; to Joan of Arc, who delivers France from its foreign tyrants; and to Isabella of Castile, who sends Columbus to discover the New World, what a great and beneficent rôle woman plays in the history of religion and civilization! Looking to Mary as their model, whether mothers, wives or consecrated virgins,—to Mary whom none have invoked in vain, whom none have served and not been made thereby lowly-minded and chaste,—they founded the home, converted nations, upheld empires, taught in universities, and inspired the enthusiasm which created the Christian chivalry dedicated to the honor of womanhood and to the defence of all that is helpless; springing like a fair flower from the double root of chastity and love, to sweeten the air and fill the world with high thoughts and aims.

The world, indeed, was still full of darkness and violence, as even to-day it is full of greed and lust; but the regenerative principle had been planted in innumerable hearts, and a beginning of the transformation of woman's life had been made. She has been enrolled in the brotherhood of the race; her soul is as precious, her life as sacred, her rights as inviolable as man's. As a person, her origin and destiny are the same as his; as a member of the family, founded on monogamy, her office is the highest and holiest; and the Church stands by her side to protect her against the tyranny of man's more brutal nature, by defending, with her great and mysterious power, the sanctity and indissolubility of the marriage tie.

Ideas become fruitful and productive of good only when they are embodied in institutions; and the root principles that God is our Father and all men brothers, that chastity and gentleness, reverence and obedience, patience and love, have priceless value; that woman and the child are infinitely sacred, could not have created a public opinion favorable to their acceptance and diffusion had they not been taken up into the life of the Church; had they not been proclaimed and enforced by her, and made part of her organic structure. It was not mechanical and scientific progress, not the increase of wealth and knowledge, but her influence, her ministry, her orders, her whole social fabric, that preserved the monogamic family and lifted woman to a grace and power in the world she had hitherto never known. In the face of whatever wrongs and degradations, even though found in the sanctuary itself, she pro claimed the doctrines of righteousness, asserted the majesty and supremacy of the law. Abuses never discouraged her; wrongs never diminished the ardor with which she defended the home against the passions that threatened its ruin; and in this warfare that which first of

all was at stake was woman's honor and welfare.

But while she consecrates and guards the temple of domestic love, the Church maintains that a state of perfect chastity, of virginity, has, from an ideal point of view at least, yet higher and holier worth. In marriage the man and the woman are little more than the instruments whereby the race is multiplied and preserved. But human beings are primarily and essentially ends, not means; and the most precious results of a people's life, of the life of the race itself, are noble and godlike personalities. The right estimate is not by number and quantity, but by kind and quality. The continuance of the race is indispensable, but it is not less indispensable that individuals should move upward in the light of true ideals. Hence Our Lord seems to lay the chief stress of His teaching and example on the perfection of the individual soul. Failure here is utter failure, though one should gain the whole world. Hence, too, the Church concerns herself first of all with the overcoming of sin, with the creating of holiness, with the salvation of souls. She appeals to those who hear the divine whisperings in the innermost parts of their being, to turn from pride and greed and sensuality,—the vices most opposed to human perfection, to holiness, to the soul's salvation,—and to consecrate all their life to humility, poverty and chastity, that they may find the blessedness of the lowly-minded, of the clean of heart; of those who possess nothing but have all, since they have peace and love.

We judge of a man's wisdom by his hopefulness, it has been said. Better still may we judge of it by his humility. If he be wise he says to himself: The world is too great for thee: in the universe thou art as though thou hadst no being at all. Whether thou think or strive, thou art blind and weak. Yet do thy little with a brave and cheerful spirit. This is all that is required of thee. Thou art not worthy to be the least of God's servants. Learn, then, to bear with an humble and patient heart what is or shall be given thee to bear; thankful that thou hast been able even for a moment to look to Him with devout faith and hope, and to bless His name. If he truly know himself, however much he be praised and extolled, he can never be flattered into self-complacency. Others he may please, but not himself.

This wisdom of the thoughtful is revealed to sincere and innocent souls, who when they look to God find that they can know and love Him only when, in self-forgetfulness, they deny themselves and think only of Him. They are meek and mild; and whatever they do or suffer, the spirit of lowly-mindedness precedes, accompanies and follows them, They are peaceful, patient, faithful and obedient. It costs them little to resign their own will that they may walk the more securely in the way of the divine counsels. As the hearts of children are drawn to a mother, as exiles yearn for home, they turn from a world they hardly know—not caring to know it,—and long to fly from all the vanity and show, all the strife and turmoil, to seek in the company of kindred souls the sense of security and freedom, the quiet and the bliss that belong to those who have found the truth and follow after love; who, having overcome the pride of life, give themselves to the service of sufferers and little ones. As they seek not honors and distinctions, they are not fascinated by the glitter of gold—the world's great idol, master and slave. They know that the only true wealth is life; since life, ever more perfect life, is the supreme and final end of action; and that, more than almost any other

passion, greed—the love of money—destroys in men the power to form right estimates of life and conduct; for it forces them to look away from the perfecting of their own being and the good of their fellows, to what is material and external, and therefore but incidental.

The fear of the poor is their poverty, says the book of Proverbs. This may mean that the helpless condition in which poverty places them is ever a source of anxiety and dread; but rather, I think, that this anxiety and dread are themselves poverty; while they who possess nothing but have faith and courage and love are rich enough and free enough from fear. The possessions to which we cling breed cowardice, but wealth of soul is confidence and strength. He who loves is rich; for love creates its world, and fills the desert or the prison cell with a light and joy which the loveless, though they dwell in palaces, can never know. It is life's fairest flower and best fruit; and he, therefore, who gives new power of love, gives new life and raises us to higher worlds. Hardly can a rich man feel that it were well if all were as he; but the wise and good are certain that what they know and love is the best any human being can know and love; that they who make themselves worth possessing and become masters of themselves have the truest and most gracious possessions.

What doth it avail a fool to have riches, asks Solomon, seeing that he can not buy wisdom? Ruskin rightly says that all vices are summed up, and all their forces consummated, in the simple acceptance of the authority of gold instead of the authority of God, and preference of gain or increase of gold to godliness or the peace of God. Again: "Occult theft—theft which hides itself even from itself, and is legal, respectable and cowardly—corrupts the body and soul of man to the last fibre of them." Of what evils is not greed the fountain-head? It darkens the mind, dulls the wits, hardens the heart, warps the conscience and perverts the understanding. It breeds hate, dissension, injustice and oppression; makes thieves, liars, usurers, cowards, perjurers, adulterators of food and drink, and anti-social criminals of every kind. It stirs up wars of conquest, robs whole nations, and stares in stolid indifference while its victims starve by the million. It is more insatiable than lust and more cruel than revenge. It considers faith, honor and truth, purity and innocence, patriotism and religion, as wares to be bought and sold. It is in sum atheism, which, turning from God and the soul, drives its votaries, in a kind of brutish madness, to strive to clutch the universe of matter; deluding them with the superstition that the more they grasp and call their own the greater they become. Their personality seems to grow as the circle of their possessions enlarges, as though a man's money could be himself.

Greed, in drying up the fountains of noble life within, reduces its slaves to a kind of machine whose one office is to get gold. It degrades all their impulses and passions. They are not ambitious of glory or fame or honor or of any noble kind of influence or power, but all their ambition falls upon matter. Their sole desire, their one thought is to amass wealth. They are not jealous of those who excel them in moral or intellectual qualities, who have more faith or genius or virtue than they, but of those alone who have greater possessions. They are decadent, they are degenerate; but the world is so prone to this superstition that public opinion measures by commercial standards not only the worth and importance of individuals but the strength and civilization of nations. The ideal is the ever-increasing production

and distribution of what ministers to man's physical needs,—everything for the body, nothing for the soul; everything for enjoyment, nothing for virtue.

Blessed be Christ, who, being rich, became poor, that He might reveal the wealth there is in the life of the spirit, in love and righteousness, in truth and holiness; that He might make it plain that the kingdom of heaven is within us; that it is wherever God is known, obeyed and loved, though the setting be the stable, the workshop or the cross; that the right kind of man makes a fair world wherever he is thrown, while the weak and the doubting seek comfort in lamentations over their lot or deliver themselves up to the service of Mammon and the tyranny of the senses. The more human we become, the more Christlike, the less are we the slaves of physical conditions and necessities.

It is not the purpose and end of Christ's religion to make men rich and comfortable: it is its purpose and end to lift them to worlds where riches and comfort cease to have value or meaning. They who turn from the things the vulgar crave, and seek the source of true life in spheres to which the senses do not lead, alone know the infinite sweetness and joy there is in serving Him. They must learn to be cruel to themselves, to withstand even their lawful desires, if they would drink the living waters of the fountain of peace and bliss. Not by intellectual processes can He be discovered, but by leading a life which none but the modest and mild, the lowly-minded and pure-hearted, can live. If we would have the higher, we must renounce the lower. Heroic abnegations are required of those who would enter on the perfect way. It is not enough that they be humble and obedient and free from greed: they must also be wholly chaste.

There is something more worthy of the soul than the pursuit of wealth; and there is a higher calling than marriage, sacrament though it be. As there is in man an immoderate desire for riches, there is also in him an insatiate craving for pleasure. Mountains of gold could not satisfy his greed, and a world filled with things that minister to the senses could not hush the clamor of his unruly appetites. The more ample and varied his possessions become, the stronger and more uncontrollable grows his longing for enjoyment. He tunnels the mountains, he spans the oceans; he flies on vaporous wings; he harnesses the lightning to carry him and his words to the ends of the earth; he takes possession of the products of every zone and of every kind of skill. All things become for him the materials for the concupiscence of the flesh, the concupiscence of the eyes, and the pride of life. And still he hungers and thirsts for new sensations. He becomes the slave and victim of low desire. The passions, which are meant for life and joy, are perverted to the service of misery and death. Their reek rises to darken the mind, to harden the heart and to paralyze the will. Love is driven from its celestial home and cast into the soil and mire of the animal nature. The soul is bowed beneath the weight of the body and compelled to do its ignoble behests. The stress of life is transferred from reason and conscience to the senses. The voluptuary exults not in great thoughts and high purposes, but crawls crippled and bedraggled through the sloughs of animalism; and when he has sunk to the depths he becomes a contemner.

He who loves not God, loves but himself; and the self without God is but a thing of flesh and blood, of sensation and passion. Virtue is love rightly ordered, and disorderly love is the mother of all depravity. In nothing

is this seen in such lurid light as in the perversion of the instinct which, intended for the propagation of the race, is debased to a means of moral and physical degradation and death. More than war and pest and famine and drunkenness, this abject vice dishonors, blights and poisons the flower and fruit of human life. It murders love and makes hope a mockery and a curse. It defiles with its polluting touch the brow of childhood, the cheek of youth, the lips of maidenhood. It hangs like a mildew on the soul, rendering it incapable of faith or honor or truth,—of pure devotion to any worthy cause or being. Like the serpent's in paradise, its foul breath makes a waste in homes where all was joy and innocence. It is the accomplice of shame and disease, and injects into the blood of families and nations a mortal taint. It is the enemy of genius, of art, of freedom, of progress, of religion; and above all of woman, who has been and still is its victim and symbol of dishonor. In a thousand cities to-day, as in ancient times, this abject vice has its temples innumerable, in which woman is the priestess.

O blessed be Christ, the virgin Son of a virgin Mother, who has taught us that chastity is the mother of all virtue, the bride of faith, hope and love; the sister of beauty, strength, and goodness; the companion of meekness and peace! And blessed be the Catholic Church, who has never in any age or any land lowered the banner on which is inscribed, Humility, Poverty, Chastity, conquering through Love!

I think of her most gladly, not when I recall her great history, her permanence in the world, the invincible courage with which she has withstood oppressors, heresiarchs, and mobs clamoring for blood; the indefectible vigor with which she overcomes and survives her foes, whether they be from within or from without; the solemn splendor of her rites and ceremonies; the majestic cathedrals that lift the cross above the noise and tumult of cities into the pure air of heaven; the monastic piles with which she has crowned a thousand hills, with the music of whose bells and sacred chants she has filled and consecrated a thousand vales,—not when I remember all this does my heart thrill with the deepest emotion; but when I turn my thoughts to that innumerable army of virgins, angels of innocence and purity, who in every age and in many lands lead the life of solitude and contemplation, of simplicity and benignity; who, though clothed in austere garb, bear brave and cheerful hearts, aglow with love, while they minister to the sick, the abandoned, the fallen, whether crushed by the weight of sin or that of solitary age and poverty; who nourish and form the religious spirit in childhood, making it reverent, devout and chaste; who offer ceaseless prayers to Heaven and give to the world the highest examples of what Christ would have His followers become; working without a thought of what men may say of them, telling their good deeds not even to God.

To repeat what elsewhere I have said of this army of Catholic virgins, they are but the living forms of patience and service, of humility and love. What matter where their cradles stood, amid what scenes they grew, what arms held them, or what lips kissed their infant brows? They came from God, they ministered to human suffering and sorrow, they returned to God. This is the sum of their life's story; this is all they cared to know of themselves; this is all we need know of them. But though they would hide themselves, the divine beauty and power of their lives can not be hidden. They are permanently interesting, as whoever makes the supreme act of perfect self-sacrifice is

interesting. To the thoughtless and the frivolous such an existence may seem dull and monotonous, as a superficial view leads us to think that to live is to change. But when we look deeper we find that life is a continuous triumph over that which changes. As in God it is immutable, so in man it tends to a state of permanence by identifying itself more and more with truth, goodness and beauty, which are forever the same. To live in the highest sense, is to find and recognize one's self in all things, remaining constant in the midst of a transitory and evanescent world. The realm of consciousness for these consecrated virgins is not narrow: their love and sympathy are wide as the heart of Christ.

As we find ourselves in giving ourselves to wife and children, to God and country, to truth and honor, so they in abandoning all find a nobler and a sweeter life. They are the representatives of the highest devotion, the purest love and the most beneficent sympathies of the human heart. They are the heroines of the service of humanity; the priestesses who keep aglow the fire of the divine charity which Christ came to kindle in the world. In their youth they drank at the fountain which quenches thirst forever; in their springtime bloom they saw through the veil that hides or blurs the image of the Eternal, and ever after they walk waiting for God. Since religion in its deepest sense is a life more than a doctrine, our sisterhoods are an argument for the truth of the Catholic faith, whose force seems to render all our controversies, apologies, and schemes of edification more or less idle. These silent armies, moving in obedience to the whisperings of the unseen Master, make us invincible. So long as, generation after generation, tens of thousands of the purest, gentlest souls find that the love of Christ constrains them, Christ lives and rules. This is the marvellous thing that has impressed some of the greatest minds. Heroes and orators grow to be themes for declamation, but the purest and the best follow close to Christ, and devote themselves to Him with a personal sense of love as strong as that of a mother for her child.

They who know our sisterhoods most thoroughly, best know that this is simple truth. Their lives bear witness to the divinity and power of the Saviour with a force and eloquence to which mere words can not attain. In the midst of weakness they are strong; in the midst of trouble they are calm; in the presence of death they are joyful. They are rich enough though poor; happy enough though beset by trials. In solitude, they are full of peace; far from the world, their pure thoughts keep them company; forgotten of men, they are at home with God. There is about them the serene air of immortal things. They have the assurance that it is well with them whatever may lie beyond. The bonds love weaves about us are not chains, but freedom's livery. The most generous are the happiest; and the most fortunate are not those who receive or gain the greatest possessions, but those who with a loving heart make the greatest sacrifices. They are not confused or dominated by the problems and doubts of their time, but rise from out the riddles of existence into serene worlds where duty is plain. Passing by the unfathomable mysteries of human life, they do their work with hearts as glad as that of a child singing in its father's house.

In countless homes in which an unclean spirit could not enter and live, the mothers have received their exalted faith in the priceless worth of purity from the lips and hearts of nuns. In thousands of parishes the light of Catholic truth and love shines from the convent with

a more pervasive and unremitting glow than from the pulpit; and as a gentleman is best known by his behavior to women, so a true priest is discovered by the reverence and consideration he shows to nuns. Bigotry itself, narrow and obdurate, ready almost to hate the good it is forced to recognize in those whose creed it abhors, can not long withstand the test of contact with these simple, gentle and true-hearted women. How infinitely poorer, coarser, more frivolous and sensual life would be were it not for these pure souls!

O the wealth of love in a woman's heart!—the wife's unconquerable truth and loyalty, the mother's tenderness and affection; the bloom and warmth, the freshness and fragrance of a virgin's soul when the mystic voice first awakens it to conscious life! O the countless oratories where hearts are bowed in the silent service of a boundless devotion, giving all and asking nothing; knowing only that God is, and that He is love! From the thousand books wherein I read that we can know nothing of the infinite mystery, that all is dark and cold and meaningless; that faith deceives, that hope deludes, that love betrays; that religion is but a dream of unhappy creatures who awake from the bosom of the infinite unconscious, and live only long enough to know their misery,—from all this bleak and wintry waste, full of darkness and death, I turn to the pure hearts of women who love, and again the light plays around me. I drink the balmy air; the birds sing, the waters leap for joy, the mountains lift their heads; and I am in God's world and am His child.

When glancing athwart many a sad and gloomy page of history, I read of schism and heresy, of hate and cruelty; of bitter controversies that never end; of pride and ambition, of greed and lust,—I think of the hosts of holy women who have followed the Church, like the chosen few who followed Christ on the narrow, blood-stained way that led to Calvary; who watch and wait, who serve and are helpful, who work and are silent; and I am certain that the cause which century after century thus constrains thousands of the purest and gentlest hearts to sacrifice their lives to the highest and most unselfish ends, is the cause of God, the cause for which Christ suffered and died.

Dr. Martin's Wife.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LIFE'S LABYRINTH," ETC.

XXI.—M. Plouton, Manager.

A FEW gentle tears were all that were shed at the funeral of Mrs. Edward Dunbar. Nor were these tears of regret; though the faithful Marie had naturally a certain affectionate feeling for the woman whom until a few days previous she had believed to be her mother, duty had always been the prevailing sentiment in her conduct toward her. And if hers had not been a mild and forgiving nature, many bitter memories might have been evoked at this supreme hour, when past events, long shapeless and half-forgotten, take hue and life again in the cruel, relentless face of death.

Camilla had died alone in the night, so that there were no means of learning her last wishes, if she had had any. But Mrs. Martin felt satisfied that the final settlement of her affairs had been made at their interview,—that there was nothing of which disposition could be made; and, while she deeply regretted that the dead woman had not made her peace with God, she experienced a sense of relief that all was over. Save for the black gown that Marie now

wore, without the usual little pink, blue or scarlet bow, there was nothing to indicate that the household had been bereaved. None of those concerned were disposed to make a mockery of grief or to pretend regrets they did not feel.

On the third day after the funeral Marie came home unexpectedly from rehearsal, with signs of trouble on her usually smooth brow; and Stephanie, remarkably quick to read her countenance, at once divined that something disagreeable had occurred.

"You look very much fatigued, dear. I will make you a cup of chocolate," she said, as Marie wearily threw aside her hat and lay back on the sofa,—an attitude she rarely assumed.

"Thank you, Stephanie! That will be nice," she replied. "I am tired and upset. I have had a miserable experience this morning."

"Ah, that is unfortunate!" exclaimed Stephanie. "I will hurry to get the chocolate, and when I have it ready you will tell me all about it."

When the old woman returned it was to find Mrs. Martin seated in a low hair close to the sofa, holding Marie's hand in hers.

"Ah, Madame!" said the old woman. "That means to fetch another cup of chocolate. It is quite ready. I shall not be a moment."

When she had brought it, Marie said:

"Sit there, Stephanie. I will try to tell you both what has disturbed me. It is my first experience of the kind; and, while I do not regret the consequences, I am sorry it occurred."

"Has some one been rude to you, *chérie?*" asked the old woman, gently bending over her.

"Wait till I have told you, and then you will see," replied Marie. "When I got to the theatre this morning," she continued, "M. Plouton, the manager, looked out of the glass upper door of his office and called me. I was a little early, and thought perhaps he wished to tell me something about the Fairy Pantomime they are to have for Easter Week. 'Sit down, Mademoiselle,' he said. 'I have a new song, which I wish you to look over before trying it. It is not in your line exactly, and it will be best that you should familiarize yourself with it before beginning to practise it.'"

"What kind of songs do you generally sing?" asked Mrs. Martin, who from the first had studiously avoided asking any questions about Marie's avocation, so distasteful was the very thought of it and everything connected with it.

"Oh, light little *chansons* with catchy refrains—something to take the popular taste!" was the reply,—"nothing, until now, that any one could make objection to. Ours has always been known as the only light comedy place in the city of Paris where ladies might attend without hearing anything that could offend the ear."

"I am glad to hear that," remarked Mrs. Martin. "I thought that nothing of that kind could be said of any Parisian theatre."

"No wonder, then, that you hesitated when you heard of me," said the young girl, with a sad little smile. "I begin to see now why you did. But I have been singularly fortunate thus far. Now I can appreciate it."

"But your story, Mademoiselle?" said Stephanie. "What happened between you and M. Plouton?"

"Well, he reached behind him to the table and took up a song, which he gave me. I opened it and ran over the words, feeling my face grow crimson as I handed it back to him, saying:

"'Monsieur, I can not sing that song.'

"'And why can you not sing it?' he asked.

"'Have you read it? Do you know the words?' I inquired.

"'The music is very pretty.'

"'But the words?' I persisted.

"'Yes, Mademoiselle,' he retorted,—'yes, as a matter of course I know the words. You must not be a prude.'

"'Monsieur,' I replied, 'I can not sing that song.'

"'And why not, I repeat?' he said.

"Then I got up. I did not like his tone. 'Monsieur,' I said, 'you know as well as I. It is not necessary that I should say more.'

"'Sit down, Mademoiselle, I beg!' he continued. 'You can not know what such a refusal implies. Let me explain a little, though it is altogether without precedent that I should do so. You already know that, while I may be a strict master, I am neither harsh nor unreasonable. Is it not so?'

"I bowed my head.

"'Well, then, I have at the same time a sense of justice toward those whom I employ, and am not entirely without appreciation. In your case this has been manifested by the fact that I have seldom reproved you and often praised. Remember, moreover, that your salary has been increased with each succeeding year. I have in contemplation a much larger increase of salary for the next season. Heretofore, Mademoiselle, I have thought my interests were yours.'

"'And so they have been, Monsieur,' I hastened to reply. 'I have always tried to do my best, and I believe there has been no dissatisfaction.'

"'That is a modest way of putting it. But of late there has been some.'

"'On what grounds, I should like to know, Monsieur?'

"'To put it in a nutshell,' he replied, 'we are too tame here.'

"'Too tame!' I cried, not knowing what he could mean.

"'We are quite behind the age with our baby pantomimes, childish ballets, and silly little songs, with nothing to recommend them but their pretty airs,' he said. 'For some time there have been complaints. Have you not observed, Mademoiselle, that our audiences are not as large as formerly?'

"'No, Monsieur,' I answered. 'It may be they fluctuate somewhat; but is it not so in all theatres?'

"'Yes, if they do not cater to the taste of their patrons. We do not play—or shall not play in the future—for women and children only. We are behind the times; and that means ruin—eventually. Therefore I have recently done what for a considerable period I have had in contemplation. I have had several songs written expressly for us; one of them you have in your hand. I wish you to learn it and to sing it. And this is final: there is no appeal from it,—it is in the nature of a command. I am well aware, nevertheless, that it is not exactly in your line. But it suits your voice very well, and you are remarkably quick at learning. You understand that your salary is to be raised?'

"I was about to respond, but he motioned me to be silent.

"'Knowing this as you do,' he said, 'and realizing, as you also do, that your bread and butter has depended upon your connection with us for a period of years, I make no doubt that you will not object further to my plans. I have engaged Mademoiselle Beauxtemps, of Les Foliés—or I should say *late* of Les Foliés,—to take you in hand, teach you this song, together with several others, with appropriate dances and gestures, facial expressions, and so forth. She is an expensive person, Mademoiselle; I trust you will remember it, and make as good progress as possible,—that is to say, learn as quickly as you can. Do you quite understand?'

"Once more I rose to go. Laying the sheet of music on the desk beside me, I said decidedly:

"'I have already told you, Monsieur, that it will be impossible for me to sing that song. As, from what you have just informed me, it is to be inferred you are contemplating the introduction of similar ones here, I must include them in the same category.'

"He jumped up, shaking his fist in my face. 'Do you mean to tell me that you *will not* sing it?' he cried,—'you whom I picked up out of the streets?—you the daughter of a scoundrel, a forger, a thief? What virtuous airs are those you are putting on? I say that you *shall* sing it!'

"I recoiled from him, frightened and almost crying.

"'What will you do, then, when I shall have turned you adrift?' he went on. 'You will not be so independent when you find yourself begging for a position, or singing for five francs a night in some low concert hall.'

"'It would be strange, Monsieur, if I should find myself in such a place when I could have earned my living in the same way here in this theatre. It would be absurd to think such a thing.'

"I saw a shadow darken the glass door as I spoke,—a woman's figure, showily dressed, and with a hat in the extreme of the mode. Then, to my great surprise, he shouted:

"'Go! go! You are discharged. Here is your salary, with a month extra; though you are not deserving of a single day's warning. This is Friday: you are not on. After to-day I shall not need you. So go at once, my virtuous young woman! I can easily supply your place.'

(To be continued.)

A Thought.

THE touch of evening on the toil-spent day
Is not, O Mother mine,
As restful as the thought of thee
And thy dear Son Divine!

The Vale of Tears.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

IV.—Vacation Vagaries.

THUS was I launched into the licensed liberties of my first vacation away from California. Being the son of two only children, I have never known what it is to have an aunt, an uncle or a cousin. My father and mother were amply supplied with these sometimes useful and perchance agreeable, but too often officious or burdensome accidental family annexes. But if there has been a dearth of collateral relatives in the Stoddard-Freeman household, I have had four grandmothers to compensate me; and my lifelong boast has been that it was my singular privilege to be the first to congratulate one of my grandmothers on the occasion of her maiden marriage.

It was but reasonable for me to share my holidays with my grandparents. I could hardly hope for novelty on the Freeman Farm. I had exhausted its limited resources. And what was there beyond brook-trout and maple-sugar in their season for the refreshment of farmers' sons? Even the sons were scarce. One, only, of the latter impressed me much, and with him I was never intimate. He lived in the little house at the corner where a by-road joined the pike, a quarter of a mile from grandfather's house. Sometimes I used to walk to this house and wait for the Randolph and Little Valley stage to run by. It was always the most interesting event of the day,—although nothing ever happened worth mentioning, unless I was to take passage on my return to Randolph after having passed a Saturday and Sunday with the old people. On such occasions I arrived at the corner house very early, lest by any chance I should miss that stage.

The daughter of the house, who may have been more than the "sweet sixteen," which, I suppose, is the golden hour of girlhood, impressed me as seeming younger than she really was, and of rather presuming upon an assumption which ill suited her. At fifteen a boy does not care to have a girl assume a virtue of any description as if it were the exclusive property of her sex.

This young woman had a brother who had wooed the Muse more or less industriously, and his lays and lyrics were transcribed upon the pages of a blank book in a hand as faultless in its curves, the dotting of its *i*'s and the crossing of its *t*'s as if it were veritable copper-plate. The volume was kept upon the centre table in the darkened parlor. When I arrived upon the scene I was invited to walk into the parlor. The shades were raised, and soon the conversation led round and round until its narrowing circle closed upon the volume of manuscript poems; and so I was made acquainted with genius in homespun by the sister-vestal who kept that light aflame, even though it were hid under a bushel.

I never went to that house to intercept the stage without discussing letters,—the letters discussed being, of course, folded within the covers of that precious book. We did not cudgel our brains in order to settle the vexed question, "What is poetry?" That question had been already settled, and the answer lay there on the centre table—unless it chanced to be in my hand at the time when, with one eye fixed upon it, I watched for the approaching stage with the other; or she had it in her hand and was lisping the numbers to my dull ear.

It had not at that moment occurred to me that some day I might strike the harp gently myself, perhaps with less success than did the mute, inglorious brother of that worshipful sister at the crossways. Yet I am half inclined to think that this chance introduction to a volume of unpublished poems, this glance at the private life of the poet, this glimpse behind the scenes, made letters live for me and made literature become a kind of revelation. No book was quite dead to me after that; until then most of them had seemed dead without ever having lived.

Here was something to think upon, and I thought much upon it. In my vibrations betwixt the homes of my two grandfathers I rounded out my experiences. Vacation days, though not lively—for I was not a lively child, but more of a dreamer than anything else,—still had attractions. My grandfather Stoddard, at Pembroke, New York, took me to drive with him when, as a medical man, he was making his round of professional visits. The one episode that lives distinctly in my memories of this period was the advent of a strolling minstrel, whose history must now forever remain a mystery; perhaps no one save the great original could have sworn to any facts in the case. This bard, had he been suitably draped and furnished with a harp, might have stepped out of Sir Walter's Lay. As I think of him now it is difficult to refrain from quoting the familiar lines:

> The way was long, the wind was cold,
> The minstrel was infirm and old;
> His wither'd cheek and tresses grey
> Seem'd to have known a better day.

When he arrived at the kitchen door he was covered with dust, and he graciously asked leave to rest a while. Of course he was made welcome. Food was offered him, but he would accept nothing save some baked apples and a bowl of milk. He declined to eat in the dining-room, and seemed quite at his ease in the kitchen, where we all sought him and were very soon chatting with him freely. He had no abiding place,—

was forever wandering from village to village, from house to house; yet he had neither the appearance nor the manner of a beggar, nor even of one in need; and certainly no one could have mistaken him for a tramp. Indeed I do not know that that forlorn fraternity had yet begun to spread like a blight throughout the land. He was gentle, refined; with a rich, low voice, which, though uncultivated, he managed with some skill; and he sang, or half chanted, ballads of a religious nature that seemed almost interminable. He may have been an itinerant evangelist; he may have been merely an eccentric person, or one whose mind was unbalanced,—it is difficult to distinguish the three. But he was harmless; moreover, he was entertaining, and was therefore made heartily welcome at my grandfather's.

I remember that my grandfather, who was a man of considerable reserve, was constrained to listen to our pilgrim and to converse with him; and that we found the stranger guest a man of reading and accomplishments, and who, though not a Stoddard, knew enough of the family history to surprise my grandfather. He maintained that the name was originally *Stout-heart*, the head of the family having been a Viking—which is at least poetical if piratical. But my grandfather was not willing to accept this attractive hypothesis, and held to the time-honored tradition that the first of his blood to set foot on English soil was De-la-Standard, own cousin of that disreputable William the Conqueror, and his standard-bearer. The peripatetic always spent the night with us, sleeping upon an improvised cot in the woodshed—he said windows and doors oppressed him,—and on the morning following he went singing down the village street, without a plan and without a penny, the very pattern of implicit trust in an all-wise and overruling Providence. Now, who was he? What was he? Whence came he? Whither has he gone?

Visiting old friends at Spencerport, ten miles from Rochester, my native city, the young folk of the family brought to me the joyful tidings that the circus would make a local holiday at Lockport or Brockport—it now matters little which. I immediately proposed that we journey thither and enjoy the sports of the arena. With a spirit scornful of consequences, I borrowed money enough to pay the expenses of the party, and provided liberally for the wants of the inner man and inner maiden; now we felt that we were no longer children, and we feasted on peanuts and pink lemonade. I found that day one of the happiest of the whole vacation, and we all revelled in our innocence until a late excursion train returned us in safety to Spencerport, long since lapped in slumber—and then we slept.

It was not until some days later I learned with surprise that my visit to Spencerport had been carefully timed so as to guard me from the temptations of Circus Week in Rochester. Grandfather Freeman held this lightly-clad and much-bespangled form of entertainment in particular abhorrence. So it came to pass that I broke an unwritten commandment. It was my grandfather's wish that I should scrupulously avoid every theatrical, musical and equestrian act unless it was under the personal direction of the late P. T. Barnum, the "great moral showman." I had, likewise, plunged headlong into debt, and had, as it were, hypothecated my pocket allowance for some time to come. It looked as if this holiday were likely to end in disaster and disgrace—but it did not. Whom the gods love don't always die betimes.

I come of a family of rolling stones; it is the rolling snowball that adds

considerably to its girth, but by and by it gets past rolling. The rolling stone may gather no moss. Why should it? That isn't its object in rolling; moss is an impediment—pretty enough in itself, but an impediment; there is no doubt about that. My Grandfather Freeman never distinguished himself as a moss-gatherer. There was, surely, enough of this decorative if unprofitable product on the Cattaraugus farm; but it did not endear those homely acres to him. He left them all and went to the historical town of Attica. Three miles from Attica is the academic village of Alexander. Batavia, Palmyra, Greece, Athens, Rome, lie not far away,—all in the State of New York!

I was carefully transplanted, as usual, and destined to pass a more or less studious year in Alexander. My grandfather and I were within easy reach of each other. I was to begin school life all over again; and the two Randolphs were to be washed from the tablets of my memory with—I had almost said tears of joy. Yet I bear the twin towns no grudge. How could I? Everybody, east and west, was kind to me. It is many a day since I last heard from a Randolph schoolmate,—many a year, in truth. But just now I have received an invitation to be present at the golden jubilee of the Academy; and some one must have remembered in this nineteen hundredth year of grace that three and forty years ago I was a lad at school there. And I may add—what is probably not known to any one else—that it was there I made my first bow before the footlights, and there I first dreamed of some day making couplets and wondered if anybody would ever call me poet.

(To be continued.)

WHAT makes vanity so insufferable to us is that it wounds our own.

—*La Rochefoucauld.*

Paris and Ober-Ammergau.

BY MARIE HALLÉ.

(CONCLUSION.)

THE Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau is performed in a manner which astonishes the world. Thirty years ago, on the report of some artists and men of letters who had almost by chance made their way hither and been astonished at what they saw, tourists came in ever-increasing numbers to this remote and simple mountain village to witness the sacred drama. The world tries to explain this pre-eminence by tradition, which of course makes these people from early infancy familiar with the great subject.

At the age of two or three a child takes part, in its mother's arms or at her feet, in one of the tableaux of the "Manna from Heaven" or the "Brazen Serpent"; ten years later he forms one of the crowd in the "Entry into Jerusalem"; ten years again roll by and he is a soldier or a disciple; thus decade by decade absorbing the spirit of the play. An old man was pointed out to us after the performance on the 23d of September—a spare, erect figure, with long, thin hair,—who had taken part in it ever since 1830. He is now one of the high-priests, and had just exchanged his stately priestly garb for his well-brushed and threadbare Sunday suit, and was drinking a glass of beer and smoking a long and thin cigar in the inn parlor. He is seventy-nine years old, and looks so hale and vigorous that he inspires the hope that he may live to appear once more, and for the ninth time, in the great play.

Two men seem providentially to have been raised up in Ober-Ammergau to contribute to the perfection of its Passion Play: Roch Dedler, the village organist, who composed the music;

and the parish priest Daisenberger, who arranged the play as it now stands. Both these men lived at the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries, and their works until this year remained in manuscript.

Dedler's music, in the style of Haydn and Mozart, whose contemporary he was, is exactly what it ought to be—simple, pathetic, grave, lending the aid which only music can to the expression of the drama as it unfolds itself, but never in the least obtrusive nor staying its development. Several of his Masses are still sung at Ober-Ammergau.

Daisenberger's work was even greater. During his thirty-five years' faithful ministration to his parishioners, never losing an opportunity of improving their mental and spiritual development, it was natural that he should lend his utmost aid to their performance of their vow. Taking the Passion Play in hand, he stripped it of all that was ignoble or farcical in the miracle-play as it had come down to them. A born poet and dramatist, a sound theologian, his interpolations into the sacred text are done so judiciously, his interpretations are always so noble and true, the development of the characters commands our acquiescence so unhesitatingly, that it is not surprising a recent writer should have called him the "evangelist of Ober-Ammergau."

To him do we mainly owe the fine series of tableaux drawn from the Old Testament that herald and precede each scene of the Passion: Adam and Eve expelled from paradise and the wood of the cross before the entry into Jerusalem; the Manna in the wilderness and the return of the spies with the grapes from the Promised Land—the most beautiful, perhaps, of all these living pictures,—before the scene of the Last Supper. Adam under the curse, the choir working out the parallel between the sweating of Adam and the bloody sweat in Gethsemane; Joab's treacherous assassination of Amasa, stabbing him under the fifth rib while offering the kiss of friendship, precede the Agony in the Garden and the kiss of Judas; Isaac carrying the wood for the sacrifice up Mount Moriah prefigures the Way of the Cross, and Moses raising the Brazen Serpent precedes the crucifixion. There are twenty-four of these tableaux, bringing vividly before us the prophetic and emblematical character of the great acts of Old-Testament history.

Whether Daisenberger is responsible for all the interpolations and enlargements or not, they are all worthily and happily conceived. The intervention of Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea as members of the council of the Sanhedrim after the compact with Judas bears the mark of probability, and finely introduces their intervention after the crucifixion. The high-priests and rulers are compassing the death of "the Galilean"; Caiaphas has uttered the fatal words: "It is better that one man should die, and the whole nation perish not. He must die!" Nicodemus rises in his place, and, asking leave to be heard, says: "Is sentence already pronounced upon this man before he has been heard in his defence, before there has been a hearing of the witnesses?" Nathaniel cries: "What! wilt thou accuse the council of injustice?" And Zadok exclaims: "Dost thou know the holy law? Compare—" Nicodemus: "I know the law; I know witnesses must be heard before the judge may pass sentence."—"What need of further witnesses?" cries Josue. "Ourselves have been witnesses to his speech and actions, by which he blasphemously outraged the law." Unmoved by the clamor of the assembly, Nicodemus replies: "Then you yourselves are at once the accusers, the witnesses and the judges. I have heard his teaching, have seen his mighty deeds.

They call for belief and admiration, not for contempt and punishment." Then Caiaphas and the priests shout: "Out with thee from our assembly!"

Then the voice of Joseph of Arimathea is heard. Standing up on the opposite side of the hall, he says: "I agree with Nicodemus. No deed has been imputed to Jesus which makes him worthy of death. He has done naught but good." Then asks Caiaphas: "Dost thou also speak thus? Has he not desecrated the Sabbath and misled the people by his seditious speeches? Has he not worked his pretended miracles by the aid of Beelzebub? Has he not given himself out as a God?" Joseph of Arimathea remains standing and continues: "Envy and malice have misrepresented his words and imputed evil motives to the noblest acts. That he is a man come from God his godlike acts testify."—"Now we know thee!" cries Nathaniel, with a laugh of scorn. "Already for a long time hast thou been a secret follower of this Galilean." Annas and Caiaphas treat the two defenders of Our Lord as traitors and apostates, and then all the priests cry out: "He must die: that is our resolve!"—"I curse this resolution; I will have no part nor lot in this shameful condemnation!" exclaims Nicodemus. "I also," says Joseph of Arimathea, "will quit the place where the innocent are condemned to death." And, gathering their robes about them, they leave the council.

Perhaps nothing pierces the heart more keenly than when at the Last Supper Jesus kneels before Judas at the washing of the feet. Anton Lang was admirable at this moment—he was admirable from the first entry into Jerusalem until his last cry upon the cross. Standing round the table, he and the apostles had said, in Latin, the psalm *Laudate Dominum, omnes gentes; laudate eum omnes populi;* he had tasted the loving-cup and handed it to his apostles, who had drunk it standing; he then bade them sit down. With John's help, he removes his long upper robe of purple and girds himself with a white linen napkin; the servant of the master of the house brings a brass ewer and basin and pours water over each foot as Christ goes from one apostle to the other. The on-looker feels, "So it must have been in reality"; and watches the silent progress of the scene after Peter's short dialogue with his Lord.

Arrived at Judas, there is a moment's repulsion, a swift and patient look up to Heaven; and then, almost with a deeper humility than to the others, he kneels before him. The beautiful picture seems for a moment blurred, and an involuntary "*Salva me, fons pietatis!*" bursts from one's heart-core. More than one detail strikes home. Judas' "Is it I, Lord?" and the quiet answer, "Thou hast said it," are unheard by the other apostles; and the designation of Judas as the betrayer is made in a low voice to John alone. When Jesus says that the old covenant with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob is at an end, there is a stir of silent amazement among the apostles; and we feel what a tremendous announcement it must have been to these men, made at the very time they were celebrating that covenant. With august simplicity the great scene moves on,—the blessing and breaking of the bread into twelve morsels, one of which is placed in the mouth of each apostle; the blessing and passing of the chalice, whilst a hidden choir of angels sing a rapturous hymn of love and praise.

In Holy Writ the Mother of God is silent throughout the passion of her Son. Here the words put into her mouth are few but full of pathos and beauty. In the leave-taking at Bethany, in the few words to St. John before the meeting with Our Lord on the way to Calvary,

"Oh, where is any sorrow like unto my sorrow!" and at the end, in following him to the grave, "It is the last service that I can do my Jesus."

Well is the contrast drawn between the repentance of Peter and the remorse of Judas; the progress of the latter's fall is terrifying in its naturalness and swiftness. But perhaps nothing comes out more clearly in the action of this Passion Play than the arch-responsibility of the high-priests and Pharisees for the whole tragedy of the death of Christ. The real duel is between Caiaphas and Christ, and the crime of Judas pales before that of Caiaphas. Judas, at least, acknowledged his crime, threw the price of it into the faces of his suborners, and, in horror at his own misdeed, cast himself out from the pale of the living. The pride and hatred of Caiaphas are invincible. To the last, and when on Golgotha a pale and terror-stricken messenger brings the tidings that the veil of the Temple is rent in twain, he points to the dead Jesus on the cross and says: "That villain has wrought this by his magic arts. Well for us that he is out of the world, or he would bring all the elements into confusion!" The words would sound preposterous did we not know that he will presently go to Pilate and speak of that same Jesus as a "seducer." Neither earthquake nor miracle nor the apparition of the dead from their tombs can move him.

Not the least interesting feature at Ober-Ammergau is the audience: four thousand persons, one thousand of whom have to remain spellbound, and in a silence unbroken by the faintest sound even of approbation, during the eight hours that the Passion Play lasts. Spoiled children of the world, to whom an hour's serious attention seems quite impossible, here remain silent and intent, carried out of themselves. Here are cardinals and men of letters, statesmen and actors, priests and freethinkers, princesses and peasants, who have travelled all night in open carts to see the miracle-play once in their lives; and the same enthralment holds them all. It is a strangely subdued crowd which, at noon, and again at the dusky hour of five, when the play is over, streams out of the wooden theatre and makes its way across the little bridge over the silvery Ammer and scatters through the village.

The way in which the men of Ober-Ammergau prepare for the performance of the Passion Play is significant. A year beforehand, on the Feast of St. Nicholas, for thus the tradition enjoins, there is Solemn High Mass in the village church and the *Veni Creator* is sung. The parish priest then recalls to his congregation the memories of the past, and exhorts them to perform their pious task in the same spirit as before. The chief actors are then chosen by lot, the voting being secret and by white and black balls; and the rehearsals begin.

The laborer is worthy of his hire, and the stream of gold which the outside world brings to Ober-Ammergau is divided into several channels. A portion is reserved to the Commune for necessary improvements and for the next celebration of the play, ten years hence; a portion goes to the poor and to the church, and the rest is divided among the actors, according to their rank. Josef Meyer received £50 in 1890; this year, the receipts being so much greater, Anton Lang will receive about £100. Lang is a potter by trade; Caiaphas is acted by the verger of the church; Josef Meyer is a dealer in carved works.

Modest and simple the village and its inhabitants remain; and as we leave it, and look back upon it nestling round its church and surrounded by its quiet hills, we can wish it no better wish than that thus it may remain.

Bishop Potter and the "Century" Magazine.

THERE are probably very few American citizens whose knowledge of the Philippines and the Filipinos is more intimate than that of the Hon. John Barrett, of Vermont. As our minister to Siam, he has had opportunities for travel in the Far East, and he has made much of them. His stay in the Philippine Islands was long enough to enable him to study thoroughly the characteristics of this Asiatic group,—its inhabitants, government, resources, climate, etc. His account of the clergy there is altogether favorable. "They include many men of great ability, noble character, and wide knowledge; the majority are faithful to their vows, and the few who backslide are usually of mixed blood or natives." It is a mistake, Mr. Barrett says, to suppose, as most people do, that the Philippines are the home of barbaric, uncivilized tribes. "A marked result of the influence of the Church is that the inhabitants are Christian. Devoted *padres* had carried the Gospel to the heart of the tropical jungle before the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock."

As to the ecclesiastical government of the islands under the Spanish flag, this unprejudiced and candid observer declares: "If at first one is prejudiced against it, the feeling in a measure vanishes and even turns into admiration." Furthermore: "If there is evil in this ecclesiastical sway, it is assuredly more than counterbalanced by the good it accomplishes for the natives or common people. The majority appear happy and content."

The Protestant Episcopal bishop of New York challenges this testimony. Moreover, he speaks as an authority, having visited the Philippines himself and being the head of a division of American Protestants. As a matter of fact, his stay in the islands was limited to a few days passed quietly at Manila; and he has no more right to bear false witness against the friars than any ordinary minister of the Gospel. In view of all the evidence as to the noble lives and self-sacrificing labors of those missionaries, it required hardihood to characterize their influence as "malign," and to charge them with being responsible for the melancholy condition of the Philippines to-day. Bishop Potter has this hardihood. Before there was a paved street in the vicinity of the site of Franklin Square in his own city, the calumniated friars were building churches, establishing schools, constructing roads, etc., in Luzon. The bishop will not credit this statement, although it is of indisputable authority: he prefers to believe evil reports about the Catholic missionaries, and it would seem that he finds satisfaction in spreading them.

It was ex-President Cleveland who said that "the factors of the most approved outfit for placing a false and barefaced accusation before the public seem to be: first, some one with baseness and motives sufficient to invent it; second, a minister with gullibility and love of notoriety, greedily willing to listen to it and gabble it; and third, a newspaper anxiously willing to publish it." We know well how the calumnies against the friars in the Philippines originated. Bishop Potter has shown himself greedily willing to gabble them; and the eminently respectable *Century* magazine has acted the part of the yellow journal.

WE never know how rotten the tree is until it falls, nor how unstable the wall until it crumbles. And so in the moral nature of men, subtle forces eat their way silently and imperceptibly to the very centre.—*Charles F. Goss.*

Notes and Remarks.

The reports of the spread of irreligion in France which so often find their way into Catholic papers published in other countries are denied by persons whose knowledge of the conditions of modern France is intimate and whose honesty is above suspicion. In spite of all that has been said about empty churches, public insults to the clergy, etc., an American gentleman who has spent many months among the French people assures us that the secularization of public education has not changed their religious dispositions. He tells of finding churches thronged with worshipers on Sundays and holydays of obligation, and of being as much astonished as gratified at the large number of men receiving Holy Communion. On some occasions almost every adult in the congregation approached the altar. Misrepresentations of the French people should cease, at least in Catholic journals, in the face of testimony based upon full information and sound sense.

On the 21st inst., Feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin, the Ladies of the Sacred Heart celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the foundation of their admirable Society. Religion was not yet re-established in France when the saintly Madame Barat began her great apostolate of education; and it was necessary to conceal the monastic character of the new institute and to carry on its work by stealth. Hence its name and the garb of its members, which, like that of other religious orders established at the same period, differed little from the dress worn by ladies who had retired from society. A special blessing seems to have attended the Society of the Sacred Heart from the very beginning. Although it has spread to many parts of the world, its spirit remains unchanged, and women of noble character and saintly lives have never been wanting to direct and sustain its work. The history of the Society in our own country is a glorious record of devotedness and zeal in the cause of education, while the exalted virtues of its members have exerted in a thousand ways an influence that can be felt but not described.

It is our great privilege to publish this week the commemorative sermon delivered by Bishop Spalding at Eden Hall, Philadelphia, on the happy occasion to which we have referred. It is a grand conception of Christianity, and a noble tribute to the valiant hosts of consecrated women whose manifold achievements make the beauty of the Church seem more beautiful and her glory more bright.

He would be a rash man who should charge the authorities of the German universities with squeamishness, yet we read in the London *Tablet* that—

> Under the title of "A Serious Word to German Students," twenty of the most eminent medical professors of German, Austrian and Swiss universities have issued a joint letter to all university students, containing a serious admonition on the dangers of immoral conduct among youth. They point out in grave and weighty words the increasing evils, both physical and intellectual, which result from yielding to the temptations which surround young men in the most critical period of their life, and too often lead to future ruin of both body and mind. They declare that in their letter they are writing strictly as medical men, interested in the preservation of physical health, and prescinding from all ethical arguments. But let it be observed, they add, that in scarcely any other matter is the deterioration of character, thought and feeling so easily involved in that of the bodily frame as this.

It would be a cruel injustice to assert that the students of American secular universities are, as a class, corrupt; but one feature of the life of these young men is full of danger. We refer to the secret fraternities. Within recent months

this danger has been emphasized anew, to the poignant sorrow of many parents who, while seeking high, found only fast company for their sons in certain secular institutions. It is not easy to pity such parents after all the warnings they have had. It is the young men who deserve sympathy.

Perhaps the most interesting passage in the newly-published biography of Coventry Patmore is this bit from his own pen, referring to his freedom from all doubt once he had embraced the faith. We quote the passage in full:

From that time [of his reception], now twenty years ago, to this [1888], no shadow of religious doubt has ever crossed my understanding or my conscience; though it was not until the autumn of the year 1877 that my faith became the controlling power which for five and thirty years I had longed and prayed to find in it. In the spring of that year I set myself to reconsider the possible causes of my shortcomings. It occurred to me that I might have too lightly availed myself of the dispensations from fasting obtained on account of my weak digestion. So I kept the fast of that year fully; though, not being able to eat eggs or fish, I had to keep the fast upon vegetables; and at Easter's approach was, the doctor said, on the verge of a serious illness. But Easter brought neither the illness I feared nor the fulness of health I hoped for. In what had I been failing, that I had as yet failed of obtaining the whole promise of supernatural grace?

Before and even since my reception into the Church my feelings had been, as it seemed to me, hopelessly out of harmony with the feelings and practice of the best Catholics with regard to the Blessed Virgin. I was in the habit, indeed, of addressing her in prayer, and believed that I had often found such prayers to be successful beyond others; but I could not abide the Rosary, and was chilled at what seemed to me the excess of many forms of devotion to Her. Good I hoped might come of some practical contradiction of this repugnance,—some confession in act or will of what my feelings thus refused to accept. I, therefore, resolved to do the very last thing in the world which my natural inclination would have suggested: I resolved to make an external profession of my acceptance of the Church's mind by a pilgrimage to Lourdes. This I undertook without any sensible devotion, and merely in the temper of a business man who does not leave any stone unturned when a great issue is at stake, though the proposal of attaining thereby what he seeks may seem exceedingly small. Accordingly, on October 14, 1877, I knelt by the shrine at the River Gave; and rose without any emotion or enthusiasm or unusual sense of devotion, but with a tranquil sense that the prayers of thirty-five years had been granted. I paid two visits of thanksgiving to Lourdes, in the two succeeding Octobers, for the gift which was then received, and which has never since been for a single hour withdrawn.

Coventry Patmore was a genius, no doubt, and much of what he wrote will go down to posterity; but it must be confessed that he was lacking in wide human sympathies and incapable of appreciating many men whose fame is even greater and quite as real as his own.

Father Hemmer, of Paris, has recently been engaged in a polemic which can not but have accomplished a great measure of good. M. Buisson, a well-known Protestant and an ardent apostle of purely secular instruction, some time ago took to task a French magazine styled *The Propagator of the Devotion to St. Joseph and St. Anthony*. After analyzing the contents of one number of this periodical, he professed astonishment that Catholics whose beliefs he respected, "whose character, elevated views, and nobility of soul" he honored, did not intervene and put an end to the printing of such a collection of absurdities. Father Hemmer, in a courteous open letter to M. Buisson, shows that gentleman that the vagaries of the *Propagator* can not legitimately be imputed to the Church, as, notwithstanding the legend on the cover of the magazine stating that it is "edited by ecclesiastics with the approbation of superiors," the publication is, in fact, conducted by a layman and is completely outside ecclesiastical control.

Though courteous to M. Buisson, Father Hemmer handles without gloves the little periodical in question and those who are responsible therefor. He charges that it forgets all the rules of

Christian prudence, and that its normal tone is calculated to mislead the piety of the faithful. He, moreover, proves his charge by citing from its pages extracts that are worse than silly, comments that are simply destructive of the true idea of prayer. The radical evil of the *Propagator* and of many similar publications is that to St. Anthony and St. Joseph is attributed the rôle of a smart commercial agent,—a celestial broker who, provided he gets a substantial fee in good, solid cash, will look after the temporal wants of his clients, be those wants what they may, from the recovery of an umbrella or the finding of a lost cat to the securing of a position for which one is unqualified, or the capture of a wealthy husband or wife.

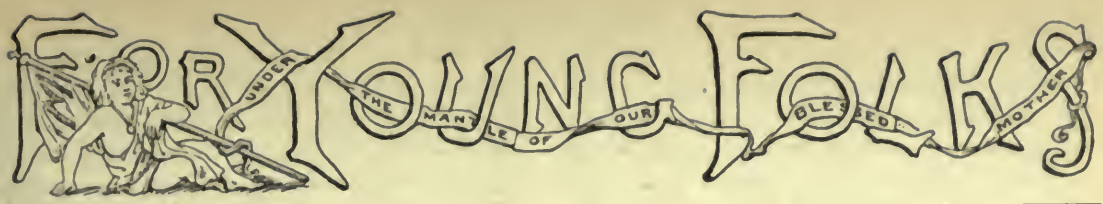
We have already condemned in these columns the publication in periodicals of letters acknowledging, as supernatural favors, the gratification of personal spites, the removal by death of inconvenient superiors, and the like nonsense; and we trust that Father Hemmer's outspoken arraignment of such pernicious extravagance may tend to lessen the abuse.

Modern science certainly is iconoclastic. Almost as astonishing as many scientific discoveries is the free-and-easy way in which men of science abandon theories that no one was allowed to oppose when first formulated. When the cremation craze began it was asserted in the most positive terms that graveyards pollute the air and are a constant menace to public health. The opponents of cremation were ridiculed, and the action of the Holy See in forbidding all members of the Church to will or bequeath their bodies to be burned was characterized as opposition to science. Now comes a learned man, writing in the *Quarterly Review* and quoting the testimony of other learned men, who declares that resolution of the body by the agency of the earth to which we commit it is the natural and innocuous method. "Earth is the most potent disinfectant known." There are, of course, eventualities in which cremation is a necessity; but everyone knows that necessity has no law. The Church never legislates against circumstances.

Like many another unbeliever, Prof. Huxley with growing years felt more and more that here everything is but a rent and that it is death alone which integrates. In the newly-published life of Huxley a letter to Mr. John Morley is quoted in which the great naturalist says: "It is a curious thing that I find my dislike to the thought of extinction increasing as I get older and nearer the goal. It flashes across me at all times with a sort of horror that in 1900 I shall probably know no more of what is going on than I did in 1800. I had sooner be in hell a good deal—at any rate, in one of the upper circles, where the climate and company are not too trying. I wonder if you are plagued in this way."

The late Max Müller was as strenuous an opponent of agnosticism as of evolution. He contended that the human mind in its highest functions is not confined to a knowledge of phenomena only, and that there are many truths which can not be demonstrated by a scalpel or tested by microscopic analysis.

Of one of the new books the current *Athenæum* remarks that it "shows how much more liberal was the supply of education — primary and secondary — before the Reformation than after it. Indeed the effect of the Reformation was to inflict a check upon the progress of education."



The Last Swallow.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

FLY away, swallow! The summer is over,
Withered the roses and scattered their leaves;
From springtime to autumn you're never a rover,
Content in your mossy nest under the eaves.
But now the long avenue's gloomy with shadows
And clouds, scudding swiftly, are heavy with rain
Soon, soon 'twill be drenching the gardens and meadows;
Then fly away, swallow; but come back again!

Come back again to your neat little dwelling,
When the blossoms of April are bright'ning the trees;
When through the wide orchard the soft buds are swelling,
And troops of gay butterflies rise from the leas.
Short is the winter-time,—we shall remember;
Speed you now southward o'er mountain and plain.
Tarry no longer: 'tis almost December,—
Fly away, swallow; but come back again!

Dot and Carrie.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

VIII.—An Accident to Dickie.

WITH the motherly instincts that were habitual to her, Carrie kept little Dot by her side; and determined not to lose sight of Randy and Dickie, if she could possibly help it.

"They are such a funny pair," she said,—"so cautious one day, so reckless the next,—that one never knows what they'll do. They'll do a daring thing, and then get frightened nearly out of their wits at nothing at all. So I must watch them, and be near if they should happen to want me."

The queen had fallen asleep on a nice, dry bank; and the fairies, having covered her with primroses and violets, had gaily tripped through the woods to gather more flowers and ferns to weave into garlands and wreaths to hang round Bottom when he should appear upon the scene.

Randy and Dickie had gone off with Harold; and so long as they were with him Carrie was not uneasy; but when, after a time, she saw them leave their brother and turn in quite an opposite direction, she grasped Dot's hand and followed them as fast as she could. For a considerable time she kept them well in sight. They were in high spirits, singing and shouting and laughing, throwing sticks and stones for Hoppy to run after; and picking primroses with evident enjoyment.

"They are very good to-day," Carrie said to Dot. "I don't think I need be uneasy. Let us sit here and I'll show you how to make a primrose chain."

Delighted—for her little legs were now tired,—Dot threw herself down upon the grass at Carrie's feet and spread her wild flowers out upon her lap.

"This is a wovey game," said Dot. "It's such fun being fairies in this nice wood. Don't you fink so, Caway?"

"Yes, dear. It's the best game we have had for a long time. But"—looking up quickly from the chain of pretty golden blossoms that was growing rapidly under her deft little fingers—"where are those boys now, I wonder? I can not see or hear them."

Dot sprang up and flew a little way off, her eyes wandering here and there through the trees.

"They've gone wevy far," she said. "Ah, that's Hoppy barting! Listen!"

"Yes, that's Hoppy, sure enough,"

Carrie answered, leaning forward. "But he sounds a long way off. I think"—rising up—"we had better go after the boys. Puck is forgetting himself. He ought to be going back to the fairy king by this time."

She wound her long chain of primroses round her neck and shoulders, and was filling Dot's overall with those flowers she meant still to use, when Hoppy came tearing through the bushes, and, in an excited way, seized her frock in his teeth and began to pull it as hard as he could.

"Well, Hoppy, what is it?" laughed Carrie. "Do you want me to go with you, perhaps?"

Hoppy dropped her frock, gave a loud bark as though saying "Yes" to her question, gambolled on a little way in front, then frisked back, and, catching her skirt in his mouth once more, dragged at her harder than ever.

"Good old fellow, you want me to go somewhere with you," Carrie said. "Come, Dot,"—taking the child's hand—"let us run where he leads us. Oh, I hope there's nothing wrong!"

When they had run along for some way, Hoppy sniffing on before them, his nose to the ground, they met Randy, white and frightened-looking, coming toward them in great haste.

"O Carrie, Dickie's had an awful fall!" he gasped. "He's so white and still, and"—with a sob—"he won't open his eyes or speak to me."

"A fall!" The girl trembled and grew pale. "How did he fall?"

"The branch broke—"

"The branch! O Randy, did he try to climb a tree?"

"Yes. He said he was Puck and must do something like a fairy. He climbed into a pretty high tree and was going to pretend to fly down, when the branch he was on broke and he fell head downward on to the ground. I laughed at first, crying out that it served him right for being such a goose. But when he did not answer or move and looked so pale I got frightened and began to cry. Hoppy smelled him all over, and then ran away."

"There he is, the good old dog! He came for me," cried Carrie, hurrying on. "It was dreadful of Dickie to go up a tree. What shall we do if he is badly hurt? How shall we get him home?"

"Harold might carry him to the wagonette."

"Indeed he could not: Dickie is too heavy. Harold is only a boy himself."

"He'll have to, or drag him along. We can't stay in the woods all night."

Carrie made no reply. She came up to her little brother and, bursting into tears, threw herself on her knees by his side.

"Dickie—O Dickie, look up and speak to me!" she sobbed. "Are you very, very much hurt?"

Dickie moved slightly, sighed and raised his eyelids for a second.

"My arm—my arm!" he stammered, in an almost inaudible voice; then, with a sharp cry, fainted away.

"Something must be done," said his sister, starting to her feet. "He has hurt his arm, perhaps broken it. None of us could carry him, and Miss Brown is too far away. I'll go to Lynswood and ask the housekeeper to send some one to bring the poor darling round to the wagonette at the side gate. Randy, you and Hoppy must stay here. Call for the others if you like, but don't leave Dickie for an instant."

"Well, don't be long," Randy said, very much frightened. "It's—it's not nice here alone with a boy ill like Dickie is."

"I know it's not. But it can't be helped. And the others will soon be here. Ah, I am sure that is Harold whistling now! You won't be long alone. Come,

Dot: I must take you with me. We have no time to lose. Shout, Randy, and Harold will hear you and know where you are. Be sure to tell him where I have gone."

And, with Dot clinging to her hand, Carrie sped off as fast as she could toward the beautiful old Elizabethan house, that looked so grandly imposing in the sunlight.

(To be continued.)

The Wise King.

Once, in the far East, there lived a monarch who had a great love for learning. His court was crowded, not with gay seekers of pleasure but with learned men, whose sole business it was to collect for him the wisdom of the world. Philosophers brought there their theories; astronomers lived in the tower rooms of the palace and studied the movements of the stars; alchemists were provided with laboratories wherein to make experiments; while scribes were busy day and night recording the result of all this labor. The library was so large that it required a hundred Brahmins to keep the scrolls in order.

When the monarch died it was found that he had left behind him a thousand camel loads of documents. The new king was quite as fond of wisdom as his father, but had a very different way of estimating it. It did not seem wise to him to expend so much labor in writing and caring for a lot of dusty old parchments; so he ordered the wise men to take those his father had left and condense the wisdom in them as much as possible. They worked for twenty years, and at the end of that time sought their master, who was beginning to have silver in his hair, and told him that their work was done: that they had condensed all the learning in the scrolls until it could be written in books that thirty camels could easily carry. The new king had not learned patience in those twenty years, and he flew into a rage.

"Go to work again! Do you think I can read thirty camel loads of books before I die?" he asked.

The Brahmins set to work anew and wrought steadily for ten more years; then again went to their king.

"Your majesty," they said, "we have packed the thoughts very closely and discarded many. All the wisdom we have kept, and the scrolls can now be loaded upon a single camel."

The king, quite gray now and much perplexed with the trials and duties of his position, answered, more calmly than before:

"Try again. Bring me the wisdom of the whole world written so that I may read it at a glance."

The Brahmins retired and set to thinking; then they threw away their inkhorns, and presented themselves at the throne room once more.

"Your majesty," remarked the oldest Brahmin, "the wisdom of all ages is comprehended in the fact that man really knows next to nothing. Kindly lend me your fan."

The king handed him the fan, and on it he wrote the word "Perhaps."

When the monarch died, very gray and full of years, men called him "the wise king." He had learned the wisdom in the word "Perhaps."

The Pilgrim's Emblem.

The scallop-shell was the pilgrim's emblem; knowing that, one can easily understand the beautiful lines:

Give me my scallop-shell full of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon;
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation;
My gown of glory (hope's true gage),
And then I'll take my pilgrimage.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Maurice Thompson's "Alice of Old Vincennes," in which he draws a sympathetic picture of Father Gibault, passed into its seventieth thousand barely a month after its publication.

—A chapter of the forthcoming biography of the late Lord Russell will set forth his "impressions of a visit to Salt Lake City, where his powers as a cross-examiner were brought to bear upon certain professors of Mormonism."

—Coventry Patmore's prejudices were as intense as those of his friend Thomas Carlyle. He could not abide Americans—he used to refer to us as New Worldlings. His expressions concerning the United States seem somewhat ungenerous, in view of the fact that the "Angel in the House," upon which he prided himself so much, was more popular here than in his own country.

—A cable dispatch to the N. Y. *Sun* announces the death of the venerable Thomas Arnold, of the Royal University of Dublin. He was the second son of the famous Dr. Arnold of Rugby and the father of Mrs. Humphry Ward, the novelist. Matthew Arnold, the poet and essayist, was his brother. A touching account of his conversion to the Church and his temporary defection is given in his last published work, "Passages in a Wandering Life."

—Father Edmund Nolan, one of the priests in residence at Cambridge University, is preparing a volume which the *Athenæum* declares will somewhat affect popular notions as to the date at which Greek was popularly taught at the English universities. "Father Nolan has found a manuscript Greek grammar, which he is about to reprint, along with evidence which shows that it was composed for current use by Friar Roger Bacon."

—The prejudices of the Protestant Episcopal bishop of New York against the religious orders of the Church have been so often manifested that one would think the *Century* might have chosen another writer to treat of "The Problem in the Philippines,"—that is, unless the editor cared nothing about offending his Catholic readers. To put the bishop forward as an "unprejudiced and candid observer," after being convicted by the director of the observatory at Manila of making false charges against the friars, is a gross misrepresentation in itself. A correspondent of the New York *Sun*, the same paper in which Father Alque's refutation of these charges was published, takes Bishop Potter to task for his *Century* article, pointing out errors in his statements of fact and weaknesses in his logic which ought to open the eyes of the editor of the *Century*. The writer, Mr. Thomas F. Woodlock, shows that he is capable of forming a dispassionate opinion on the subject of the Philippine friars, and proves very conclusively that Bishop Potter is not.

—The thin folio volume of thirty-seven pages containing a copy of Milton's minor poems in his own handwriting is among the most valued possessions of Trinity College, Cambridge. The British Museum has recently acquired the poet's "Commonplace Book" containing Milton's excerpts from one hundred Latin, French, Italian and English authors. The only other autographs of the epic poet known to exist are a few letters.

—The death is announced of Father Raymund Palmer, an eminent English priest of the Order of St. Dominic, who wrote a "Life of Cardinal Howard" and published sundry papers bearing upon the history of the Dominicans in England. He was a frequent contributor to *The Reliquary* and kindred periodicals, and was regarded as an authority on many subjects of historical and antiquarian interest. Father Palmer was a convert to the Church, and had practised medicine before becoming a priest. *R. I. P.*

—Though best known to book-lovers as the translator of the Breviary, the late Marquis of Bute was remarkable for the versatility of his literary achievements. In an admirable appreciation of him the London *Academy*, a high authority in English letters, says:

> The Marquis of Bute on St. Brendon, the Marquis of Bute on William Wallace, the Marquis of Bute on Llewelyn, the Marquis of Bute on Libraries, the Marquis of Bute on the Language of Teneriffe, the Marquis of Bute on the Origin of the Chaldees,—these are but a sample of the subjects to which his name seemed to give an interest, in Cardiff, at St. Andrew's, or in Glasgow, to the man in the street. . . . Perhaps no man ever united so perfectly as Lord Bute great skill as a yachtsman with great scholarship in Scripture. The two qualifications are not waywardly forced into strange companionship; for it was while he was on a yachting cruise round Patmos that he made observations of real account to the student of the Apocalypse. The white stones upon its beach, with their red veins forming themselves into names and words at the bidding of the finder's fancy, suggested to Lord Bute, and may have suggested to St. John himself, the promise of the text that to the true lover and believer would be given "a white stone with a name written thereon which no man can read save he that receiveth it." Commentators have failed before the awful phrase, "There shall be blood up to the bridles of the horses." But Lord Bute, standing where

St. John had stood, beheld the bay at sunset as it were a bath of blood; and there in its midst were rocks with something of the form of horses; and from their necks hung immemorial seaweed, as it were bridles that surged to and fro upon that crimson flood.

—The famous "Wizard Clip" case, which resulted in the conversion of so many persons, is so well remembered at the present day that the name of the village of Smithfield, Va., where the weird phenomena occurred, has by common consent been changed to "The Clip." Dr. Shea recounts the mysterious occurrences in the second volume of his History of the Church in this country, but gives no explanation; however, a clever writer in the *Union and Times* supplements Dr. Shea's account and suggests a solution that deserves at least to be considered. He declares that the ghost which annoyed the Livingstons was undoubtedly of Hibernian origin, being no other than the spirit of an Irish peddler who died while stopping at the Livingston house, and who chose a very extraordinary way of rewarding the charity of the family. The article makes agreeable reading.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Beauty of Christian Dogma. *Rev. Jules Souben.* $1.35.

The Hidden Servants, and Other Very Old Stories Told Over again. *Francesca Alexander.* $1.50.

Days of First Love. *W. Chatterton Dix.* 25 cts.

The Judgment of Peter and Paul on Olympus. *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* 75 cts.

Lectures for Boys. *Very Rev. Francis Doyle, O. S. B.* 3 vols. $6.

Handbook to Christian and Ecclesiastical Rome. Three Vols. *H. M. and M. A. R. T.* $10.

The Spiritual Life and Prayer, According to Holy Scripture and Monastic Tradition. $1.75, *net.*

The History of the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ. *Rev. James Groenings, S. J.* $1.25, *net.*

A Priest's Poems. *K. D. B.* $1.25.

Alice of Old Vincennes. *Maurice Thompson.* $1.50.

Education and the Future of Religion. *Bishop Spalding.* 5 cts.

General Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures. *Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S. S.* $2, *net.*

Father Anthony. *Robert Buchanan.* $1.50.

The Soldier of Christ. *Mother Mary Loyola.* $1.35, *net.*

Where is the Church? *Rev. Charles Coupe, S. J.* 40 cts., *net.*

The Autobiography of St. Ignatius Loyola. *J. F. X. O'Conor, S. J.* $1.25, *net.*

The Testament of Ignatius Loyola. *E. M. Rix.* $1, *net.*

Sermons on the Blessed Sacrament. *Scheurer-Lasance.* $1.50, *net.*

A Form of Prayers. *Marquis of Bute.* 45 cts., *net.*

Sanctuary Meditations. *Fr. Baltasar Gracian, S. J.* $1, *net.*

Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption. *W. H. Mallock.* $3.50.

The Flowing Tide. *Madame Belloc.* $1.60, *net.*

A Son of St. Francis. *Lady Amabel Kerr.* $1,

Poor Dear Ann. *The Prig.* 75 cts.

The Bible and its Interpreter. *Rev. P. H. Casey, S. J.* 50 cts.

The Gospel Story. *B. F. C. Costelloe.* $1.60, *net.*

Studies in Church History. Vol. VI. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* $2.50.

Meditations on the Psalms of the Little Office. *Peregrinus.—Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.* 75 cts., *net.*

Currita, Countess of Albornoz. *Luis Coloma.* $1.50.

The Knights of the Cross. Vol. II. *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* $1.

A Journey with the Sun around the World. *Rev. William McMahon.* $2.

St. Jerome. *Father Largent.* $1.

Studies in Poetry. *Thomas O'Hagan, M. A., Ph. D.* $1.

The Church of Christ the Same Forever. *Rev. D. McErlane, S. J.* 50 cts., *net.*

Christian Philosophy — God. *Rev. John T. Driscoll, S. T. L.* $1.25, *net.*

The Heiress of Cronenstein. *Countess Hahn-Hahn.* $1.25.

The Nursing Sister. $1.25.

Jack Hildreth on the Nile. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.

Holy Mass: A Morning Paradise. *Very Rev. R. O. Kennedy.* 5 cts.

Giovanni Baptista de Rossi. *Very Rev. T. J. Shahan, D. D.* 20 cts.

Roman Society in the Last Century of the Western Empire. *Samuel Dill, M. A.* $2.

The Spirit of the Third Order of St. Francis. *Father Peter Baptist, O. F. M.* $1, *net.*

DEAR ANGEL! EVER AT MY SIDE.

(Hymn to the Guardian Angel.)

REV. H. G. GANSS.



THE AVE MARIA

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The Mysteries.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

THE breath of spring through all the pathways fair,
The pulse of spring in every budding tree,
With fragrant blossoms opening everywhere;
But none more bright, none lovelier than she
Who walks abroad amid that garden sweet,
While through her fingers the white circlet slips
As ever and anon she stays her feet
To press the cross against those girlish lips—
Pure lips,—
Murmuring the Joyful Mysteries!

'Tis summer time in that still garden place,
The branches meet where long ago she prayed.
To-day a woman, tears upon her face,
Treads in the footsteps of that happy maid.
Slowly the circlet through her fingers slips.
"Thy will, not mine, be done!" her sad heart pleads,
Pressing the crucifix to fevered lips—
Tired lips,—
Telling the Sorrowful Mysteries!

Dead leaves lie thick upon the frosty ground,
Making a carpet for the noiseless feet
That bear her to her last long rest, with sound
Of weeping. Loosely over one thin hand
Some one an ivory circlet gently slips.
She does not heed it: in a happier land
Singing for evermore with raptured lips—
Blest lips,—
Singing the Glorious Mysteries!

ALL things are literally better, lovelier, and more beloved for the imperfections which have been divinely appointed, that the law of human life may be Effort, and the law of human judgment Mercy.—*Ruskin.*

Mary in the Calendar.

BY DOM COLUMBA EDMONDS, O. S. B.

OUR LADY IN ADVENT.

ON the opening page of the Missal it is noted that the first Sunday of the ecclesiastical year is ushered in with a "station" at the Roman Basilica of St. Mary Major. No church could be more appropriate for the gathering together of the faithful, who are about to begin a season replete with opportunities of rendering veneration to the Mother of God.*

Probably the earliest authority for the observance of Advent is furnished by a council held at Saragossa, in Spain, in the year 380. One of its canons forbids the faithful to absent themselves from the church offices during the three weeks which intervene between the 17th of December and the Feast of the Epiphany.† This, of course, implies a week of preparation for the Nativity of Our Lord; and it may be remarked that there seems to be more than mere coincidence in the fact that the present Roman Breviary arranges for special antiphons, and other rites, beginning on the very day specified by the council of Saragossa.

* Durandus says: "The entire Office of Advent belongs in a special manner to the praise of Our Lady." Ration. D. O. Lib., vi, c. 2.

† "Origines du Culte Chrét.," p. 249. Duchesne.

The duration of Advent has not always been uniform. As early as the fifth century it was assimilated to Lent, and therefore kept for a period of forty days. At one time, especially in France, it began as early as Martinmas Day (November 11); from which custom it obtained the appellation, St. Martin's Lent.* The practice, however, of keeping the four Sundays preceding Christmas, with "stations" and proper Masses, was known in Rome before the time of St. Gregory the Great.† The venerable church of Milan still counts six Sundays in Advent; five were not unknown in early Roman Sacramentaries.‡ Dom Guéranger, in summing up the antiquity of the present discipline of Advent as found in the Missal and Breviary, says that it has lasted in the Church for upward of a thousand years.

Just as the length of Advent has been subject to variation in past ages, so the practice of fasting and abstinence during the same season has passed through many vicissitudes. A fast of forty days grew up in the ninth century. This, however, was not destined to endure; for it is clear from the enactments of certain councils in the twelfth century that at that time abstinence from flesh-meat only was required; and this law was for the clergy alone. In the following century things had so far changed that what had been reserved for the clergy was expected only of the monks. Finally, two centuries later Pope Urban V. endeavored to save the former discipline from falling altogether into disuse by insisting on the clerics of his court keeping Advent abstinence.

The Ecclesiastical History of Venerable Bede relates that the Anglo-Saxons were particularly assiduous in keeping this fast; and indeed the abstinence and fasting on the Wednesdays and Fridays throughout Advent still maintained by English, Scottish and Irish Catholics, may be regarded as a remnant of the more severe discipline of a former age. In France and several other European countries fasting at this season has apparently quite disappeared, except in the case of certain orders of religious.*

The Greeks, who surpass other Christians in their number of yearly fasts, observe forty days before Christmas; not, however, with that strictness that characterizes the Lent preceding Easter. This fast is called by them "St. Philip's Lent," owing to the fact that it begins on the 14th of November, their date for commemorating St. Philip the Apostle.†

The object the Church has in view in keeping this holy season is the preparation of her children, by works of penance and prayer, for a more worthy celebration of the coming of the Son of God in the flesh; to promote His spiritual advent in their own souls, and to school them to look forward with hope to the second coming, when Christ will judge all men.

THE OFFICE AND MASS.

Besides representing the four thousand years which preceded the Redeemer's coming, Advent in a special manner commemorates the nine months which intervened between the Annunciation of our Blessed Lady and the Nativity in Bethlehem. This is fully borne out in the sacred offices and rites belonging to this season. These offices, which are to be found in the Missal and Breviary, are renowned for their exceptional beauty. At one time they express the longings of the patriarchs and prophets of old for a Saviour; at another they burst forth into the praises of her who has

* Martene, De Antiqua Eccl. Discip., c. x.
† Batiffol, Hist. Brev., c. iii.
‡ Cath. Dict., art. Advent.

* Cath. Dict., v. Advent.
† "Liturgical Year" and Martene.

been exalted to the sublime dignity of Mother of God. *Ave Maria, gratia plena,* is the constant burden of antiphon and responsory. At Mass, on the fourth Sunday, the Angelic Salutation has an honored place, representing there its most ancient use in the liturgy.*

Daily at Mass during Advent, except on double feasts, a commemoration is made of the Mother of God in three special prayers; besides which a proper Votive Mass (for free days) is arranged in her honor, commencing with the words, *Rorate cœli,* and containing the Gospel of the Annunciation. This Mass is celebrated in some places, especially in Germany, on stated days each week, and the people assist thereat with many expressions of devotion.

Although penance is a predominant characteristic of the spirit of Advent, nevertheless a certain joy pervades the prayer of the Church at this time. This is a result of the anticipation of the benefits to be derived from the coming of the Redeemer, and accounts for the frequent repetition of the Alleluia in Office and Mass. This joyful spirit is perhaps more marked in the Breviary than it is in the Missal.

The penitential character of Advent is indicated by the sombre purple with which priests and altars are vested; also by the suppression of the angelic hymn, *Gloria in Excelsis,* except on festivals of saints.

GREATER ANTIPHONS.

A recent liturgical writer, the Abbé Batiffol, likens the course of the Advent season to a "joyous going up to Bethlehem," the gladness increasing as the end of the journey grows nearer; and certainly the liturgical services of the second half of Advent warrant the simile. On the third Sunday the Church allows unusual expressions of joy. The organ is played at Mass, even for interludes; the altar is decked with flowers, and rose-colored vestments are permitted to replace the usual purple. But the full solemnity of the Advent liturgy reaches its climax during the seven days immediately preceding the eve of Christmas.

From the 17th of December onward special antiphons, called the *O*'s of Advent, are chanted at Vespers. They are so designated on account of the manner in which they begin. These antiphons are all addressed to Christ, and are sung both before and after the *Magnificat,* to signify that our Saviour is to come to us through Mary.* During the Middle Ages two other *O*'s were added to the existing seven,—one to our Blessed Lady, *O Virgo Virginum;* and another to St. Gabriel, *O Gabriel.* Although these have been discontinued in the Advent services, Our Lady's *O* has returned to us by way of the Feast of the Expectation, on the 18th of December. It may be translated into English as follows: "O Virgin of virgins! how shall this be? for never was there one like thee, nor will there ever be. Ye daughters of Jerusalem, why look ye wonderingly at me? What ye behold is a mystery divine."

In many places these *greater* antiphons are sung with solemnity; in some monasteries the officiant assumes a purple cope, and is accompanied by acolytes bearing lighted tapers, while the solemn tolling of the great bell announces far

* "Church of Our Fathers," Rock, vol. iii.

* The following are the titles by which Our Lord is addressed: O Wisdom, O Adonai, O Root of Jesse, O Key of David, O Dayspring, O King, and O Emmanuel. A translation of the fourth antiphon may give some idea of the others. "O Key of David and Sceptre of the House of Israel; that openest and no man shutteth, and shuttest and no man openeth; come to bring out the prisoners from the prison, and them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death." In monasteries the abbot intones *O Sapientia;* and formerly a pittance of wine and fruit was given in the refectory to honor the occasion. (Martene.)

and wide the glad tidings of the coming of a Redeemer.*

It would be difficult to surpass, either in elegance of expression or poetry of imagination, some of these selected portions of the Advent liturgy; and it is to be regretted that so little of the Breviary of this and other seasons is known to the laity.†

In harmony with Our Lady's place in Advent, a reference may be made to the Mass of the second Sunday of this season. The Epistle contains an allusion to the Root of Jesse that is to rise up to rule the people of God. The lessons at Matins on that day go more fully into the symbolism of the Root, Branch and Flower. "And there shall come forth a Branch out of the Root of Jesse, and a Flower shall grow out of his roots." St. Jerome in explanation of this says: "The Branch that cometh forth from the Root of Jesse signifieth the Blessed Virgin Mary, who had contact with no shrub or plant; and the Flower we believe to be the Lord Jesus, who says in the Canticle of Canticles: I am the Flower of the field and the Lily of the valley." Our ancestors in the faith loved to have representations of this Root, Branch and Flower in those glorious churches which still remain as monuments of their devotion. Hence we find the Tree of Jesse depicted on windows and rich hangings, and carved in the porches as well as in the tracery of the windows of the sanctuary.‡

The Ember Days, at the four seasons, are devoted to fasting and prayer, in order to consecrate our time to God, and to beg His blessing on the clergy then to be ordained. In Advent, however, the Ember Days afford an exceptional opportunity of honoring the Blessed Virgin. The Wednesday is entirely taken up with the mystery of the Annunciation, whereas Friday is devoted to contemplating the Visitation.

On Ember Wednesday, the readings at Matins from the Prophet Isaias are interrupted in order to give place to the Gospel of the Incarnation, which is also read in the Mass of the day. Formerly much ceremonial attended the Gospel at Matins in cathedral and monastic churches. The celebrant was vested either in a white cope or chasuble; he was accompanied to the lecturn with acolytes carrying the cross, candles and censer; the great bell tolling meanwhile. In monasteries all the brethren, even the sick, were required to be present on the occasion; and the abbot was directed to deliver a homily in chapter on the sacred text. This custom has been the means of creating some of St. Bernard's most famous sermons on our Blessed Lady.*

* This is the custom of the Beuron Benedictines; it is also observed in the monasteries of France and Scotland.

† The *O*'s of Advent probably exist in some translated Vesper Books; they would form a suitable devotion for those who make a novena before Christmas. The Roman Breviary was translated into English with the utmost care by the late Marquis of Bute, a Scottish nobleman.

‡ The writer has seen a beautiful specimen of the Tree of Jesse in the tracery of the north window of the abbey church at Dorchester-on-Thames, England.

* Martene, De Antiq. Monach. Rit., c. 2.

True glory consists in the gratitude of posterity. Just as the righteous man does not bestow his gifts to obtain gratitude, yet nevertheless accepts its tribute with a sweet sense of satisfaction; so should the true philosopher, the Christian, never act in view of glory, while at the same time he can not remain insensible to it. Hence, as ingratitude and oblivion sometimes follow the greatest benefits the just man builds his hopes higher, and awaits both reward and glory from an incorruptible Judge: he appeals from ungrateful men to God, who never fails.—*Frederic Ozanam.*

Dr. Martin's Wife.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LIFE'S LABYRINTH," ETC.

XXI.—(Continued.)

"IN the midst of my astonishment," said Marie, "I could see that the envelope had already been prepared and sealed, and realized at once that it had all been planned; for at the same time the identity of the figure which had appeared at the door flashed upon me. It was that of Mademoiselle Beauxtemps, who had lately left Les Foliés. Monsieur Plouton wished to get rid of me when he found that he could obtain her services, and took a cowardly manner of doing so."

"Yes, yes, he is a coward—a mean creature!" exclaimed old Stephanie. "I would like to tell him something—and I will, if Madame and Mademoiselle will allow it. It is not right to let such people trample on the weak and unprotected."

"No, my dear, good Stephanie," cried Marie, "we shall not trouble Monsieur Plouton again."

"It was a very sharp trick," observed Mrs. Martin, "and brutally executed. I regret very much that you should have been subjected to such cruel treatment. But it means much for you, Marie. It means freedom and the beginning of another life several months sooner than we expected. But what followed?"

"I put the envelope in my pocket and was about to leave the room when Monsieur Plouton said:

"'For your own good—though you do not deserve it, Mademoiselle,—I warn you not to take measures against me. You can make nothing by it.'

"'I do not understand you,' I replied.

"'I mean that it will be of no use to bring an action against me. It will not hold good, as you have accepted payment in full for your services up to date, besides the extra month's salary in lieu of warning. You may spare yourself all such trouble, as it will avail you nothing.'

"'I had not the least intention of doing anything of the kind,' I answered; 'I am only too glad to be free. If I had endeavored to break my contract with you, Monsieur, you would have had a different story; but my sense of honor would never have permitted me to try to take any advantage of you.'

"'Oh, yes, I have often heard similar stories! Consider this interview at an end, if you please. I believe there is a lady waiting to speak with me.'

"'Yes, Monsieur. It is Mademoiselle Beauxtemps, my successor,' I rejoined. 'Cheerfully I resign my position to her, and I have the honor to wish you good-morning.'

"He made an impatient gesture as I passed out, thus severing my connection with the theatre where I had worked early and late for six years. And I do assure you, Mrs. Martin, that if it had not been for the unmanly way in which Monsieur Plouton behaved toward me, nothing could possibly have given me more satisfaction. For now that it is over, I will acknowledge that it was a constant pain to me. What I like is the quiet and privacy of home: I was not made for public life."

"Ah! well do I know it, *chérie!*" cried old Stephanie, clasping the girl in her arms, while tears flowed down her furrowed cheeks. "For years thou hast been a martyr, a slave; but the release has come now, all at once, and the future is bright before thee, *petite*,—bright and beautiful as thou art. To have been delivered from the chains which bound thee so long to an exacting and ungrateful woman and to duties which were so distasteful; to have found at once a lover, a mother, a

happy home which will be thine hereafter,—it is something wonderful, but no more than thou art worthy of. It is Stephanie who knows better than any other the sad story of thy young life."

"There, there, Stephanie!" said Marie, releasing herself from the encircling arms. "But for you, my dear, faithful friend, what would have become of me? Oh!" she continued, turning to Mrs. Martin, who was wiping her eyes, "you do not know, you can not know, all she has been to me. Simple though our home may be, there is none in all Paris more comfortable; for she has always kept it bright and warm and neat. She would prepare the dishes I like best, and have a cup of chocolate ready for my return from rehearsal,—herself invariably waiting at the door of the theatre after every performance. Never was it too cold or too warm or too stormy for my good Stephanie. What should I have been, where should I have been, without her?"

"To serve thee has been a privilege, *ma petite!*" said the old woman, kissing the young girl's hand. Then, suddenly assuming the respectful manner of a servant, she said with a concern which, in the face of what had just happened, seemed almost comical: "But what of Mademoiselle's costumes? Have orders been left about them, or in the hurry of departure has she forgotten?"

"I did not think of them at all," replied Marie. "But why trouble about them, Stephanie? The best are here at home; those at the theatre are for the most part tawdry things, not worth going after."

"But, begging Mademoiselle's pardon," said the old woman, "they are of as much value to us as they are to that odious Monsieur Plouton."

"I do not wish to see them again," the girl persisted. "Let them stay where they are, Stephanie."

"Ah! well, that is another thing. If Mademoiselle does not wish to see them again I can dispose of them at a costumer's for something, at least, though perhaps not for a very large sum. Shall I go at once?"

"Yes, if it pleases you to do so," rejoined her young mistress. "You may sell them if you wish, Stephanie; but put the money in your own pocket."

"If Madame will wait," said the old woman, "I shall not be gone an hour."

"Very well," answered Mrs. Martin. "I will wait till you return."

Stephanie hurried away, but was gone longer than she had anticipated. When she made her appearance it was to report that she had had a battle with the costumer at the theatre, who refused to give her the things without a written order from Mademoiselle Desmoulins. Then she had gone to the manager—a thing she was not loath to do,—and, after giving him "a good rating," had succeeded in getting the desired order. "And I told him," she said, "it was very unfortunate for him that he had treated Mademoiselle with so little consideration; because if he had waited but a few days she would have asked for her discharge, and would have paid him a large sum to be released at once from her contract; as she was about to be married to a very rich young American gentleman, whose mother was here even now in Paris waiting the marriage. His face fell at this news, I assure you; for he is very fond of money, that Monsieur Plouton,—one can see it by his hooked nose. 'Bah!' he said, 'I do not believe you,'—with a dreadful sneer. 'But it is true, Monsieur,' said I; 'and when you see it in the papers you will be sorry that you made the mistake of acting like a bully and a coward.'

"I thought he would strike me. But I hurried off, having the order already in my hand. I was careful to be sure of

that before I spoke. Then I went with my full basket to a costumer's and sold the lot for a hundred francs,—not the tenth of what they are worth, to be sure; but one knows what thieves they are. And here I am with my money in my pocket; and I have had my revenge on that rascal of a manager; he will not forget it for many a day."

The two listeners could not find it in their hearts to reproach Stephanie, she seemed to feel so much satisfaction in her adventure.

After Mrs. Martin had gone, and Marie was seated at her evening meal, she called the old woman.

"Stephanie," she began, "to-morrow morning you will please remove all my costumes from the wardrobe, and do with them what you wish."

"But Mademoiselle could use some of them in another form—"

"Do as I tell you," said Marie. "Take them away—sell them—give them to your nieces; only I do not wish to see them again, either as they are or in any shape that will remind me of them. Thank God, that part of my life is at an end, Stephanie, for ever and ever!"

"It shall be as Mademoiselle wishes," said the old woman humbly; and Marie saw the costumes no more.

XXII.—Back to America.

There was no longer any reason why Mrs. Martin and her young *protégée* should not prepare to return to America. Maurice wished his mother to advise the immediate breaking up of the little household, so that Marie might spend the last days with them at the *pension*. But she was not in accord with this, because of the unpleasantness to which Marie might be subjected, even in that quiet and respectable household. It was with considerable bitterness that she reflected that the spotless reputation of Madame Blanc's *ménage* would suffer a stain were it to be known that she had taken as an inmate a former dancer at a vaudeville theatre. Indeed, Mrs. Martin was convinced that the good lady would not on any account accept such a one as a boarder even for a short period.

However, she expressed none of these thoughts to Maurice, who, in his young egotism and boyish unconsciousness, went on his way sublimely indifferent to the world and its opinions. She represented to him that a double removal would necessitate extra trouble and expense; that Stephanie wished Marie to remain with her to the last,—which was true. But they spent many pleasant hours in the little *salon*, notwithstanding,—hours which Mrs. Martin remembered all her life. They already seemed like one family; and there were times when the mother wondered at the perfect content with which the two young people accepted her presence, never thinking her in the way and never seeking to be alone. Marie had been brought up as French girls always are, and in her it did not seem other than natural; but she was surprised that Maurice did not try to assert his prerogatives as an American and take her—or express a wish to take her—on little excursions, where he might enjoy her society, and discuss the future as lovers have done since the world began. Affectionate he was, but as he might have been with a sister. It seemed to his mother a strange wooing; still it argued well for the future: there would be few disillusions on either side.

And that future was beginning to assume a very pleasant aspect in Mrs. Martin's thoughts. She pictured to herself the happy home, the gentle wife and daughter; the devoted husband and son, who must inevitably, as years brought experience, rise to the level of her present hopes, though never reaching

the plane of her past ambitions. It was not given to everyone to be wooed and won as she had been, nor to have realized in marriage all that the ardor of young love had fancied, and more. Neither would it be the fate of these two young souls to suffer as she had suffered, she believed; they were differently constituted. Of Maurice she was sure; fully aware that Marie's was a deeper nature, she still felt it, in many respects, to be the complement of his.

She was glad and relieved to know beyond doubt that Maurice was still unspoiled and uncorrupted; as free from serious faults as he had been when under her protecting wing. Evil seemed to possess no charms for him, and his love for Marie had been a double shield; therefore she did not feel afraid to leave him,—love and hope would still be his protection. He was not pious, it is true; but he never neglected his religious duties. She would part from him very much more assured that he was safe than she had been when he left her first.

Toward the last she made several visits to the studio where Maurice spent his working hours; convincing herself, both by what she saw and heard, that he had talent, which only needed more persistent application to be above mediocrity. She also made the aquaintance of Miliron, with whom he proposed to make the Algerian trip; and found him a fine, gentlemanly fellow, of good appearance, and apparently considerable strength of character.

It pleased her to learn from Maurice that none of the young men, with whom he had, after all, but a superficial intimacy, were aware of his love for Marie. It proved that there was more depth in his character than she had given him credit for; and showed for the first time that he possessed some of his father's reticence.

It was Mrs. Martin's suggestion that Marie should present the few articles of furniture belonging to her to Stephanie, in recognition of her long and faithful services. The young girl and the old woman were equally delighted with the proposition, though Maurice thought it would have been wiser to sell them and give Stephanie the money.

"What will she do with all that stuff down there where she is going?" he inquired. "It will cost as much as it is worth to cart it. Some of it will be inappropriate for her future home. Don't you think so, mother?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Martin; "but it will please Stephanie to receive it, and Marie can say that she is at liberty to sell what she does not wish to retain."

And so it proved. Under no restrictions as to what she was to do with it, Stephanie called in the neighbors and very soon disposed of the greater part at satisfactory prices. The remainder she sent off by the carrier who was to take the couple of boxes containing her personal effects.

It was not without a pang that Marie looked for the last time on her dismantled home. Humble and incomplete as it had been, it was the one spot of earth essentially her own; and, despite some unpleasant remembrances connected with it, she had spent happy hours within its walls. The parting with Stephanie was sad. After it was over, the last tie which bound her to Paris was severed, and she turned her face eagerly to the new life which awaited her in the land of her birth and early childhood.

Maurice, light-hearted and cheerful, kept the intending travellers in good spirits to the end, weaving airy fabrics of many colors with which he clothed the future where they were soon to be reunited. As their train steamed out of the station the last remembrance each carried was of a bright, boyish face,

still smiling in spite of the tears in the clear blue eyes.

The voyage across the Atlantic was as uneventful as such trips usually are. There were not many passengers at that time of the year—early March. Besides three or four others, Mrs. Martin and Marie were the only ladies at the captain's table, where, as in all parts of the ship, they came in for a great deal of attention from the gentlemen. The elder lady was charmed at the grace and modesty of the girl. So beautiful, so admired by all, so affable, seemingly enjoying and appreciating the kindness lavished upon her, she never so much as by the lifting of an eyebrow indicated that she considered these attentions as homage paid to her youth and beauty; nor did she manifest the least partiality in the graciousness accorded to her admirers. Evidently she never thought of them as such. Either her modesty or the preoccupation of her heart was accountable for this unconsciousness.

At the same time Mrs. Martin was always on the *qui-vive* for a sign of recognition from some one who might have seen Marie in Paris. But nothing of the kind occurred. There were no Frenchmen on board; and if any of the Englishmen or Americans who treated both ladies with such deference had ever seen Mademoiselle Desmoulins on the stage, they did not recognize her in Miss Blake, whom they supposed to be a young girl returning to her home in the United States after some years spent abroad, where she had gone to complete her education. As the voyage neared its end, Mrs. Martin could not help understanding sundry hints thrown out by several of their travelling companions as to the gratification it would afford them to continue an acquaintance so pleasantly begun. But she ignored them altogether; and as for Marie, she was unconscious of them.

They arrived at the Red House on the evening of St. Patrick's Day. It was ablaze with lights, and ablaze were the golden harp and shamrock nestling in the broad rosette of emerald green ribbon on the loyal Irish breast to which Bridget warmly clasped them both.

"Oh, then, 'tis myself that's glad to see you!" she said, as, laden with their hand-bags, she passed before them into the hall. "And 'tis a good omen that you came on this day of all days, my darling, to your home," she went on, casting an affectionate glance at Marie, who it was evident had met with her instant favor.

"And what is the day?" asked the young girl, in the pretty, halting English which she was beginning to use instead of the French she had previously spoken almost entirely.

"Do you hear her?" cried Bridget, with a laugh. "And she a Blake, ma'am! But sure how can she help it when she's always lived among foreigners. 'Tis Patrick's Day, *asthore*, Ireland's great Saint."

"Ah, yes! I know," said Marie. "In Paris I have seen those decorations. There are some Irish exiles there."

"And where are they not?" inquired Bridget. "They are all over the earth, darling. They're the missionaries of the world. But sit you down there in the big chair, ma'am; and you in the rocker, Miss; and take off your hats. Not a step will you stir upstairs till you have a bite. 'Tis all ready; and there's broiled oysters, ma'am. I mind you like them so well in Lent of a fast-day."

"Oh, it is good to be at home again!" said Mrs. Martin. "Is it not, Marie?"

"It is delightful," answered the young girl, removing her hat, and then taking Mrs. Martin's from her.

Bridget, who had left the room for a moment, now returned, saying:

"I can't take my eyes from the both of you. And how is Master Maurice? Very well, is he? And he sent his love? Ah, the rogue! I'm sure he was loath to see you go. Come now: the supper is ready. Louisa, Peter's daughter, is below in the kitchen. Will you speak to her a minute, ma'am?"

While Mrs. Martin went to the door, Bridget placed her hand on Marie's shoulder and led her gently forward to the dining-room.

"'Twas true for Master Maurice," she said: "you are very like the mistress, and it's nothing short of a miracle you met there in Paris. 'Twas Almighty God and His Blessed Mother watching over you both that brought it all about."

Marie blushed and smiled.

"You are another Stephanie, Bridget," she said; "only a little different. What good friends we shall be!"

"We're that already," replied the old woman. "I feel as if I'd rocked you in my arms like I did the young master and the father. Oh, we'll have great talks together!"

The table was decorated with green ribbons, a huge pyramid of lettuce and water-cress in the middle.

"This is also a tribute to St. Patrick," whispered Mrs. Martin to Marie, while Bridget was in the kitchen.

When she reappeared, carrying the oysters daintily arranged on toast, the young girl said, glancing around the tastefully spread table:

"I do not wonder, Bridget, that Mrs. Martin was anxious to return to you. This is indeed an ideal home."

"It is that and no mistake," replied Bridget. "But, begging your pardon and taking the license of an old woman, what name was that you gave the mistress?"

Marie looked shyly at Mrs. Martin. The lady met her glance with a bright, reassuring smile.

"What would you have her call me, Bridget?" she asked.

"What but 'mamma,' or 'mother,' if you'd like that better? Sure it's far easier now to begin than it will be later. 'Twould be well she'd be getting her tongue around it against the time she'll be Master Maurice's wife."

"Just as she pleases," observed Mrs. Martin.

"I would like to call you 'mother,'" said Marie. "It is such a sweet word. I have often said it over to myself when alone, and wished I could call you so."

"And I have wished that you would," answered Mrs. Martin; "but it needed Bridget to take the initiative."

"Bridget is not so bad, indeed," said the old woman. "She has done many a good turn in her day. And I'll say this much: it would grieve my old heart sorely to hear the mistress called 'mother' by any but the sweetest lips in the world; and it's you that has a pair of them, *asthore*."

When the old woman and her mistress were alone together she was loud in praise and approbation of Marie. There were no questions asked, no allusions made relative to the girl's former life. She was taken on her merits by the shrewd and kindly old woman, who thenceforward identified her in every way in her thoughts with the rest of the family.

And never was there a happier girl than Marie, who found everything and everyone about her ideally loving and beautiful. For the first time in her life she was experiencing the affection for which she was formed and for which her soul had often hungered. And all her surroundings were such as she loved and appreciated to the full. The tastefully-furnished and neatly-kept house, the old-fashioned garden with its wealth of glorious flowers, the fragrant air, the soft spring rains, the sunshine,

the birds, the bees,—all were in touch with the content and joy that filled her heart. She soon began a regular course of reading and study with Mrs. Martin. There were hours set apart for practising and singing; and she developed a very decided talent for drawing, with which Marie hoped to surprise Maurice when he came.

At first the young man had been very lonely without her and his mother, but gradually his letters resumed their usual cheerful tone. He was working hard, he said; he had sold some more little sketches; he was hoping for new inspiration from his visit to Algiers. He had deferred it a little longer than at first intended, owing to illness in the family of Miliron's cousin. It was in the latter part of August that they received a letter announcing his departure on the following day.

(To be continued.)

Memories of Mexico.

BY EDITH MARTIN SMITH.

THERE is no expression in our language that so well describes the lovely city of Guadalajara as that comprehensive Mexican word *simpatico*. *Muy simpatico* we found it from the first: fascinating in its beautiful climate, its fine public buildings, its lovely plazas and stores, and charming people. The saddest feature of travelling—indeed the saddest of life—is the partings; and we were *muy triste*, in truth, when, after a three weeks' stay in Guadalajara, we caught our last, lingering glimpse of its cathedral spires.

There is, to my mind, but one thing more doleful than waving, from the rear of a departing Pullman, your *addios* to a lot of agreeable friends; and that is to be left behind in a dismal, smoky station and watch them wave good-bye to you. In the former case there is consolation in the expectancy of new worlds to conquer; in the latter you are like the last rose of summer. I have never envied this unconscious flower the immortality that has been thrust upon it; better far to have been one of the lovely companions that bloomed their bright lives away when existence, from a floral standpoint, was at its best. There is no pain the human heart can suffer that equals that of desolation.

So much can be said about Guadalajara—"the Pearl of the West," as it is fitly called, and, after Mexico, the most important city in the Republic,—that a lengthy description would require more space than this article is entitled to; hence I shall only mention two notable *fiestas* that we witnessed while there: those of All Saints and All Souls—or, as they say, Holy Souls. A *fiesta*, be it religious or political, is a necessary part of Mexican existence; there is great poverty among the lower classes, and their inborn love of excitement is chiefly gratified by these feasts of the Church and the bull-ring. Do not judge them too harshly, reader; we must make due allowance for the difference in temperament, and wear our most optimistic spectacles when we visit this curious Old-World country; for it is a land of striking and painful contrasts, of great wealth and pitiful poverty.

The Mexicans are a devout people as a whole—wonderfully so when in church,—and they spend much time before the Blessed Sacrament. Nothing can be more edifying than to see the poor *cargadores* deposit their heavy burdens—loads so great that we marvel at a human being's ability to carry them—at the church door and drop in for a few moments' prayer; and the blue-*rebosoed* women, with patient, tired faces, whose humble lives are spent in a daily routine of toil,

rarely pass a church without entering it, if only for a fervent *Santa Maria*. I have seen them in Queretaro stop their *burros* and kneel in the middle of the roughly-cobbled streets when they heard the bells ring at the Elevation; while the men would doff their sombreros and stand with bowed heads until it was over.

On the eve of All Saints' Day the streets were crowded with country people coming in as for a fair; there were booths and stalls erected everywhere on the sidewalks and far into the street; while the ever-fascinating *portales* took on an air of holiday gayety. Each stall was filled with *dulces* and eatables of every variety that the Mexican mind could conceive. Most gruesome and horrible were the forms some of these *dulces* took; for the residents of Guadalajara are nothing if not realistic in their tastes. The most popular novelty in this line seemed to be white candy skulls and skeletons of all sizes, painfully true to life—or rather to death,—with eyes, mouth, and nostrils of silver paper to heighten the effect. Another favorite *dulce* consisted of a pink or blue candy coffin with a candy corpse inside. We would meet sweet-looking little children out sight-seeing with their *criadas*, chattering gaily, and contentedly munching these ghastly confections. The grim Reaper, however, can have little terror for the average Mexican, who represents death in his toys as well as in his *dulces*.

The broad, picturesque highway that leads from San Pedro to the city, with its gigantic, gnarled trees which look as if they might count centuries, became more lively and interesting than usual. It was thronged with *burros* bearing their owners, and at times the owners' entire household goods, into town. Everything that the state of Jalisco could produce, from huge *chiotes* to tiny brown *muchachos*, was packed on the backs of these hardy animals.

The countrymen's stalls showed great quantities of dried fruits, sugar-cane (a popular refreshment among the peons), vegetables, poultry, fresh fruits, nuts,—everything, in short, that they could offer for sale. Other booths exhibited a surprising line of grotesque toys and all that Guadalajara could produce in the way of eatables and drinkables. Some of their *dulces* are very tempting; for this city has but one rival in the conserve business, and that is Toluca. The ubiquitous *enchilada* maker, too, was there; and the odor of frying *chile* and *tortillas* was unpleasantly general. It is not an agreeable odor; and on its native heath the much-talked-of *enchilada* is by no means the appetizing compound that it is on the frontier. To get Mexican dishes at their best it is necessary to go to New Mexico, Arizona, or Texas.

So dense was the crowd that it was difficult to pick one's way through it. Droves of *burros* jostled placidly along with their human brethren, taking the sidewalk or the middle of the street, as their convenience dictated. These *burros* seem very human, they have so many traits in common with the two-legged species. This was my first opportunity of an intimate acquaintance with the shaggy little beasts. It was a jolly, good-humored crowd; a Mexican never forgets to be courteous; and if the nimble-fingered *ratero* was busy plying his trade, we escaped and were none the wiser.

The beautiful cathedral was naturally the centre of the religious celebration. It is a magnificent old pile, consecrated in 1716; and its sanctuary alone would accommodate a large-sized congregation. There is no other church in Mexico that compares with it interiorly, if we except the *sanctuario* at Guadalupe; for

the cathedral at Puebla is too ornate to be strictly pleasing. The hideous and jarring colors that spoil the majority of Mexican churches are here conspicuous by their absence: everything is white and gold. There are four pulpits: two in the sanctuary of white marble inlaid with brass. One of the side chapels, the *sagrario*, wherein is kept the Blessed Sacrament, is truly magnificent; it is a glittering mass of gold, with heavy gates of twisted brass, which alone must have cost a fortune.

Over the entrance there is a splendid fresco of Christ driving the money-changers from the Temple; and apropos of this subject, it may be added that I saw little of this greed for filthy lucre in the churches of Mexico. During our stay in Guadalajara I often assisted at High Mass in the cathedral, and was present at the Low Masses which are celebrated there every half hour, and I have yet to see a contribution of any kind taken up. The only occasion on which the plate was passed around was in one very old church, which was undergoing repairs, and a collection was taken up during certain Masses to defray the expense of the work. This same indifference was shown in the smaller towns that we visited; and when compared with the very contrary spirit that prevails among all denominations in our own country, the contrast is certainly striking.

The custom of renting pews does not obtain in Mexico, although in the capital nearly every church has seats. However, in Guadalajara, only the cathedral has benches arranged so as to form an aisle; they are comfortable enough, but there are no kneeling benches; and it is "first come first served" in this magnificent edifice, as in the lowliest peon church of the Republic. There is no distinction of classes: the sparsely clad laborer on his way to market or to work removes his broad sombrero and kneels beside the richly-dressed señora whose lace mantilla alone has probably cost more *pesos* than he will ever see.

There is but one objection to be made against the architecture of this cathedral: its spires are awkward and strongly suggest an ornamentation on an iced cake. But even they become beautiful when bathed in the roseate glow of early dawn or in the moonlight's soft effulgence; and I doubt if there is another place in the world where the moonlit nights equal those of Guadalajara. They more than realize our ideas of what the Southern moon must have been "befoh de wah, sah!" On the right-hand side as you enter the cathedral are two chapels and four altars; to the left, a chapel of the Santa Cruz (where Mass is said every morning at ten), six altars and the side entrance. Near the main altar are colossal marble figures of St. Paul and St. John; and scattered about the church are colored statues of other saints, some of them very artistic.

All Saints' Day was observed with a grand Pontifical High Mass; the Archbishop officiated, and nine canons were in the sanctuary, besides a host of lesser ecclesiastical lights. The canons wore the bishop's purple (and I was told that this concession was made to no other church in the world), but they carried *black* birettas. It was all very grand and imposing; the music was entrancing. On All Souls' Day the altar and vestments were black, of course; and in the centre of the church was a huge, three-storied catafalque decorated with candles, skulls, cross-bones, and other insignia of death. After a Solemn Mass of Requiem the canons, priests, acolytes, and everyone else in the sanctuary, marched in procession around the church chanting the *Dies Iræ*.

Processions in Mexico are by no means as orderly or as impressive as with us, but they certainly have quantity. Finally, as many as could ascended the platform of the catafalque, and there the solemn dirge was concluded.

In most of the churches the catafalque is erected nine days before All Souls', and a novena begun for the faithful departed. On the afternoon of All Souls' Day the Guadalajara world, we along with the others, visited the *panteons*. The *tramvias* did a thriving business, and the poor little mules galloped back and forth in anything but a funereal manner. The weather was hot and dry, and the dust something awful. Such a motley concourse of human beings I never before saw within the silent walls of a cemetery; and they were all, apparently, having such a gay time. The graves were decorated in a style that would hardly commend itself to our American taste: many of them were surrounded by lighted candles mounted in large brass or iron candlesticks and tied with black streamers. These were tended by servants of the family. The most popular decoration took the form of wreaths and crosses of bead and porcelain flowers. Nothing more hideous could be conceived; and in a place where there is such an abundance of lovely natural flowers so perverted a taste is incomprehensible.

To show what a prominent feature the custom of decorating graves for All Souls' Day plays in the social life of Mexico, the newspapers on the following morning devote several columns to a description of the *panteons*. "La tumba del Señor Don Francisco de Ortega was handsomely adorned with real palms and white porcelain roses." Then comes a brief mention of the deceased Don's virtues and his family's deep, inconsolable grief at his loss; and this flattering notice is repeated in much the same words until every person of any prominence has been mentioned.

Taking them as a whole, the funeral customs of our sister Republic do not appeal to us. Among the poor the most gaudily-painted *cajas de mortuorio* (coffins) are used. Special street cars can be engaged for funerals; but often the bereaved relatives can not afford this expense, and the coffin is borne through the streets by two *cargadores*, who seem to be but slightly impressed with the gravity of their office.

Among other commendable traits, Guadalajara is noted for the piety of its inhabitants. It does not require a holyday of obligation to take them to Mass. Every day, as late as noon, when the last Mass is said, we meet the dark-eyed señoras and señoritas on their way to and from church. There is always a goodly attendance of men, too,—another respect in which the daily worship in Mexico differs from ours. The graceful and picturesque mantilla is rapidly becoming a thing of tradition among the better classes, except for church-going; having given way to the more costly but far less becoming Parisian *chapeau*. In Lent, however, it is generally worn; and it "still holds its own," as the fashion papers would say, when "my lady" goes to confession.

By far the most imposing ceremony that took place during our stay in Guadalajara was the Solemn Requiem Mass offered on November the 15th for the repose of the soul of Archbishop Loza, of the state of Jalisco. It was the first anniversary; and that he was greatly beloved and mourned by all could be inferred from the crowds of people who thronged the cathedral, even filling that vast edifice. When I entered, a Mass was being offered up at each side altar and chapel, independent of the solemn sacrifice taking place at the main altar; as soon as one priest

finished another succeeded him; and I am sure that at least twenty Masses were said while I was in the church. The music was superb, the cathedral orchestra—a very fine one—being reinforced for this occasion by a number of professionals. The great, carved pillars were hung with purple silk banners; and the catafalque, which had not been removed from the middle of the church, was refurnished with fresh candles, and every possible inscription and emblem of death. If the Mexicans fail to meditate deeply upon their last end it is not for want of sufficient reminders. This anniversary celebration was the most striking and beautiful ceremony of its kind that I have ever witnessed, and the size and beauty of the cathedral naturally added to its grandeur.

It is in the sacristy of this church that Murillo's famous "Assumption" is hung. It is valued at half a million, but I am sure no amount of money could induce the good *padres* of Guadalajara to part with this their greatest treasure, and the most sublime work of the illustrious Spanish painter. In the same sacristy are some magnificently carved rosewood cases—over three hundred years old—for the vestments. We went many times to gaze at the "Assumption," and were always graciously received by the kindly old sexton, who gave us permission to take a photograph of it; but, owing to the light and the way it was hung, this was impossible. We came away, in consequence, minus a photograph, but feeling with the poet that—

All things of beauty are not theirs alone
Who hold the fee; but unto him no less
Who can enjoy than unto them who own
Are sweetest uses given to possess.
For Heaven is bountiful, and suffers none
To make monopoly of aught that's fair.

THE author of harmless mirth deserves to be called a public benefactor.

—*P. T. Barnum.*

The Vale of Tears.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

V.—ALEXANDER.

ONCE more I wander in those classic shades. Once more I look out of my window in the corner room over the parlor and see how the street is grass-bordered, and the sidewalks sprinkled with pebbles, and all the fences bristling with pickets as white as whitewash can wash them. There are the village houses, white, with green blinds, set in the midst of gardens and gradually buried out of sight among the trees. Sweet, homely gardens they are that front these houses; gardens crowded with sunflowers and hollyhocks, lady's-slippers, prince's-feathers, bachelor's buttons and bluebells, and cowslips all in a row. No crowding together of folk and their families in Alexander; no impolite elbowing. Plenty of room in this wee hamlet; for there are but two streets in it worth the naming, crossing each other at right angles, with the red brick inn and the white wooden church at the cross-way.

I can just see the academy cupola over the tree-tops, across-lots, with barns and orchards in the foreground, and corn-fields spread over the low hills beyond them,—that is the village as I saw it from my window as a boy. I turn to the other window—the one in the front of the house,—and again I see the land opposite sloping down to wide-reaching meadows, where a stream winds and wanders out of a distant little wood. To the left now, as I look from the window, lies the village; to the right the grass-bordered road dips down to the bed of a shallow brook that is crossed by a narrow bridge of planks, and rises again beyond the brook and climbs over the shoulder

of a hill on its way to Attica. Just at the top of the hill stands the house of the Methodist presiding elder; his only son was my school-boy chum, and we knew every nook and corner in his father's barn, the biggest and the best stored in the whole county. We knew the flavor of the sweetest grapes, the finest cherries, peaches, plums, and pears, and the very juiciest apples in the whole State of New York. And he had sisters twain!

These were all cousins of the gentle widow in whose house I lived. Here also were two daughters: Miss Effie, whose winters were spent in New York city with a married sister, and who returned like a goddess in the spring, with her coils of bright brown hair and her alien airs and graces, that awed us a little until we got used to them. But Lizzie, the younger sister—a bit younger than I, my schoolmate and confidante, and a sharer in my joys and sorrows,—Lizzie and I were inseparable. We went once to that streamlet in the hollow on a secret expedition. I had planned it. We were to establish an aquarium for our pleasure and our profit,—I was always endeavoring to make the pleasurable profitable, or to profit by our pleasures, for conscience' sake; and indeed it gave me a kind of spiritual pride that was half-intoxicating. In this form of dissipation I was encouraged by the remembered readings of that priggish book of wisdom once so popular and long since forgotten—"Sandford and Merton."

Lizzie and I secured a voluminous mosquito-bar and made our way to the brook. Taking off our shoes and stockings, we sunk the improvised net in the bed of the brook, placing a row of stones at the mouth of it, up-stream. There were yards of netting below, and the tail-end of the net was caught out of the water and held fast by a fence rail that rested on the two banks of the stream. We then beat that brook industriously for over a quarter of a mile; and when we had hauled our net it was black with a myriad minnows, together with a mass of creeping and crawling things—quite enough to stock fifty aquariums. It was a wonderful draught; and our spoils, transported with much difficulty and dirt, languished in the family washtubs until the following Monday, when they vanished and were forgotten.

The spirit of pleasure and profit led me to explore a ravine, where I found a medicinal spring. It must have been mineral and medicinal or a drain—it smelled so,—and I at once established a joint-stock company, with the intention of bottling the same for wholesale and retail consumption. In this scheme our ends did not justify our means. Lizzie was a silent partner—though she was not always such.

It was Lizzie and I who bagged an objectionable cat and consigned her with all her sinkers to the deep. The sinkers sank in midstream and left her and her bag wabbling upon the surface of the water like an animated dumpling. Fear and remorse overcame us and we fled; but the cat, having released herself, distanced us on the home-stretch by at least two lengths.

The seminary at Alexander was held in some esteem. We had students from outlying towns,—some from Buffalo or even more distant localities. Its instructors were specialists and deeply interested in their class-work. Indeed I never knew an institution of higher character or one better equipped. All that we stood in need of was more room; the study-hall was crowded.

Friday was given to literary recreation. Then the oratorical bosom swelled with pride, and the hand that had penned the essay in private shook as

with palsy as the essay was read aloud. Shall I ever forget the knees that quaked under us, the tongues that faltered and cleaved to the roof of our mouths, the throats that were parched when our turns came to "speak a piece"! With ill-suppressed emotion we ascended the platform; and when we had returned to our seats, we sat suffused with scarlet and blanched with fear, and but half heard the criticism made by the head master, who was something of a wit. He sported with us as a cat sports with its helpless victim, and yet he was not an unkindly man.

I remember editing a chronicle which survived several issues,—though why is a question. It was a fool's-cap sheet ruled down the centre, and I filled its double-columned pages with tinted journalism. The school calendar, personal items, and society news gave me a reputation which might have flattered a forward boy, but was hardly desirable. Who would be proud of impertinent paragraphs even though they were greeted with shouts of laughter by all save the one they were aimed at?

That I was encouraged in my mad career as a jaundiced journalist both by ephemeral local success and the gibes of those who would dare me to more reckless ventures is hardly an apology to offer when even the writer's name may be forgotten by his schoolfellows of the long ago. But I must confess that I am ashamed of those early if audacious efforts, and heartily thankful that they never crept into print. My most vivid memory of that seminary life has little to do with letters.

There was one fellow-student, my natural antipathy, who cast an evil eye on me when first we met. He was wiry and sallow-skinned, and his shapeless mouth oozed tobacco juice; it dribbled down his jaw and discolored his shirt front. He was the runt and the bully of the school. When I was passing through the school-yard, where the students of both sexes used to congregate in recreation hours, it was his custom to pester me—to brush my cap down over my eyes; to attempt to trip me up in an awkward collision, or to block my way by backing into me and treading on my toes. At other times he would playfully shower me with pebbles, or decorate me with catterpillars, or loudly herald my approach with unflattering epithets.

Man and boy, I have ever been classed among those of a retiring nature. I may confess, without boasting, that I have endured enough evils in this weary world to insure me a considerable reward in that which is to follow. I do not often complain, but am more likely to sit in solitude eating my heart out and verging on despair, rather than to "take arms," as recommended by Avon's Bard, against "a sea" of whatever description,—knowing well that any kind of sea is not in the least likely to be influenced by any kind of arms.

But this had gone far enough; and forbearance, as usual, had ceased to be a virtue. The bully must be downed, and I slept on it only to waken in a nightmare on a battlefield of dreams. So, driven by desperation to resolve, I confided to Miss Effie my fell purpose. That bully, on the next slightest provocation, was to be swept from earth, as it were; and the places that had known him—to their discredit, be it said—were to know him no more. Miss Effie smiled and advised my ignoring the bully as one unworthy of my metal and also as a possible and painful victor. Idle words: my heart was steeled; my mind made up; my courage screwed to the sticking point, and of course there was no unscrewing after that.

It all happened in a flash and at the most unexpected moment. There were a

hundred witnesses to prove that the assault was uninvited and unprovoked, and the consequences as unexpected as they were decisive and complete. I saw him sauntering toward me, the low-browed bully, he of the evil eye, the chewer, sopped in the juice of the weed. Then the phials of my wrath were broken, a thousand furies possessed me, the world grew scarlet—and I knew no more! I knew no more until I felt a cool breath upon my brow. I was being fanned by fans in the hands of the grown-up girls. The biggest student in that seminary was patting me on the back, chuckling with satisfaction in a deep bass voice; I heard delighted plaudits on all sides, and saw rows of my schoolfellows ringed about me; and gradually, like a glorious sunrise, the situation dawned upon me.

It seems that I had not abided by the rules of the Marquis of Queensbury, being wholly unacquainted with them, and not having had time to consider them. With one wild rush I had broken all the tables of the law. I had soared into the air and descended upon that doomed youth like an avalanche of wild-cats and rent him tooth and nail. It became necessary to tear me from him—to pry us apart, as I was assured by one who was an eye-witness,—and then I was quieted down with bravos and caresses while the fragments of my opponent were borne from the field.

I am not a man of battle, and war I abhor; but from that hour in Alexander I was bantam cock of the walk.

(To be continued.)

The Crows.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

HARK to the scoffers' unrelenting breath,
Crowned Harlequin of Seasons, and recall
The cowléd monks that shrieked of death, of death,
Amid the riot of the Carnival!

"After Life's Fitful Fever."

A DISMAL yet fascinating little volume was wont to stare at certain Puritan children from the carefully filled bookcase of their grandfather. It was named "Meditations among the Tombs," and its contents were in fine harmony with its lugubrious title. This compilation of tiresome platitudes is now found only in second-hand bookshops or upon the shelves of collectors; but the burial-places of the dead still furnish fruitful themes for those who would fain lead the thoughts of men away from "the fever called living" and the sordid and monotonous grind of the average existence. He who can not find a lesson in a grave has no need to waste his time in seeking further. Vanity which tries to survive mortality, prophecies forever unfulfilled, the puny pride of man, the inconsequence of a great name, the awful emptiness of a dead hand,—we couch our thoughts of these in braver phrase, perhaps, than did the author of the "Meditations"; but they are the same; for life is the same and death the same to-day as yesterday.

The children—now neither children nor Puritans—paused one day last summer at the splendid tomb of a great American general. On one side an historic river crept along; upon the other hand a proud city was bathed in the golden sunshine. A robin's song floated down from a swaying bough, and above it could be heard a shrill voice crying: "Morning papers! Latest news from the Phillapeens! All about the massacre in China!"

Then the visitors lifted their eyes to the majestic portal of the tomb and read: "Let us have peace!"

Oh, the irony of it! Miles away, but yet within the confines of the city,

business buildings were swathed in crape; for a great railway king had just paid the debt of nature. Crowds came and went, unthinking, uncaring; already forgetting, if at any time they had remembered, the master of finance who slept under marble, the price of which would ransom a king.

Then the thoughts of the visitors went still farther afield—to the graves, marked only in the simplest way, where our well-beloved poets sleep; to the solitary spots in the wilderness, unknown to men, where the bones of early martyrs to the faith are crumbling to dust; and to one especial community burying-ground where humble servants of God await the resurrection,—all distinction of class or wealth or learning done away, waiting where the birds stop to sing, and their friends, still in the prison of the flesh, stop to pray. Then did the words, "Let us have peace," lose their irony and sound like a benediction.

The Cast-Iron System of Education.

A WRITER in a French educational journal has this to say concerning the practical information of the pupils under his care:

> I have 42 pupils, aged from 8 to 11 years. 12 have never seen the Seine, 5 have never seen the St. Martin Canal, 25 do not know what Notre Dame is, 28 have never seen the Pantheon, 9 have never been in the country, and a living ox is an unknown thing to 8; 1 doesn't know what a boat is, and 2 have never seen locomotives or railway carriages. But I teach these children the history of the Greek, Roman and French civilization.

This is a severe commentary upon the cast-iron system, which crams children with a superficial knowledge of the classics and leaves them utterly ignorant of the facts of everyday life. The school in question is situated in Paris, and is a fair example of many modern educational institutions.

Notes and Remarks.

An admirable specimen of the indomitable courage of the genuine missionary is furnished in a letter written by Mgr. Favier at the conclusion of the Boxers' outbreak in China. After giving details of the siege of Peitang, the destruction of churches, missions, etc., he says: "I believe we have from fifteen to twenty thousand martyrs, as hardly any one apostatized. There have been some admirable incidents.... Here we are with everything to be done over again. Well, forward! No discouragement! With God's grace, we'll do it over again. 'The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!' Providence had His purposes. They are good; we shall know them later on; and in the meantime we should thank Him for everything.... We have 27,000 instead of 47,000 Christians. I predict that within five years we shall have over 50,000." If the same spirit animates all Mgr. Favier's missionaries, we have not the slightest doubt that his prediction will be verified.

According to the *Literary Digest*, the most notable utterance of the International Congress of Catholic Scientists lately held in Munich was the brilliant address of Prof. Willmann, of Prague, whose sentiments centered in the proposition: "The truth as taught by the Catholic Church is the key to the philosophy of history." His conclusions are found in three statements thus presented by the *Literary Digest:* (1) The philosophy of history is a riddle and inexplicable to the rationalistic scholars, and its corrective is the truth of the Roman Catholic Church; (2) The philosophy of history can not be understood on the individualistic theory, and its corrective is found in the Chris-

tian philosophy of the Roman Catholic Church; (3) The philosophy of history is a mystery on the relative theory—*i. e.*, the theory that erases the distinction between the good and the bad,—and its corrective is found in the Roman Catholic truth.

The protagonists of modern science in Germany are still expressing astonishment that the Congress should have answered affirmatively the question whether independent scholarship is consistent with fidelity to the teachings of the Church.

The Filipinos have found another warm defender in Mr. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who is not, however, generally hostile to the United States. In his new book entitled "The Filipino Martyrs: A Story of the Crime of February 4, 1899," he charges those who declared that "tyranny must cease . . . in the Philippines" with having "in forty-eight hours slaughtered more defenceless people than did the Spaniards in two centuries."

Kaiser William has presented a costly fly-fan to Mataafa of Samoa. This is making light of the unjust treatment of the ex-King by the Powers. The gift may be returned. It would be like Mataafa, who is the soul of honor, to spurn it. If Robert Louis Stevenson were living, we should have a defence of the noble old chieftain and a denunciation of his oppressors that would immortalize both.

The *Michigan Catholic* quotes these wise words of a foreign bishop on the importance of good reading, and commends them to the attention of all Catholic parents:

> If we live always in the tainted, corrupt and worldly atmosphere which is created round about us by papers and books which treat every subject for the most part from a point of view where Christian principle and practice are but feebly perceived or considered, we weaken gradually our hold on the principle of faith, and our lives become largely influenced by motives which certainly do not bring us nearer to God. By good Catholic reading, on the other hand, we create a wholesome atmosphere about us; we keep alive the knowledge of our faith, and remember how it is to penetrate our lives; and we neutralize to a very considerable extent the worldly and semi-pagan influences from which we can not withdraw ourselves altogether.

The theory that mosquitoes spread deadly fevers may not as yet be generally accepted, but no one doubts that bad reading is doing more than anything else to propagate error and corrupt morals. The importance of a counteracting influence can not be too much insisted upon.

Letters from Catholic missionaries in China confirm the opinion so often expressed in these pages that it is not the spread of Christianity that has exasperated the heathen, but the well-founded apprehension that their country would fall into the hands of Europeans. The Boxers roused the masses to fury by representing all missionaries as political agents, bent on subjecting the empire to foreign rule. In some places even heathen mandarins did all in their power to protect Catholic missionaries and to prevent the destruction of missions, frankly admitting the beneficial effects of their work.

It must have been very much against the grain when the Presbyterians introduced the innovation of retreats. The movement was made very quietly, however, so as not to stir up the ultra-conservatives among them, whose opposition to innovations of any kind is known to be intense. We rejoice to see our separated brethren adopt such devotional practices, and we hope that retreats may become a permanent feature

of Presbyterian piety. But the brethren must guard against the spirit of routine, and remember that strict silence, interior as well as exterior, is a *sine qua non* of a fruitful retreat. It won't do for the attendants to get together and swap stories, even pious stories, when they are in retirement from the world. It is a time for meditation, prayer, and self-examination. We have reasons to fear that, if the truth were known, the retreat lately held at Riverdale, N. Y., would turn out to have been little more than an ordinary Presbyterian social. As many as fifty ministers were in attendance, and we read that they were free to converse and exchange personal views and experiences. The place of their meeting is known as "The Chestnuts"; however, this may be the merest coincidence.

A missionary writing from Teheran to the Bombay *Catholic Examiner* expresses his belief that the hour has struck for a great return to the Church of the schismatic Armenians in Persia. "The conversion of the vicar-general of the 'Gregorian' bishop of Tauris, a city as large as Teheran, has been followed by other indications. Fifty Armenian families in Tauris are only waiting for a priest to become Catholics at once. A village near Urmiah—the birthplace of Zoroaster, by the way,—of two hundred inhabitants, is begging for a Catholic priest and school. In the plain of Salmas five or six villages are likewise eager to be received into the Church."

Private letters that reach us from China contain interesting and edifying accounts of the heroic fortitude with which the Chinese Catholics, as well as our missionary Fathers and Sisters whose lot is cast among them, underwent the various phases of the recent persecution. A recent communication from Ningpo varies the monotonous recital of scores and hundreds of genuine martyrdoms with this bit of narrative: "Little seems to be known of the wonderful defence of Peitang, where forty European sailors resisted the ceaseless assaults of an enemy numbered by thousands. Not one of the assailants put his foot within the precincts of the mission. The reason given by the Boxers for their failure is that a beautiful Lady, with outstretched hands and flashing eyes, hovered over the cathedral and prevented them from entering. In any case," adds our correspondent, "the confidence of the besieged never failed. They felt sure that Our Lady would not allow them to fall into the cruel hands of their enemies."

The confidence was justified. When the Peitang Catholics were at the last extremity the relieving force entered,—and not a moment too soon, as the first discovery made was that a mine under the cathedral was on the point of being exploded. The circumstance that relief reached them on the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin was not likely to lessen the assurance of the rescued Christians that Our Lady had especially favored them.

Few deaths are more sincerely mourned than was that of Father Barry, the beloved Vicar-General of the Diocese of Manchester, N. H. Protestants as well as Catholics were deeply saddened by its announcement. Kindly words were spoken of him in every Protestant pulpit in Concord, and in the First Unitarian church even a memorial service was held. People of all creeds and of no creed paid tributes to his memory and flocked to his funeral, which was one of the most notable in the history of the State. Father Barry was run down and instantly killed by a cable car in New York city, whither he had gone to

attend a religious celebration. The news of his tragical death was received as a family bereavement in the city where more than half his life was spent, and where he was known and loved by all classes of citizens,—known as a man of blameless and beneficent life, loved as a true Christian and priest of God. Like that of the average pastor, Father Barry's life was not made up of heroics, but its simple goodness won respect, inspired confidence and gained affection. Peace to his soul!

As to the progress which Christianity has of late made in China there can be no more authoritative witness, remarks *The Athenæum*, than the Viceroy Chang Chih-tung, who recently stated that, as compared with Buddhism and Taonism, Christianity is now in the ascendant. "Events are proving with more and more certainty every day that Christianity is making sure, if slow, progress in the empire, and that the influence of the missionaries resident in the interior is a power for good." *The Athenæum* might have added that the missionaries in the interior—outside of treaty ports—are principally Catholics. Travellers in China place "rice Christians" and sectarian missionaries generally on the same plane. The former are insincere, the latter uninfluential.

As a sign of the times, the Bombay *Catholic Examiner* quotes this remarkable expression concerning the Pope from the *Church Times:*

When anti-Papal bigots have said their all, the fact remains that the Roman Pontiff is the leading Bishop in the Church of Christ. No one can take his place in Christendom. He has an interest for us all. He represents pre-eminently the claims of the Church; he ought to represent the spirit of Christianity. By the world at large he is accepted as its most conspicuous exponent.

A sign of the times and of the *Church Times* as well.

Notable New Books.

The Rulers of the South: Sicily, Calabria, Malta. By F. Marion Crawford. 2 vols. The Macmillan Co.

Mr. Crawford has made a sketch of the history of Southern Italy from about the eight hundredth year before our era down to the establishment of the House of Arragon on the Sicilian throne in the sixteenth century. The "Rulers" are the Greeks, the Romans, the Goths and Byzantines, the Saracens, the Normans, and the successors of the Normans. There is also an appendix giving a very clear account of the Mafia. He tells us, if we are disappointed with the story of twenty centuries as he has presented it, we may look into the fathomless archives of southern history and read in half a dozen languages and dialects the thousand tales he has left untold. The material is so vast that we should be grateful for the patient sifting done by Mr. Crawford. The history of Italy to us has always foreign color enough to make it a romance; and Mr. Crawford's gift of artistic expression enables him to bring out that romantic characteristic with vividness.

He makes no pretence to the title of scientific historian. He works honestly, prepares broadly; then he drifts down the current of the centuries, and stops whenever some man or some deed attracts him by its quality of "literatesqueness," as Walter Bagehot would call it; and with a few well-chosen words he makes the deed pass into vision, or the old Greek or Norman rise from the dead. When all is done, the skilful iteration has deeply impressed us with a sense of the strange grace of Sicily, the flower-garden of the most beautiful land in the world, and the turbulent force of the rulers of the south.

History is much more than a raking together of withered facts. In a book that we read through within a few hours is set forth the recital of a story that took five hundred years in its acting. A tenth of the facts can not be given. The historian selects merely the fundamental incidents, and lets these suggest lights and shadows that fill out the picture. He works much like a literary artist: he draws from archives the material he uses in his historic picture, as the artist draws from the forms of beauty stored in his memory shapes and colors to fashion his fancied ideal. Let five artists copy the same model and they will give us five very different pictures; and many historians will extract as many different tales from one set of documents. History is not near so scientifically

exact as it pretends to be. Clio is as prone to prevarication as her sister Melpomene; and the only absolutely convincing accounts of ancient kings are Shakspere's history of Lear and Homer's history of Achilles, men who never existed as "facts."

When the historian arises above the compilation of records found in archive-offices, and would turn the past into a present for us, he learns that facts alone do not make the truth; for the truth is a living thing. Only the creative imagination gives life in the written word. Now, the imagination is more than a street-vender of images, more than an idle sitter in the sun telling tales of ladies dead and lovely knights. Of late imagination has fallen into disgrace, owing to slurs cast by natural science, whose greatest and perhaps only real use, as Coventry Patmore quaintly said, is to supply similes and parables to poets and theologians. The great historian uses his imagination almost as much as the artist uses his. It is more potent than the intellect itself in giving just proportion to details, until the expression and the truth are as mirror and a beautiful face.

Mr. Crawford's method, therefore, where honest imagination works legitimately, is valuable; and when he makes a scene stand out all palpitant with life, as only a literary artist can, we add to the æsthetic pleasure the consciousness that we are also in possession of a truth. To take up a few examples of his work, there is nothing in the literature of recent seasons better than his treatment of the scene where Charles of Anjou sits upon a throne before the Church of Santa Maria del Carmine in Naples and watches the murder of the imperial lad Conradin; and that other scene, like a chapter from a Tuscan romance, where Andrew of Hungary, consort of Queen Joan, is murdered by the queen and her party, and his body is flung out of the castle window into a pleasure-garden below, where it is found by his old nurse who had followed him from Hungary. In many parts of the chapters given to the Greek rulers there are pages that resemble in material and strength passages from Flaubert's *Salambo*, with all the grossness purged away.

Francis, the Little Poor Man of Assisi. A Short Story of the Founders of the Brothers Minor. By James Adderley. Edwin Arnold.

The end of the century has witnessed a great revival of interest in the life and aims of St. Francis; and his admirers will gladly welcome this little book, which is written for those who can not purchase more full biographies. The author does not claim to have brought forward new facts, but simply to have condensed from more extensive works those portions best suited to a brief sketch. The result is, however, that we have here a carefully arranged and graphic account of the chief events in that life which was in so marked a manner moulded after the literal example set by our Blessed Lord.

Mr. Adderley is, it is evident, an enthusiastic Anglican; but this does not surprise those who are aware of the way the religious wind is blowing in the Ritualistic portion of the Established Church of England.

The story of St. Francis is told clearly and in beautiful language, and we are glad to see that the miracle of the Stigmata is accepted without a question. The brief introduction is contributed by M. Paul Sabatier.

A Troubled Heart, and how It was Comforted at Last. By Charles Warren Stoddard. THE AVE MARIA.

This artistic new edition of a fascinating soul-revelation bears the name of its author, Charles Warren Stoddard; though its authorship in earlier prints has long been an open secret in circles where his writings are read and reread with delight. It were easy to write one's impressions of "A Troubled Heart" were it still anonymous; but the thought of the poet-author and his delicately sensitive soul renders such a thing impossible.

The first chapters of this remarkable book open to us the boy's beauty-hungering heart, which refused to be satisfied with the cold forms of Protestantism. With that heart's growth we see the ever-increasing yearning for the fulfilment of what to it seemed the unattainable; and there is infinite pathos in this lonely soul's effort to find an altar whereon to lay a sacrifice to the God of truth. Thrown back upon himself after sad disillusions, he still dreamed of that which was to him an absolute need. He writes:

> It was my intention secretly to set up a tabernacle in my chamber,—a place of sacrifice, to which I might enter alone and unobserved, and there offer the prayer which was ever in my heart and often upon my lips.... There was to be an altar white as the new-fallen snow; an altar decorated with the emblems of death and immortality: an altar having tapers upon it:... and I wished they might burn forever; for they were to stand before a shrine with golden doors, which doors were to be kept closed save only when I could open them in a spirit of unspeakable reverence.

The mystic nave of a Catholic cathedral, its high altar, its tapers, the Mass,—these he saw one

blessed day; and his ideal temple, his dream sanctuary were realities.

Faithful to the light, the troubled heart sought out the truth; and of the comfort that came with the waters of Baptism he writes thus:

> From the steps of that altar I seemed to rise a new being. I had shattered the chrysalis, and the wings of my soul expanded in the everlasting light that radiates from the Throne of Grace.

The book must be read line by line to be understood in all its charm. It is a living book; it appeals with an irresistible fascination to hearts that are troubled; and to hearts that know the comfort that came to him at last, it rings with the exultation of undoubting faith and undying love.

Our Mother. By Frances I. Kershaw. Burns & Oates; Benziger Brothers.

"Our Mother" is Mother Magdalen, the foundress of the Apostoline Sisters in England; and the compiler of her life is one of her spiritual children. There is a certain air of reality about the narrative which invests it with interest, and this despite the fact that there is not a date given whereby to get one's time-bearings. The writer has evidently not mastered the art of selection; hence, besides other faults, a want of proportion in the biography. Prudence, if not charity, should have suggested the omission of some portions of the book; and, a distinguished reviewer to the contrary, we do not feel that new editions of this volume are especially to be desired.

The Riddle of the Universe. By Ernst Haeckel. Translated by Joseph McCabe. Harper & Bros.

The purpose of Prof. Haeckel in preparing this volume was to summarize the findings of science during the century that is closing, and to readjust the religious convictions of the people so as to square with those findings. That, at least, is the way a partisan of the Professor would state it. To the Christian scholar it is simply another of those plausible but utterly unfounded attacks upon revealed religion which certain clever men are accustomed to make in the name of modern science. The author holds the preposterous notion that the Church—by which he means the aggregation of ecclesiastics,—while knowing better, keeps the people in ignorance out of love for the people's shekels. The clergy, according to Haeckel, are sensual, avaricious and ambitious; the laity are stupid, credulous and cringing—else how could they welcome as they do the iron heel of the priest upon their neck?

This conception seems too udicrous to be sincere; but fanaticism is essentially serious, and Haeckel is a fanatic. His temper is fundamentally violent and unscientific. He is an Ingersoll speaking the terminology of science,—hardly more. He assumes to expose the absurdity of Catholic doctrine, yet he thinks that the Immaculate Conception and the virginal birth of Christ are the same doctrine. He pretends to convict the Church with historical proofs. But a Bachelor of Arts would be "plucked" if he exposed such peculiar historical knowledge in any first-rate college. Moreover, his science even is peculiar: he believes, for example, that spontaneous generation is an established fact instead of an established fake, as Pasteur showed. The volume is written for popular reading and published from a popular house. We hope, however, that it will circulate only among the critical; otherwise it would do incalculable harm. The translator is an apostate priest, who writes better than he reasons.

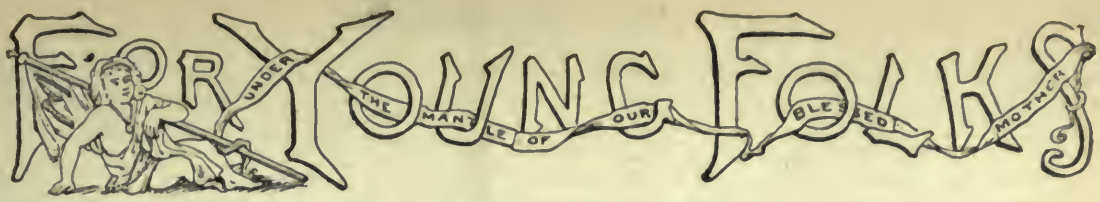
The Way of the World and Other Ways. By Katherine E. Conway. The *Pilot* Publishing Co.

Life in Boston for the enveloping action, the "comings and goings" of "Our Set" for the inner movement, unkindly interpretation the impelling force of the rise, and, behold! from the hands of an artist we have a tragedy of real life. There is a strong human interest in this story, and the characters live. We are well acquainted with Mrs. Ray, Mrs. Willow, and dear Mrs. Mint; and are on speaking terms with Mrs. Jones; all of whom we met, if not at the meeting of the Daughters of St. Paula, at a gathering strikingly similar in aims and methods. And Esther Ward—well, she certainly "was extremely imprudent on several occasions"; but she was Esther Ward, not Mrs. Wise.

Miss Conway has a delightful genius for humor—Mrs. Jones would call it satire,—and the chapter entitled "The Ladies and the Lion" is irresistible to one who has ever seen lions in like captivity. The tragic suspense just before the *dénouement* is, perhaps, a little strained; but Father Herman's words, which close the story, find an echo in our hearts, as we put the book down near enough to pick it up again to reread certain parts; and the lines, which serve as a sort of text for the story, repeat themselves in our mind:

> Nay, the world, the world,—
> All ear and eye, with such a stupid heart
> To interpret ear and eye, and such a tongue
> To blare its own interpretation!

The general get-up of the book is very satisfactory.



Father Winter to His Boys.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

SOUND the good old chorus, boys: I've come to you once more,
Bringing with me lots of fun, as oft I've brought before.
Blessings on me you will call ere half my reign is o'er,
As you go playing full jolly.

CHORUS.

Hurrah, hurrah for skimming o'er the bay!
Hurrah, hurrah for sleigh-bells jingling gay!
Drop your balls and bats, my lads, and put your wheels away,—
Brave winter sports are more jolly.

Soon you'll build your white forts, boys, with walls both thick and high,
Strong 'gainst all besiegers who to capture them may try;
When they come in range just up and let your snowballs fly,
And you'll not ask sport more jolly.

Sharpen up your skates, my lads; for river, pond, and lake
Soon will wear an icy coat no elephant can break;
Gliding o'er their surface smooth, what pleasure you will take!
Skating than wheeling's more jolly.

Out with your toboggans, boys: the slide's a perfect glare;
Down its steep declivity like lightning you will tear,
Cheeks all red and rosy from the frosty, bracing air,—
This of all sports is most jolly.

Best of all my gifts, my lads, I bring you Christmas dear,
Day of days the whole world round for mirth and pleasant cheer.
Almost ere you know it, boys, will Christmas Day be near,
Then everyone will be jolly.

CHORUS.

Dot and Carrie.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

IX.—DICKIE AND DOT.



HAVING said good-bye to Harold, Lord Raghan continued his walk homeward through the woods.

"He's a very fine lad," he thought; "and reminded me of my own bright fellows. I'll be glad to see him again; and to hear the sound of children's voices in that big, desolate mansion will be very cheering."

He opened a little gate and passed out of the wood into the private grounds, paused for a moment to admire the smooth lawns and flower-beds, still brilliant with spring flowers—golden daffodils, scarlet tulips, and dainty yellow-hearted narcissus.

"If only my dear wife," he murmured sadly, "had lived till all this became mine, how happy it would have made her and me! Or if even one—the very smallest—of my children had been left to me, to gladden me with the sound of her sweet voice, what a difference it would have made in my life! How much more I should have enjoyed this grand home! But"—passing his hands across his eyes—"I must not repine or lament: it was not to be—was not to be! Why do I think of my lost dear ones so much to-day? Did the sight of that bonnie boy, the sound of merry voices in the woods, stir up the memories of my own? Perhaps. But they are never far from my mind. Will time make my sorrow less? Is there anything in this world that could make me forget—feel less

acutely—the death of all I loved? I fear not,—I fear not."

He went across the lawn, and as he walked up the steps to the hall-door the butler came out to meet him.

"There is a gentleman, my Lord," he announced,—"a Mr. Kerr—in the library waiting to see you on business."

Lord Raghan took off his hat and gave it to the man.

"Has he been waiting long, Stevens?"

"No, my Lord: only a few moments."

"Good! And, Stevens, I have asked a number of children—ten, I believe—to tea here this afternoon."

"Yes, my Lord." Stevens bowed, concealing with difficulty, well-trained and machine-like though he was, the surprise he felt at such an announcement.

"Lay the table for them in the morning room, and tell Mrs. Turner to see that there are plenty of cakes. Let me know when they arrive."

"Yes, my Lord."

"Meanwhile admit no one. I have important business with Mr. Kerr and do not wish to be disturbed." And he passed on into the library.

"'Ere's a rum go," thought Stevens, as he brushed his master's hat. "Ten children to tea!—ten!" he laughed. "Where under the sun did he raise ten children? Whoever can they be? Not gipsies or villagers, I trust; for I never could abear folks of that class." And he went down to the housekeeper's room to tell Mrs. Turner of his lordship's orders.

As he awaited the arrival of Lord Raghan, Mr. Kerr stood in one of the fine mullioned windows, admiring the view and wondering why he had been sent for in such hurry. He had not even been aware that his lordship had returned to Lynswood, and had been completely taken by surprise when a telegram came, requesting him to go and see him that very afternoon.

"He is going to appoint you at once, Will. I am glad!" cried his wife.

But Mr. Kerr only smiled.

"I would not take that for granted, dearest," he said. "And, believe me, I am not so hopeful. There are several candidates for the post. It is only natural and right that he should see and interview us all."

When Lord Raghan entered and greeted him in a kindly though grave and dignified manner, Mr. Kerr felt his spirits rise. There was something very attractive about this handsome, courteous gentleman with the sad mouth and melancholy eyes.

"He has suffered," thought Mr. Kerr. "God alone knows how deeply. But he has borne his sorrow well and bravely."

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Kerr," Lord Raghan said. "Will you please sit down?"

Mr. Kerr did as desired, and Lord Raghan took a chair at the opposite side of the table.

"I have been talking to a fine boy just now in the woods," he remarked, "who said he was your son,—a lad of eleven or twelve. He was busy taking photographs of the pond."

"Harold. I trust you were not annoyed to find him there, my Lord?"

"Not at all. I was much gratified. He is a fine young fellow"—sighing,—"a boy to be proud of. You have several children, Mr. Kerr?"

Mr. Kerr smiled.

"A good many; though not so many as some people. I have four of my own and one little girl whom I have adopted."

Lord Raghan looked up quickly.

"Rather a rash thing to do, was it not, when—"

"My means are limited? Well, perhaps it was. But I did not seek this child. She was sent to me, I feel sure, by God. Had I been twice as poor, had I twice

as many children, I could not have had the heart to abandon the little one."

Lord Raghan bowed his head.

"You have acted in a truly Christian manner. But how did this child come to you?"

"One night last autumn, when we were living at Craglonen Castle, there was a steamer wrecked off the coast of Dover. I was fortunate enough to save this sweet child, and I at once carried her home. My wife and children were delighted with her; and so, as no one turned up to claim her — though we advertised in every newspaper we could think of,—we adopted her, and she is now like one of our own. Every soul belonging to her, as far as we know, went down in the *Henriette*."

"The *Henriette!*" Lord Raghan hid his face in his trembling hands. "On board the *Henriette*, going home for change of air and scene to England, was my wife, and with her my four children: two boys and two girls. They were all drowned; and I, away in Australia, heard but few particulars of the wreck or how they died. Six months later I, a weary, broken-hearted man, succeeded, through the death of an uncle, to all this"—waving his hand,—"to wealth and title and beautiful Lynswood. But since my loved ones are gone all joy has departed from my life. I have prayed, tried hard to bear my cross, to be resigned. But, oh! what have I to live for?"

He caught up a beautiful miniature that stood upon a little table near, and pressed it passionately to his lips.

"Look!" he cried, handing the picture of his dead wife across to Mr. Kerr, "that is a portrait of my wife. Was it not hard—hard to lose her—and all?"

Mr. Kerr took the miniature; and as he gazed at the sweet, fair face of the dead woman he started and grew red, then pale again.

"Lord Raghan"—his voice quivered with emotion,—"are you sure, quite sure, that all were drowned?"

"Alas, yes! I made all inquiries. I—but it was only too certain. I was so far away that for a long time no real information reached me; but soon I learned that they were all gone. Even my little one, my sweet Dorothea, perished with the rest."

Deeply moved, Mr. Kerr could scarcely speak, as he looked from the miniature to Lord Raghan.

"I may be wrong to rouse hopes that may end only in disappointment. But"—his voice was low and full of emotion—"I think—feel that perhaps—possibly—Dot, the child I saved, may be your little Dorothea."

"God is good. In Him I have hoped," murmured Lord Raghan, growing white as marble. "But—why—why? Why do you think so?"

"In the first place, because I saved her from the *Henriette;* but principally because she bears a strong resemblance to this miniature of your dead wife—and to you. The first moment I saw you, just now, something in your face puzzled me. Now I know what it was: it was your likeness to little Dot."

"Her likeness to my wife's miniature and my likeness to her!" Lord Raghan breathed heavily, and great drops of perspiration stood upon his brow. "My little child to love and care for! My sweet, pretty Dorothea! Oh, if it were possible, my joy and gratitude would indeed be great!"

Mr. Kerr sprang to his feet.

"You must see Dot at once. Except that she is a little stronger and more healthy, she is not much changed. If she is your child, you will know her; if she is not, you will soon be quite sure."

"Yes, you have raised great hopes within me," his voice trembled. "To find my little one would indeed be bliss."

"Then come with me to Woodbine Cottage. When this child came to us her pronunciation was that of a baby, and she could tell us very little about herself or her family. Even now she speaks in a peculiar way and my children make fun of what they call her baby talk."

"My Dorothea was barely four, and had not learned to speak plainly; but many little ones are like that at such an early age. Come now, let us go. I long to see this child."

He rang the bell, and when Stevens appeared told him to order the carriage, as he was obliged to go into Cobham on business without delay.

"Yes, my Lord," the man answered, wondering at his master's agitation. "But if you please, when the children you spoke of come to tea, what am I to do if your lordship is gone?"

"Give them their tea, of course. I can not wait: my business is most important. Ask Mrs. Turner to look after them. Go now quickly and order the carriage. Hurry Jones. Tell him I am most impatient to be off."

"Yes, my Lord." And with a low bow, Stevens went away.

Lord Raghan strode up and down the room, his hands behind his back.

"Excuse me, Mr. Kerr!" he said, pausing for a moment. "Forgive my silence. But I am unfit to talk. My brain is whirling." He passed his hand across his brow. "The thought that this child may be my baby puts everything else out of my head."

"I understand — quite. Pray don't trouble to talk. I can amuse myself with a book."

The time passed slowly; but at last, to the intense relief of both men, the carriage drove round to the hall-door.

"Come!" said Lord Raghan. "In a few moments I shall know the truth. Come!" And he led the way out of the library in silence.

"Drive as fast as you can to Woodbine Cottage," he said to the coachman. Then, stepping into the carriage, he sank down upon the seat and covered his face with his hands.

"I trust I may not be mistaken," thought Mr. Kerr, as they drove along. "I pray the poor man may not be disappointed and that—"

"Father, stop!" called a voice that he recognized at once as Harold's; and, looking round in surprise, he saw his eldest son leap, panting and breathless, over a low hedge out of the wood, on to the high-road.

"What is the matter? Why, what is wrong?" Mr. Kerr asked, alarmed at the boy's white face and frightened looks. "Lord Raghan, may we stop for a moment?"

"Certainly. Jones, draw up. Well, my lad?" as Harold came up to the carriage door. "What is the matter?"

"There has been an accident," Harold gasped, as he mopped the perspiration from his face. "Dickie fell—"

"Dickie? Is he hurt?" asked Mr. Kerr, anxiously. "My poor little boy!"

"I am afraid he is. He climbed a tree to pretend to fly, and the branch broke. I am afraid he has broken his arm."

"Dear me! That is serious. Where is he?" cried Mr. Kerr, stepping quickly from the carriage.

"Lying on the grass over there, not very far from the house. But we are not strong enough to carry him, and he screams if we try to lift him up onto his feet. I was going to run into Cobham to fetch a doctor when I saw you. May I come with you, or—"

"I must go to the child," Mr. Kerr said. "You go on with Lord Raghan. Send Dr. Potter back in the carriage and take his lordship on to the cottage. He is anxious to see Dot."

Harold looked up into Lord Raghan's face and smiled.

"He's more like her than ever. It's very strange, I declare!" he thought. "Wouldn't it be nice if our pretty sea-waif turned out to be his child!" Then aloud he said: "Dot is not at the cottage, sir: she is off in the woods. We were acting 'A Midsummer-Night's Dream,' and she was Pease-blossom. But Lord Raghan invited us all to tea, and he will see her then."

"We must change our plans," said Mr. Kerr, moving away. "Lord Raghan, you will not care to go on to Cobham now? I must look after Dickie."

"And I will go with you and help you to carry him to Lynswood," Lord Raghan said, following Mr. Kerr out of the carriage. "The boy will have to stay there till he is well again."

"You are very good; but I think I had better carry him here and drive him home at once."

"It's a long way, father, and hard walking," said Harold. "It would be easier and give him less pain to take him to Lynswood."

"There—that decides it!" cried Lord Raghan. "Jump in, Harold, and bring Dr. Potter back as fast as you can."

"But how shall we find the child?" began Mr. Kerr. But as he spoke Jack Huntley put his head over the hedge.

"Jack will take you to him!" cried Harold; and before his father had time to say a word he sprang into the carriage and was driving quickly down the road.

"There's a gate just a little way down, Uncle Will," remarked Jack. "I'm so glad you have come! Dickie is moaning terribly."

"Poor mite. I trust the doctor won't be long," answered Mr. Kerr, hurrying through the gate, followed by Lord Raghan. "Then, if his arm was set, we could take him home in a carriage. His mother will want to nurse and look after him," he added, turning to Lord Raghan; "so I could not accept your kind hospitality for him. Nevertheless, I thank you sincerely for the offer."

"Don't decide at once: wait till we get the doctor's opinion," said Lord Raghan. "I wonder"—looking about him—"where little Dot has wandered to in her character of Pease-blossom? I trust *she* has not been trying to fly from a rotten branch?"

Jack Huntley laughed and wondered who the stranger was.

"Dot couldn't climb a tree to save her life," he said. "And Carrie wouldn't let her if she could."

"Who is Carrie?" asked Lord Raghan.

"My elder girl," Mr. Kerr answered, smiling. "She is like a mother to Dot: the two are inseparable; and since the little one came amongst us Carrie is a changed being. From being wild and just a wee bit difficult to manage, she has become quite sedate, and is most careful of the younger children."

"They're rather much for her sometimes, though," remarked Jack. "Maud says she tries to manage them too firmly, and then they rebel,—Dickie especially."

"Poor little Carrie! She does her best," replied Mr. Kerr. "Remember she is not nine yet."

"We can't expect old heads on young shoulders," Lord Raghan smiled. "But I am glad Dot and Carrie are friends. Are they together now?"

"You bet!" said Jack, who thought the expression sounded manly. "Carrie went off to Lynswood to get some of the men to come and help to bring Dickie round to the wagonette and Miss Brown at the side gate. Of course Dot insisted on going with her; although she could not run half so fast, and would only keep her back."

"Then Dot is at Lynswood now. We must have just missed her," observed Lord Raghan.

"Oh, she and Carrie may have come back to Dickie! They've been gone a good long time," said Jack. "But why are you so anxious to see our Dot, sir? She's only a baby."

"Only a baby, but—" Lord Raghan's voice broke, and he turned away with a suppressed sob.

Mr. Kerr drew his nephew to his side and whispered a few words in his ear. Jack's face lit up with joy and he squeezed his uncle's hand in delight.

"How splendid! Oh, I do hope she is his child!" he cried. "And do you know, uncle, I feel sure she is? But see! there is Dickie under that tree. And I declare there are two men and a shutter or a door or something to lay him on. And there is Carrie, but I don't see Dot anywhere. I must ask where she is."

And he sprang away through the bushes toward the spot where Dickie lay, surrounded by anxious, sorrowful little faces.

(To be continued.)

A Story Told in Scotland.

The members of a large manufacturing firm in Glasgow, Scotland, are fond of telling a story which serves to illustrate Scotch pluck and perseverance.

One day a little lad, both ragged and barefooted, presented himself before the head of the firm and said:

"If you please, sir, I'm looking for a place to run errands."

"Well, we have plenty of them to run," replied the gentleman; "but you canna run them without a pair of shoon to your feet."

The boy shook his head and went away. He got a place to work in the public market and slept under one of the stalls. In about two months he had saved enough money to buy a pair of shoes, and one day Mr. Blank was confronted by a lad who carried a parcel.

"I have the shoon, sir," he said.

Mr. Blank had forgotten all about him. He thought a moment, then said:

"Now I remember you. You want to run errands. Why, my boy, in those rags you would be a disgrace to us."

Away went the youngster without a word. At the end of six months he appeared again, wearing coarse garments which were evidently new. Mr. Blank began to be interested. He looked more closely at the little fellow, and saw by his pale, thin face that he had denied himself food in order to buy the clothes. But business was business.

"I'd take you, my boy," he said, "but we need a messenger who can read and write. I am afraid you can do neither."

The boy shook his head sorrowfully and became a little paler. Again he turned away. He went into the country, found work in a stable near a night-school, and in a year had learned to read and write very well. A third time he sought the great manufacturer.

"Now I can read and write, sir," he said, simply.

"I gave him the place," relates Mr. Blank; "and he is our chief foreman now, with so much stock in the business that he is likely to succeed me in time."

The Queen's Staff.

The walking-stick which supports Queen Victoria when she crosses the room is made of a branch of King Charles' Oak,—the one into which he climbed when pursued by Cromwell's men, and was once owned by that King himself. Originally it had only a plain gold head, but upon that has been placed a funny little Indian idol captured at Seringapatam. Of all the Queen's canes this is her favorite, and it is never far away from her, night or day.

With Authors and Publishers.

—The death is announced of Sir Arthur Sullivan, who wrote the music score for "Pinafore" and other light operas by Mr. W. S. Gilbert.

—A new edition of Charlevoix's "History of New France," translated by Dr. John Gilmary Shea, with a memoir and bibliography of the translator, is announced by the Burrows Brothers Co.

—Bossuet's famous dissertation on "The Sermon on the Mount" (originally a portion of the great preacher's "Meditations on the Gospel") has been rendered into English by F. M. Capes. Published by Longmans, Green & Co.

—Now that a new and cheaper impression of Wilfrid Ward's "Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman" has been issued by Longmans, there is no good reason why any Catholic library, private or institutional, should be without this great biography.

—A novel of London society by Mr. W. S. Lilly is announced. A surprising announcement. As *The Tablet* remarks, "we shall look forward with interest to this incursion into new fields on the part of an authority who has gathered garlands in very different ones."

—It is said that when Coventry Patmore finished "The Angel in the House" he was so poor that on the fly-leaf of what he himself held to be a priceless manuscript he wrote his name and address, for fear of possible loss, with promise of ten shillings' reward to the finder. And yet nearly a quarter of a million copies of this little book had been published before the author's death.

—The American Book Company publishes "Mind and Hand," from the pen of Mr. Charles H. Ham. The sub-title, "Manual Training the Chief Factor in Education," accurately expresses the author's prejudice in favor of his subject; in fact, "Mind" might consistently be omitted from the main title; one gets the impression that humanity could go onward very well with hand alone. Several chapters descriptive of laboratory work will prove to be serviceable to those who have a special interest in manual training. Unquestionably, Mr. Ham knows tools. We would suggest, however, that there are tools and tools. Not to mention the rhetorician's tools, there is the logician's tool,—the syllogism, with which the author needs better acquaintance. We have met with certain historical and theoretical conclusions in his pages which are convenient, it is true, but which were not drawn from premises. We can not forbear to mention that in his theory of education Mr. Ham claims to be near akin to Bacon.

—The concluding volume of the life of Dr. Brownson will be published about the middle of the month. It contains many chapters of absorbing interest.

—The *Weekly Register* expresses almost unqualified praise of Mrs. Humphry Ward's new romance. "'Eleanor' appears to us to be in all respects a more remarkable achievement than any of her previous volumes."

—The *Catholic Examiner* of Bombay is to be congratulated on the completion of the fiftieth year of its existence. It has always been a herald of truth—in many ways a power for good—in India. The *Examiner* is proud of the rare distinction that its first editor was a future cardinal. He was first a Capuchin missionary in India, then a bishop in the United States, finally a member of the Sacred College; and is well known as Cardinal Persico.

—Some sayings of Oliver Wendell Holmes never before published occur in "Brenda: Her School and Her Club," a new book by Helen Leah Reed. The remarks are given very nearly as they were made. Speaking one day of poetry, the poet said:

> Why, it isn't so very hard, at least I should judge not by the numbers of copies of verses that are sent me to examine. Poetry deals with common human emotion, and almost any one with a fair vocabulary thinks that he can express himself in verse. But nearly everything worth saying has been said. Words and expressions seem very felicitous to the writer, but he cannot expect other persons to see the work as he sees it.
>
> I am afraid that there is no absolute standard for verse-makers. It has always seemed to me that a writer of verse is almost in the position of a man who makes a mold for a plaster cast, or something of that kind. Whatever liquid mixture he puts into that mold will surely fit it. So the verse is the mold into which a poet puts his thought, and from his point of view it is sure to fit.

—In chronicling the death of the late anti-Christian writer, Frederich Nietzsche, the *Bookman* uses a very striking expression, which to the Philistines, however, will seem hopelessly reactionary:

> It is a sufficient comment upon his mental labors, which sometimes reached a pitch almost of mental agony, that through the last few years of his unhappy life he should have raved and gibbered of his firm belief that he had built up a new world-philosophy, while in reality he had accomplished nothing more than to give a somewhat deeper tinge

to modern pessimism and to furnish for saner minds than his a vivid warning of *the dangers of reliance upon pure intellect alone.*

The italics are ours, and they call attention to a phrase which a lesser person than Prof. Peck could not use with impunity. It is one of those phrases that furnish a test of the culture of the reader.

—"A Series of Meditations," being perfervid ejects from Mr. Erastus C. Gaffield, is published by the Order of the White Rose, a society devoted to clairvoyance, prophecy, telepathy, psychometry, and whatever is occult, at Syracuse, N. Y. The book is in the main unintelligible. The author is a spirit seeking "unfoldment," which he does not achieve. He has delivered himself over to words, and words have played him false. He remains enwrapped for the reason that poor written language is no vehicle for thoughts like his. We should advise him never again to get published if he expects to enjoy Nirvana.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

A Troubled Heart, and how It was Comforted at Last. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* 75 cts.

The Rulers of the South; Sicily, Calabria, Malta. *F. Marion Crawford.* 2 vols. $5.

Francis, the Little Poor Man of Assisi. *James Adderley.* $1.25.

The Way of the World and Other Ways. *Katherine E. Conway.* $1.

The Beauty of Christian Dogma. *Rev. Jules Souben.* $1.35.

The Hidden Servants, and Other Very Old Stories Told Over again. *Francesca Alexander.* $1.50.

Days of First Love. *W. Chatterton Dix.* 25 cts.

The Judgment of Peter and Paul on Olympus. *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* 75 cts.

Lectures for Boys. *Very Rev. Francis Doyle, O. S. B.* 3 vols. $6.

Handbook to Christian and Ecclesiastical Rome. Three Vols. *H. M. and M. A. R. T.* $10.

The Spiritual Life and Prayer, According to Holy Scripture and Monastic Tradition. $1.75, *net.*

The History of the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ. *Rev. James Groenings, S. J.* $1.25, *net.*

A Priest's Poems. *K. D. B.* $1.25.

Alice of Old Vincennes. *Maurice Thompson.* $1.50.

Education and the Future of Religion. *Bishop Spalding.* 5 cts.

General Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures. *Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S. S.* $2, *net.*

Father Anthony. *Robert Buchanan.* $1.50.

The Soldier of Christ. *Mother Mary Loyola.* $1.35, *net.*

Where is the Church? *Rev. Charles Coupe, S. J.* 40 cts., *net.*

The Autobiography of St. Ignatius Loyola. *J. F. X. O'Conor, S. J.* $1.25, *net.*

The Testament of Ignatius Loyola. *E. M. Rix.* $1, *net.*

Sermons on the Blessed Sacrament. *Scheurer-Lasance.* $1.50, *net.*

A Form of Prayers. *Marquis of Bute.* 45 cts., *net.*

Sanctuary Meditations. *Fr. Baltasar Gracian, S. J.* $1, *net.*

Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption. *W. H. Mallock.* $3.50.

The Flowing Tide. *Madame Belloc.* $1.60, *net.*

A Son of St. Francis. *Lady Amabel Kerr.* $1,

Poor Dear Ann. *The Prig.* 75 cts.

The Bible and its Interpreter. *Rev. P. H. Casey, S. J.* 50 cts.

The Gospel Story. *B. F. C. Costelloe.* $1.60, *net.*

Studies in Church History. Vol. VI. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* $2.50.

Meditations on the Psalms of the Little Office. *Peregrinus.—Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.* 75 cts., *net.*

Currita, Countess of Albornoz. *Luis Coloma.* $1.50.

The Knights of the Cross. Vol. II. *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* $1.

A Journey with the Sun around the World. *Rev. William McMahon.* $2.

St. Jerome. *Father Largent.* $1.

Studies in Poetry. *Thomas O'Hagan, M. A., Ph. D.* $1.

The Church of Christ the Same Forever. *Rev. D. McErlane, S. J.* 50 cts., *net.*

Christian Philosophy — God. *Rev. John T. Driscoll, S. T. L.* $1.25, *net.*

The Heiress of Cronenstein. *Countess Hahn-Hahn.* $1.25.

The Nursing Sister. $1.25.

Jack Hildreth on the Nile. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.

Holy Mass: A Morning Paradise. *Very Rev. R. O. Kennedy.* 5 cts.

THE AVE MARIA

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LI. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 8, 1900. NO. 23.

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To-Day.

BY MAGDALEN ROCK.

WHERE the seven-hilled city's towers
Rise aloft, and Tiber flows;
In the Indian banyan bowers,
'Mid the polar ice and snows;
Where the western streams are flowing
To the ocean's briny breast,
Where the Southern Cross is glowing—
North and south and east and west;

In the sunshine's golden splendor,
In the wintry shadows gray,
Myriad voices praise the tender
Mother-Maiden all the day.

In cathedrals famed in story,
Rich in many a jewelled shrine;
And in abbeys gray and hoary,
Whence arises song divine;
In the cloisters dim and holy
Where the virgins softly tread,
In the wayside chapel lowly
Where the peasants' prayers are said;

From the hearts with sorrows laden,
And from joyous hearts and gay,
Rise the praises of the Maiden
Who is Queen in heaven to-day.

And 'tis not alone by mortals
That such glorious strains are sung,
But beyond the golden portals
All the heavenly host among,
Martyrs high their palm boughs bearing,
Seraphs in their robes of snow,
Saints of many a nation wearing
Crowns well won on earth below,

Sing the word that earth is singing
From the dawn to evening late;
All the courts of heaven are ringing
With the word "Immaculate."

The Virginity of Holy Mary.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

I.—The Difficulties of the Subject.

WE are required to believe "revealed truths which we can not comprehend." And one would think that things so staggering to our reason as divine truths which we can not comprehend would at least be confined to belief in God or His attributes. If my reason be compelled to declare that what it thought to be true is untrue, and that was in reality true which it thought untrue, the thing regarding which it was to make so puzzling and, apparently, so contradictory a conclusion ought at least to be limited to heaven.

If my reason is worthy of any credit, if I can at all depend upon its manner of reasoning and rest satisfied with the conclusions it comes to; and if I am asked by another set of reasons to declare that, while the reasoning in one way is correct, as when my reason comes to the conclusion that the Father being God, and the Son being God, and the Holy Ghost being God, there *ought* to be three Gods; that yet, by a higher authority—namely, by God's word,—my reason is required to declare that all that reasoning, while it was true in reason and according to reason, is false in fact and according to revelation, revelation being the lord and

master of reason; if, I say, my reason is asked to proceed in so unreasoning and self-destructive a manner (oh, what a sweet savor has an act of humble faith before God! and how meritorious a sacrifice when man draws the knife on the noblest natural thing God has given him, his reason, and offers it up as a holocaust on the altar of the truth of the Lord!)—if, then, in being required to believe "revealed truths which my reason can not comprehend," my reason has not only to bow down before God, but to declare itself stupid and even devoid of reason, one would think that truths of that nature would be some of the incomprehensible things in the inscrutable eternity "before the daystar," or amid the inaccessible glory of the everlasting hills.

Yet, as if God had no fear of being misunderstood, or as if He desired more utterly to confound our reason, He brings these startling truths down upon earth, takes them from among ourselves and sets them at our very door. The ever-blessed and infinite God becomes flesh, is "made a curse" and dies; the Blessed Mary is married, is a mother and yet a virgin,—two of the things that of all things contradict experience and overwhelm our reason. Now, thank God, we have an opportunity of making that "sacrifice of most sweet savor" of which we were speaking above; we bow our heads, and, with reverent hands, we lay our reason, like Isaac, the only child of our barren age, a bound victim on the altar dedicated to God's truth.

Presently I will ask you a question; but let me talk on a moment, to lead you to it.

Eden was beautiful, Eden was sinless; and the two most sinless beings that ever existed on earth—with the exception of the Divine Lord Jesus and Holy Mary—dwelt there. I speak of them before their fall. At that time God gave them a prohibition; but He gave them a command also. The command was this: "Increase and multiply and fill the earth"; and what 'God had put together, no man was to put asunder.'

I come to Abraham. He was married. God said to him: "I will make thee the father of a great nation"; "and a son was born to Sara." Moses was married, and his wife had children. Aaron, too, was married, and from him sprung all those sacred ministers who "in holiness and justice were to serve God all the days of their lives." Lastly, there was "holy" David: he was a married man and the father of the most striking type of Our Lord that the Old Covenant has given us—Solomon.

Marriage, then, was holy. God Himself commanded it, and an all-holy God could not command an unholy law. Abraham, "the father of the faithful"; Moses, "the meekest of men"; David, "after God's own heart,"—all were married; all the patriarchs, all the prophets were married. Now I come to the question:

What of the Messiah? You are astonished. And why? Because even to our dull senses, without at all waiting for the Apostle's declaration, it is evident that while "marriage is good virginity is better."

If we lived before the time of Holy Mary and of our Divine Lord, I do not see, if you or I were asked the question, Was the Messiah to be a married man? how, with the command of God to Adam and Eve, with the example of Abraham, Moses, and David, before our eyes, we could answer it otherwise than by saying: To be sure the Messiah will be a married man. Here, then, in a nutshell we have the superiority of virginity over marriage,—of the New Dispensation over the Old.

If we waited till Our Lord's own time we should hear Him saying: "It is good for a man not to marry." And again:

"Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God." Later on St. John sees in vision in Patmos a special troop—and they were virgins—"following the Lamb whithersoever He went."

St. Clement, Pope—"the sweet Roman Clement" of the early Church,—writes thus: "A name is assured to virgins more glorious than the longest line of posterity. A place more distinguished is reserved for them than will fall to those saints no matter how illustrious by miracles and how stainless by virtue be their married life. Nay, it is not permitted to draw a comparison between them; for the portion of virgins shall be with the angels, because of the more excellent life they have led on earth."

St. Augustine cries out: "Let no one say that virginity is the slave of death [sin]. Rather is it the daughter of life; for it bears within it, in its soul, Him whom Mary bore in her chaste womb. How could it have relationship with slavery, when it loves Him who gave freedom to the world?"

St. Jerome: "O virgins, do you know all the privileges attached to your state? It is innocent, full of grandeur, and blest with sweet and chaste delights that far outweigh all you have left behind. You have for spouse the Son of God, who has set such value on virginity that He would have none but a virgin for His mother, and none but virgins for His chaste spouses. His pleasure is among the lilies of virginity, and there He finds His delights. Act up to this great honor which He shows you, and the more you love purity the more ardently will you embrace the sacred bonds that bind you to Him."

St. Thomas of Aquin says: "To live in the flesh yet not after the flesh is a life not of earth but of angels."

Fénelon: "O holy virginity, happy are the chaste doves that, poised on the wings of divine love, fly away to the desert and there find their delights! O beloved and chosen souls to whom it is given to live independent of the flesh! you have for spouse Him who can not die; in whom you shall never see the shadow of an imperfection. He loves you, and you are happy in His love. You have only one fear: of not loving Him enough or of loving anything that He does not love."

The Council of Trent gives us authoritative teaching. All these words of the Fathers were the teachings, to be sure, of saints; but yet they were fallible. The Council of Trent, however, gives us authoritative and infallible teaching. In the twenty-fourth session it declares:

"If any one says that the married state is preferable to that of virginity or celibacy, and that to remain in virginity or celibacy is not a preferable and more blessed state than that of matrimony, let him be anathema."

Two things the Church says here: (1) that the married state is not preferable to the state of virginity; (2) that matrimony is not a more blessed state than virginity. The Church found it necessary to declare these two things because of the teachings that were being promulgated at the time.

Without appealing to that long array of saints, our senses would have us, under pain of revolt and blasphemy, think nothing else of our Divine Lord than that He was virginal; and the holy Fathers point out that not even His greatest enemies among the Jews or amongst heretics or atheists, since the establishment of Christianity, have even been allowed by God to breathe even the slightest suspicion tarnishing His virginal character.

Such being the Son, what did He preordain the woman to be whom He was to select for His mother, and in whom He was to rest bodily for nine months?

We at once make answer: If He gave up on the height of Calvary all that He possessed—His garments; His honor, being accounted as a thief; last of all His life; but reserved one thing, typified to us by Holy Mary and St. John—that is, His love of virginity,—then His Mother ought to be a virgin.

But there are difficulties in the way. However, before we look at the difficulties, let us listen to what St. Thomas of Aquin says about its fitness.

"(1) Adam was made of the dust of the ground without the intervention of man and woman. (2) Eve was made from a man without the aid of a woman. (3) All other human beings are conceived and born of a man and a woman. (4) It remained, as the peculiar property of Christ, to be conceived and born of a woman without a man. And thus was completed the diversity of human generation."

Let us begin now to consider the difficulties. It need not be said that virginity means a purity of body and soul, and that it must be *voluntary*. One must choose it and wish it.

When did Mary choose and wish it? To become definite, we will ask: "Was it before or after her holy espousal with St. Joseph?" And this very question brings another difficulty before us: "If she had vowed virginity, how could she get married?" Oh, thanks be to God! in unravelling these difficulties we shall see the manifest hand of the Lord, who "guards us all as the apple of His eye," and Mary above and beyond all.

Over and over in the course of the year the Church breaks out in the sacred Office with the beautiful cry: "Spotless hast thou been made, O Virgin Mother of God!" We shall see the truth of that as we go along.

We open the Old Bible and difficulties stare us in the face. In Exodus (xxiii, 26) we read: "There shall not be one fruitless nor barren in thy land." In Deuteronomy (vii, 14): "No one shall be barren among you of either sex." And again in Deuteronomy (xxv)—not found in the Vulgate, but quoted by St. Augustine: "Accursed is he who hath not raised up seed in Israel." Upon which St. Augustine says that there was an obligation on woman, especially on the women of the tribe of Juda, to get married, "because of the hope of the Messiah; and that saintly men were bound to make use of marriage so that the people of God might be propagated, from whom was to spring the Christ."

And, in the words of Suarez, "the intention of the Blessed Virgin was to do not only what was lawful, but what at the moment was best, as far as she understood it to be the good pleasure of God." And yet "it is, nevertheless, to be held," adds the same holy writer, "that the Blessed Virgin ever had the firmest and most determined resolution to preserve virginity."

St. Thomas of Aquin teaches that the Blessed Virgin "had virginity ever at heart." "Not a mere wish or a bald appreciation of it," says Suarez, "but a deliberate will and an efficacious love of virginity; for nothing short of this suffices for perfect chastity, and anything less would argue imperfection in most Holy Mary."

We look, then, for an explanation of these texts of the Old Testament and of the comments of St. Augustine upon them, both of which stagger us so much. We open Suarez, and our eyes fall with delight on this proposition: "There is not in the Old Testament any law forbidding chastity. St. Jerome says so; Abulens teaches it; it is the doctrine of Scotus."

We first explain the texts, and then we quote the Fathers.

(To be continued.)

Truly Her Guardian Angel.

"IT is very pleasant to see England again after ten years' residence in the East; but I know pleasanter places in England than London on a sultry day in July," soliloquized Dr. Neilson, a bronzed, middle-aged man, with remarkably keen grey eyes, and a certain expression of alert vitality that drew attention to him even in a crowd. He had landed in England some three days previous to the morning our story opens; and, having no family or near relatives alive, he felt rather solitary in the great city, and was now standing at the window of a West End hotel, gazing ruefully on the passing throng.

Suddenly a tap at the door and the announcement, "A gentleman wishes to see you, sir," disturbed his musings. He took the card off the salver which the waiter presented.

"Colonel Mathom! Show him in at once!" he exclaimed.

A minute later he was shaking hands with a bluff, soldierly man, some twenty years his senior, but wiry and active.

"You were never more welcome, Mathom. I had not a soul to speak to. How did you find me out?"

"Happened to see your arrival in the paper and hurried up to town to secure you. Now, have you any business to keep you here?"

"No: I have not even unpacked my trunks."

"So much the better. I ordered dinner in half an hour. Meantime go and put up your things and we'll catch the nine o'clock express."

Dr. Neilson laughed.

"You are not a bit changed, Mathom. Just the same old 'Hurry up,' as the Eighth nicknamed you. Where are we going by the express?"

"Where! To my place, of course—the 'Moat.' My widowed sister, Mrs. Sinnell, lives with me. But she is now on a visit to her daughter in Wales; so we shall be alone, fortunately; for I want your help."

And the Colonel's face looked anxious as his friend glanced at him in surprise.

"All right, Colonel! I am at your service. Take a cigar while I tell my man to pack up a few necessaries. By the way, shall I bring him? He is an Afghan, but a splendid fellow. Saved my life twice."

"Yes, bring a dozen if you like. My big barracks of a house would hold a regiment; and, by the irony of fate, it has fallen to an old bachelor and a practically childless widow; for my nephews and nieces are in homes of their own. We'll have it livelier by the 12th. There is good shooting."

"Then Hamet will be useful,—he is a first-rate shot," said the Doctor. "I'll be back in ten minutes."

Not until they were seated in a reserved first-class carriage and had left London some miles behind did the Colonel explain his trouble to his old friend Neilson. The latter, accustomed to his ways, asked no questions and awaited his pleasure.

"Neilson," began Mathom, as they whirled through the summer night, "do you remember Lloyd Featherstone?"

"Of the 3d Buffs?"

The other nodded.

"I remember him well. He was a gallant fellow and a brave officer."

"Poor fellow! he and his young wife were carried off by cholera in Ceylon about twenty years ago, leaving an infant daughter two months old. I was with him. He had barely time to tell me that he had made a will when the epidemic broke out, and, in case of his death, had appointed me joint guardian, with his wife, to his infant child. The wife, poor thing, died a few hours

after her husband, so that the little Alys lost both parents at once. I took her and confided her to the care of a kind, motherly woman, wife to Sergeant Major Douglas, who kept her until she was six years old. I then brought her to England and placed her at school in the Benedictine Convent of Princethorpe, where she was educated with my nieces, Maud and Lilian Sinnell, who were her seniors by two and three years. When Lilian married two years ago I brought Alys, then a blooming girl of eighteen, to the Moat, intending to keep her with me until she came of age. She inherited Featherstone Hall and £40,000 a year from her father; and this, owing to the accumulations of the long minority, makes her one of the richest heiresses in England."

"No light charge, Colonel," ejaculated his hearer. "The Featherstones were a handsome race; so I suppose your heiress to have many charms besides her golden ones."

Mathom nodded emphatically.

"She is, or rather was, a lovely girl; for of late ill health has dimmed the radiance of her beauty. But of that later on—let me not digress. The only relatives Alys possesses are her uncle's widow, Lady Zara Featherstone, and her son Harold. Lloyd Featherstone's younger brother, Harold, entered the diplomatic service, and received knighthood for some cause or other while British Consul abroad. He married a Greek lady, and left her a widow with one son when the latter was twenty. He is twenty-six now, and has already squandered the moderate fortune Sir Harold left him. He and his mother live on her jointure of a thousand a year at Featherstone Manor, which she rents from Alys. It is the dower house of the Featherstones; and, acting as Alys' guardian, I left it to her for a nominal rent when she returned from a long residence abroad just as her niece's school-days ended. When she asked Alys on a visit to the Manor, and then proposed to present her at the next *levée* at St. James' and bring her into society, I could not refuse; although I have no love for Lady Zara."

"Is she a pure Greek?"

"I don't know. She is a handsome woman, about forty-five — or perhaps more; well-preserved and accomplished. She speaks several languages fluently,—English remarkably so; and, on the whole, adapts herself wonderfully to our ways. Her home in London was one of the most fashionable, and she is liked in society."

"And her son?"

"He is like her; however, he has the Featherstones' tall stature and blue eyes. Honestly, I must acknowledge that he is an exceedingly good-looking young reprobate."

"Educated abroad, eh?"

"No: Sir Harold took care of that. He was educated at Oscott, and, it was whispered, narrowly escaped expulsion. When his father died he was called off to Triest, where they lived; he then went on a tour to the East, and had not returned when Alys went with his mother to London for the season."

"Does the young girl like her aunt?"

"They agree pretty well, but there is no affection between them. When young Harold returned to England he at once placed himself at her feet as an ardent suitor. Alys laughed at him at first; but, finding he was troublesome, she threatened to leave her aunt's house if he continued his importunities. That settled the matter. Lady Featherstone, though greatly disappointed, refrained from all interference and sent her son on a trip to Greece. He reappeared at the Manor three months ago, and has carefully refrained from all lover-like advances; but since his reappearance

on the scene Alys' health, which had always been excellent, has suddenly and unaccountably failed."

The Colonel ceased speaking, and the Doctor stared at him in some perplexity. Was this half-Greek youth about to develop into a medieval poisoner or a melodramatic sorcerer, whose unholy spells were sucking away the life-blood from his cruel enchantress?

"Well, Colonel, what is he doing to her?" he half-laughingly asked.

"I wish I knew," was the unexpected rejoinder. "Some foul play is going on, Harry; and I want you to find out what it is. Don't look at me like that, boy!" continued the veteran, testily. "I'm not a lunatic and I know what I'm saying. Harold Featherstone is his cousin's heir if she dies intestate. And before her twenty-first birthday she can make no will; so that her death before the 8th of next December means for her scampish cousin the inheritance of Featherstone Hall, £40,000 a year, and accumulations amounting to over £300,000."

"But, Colonel, why don't you bring Miss Featherstone to the Moat?"

"Because my sister has recently been very ill; and, with one invalid already in the house, I could not force Alys to leave her aunt. The latter, with her usual suavity, begged of me to let her dear niece remain with her until after a *bal costume* which is to take place at Hasley Towers on the 10th of September, to celebrate the coming of age of the young Viscount Netterville; and then she will, if I like, yield me her darling, from whom she is so loath to separate. My sister is better, and has gone to Wales till the end of this week."

"Of what does Miss Featherstone complain?" asked the Doctor, gravely.

"Of nothing. She looks wretchedly pale, has black circles under her eyes, no appetite and no energy. Now, four months ago Alys was a thoroughly happy, healthy, lively girl; the first in every amusement and always as busy as a bee."

"Have you consulted a physician?"

"Not one alone but several eminent in the profession. All agree there is no disease, only a want of vitality for which they can find no cause. Her parents were perfectly healthy young people when carried off by cholera, and there is no taint of hereditary disease."

"Beyond the mere fact of being his cousin's heir, have you any reason for suspecting young Featherstone?"

"No tangible reason, I must admit. However, one little incident aroused my suspicions, and they have never slept since. Wilcox, my own man, came to me one morning early and told me that, having gone over to the Manor on a message the day before, the groom had asked him to look at a young horse Harold was getting trained for Miss Featherstone to ride. Wilcox, an old cavalryman, who is a crack rider and a first-rate judge of horses, told the man it was a showy but vicious brute and utterly unfit for a lady's use. The groom agreed; but said that Mr. Featherstone got into a fury when he told him so, and insisted it was to be tried by Miss Featherstone next day. 'Then saddle my horse at once, and follow me with the mare for Miss Featherstone,' was my reply.

"We arrived in the nick of time. Alys stood waiting on the steps while the groom and Harold forced a prancing black horse to approach her. Having finally succeeded, Harold was so busy persuading her there was no danger, and that the Khan's pranks proceeded from mere frolicsomeness, that he did not perceive my approach. Alys did, and, looking greatly relieved, came to meet me. I shall never forget the furious look of baffled malice that Harold

bestowed on her. Quickly resuming his mask, he said coolly: 'Good-morning, Colonel! I am persuading Alys to take a morning ride; but she is becoming quite nervous of late.' Without noticing him, I turned to the head groom and said sternly: 'What is the meaning of this, Simson? How can you think of mounting Miss Featherstone on that vicious brute?' The Khan was just then making frantic efforts to stand upright, which it took all the man's strength to prevent. 'I told Mr. Featherstone, sir, the horse was unfit for any one to ride; but he cursed me for an officious coward, and saddled him with the young mistress' saddle himself,' said the man, sullenly.—'Very good. Know for the future, Simson, that you take no orders except from your young mistress and from me. You are engaged for her service alone, and she is neither to ride nor drive any horses except those I choose. Take that horse away and put the saddle on the one Wilcox is leading for Miss Featherstone.'

"Harold, livid with passion, was still standing beside his cousin. 'Allow me,' I said, with biting emphasis, 'to spare you the trouble of providing for your cousin's safety. Another such *mistake* on your part, and I will at once remove her from the Manor.' His mother both heard and saw all that passed: as I was riding up I perceived her half hidden by the curtains of the open window beside the porch. But it suited her to feign ignorance of the whole transaction. Harold went to London next day, and has not come back since."

"What do you want me to do in the matter, Colonel?"

"I want you to drop your title of doctor for the nonce. I shall introduce you as my old friend, Harry Neilson; and you will be able, unsuspected, to find out what ails my ward."

Neilson nodded good-humoredly.

"All right, my lord! I pledge myself to be wily as the proverbial serpent; and between us we'll defeat even Greek subtlety. Cheer up now, and look like your jovial self."

THE DOCTOR'S DIARY.

July 20. Made the acquaintance of Lady and Miss Featherstone to-day. The latter is a very charming girl, but her health is certainly undermined. She has a curiously pallid look, more what one sees in a London girl than in one accustomed to this splendid air. We shall stay at the Manor to-night, and to-morrow morning we shall return to the Moat. The Colonel says his ward must accompany him and remain a few days. He has need of her on business matters, as he has soon to give up the accounts of his guardianship.

Lady Featherstone has an odd trick of squeezing the corner of her mouth when vexed; otherwise her control of feature is perfect. She is handsome, and is well into the fifties, but carefully preserved. Her manner is most gracious; she never objects to any proposals of the Colonel's, but contrives to throw various obstacles in the way whenever they don't suit her. She reminds me somehow of a big white Persian cat I once possessed. He used to sit on my writing-table very stately and grim, to all appearance half asleep; in reality nothing escaped him, and a lightning flash was not quicker than the motion of his deft white paw when it suited him to move from his statuesque pose. I was very fond of Hafiz and up to all his little tricks. I don't think I shall ever be fond of Lady Featherstone, but I mean to learn *her* little tricks. Alys is an open book; a charming, frank young English girl. I brought Hamet with me and took him into my confidence; he is silent as the grave and always useful. He knew Alys' father and liked him.

July 21. As we expected, there were obstacles, apparently insurmountable, to Alys' departure. But the Colonel can be doggedly determined at times, and we carried her off triumphantly, promising to bring her home on the 27th of August without fail. I must win her confidence, now that we have her all to ourselves. Mrs. Sinnell came home on the 19th; but she is still very delicate, and leaves us pretty much to our own devices.

July 26. More than ever puzzled at Alys' symptoms. She is decidedly better here, yet the Manor has greater hygienic advantages. It stands on an eminence, is a modern, well-ventilated dwelling, and Lady Zara has introduced many improvements. As she had no suspicion of my profession, she was not on her guard with me. In the course of the evening she made a curious admission. Turning over the pages of a monthly magazine, I happened to say that the arrival of some serial numbers at a hill station in India had once proved such a boon that I should always feel grateful to that publication. Lady Featherstone looked interested and mentioned a journal which frequently gave scientific articles, and had lately published some very fine ones on chemistry. "That is not a favorite subject with ladies," I said, half-banteringly.—"Well, it is a favorite pursuit of mine," confessed her ladyship.—"Just fancy, Mr. Neilson," observed Alys, with a little grimace, "Aunt Zara's dressing-room opens into a small room which she has had fitted up as a laboratory, and she haunts it at unearthly hours. My bedroom is adjacent, and I have sometimes been tempted to try spirit-rapping on the intervening wall."

We all laughed; but, glancing at Lady Featherstone, it struck me that she was not very pleased. "We all have our hobbies," she remarked, lightly; "but I thought you promised us some music, Alys." This changed the conversation. I must have a look at Lady Zara's laboratory. Alys has promised to show me some neighboring ruins to-morrow, and in the course of our ride I shall tell her I am a medical man and ask her to let me examine her lungs and heart.

August 5. I have made some very important discoveries since my last entry in this diary, but I shall note them down later. On the 27th Miss Featherstone and I rode, as arranged, to view the abbey ruins; and, having duly examined them, sat down in the former cloisters to rest and lunch. I drew the conversation round to Alys' father, and we grew very friendly; then I told her frankly that I was a physician, and had come to the Moat principally to help my old friend, Colonel Mathom, who was very anxious about her health. She was a little startled, but was easily persuaded that it was better "not to frighten Aunt Zara." I grinned at the notion, though I said nothing to disturb her belief in that astute relative. At this point we were interrupted, but I shall continue the subject to-morrow.

(Conclusion next week.)

A Prayer for Light.

BY ALEXANDRE LATTIMORE.

O THOU who o'er the hills of Galilee
Didst shed the brightness of Thy Father's face,
And with the power of love and purity
Afar didst drive the darkness of our race!
Forget not now Thy servant here below,
And from the glory of Thy risen state
Some little ray of light on me bestow,
A lost one tangled in the webs of fate.

Make me to see a glimmer of the way
That upwards winding leads to peace and Thee,
Where in the wonder of the perfect day
Will be forgotten night and misery;
And make my fears and dreary strivings long
To end in joy and everlasting song.

The Vale of Tears.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

VI.—Sowing the Flowers of Song.

LIZZIE and I were partners in my first literary venture. I saved my money from week to week and invested it in the *New York Ledger*, the *Waverly Magazine* of Boston, and such books as we found most attractive in Evans'—was that the name?—catalogue of mixed publications, including the treasures of a gift enterprise—a jewel with every book—that was of such splendid promise as to be quite irresistible. Thus we ordered Madame de Staël's "Corinne" in the original, for Lizzie was reading it in her leisure hours between French lessons; Captain Mayne Reid's "Scalp Hunters," "Rifle Rangers," and a half-dozen other volumes of adventure, for myself; and for both of us, "Lina Rivers," by Mrs. Mary J. Holmes; the works of Caroline Lee Hentz, and a few other storehouses of softest sentiment. With these treasures came, in the same package by post, prepaid, such a wealth of studs, brooches, finger-rings and cuff-buttons as left their trail of brassy smudge on all we wore or were.

As for the *Waverly Magazine*, Lizzie and I had each the purpose of writing for it; but this was a dead secret and none knew it but ourselves. Every week we waited at the village post-office, Lizzie and I, while the mail was distributed; and as soon as the current number of the *Ledger* was in our hands we ran all the way home to read it.

There were three writers for the *Ledger* whose pens enthralled us—Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, Emerson Bennet, and Sylvanus Cobb, Jr. We were so captivated by the plots and passions of Mrs. Southworth's serials that we had hardly recovered from one thrill before we were seized by that of a new weekly instalment. It seemed to me in those days that to be able to write as Mrs. Southworth wrote was a gift to which only the elect might aspire; and that to be able to boast of the friendship of so gifted a person must be a joy supreme.

Never for one moment did I hope that I might some day share that joy; and yet thirty odd years later she and I became the best of friends. I had the happiness of often sitting in the serene seclusion of Prospect Cottage, on the Potomac Heights, under the hallowed walls of old Georgetown College—her home for half a century—and listening while she related stories of her own life in a captivating fashion and with occasional flashes of dramatic fire that were reminders of her youth. In those days, in her prime and in her especial line, she was without a rival—as any reader of "The Hidden Hand" and a score or two of her threescore novels will acknowledge.

There may be more delightful Indians than were at the beck and call of Emerson Bennet—if there are, where are they? As for Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., he was the great-forefather of the amateur historical novelist whose industry at the end of the century is exceeded only by his incomprehensible popularity. What say the lovers of Sir Walter to this intemperate indulgence in homeopathicated Scott?

It was but natural that Lizzie and I, steeped in the light literature of the time, should begin to show its effects. Our symptoms were similar; we had both a feverish desire to write, to contribute to the journals of the day, to see ourselves in print and become known as authors.

There were fewer writers then—at least fewer in print,—and it was not so difficult to make even a little reputation

for one's self. To be sure there are reputations made in a moment to-day; but they are made for the moment, and are, in a sense, but momentary. The fashion in reading is a fad that fades. The appetite of the omnivorous reader is capricious and undiscriminating; it is surfeited at the *table d'hôte*, where all are served alike. The hunger is there, and there remains for a season,—

> As if increase of appetite had grown
> By what it fed on.

But satiety follows and there is a cry for a change in the bill of fare. The board is swept; the good, the bad and the indifferent that flourished for a season are followed by new courses as good, as bad or as indifferent as the first.

Lizzie, with the aid of her French teacher, had put into English a chapter of "Corinne." A well-engrossed copy of her translation was held in readiness to send to the editor of the *Waverly Magazine* as soon as we, together, had mustered sufficient courage to dispatch it. Meanwhile I was at work upon a poem. I do not know why I had resolved to write a poem rather than a piece of prose, unless it may have seemed to me that a poem, being so much shorter, should take less time in the writing. Having chosen the lot of the poet, I very soon discovered that rhymes are not so easily run down and coupled as I had supposed; and that, however rhythmically a man may write, he is not necessarily a rhymer.

Again and again I tried my hand at it and found it anything but an easy task. I could make a couplet and even a quatrain, but in the latter case my first and third lines seldom rhymed; as for the triple rhyme, that was an achievement I left to the prosodist. Triplets were not to be thought of.

Knowing the most of Longfellow's works by heart, I was familiar with his hexameters. "The Courtship of Miles Standish" had just been published, and was, in fact, the literary sensation of the day. What more natural than that I should attempt to follow in the footsteps of the American Laureate! No rhymes to be sought after and set up in fórmal array at the ends of the lines; no unusual transpositions; no poetic licenses: only a simple tale, told in a simple tongue, at a comfortable jog-trot; and the result—a poem in hexameters. A simple little song of dactyls and spondees or iambuses, in verses six feet long, with a careful arrangement of accents and quantities,—this was all. How easy it seemed to me then! how hard it seems to me now!—how especially difficult the lumbering and illusive hexameter!

My poem was completed before I dared to show it to Lizzie. She did not even suspect that I was in the throes of composition; for this was my first serious attempt at verse-writing, and I was ashamed to let any one know how difficult I found it. The lines were very long, but I could count the syllables on my fingers, and did it again and again; the lines were likewise very limp and didn't always keep their places, but lopped over at intervals, and had to be clipped off or tucked under, or dovetailed in with the line below. O ye bardlings and poetasters! know ye not, one and all, how I toiled and suffered, and even in my pitch of pride was humbled and cast down and often fain to commit my efforts to the flames!

Perchance I remember something of this poem because it may be called my maiden-effort. I know that it was entitled "Helena,"—a name which at that time, in my estimation, personified all that was beautiful in youthful femininity. Three or four of these hard-earned lines still linger in memory. But what they have been doing all these years I know not; they may have

been stowed away on the top-shelf of the attic, buried out of sight in the dust of the past. Probably I have not thought of them a dozen times in thrice as many years; but here they are,—all that I find of them:

HELENA.

Deep in the shades of a noble old forest of England,
In a cottage half covered with flowers of rich hue and rare fragrance,
Dwelt a man and his child—a beautiful maiden of eighteen,
With eyes that were smiling and blue as the ether of heaven.

Of the metre I need say little, save that it is overabundant; of the simile I will say less. There must be a beginning, or we shall never accomplish anything. This was mine—the first metrical lines I can remember having written.

This is all I can remember of them, and I know not why I have remembered even this. Why the man and his child were buried alive in the primeval solitude of England,—and the maiden but eighteen, as was plainly stated; what she proposed to do with those eyes which must have worked her will had she been anywhere else in the world, but were seemingly of no avail in the forest depths and in the beflowered and perfumed cot, is more than I can guess. Now I shall never know, for the rest of the poem is gone forever; and, though my life depended on it, I could not hope to rescue it from oblivion.

It is my belief that no poem, no matter how unworthy of the name, was ever written but somewhere it found admirers. This is the reward of the virtuous poet: the public may ignore him and the critic laugh him to scorn; but in the eyes and the estimation of some reader, somewhere, somehow, he seems a poet, and therefore he has not labored in vain.

Lizzie thought my poem great. She no doubt pronounced it "sweetly pretty," being perfectly honest in her verdict; and was ready to fight for me and mine had there been any call for arms on this occasion—but there was not. She copied my lines very plainly and very carefully and very boldly: she wrote a much better hand than I. She had already prepared a copy of her translation of a chapter in "Corinne." When these precious manuscripts were sealed in a long, heavy envelope, we went to the village post-office and, awaiting our time, deposited them when no one saw us. Not that we were ashamed of our productions—we probably thought well of them, or we should not have sent them to an editor in the hope that he would publish them,—but, fearing we might not meet with favor, we did not choose to double our disappointment and mortification by betraying them in the presence of the public.

We had decided that the *Waverly Magazine* was of all publications the most likely to give us welcome. For weeks we had been studying its column of "Answers to Correspondents"; and there we saw the list of accepted and rejected contributions, and noted with what tact and delicacy the unsuccessful contributor was forewarned of disappointment. Indeed, even a rejection at the hands of so gracious a censor was looked upon as a kind of flattery, and any verdict a distinction.

Having entrusted our contributions to the mail, with great impatience we awaited the *Waverly Magazine*. We dared not open it at the post-office, for that was sure to be crowded at the hour of distribution; so we hastened home, and with what calmness we might—a poor assumption—we opened and searched the *Magazine*. Of course we were now alone: even Lizzie's mother was not a party in our plot. We read together the names of a score or more of accepted articles—ours were not there. We read them again, lest we might have

missed them at the first reading—alas! not there. We read the rejected titles (not so many by half as the accepted)—not there even; and on a second reading—still not there. This was our case from week to week for a whole month or more,—the *Waverly Magazine* is issued weekly. With each delay our anxiety increased, and the suspense was almost unbearable. I suppose the truth was that we were merely awaiting our turn to be read and rated.

By and by the question was settled. Among the rejected Lizzie's translation made but a poor showing; among the accepted my "Helena" seemed to shine out in letters of gold or fire. I could have wept for Lizzie's sake, and we both mourned sincerely, but in secret. We had not even the questionable satisfaction of seeking consolation in sympathetic bosoms that yet might not have been wrung as ours were. It is true that Lizzie rejoiced in my triumph, and seemed to forget her sorrow in my joy—I was indeed proud and happy,—but our cup was bitter-sweet. We were already learning the lesson which only experience teaches—the lures and illusions of authorship.

Thus did I make my *début* as an author; but, for some reason still unknown to me, my little poem never appeared in print. Perhaps it was the victim of a second thought, condemned on a second reading. Possibly it shrank back into the deepest depths of its pigeon-hole, conscious that it was not worthy of appearing in type. It may have been overlooked, forgotten, never found again; and so in the great day of general cleaning, which comes to the editorial office once only in many years, it was swept out and lost forever.

It is well,—it is very well indeed. I'm glad that Lizzie and I shared the same fate, for I'm sure we both deserved it.

(To be continued.)

Dr. Martin's Wife.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LIFE'S LABYRINTH," ETC.

XXIII.—A Letter.

THE first letter from Algiers was filled with a glowing description of the glory of sky and color, its tropical bloom, and its cosmopolitan residents,—such a description as would naturally be written by a young and impressionable visitor still unjaded by the sights and varieties of travel. Miliron's people were delightful. They had insisted upon the young men establishing themselves in the household, which was large and well ordered, with servants in abundance.

"While it can not be called luxurious," Maurice remarked, "it represents the *ne plus ultra* of comfort and generous living. Mr. Jebson, one of Miliron's cousins, was formerly a stock-broker in London; but they have been living here for several years on account of the health of the youngest daughter, an invalid, whom I have not yet seen. She is very beautiful, they tell me; and at times appears to be in perfect health, when she is all life and animation; but is subject to some nervous affection, which when it attacks her completely prostrates her."

When Maurice's next letter arrived Dr. Middleton chanced to be present. He had driven over for the usual Sunday dinner. Marie had at once won her way into his great heart. He, too, saw in her a resemblance to Mrs. Martin, which gave her an added claim on his interest and affection. Mrs. Martin, who had few secrets from her old friend, hastened to open the welcome letter, which we will transcribe, as it tells its own story:

"Dearest Mother and Marie:—At last mine eyes have beheld a perfectly beautiful woman. It is Miriam Jebson,

about whom I wrote you in my previous letter. I shall never forget the moment I saw her first, nor the hour nor the scene; for all were perfect. After a day of wondrous sunshine — we had been playing tennis all the afternoon — Mr. Jebson, Sr., insisted on our coming in to dinner just as we were, — Miliron and myself being the only strangers. These people are very informal; that is one of their greatest charms. It is just like being at home. We came through the vestibule into the inner court; the long, low house is built all around it; there is a fountain in the middle. Just here, on a light rattan couch, covered with some gaily striped material, her head supported by light blue cushions embroidered with silver, lay the most beautiful creature I ever saw. Oriental eyes, clear olive skin, with a pink flush in the cheeks; magnificent braids of hair falling over the pillows, the thick plaits reaching the ground, — black, lustrous as jet, with a long natural wave: the kind one sometimes sees in pictures of Houris, but hardly ever in real life. A perfect mouth, with scarlet lips,— you've heard of scarlet lips, but I'm sure you've never seen them; I never did until now. Tiny pearly teeth that show when she smiles, and that is nearly all the time. And the most beautifully-shaped hands, covered with jewels. Jewels, too, about her throat, bangles on her wrists, and a jewelled fillet in her hair. Her dress was white— she always wears white,—with a broad girdle encrusted with gems.

"She seemed as though just dropped from an Arabian Night story. But she is too vivacious, too much of a genius, for that. Every movement is perfect. She is a picture whether reclining, sitting, standing or walking. You should see her at her harp, on which she is a finished performer. She paints with an exquisite attention to detail which makes all her little creations veritable gems. And models! — you should see the little bust of clay she made of me while I was quite unconsciously talking to some one else the other day. I am going to send it to you, provided she does me another. She thinks I look like Lord Byron—"

"Hm!" said Dr. Middleton abruptly, getting on his feet. "Excuse me! I can't listen to any more of that stuff. You can finish it between yourselves. I'm going into the garden."

So saying, he seized his hat and stick, and a moment later they heard him thumping down the steps leading into the garden.

Mrs. Martin laid down the letter and looked at Marie. The girl was sitting calmly, with her hands folded loosely in her lap. Her face wore its usual look of tranquillity; evidently the glowing description of the wonderful Miss Jebson had not made her heart beat more quickly than was its wont to do. She drew nearer Mrs. Martin, however; and, leaning over her shoulder, they finished the letter in silence.

There was not much more, but what there was related to the other accomplishments with which this peerless creature seemed to be endowed. At the end the writer begged pardon for an abrupt closing; he had meant to write at greater length, but there was a horseback excursion for the afternoon, and he must postpone further description till the next.

Marie moved softly back to the sofa. Mrs. Martin folded the letter slowly, and said in a tentative voice:

"Maurice is such a boy! He always raved over every new joy until he tired of it, and then forgot all about it. Besides, no doubt he has what is called the artist-soul. You know what I mean, Marie?"

"I think I do," replied the young girl. "One who possesses it must take infinite

enjoyment out of life; don't you think?"

"Yes and no," answered Mrs. Martin, slowly. "In some it is rather a curse than a blessing; in the end nothing satisfies, while everything wearies. But Maurice is not in that category. His danger lies rather in the superficiality of his impressions. They are seldom lasting. He is like a butterfly; I have often told him so."

"That is to enjoy for a moment only," said Marie, in her pretty French-English. "You do not grudge him that he can always find beauty where it exists, though, mother? I know of what you are thinking: put it out of your mind."

"Well, I am a little vexed; I do not deny it," said Mrs. Martin. "But it was principally because of you that I felt so. You can not have a spark of jealousy in your composition, my child."

"No," answered Marie, with great deliberation. "If I am loved, I am loved; if I am cast aside, I would say: 'Either I am not what he fancied me to be, or he is not as I imagined him.' So it would probably be for the best, would it not?"

"You are very young to be such a philosopher," said Mrs. Martin. "I am glad you are a sensible girl. In the next letter Maurice will probably have wearied of this prodigy. Prodigies, whether of beauty or talent, *are* indeed wearisome and unsatisfactory. It has been proved many times. And when they combine both, as in this case, we may reasonably suppose they will become tiresome so much the sooner. Now I shall go out to Dr. Middleton, who is tramping about the garden in a great rage. And will you ask Bridget to have dinner half an hour earlier than usual to-day, Marie? I would like to go to the cemetery before it gets late this afternoon. The days are beginning to grow short."

The girl went at once to the kitchen to give Bridget Mrs. Martin's orders.

"And was there a letter?" inquired the old woman, eager to hear news of her young master.

"Yes, Bridget,—from Algiers," Marie answered, simply.

"And does he say anything about coming home?"

"No, not yet. It is too soon. He has scarcely settled himself where he is."

"And why should he settle himself anywhere but here? He ought to be coming soon. Did he say a word of me at all?"

"Oh, yes! He always does that."

"Miss Marie," said Bridget, wistfully, "and did you have a letter to your own, may I ask?"

"Do you mean a separate letter?" inquired Marie, flushing as she spoke. "No: Maurice wrote in a great hurry."

"And so it was last time," Bridget said. "When I was a young girl lovers never did so. 'Tis a fine thing the way he loves his mother and writes to her; but you should have a letter to your own self—every time. I wonder it doesn't vex you he does that way, the rogue! I'd give him a talking to if I had him here this minute."

"Somehow, nothing that Maurice does or does not do ever vexes me, as you call it, Bridget," rejoined Marie. "There is only one Maurice: he seems a law unto himself."

"I wonder do you two love each other in the old-fashioned way at all?" queried Bridget, mischievously. "I'd like to see you together once."

"You will often see us together, I hope, Bridget," remarked Marie. "I fancy love must be the same in all times and places."

"It isn't, then," said Bridget, curtly. "Not to be meaning you two in that regard, but there's love and love. The master and mistress had it; they two were models and marvels of it. But

you don't seem to be a bit impatient waiting for Master Maurice, Miss. You're as calm, as calm—"

"But what is that proverb, Bridget, about still waters?" answered Marie. "Isn't it that they run deep? So it may be with me."

"And so it may," observed the old woman. "Anyway, I was only half joking. You're a jewel and a darling. God bless your sweet face! And you'll give my boy my warm love, and the wish to see him soon. Tell him I say it won't be long till I'll be closing my old eyes, and that I want to get a sight of him again before I go."

"They are very strong, good eyes still, Bridget. But I will write just what you tell me—or his mother will."

"Do that, dear; and tell him, too, I'm loath to hear of him caring to stay in them strange parts of the world. When I was a girl they were great on a song about the Barbary coast, and I always have it in my mind when I hear of Algiers and them places. Do there be pirates there now, Miss?"

"I think not, Bridget."

"There were in the old times. 'Twas a blood-curdling song that one; and always when I hear the name of Algiers I remember it, and there comes a chill feeling to my old heart."

"That ought not to be. Algiers is in a very warm country, Bridget," said Marie, laughingly; and she went away.

The next instant the old woman's head was thrust into the recesses of a deep closet. Later, as Marie passed up to her own room, she heard her crooning in a melancholy voice:

"O the Barbary coast is a fearsome place,
And it worked me dreadful woe!
For there it was he forgot my face,
And 'twas Algiers worked me woe!"

A shiver ran through her, yet she stood in the upper corridor, fascinated, listening to the repetition of the stanza until Bridget came to the foot of the stairs and closed the kitchen door. Then she went into her own room, and, slowly drawing a chair in front of the mirror, sat down before it. She loosened the braids of her beautiful brown hair and held it up caressingly in her fingers.

"Once he said there never was in the world any hair like mine," she murmured under her breath, as though fearful even her own ears might hear. "There was a Jewess at Les Jeunes," she went on,—"Rachel Leon. Her hair was longer even than mine and heavier, with that deep wave—that same deep wave. He said he hated it because it was black; and he did not like olive skin. Mine and his mother's were the same: there was none other so beautiful in the world."

Her temples began to throb; she leaned forward on the dressing-table, resting her forehead on her hands; but only for a moment—only for the space of a prayer. As the sound of the distant Angelus died away through the valley she rose, bound up her hair; and a little later, as Dr. Middleton and Mrs. Martin came slowly up the garden path, Marie turned with a smile from a clump of bushes, her arms full of roses.

Mrs. Martin found Dr. Middleton in an old vine-covered arbor at the foot of the garden, where he was fond of taking a smoke. As she walked toward it, feeling sure he would be there, her heart went swiftly back to the Sunday when he paid his first visit to the Red House, where, in the joy of their new possession, she and her husband had welcomed him; and all three had rested from a long walk through the grounds in the cool, shady spot, where Bridget had brought them lemonade. Little Maurice—his father had been carrying him on his shoulder—begged for a taste. She had given him a glass for himself. She could see him now, sitting in his pretty white kilt on the

ground, dabbling his pink fingers in the tumbler. And then she had taken it away from him, at his father's bidding; and he had cried and fretted until, surreptitiously reaching her hand to the little table behind her, and screening him from observation as best she could, while the men smoked, she had given him the glass again. Suddenly her husband had looked around, saying: "Where is the boy?" And the boy, peeping out from the shelter of his mother's skirt, had cried out in great glee, holding up the now empty glass: "Here's me, papa! Here's me!" Smiling but grave, the father had inquired: "Is that wise, Mary?" For answer she had caught Maurice in her arms and kissed him, wiping his wet fingers with her handkerchief as they passed out of the arbor. Looking back, she met her husband's glance, proud and happy; but Dr. Middleton's forehead, however, was contracted in a frown.

A trifling incident to remember; but she recalled it vividly as her steps approached nearer the arbor, pausing to wipe a tear from her cheek, of which she was unconscious until it had fallen. Well-nigh twenty years had passed. How long, how weary, they seemed to her to-day, with memory tugging at her heartstrings and a new anxiety beginning to occupy her soul,—an anxiety she would not admit to be well founded, even while moment by moment it entered deeper into her soul; a fear she hated herself for allowing to seize her; yet do what she would it grew stronger and stronger! And there, as she paused at the door of the summer-house, sat the Doctor, leaning back in the same attitude, blowing rings of smoke into the air; gaunt, gray and old, with the same frown between his shaggy eyebrows his forehead had worn that happy Sunday long—so long ago.

(To be continued.)

Anglicanism and Episcopacy.

BY WILLIAM F. P. STOCKLEY.

MR. STARBUCK, in the *Sacred Heart Review*, declares that Laud considered episcopacy to be of the *bene esse* of a church. Dr. De Costa declares that Laud did not consider episcopacy to be of the *esse* of one.

There is no opposition. But Mr. Starbuck will hardly suggest that Laud and the other Anglican divines of pre-Tractarian times considered episcopacy essential. He writes: "Whatever Laud's abstract theory about non-episcopal ordination may have been." For the "abstract theory" is well known, and also the practice. The theory was that episcopacy is not of *esse;* the practice, that it is of *bene esse.*

What we have to prove is that Anglican authority of all sorts, collective or individual, of all schools, is for episcopacy as desirable or very good, of high antiquity and great reverence, or even enjoined on pain of sin and schism, but yet not absolutely essential.

Since the last revisal of the Anglican Prayer Book, in 1662, the Church of England insists on episcopal ordination for such as minister in the Anglican churches. And out of that insisting the saddened believers in her Catholic claims—or rather in their Catholic claims for her—take cold comfort; until indeed they shiver at this further fact, that she "does not pronounce on the practice of other Christian bodies." So reminds us her own Bishop Barry, some time Bishop of Sydney and Metropolitan of Australia, in his "Teacher's Prayer Book."

Of course one may remind one's self further that for long after the wandering into the Protestant wilderness, "up to the time when Hooker wrote" (in the

end of Elizabeth's reign), "numbers had been admitted to the ministry of the church in England with no better than Presbyterian ordination." So Keble allows.*

And of course "in the sixteenth century Germany and England fought the battle of Reformation side by side."† Indeed, as Lord Halifax allows, to suggest to the Anglicans of those days that they were not Protestants would have seemed some incomprehensible thing. The ought-to-have-been or might-have-been Anglican branch church (with episcopacy as *esse*) is, in Maurice's words, "an invisible equatorial line between Romanism and Protestantism,—a line of which some dim traces may, from time to time, be discovered, with the help of powerful glasses, in our English history, but which has gradually been lost in the dark ground upon one side of it."

A. Of the first period of the English reformed church here are specimen reformed words:

Cranmer, as is well known, said (1540) that "princes and governors may make a priest, and that by the authority of God committed to them; and the people also by their election." And in 1552 he writes to Calvin about their common cause against "our adversaries" who "are now holding their councils at Trent"; and, again, about the divisions between the [Protestant episcopal and non-episcopal] churches, whom nothing, as he very wisely says, "tends more injuriously to separate than heresies and disputes respecting the doctrines of religion." So he proposes to make sure there shall be only one Protestant faith: "Nothing tending more effectually to unite the churches of God and more powerfully to defend the fold of Christ than the pure breathing of the Gospel, and harmony of doctrine. Wherefore I have wished, and still continue to do so, that learned and godly men, who are eminent for erudition and judgment, might meet together in some place of safety, where, by taking counsel together, and comparing their respective opinions, they might handle all the heads of ecclesiastical doctrine, and hand down to posterity, under the weight of their authority [*sic*], some work not only upon the subjects themselves but upon the forms of expressing them."

Again, Cranmer to Melancthon (1552) understands that "the true church" means all the rebels from Rome. Those of Germany and those of "episcopal" England should join; and then when "the members of the true church agree among themselves upon the chief head of ecclesiastical doctrine"—when they do—they are to "follow the example of the apostles" and "deliver the judgment of their council in a written epistle." This is to be equally infallible with the judgment of the Council of Jerusalem. Why? some one asks. Because I, Master Cranmer, have had a special revelation, or what is equal thereto. When driven to answer, that, if I remember rightly, he declares. He continues to Melancthon: "I have written likewise to Masters Calvin and Bullinger, and exhorted them not to be wanting in a work so necessary and so useful to the commonwealth of Christendom. . . . The party [i. e., the Catholic Church and all the Eastern churches] which is hostile to the truth will not assent to the judgment of the church"; i. e., the confused crowd of Reformers, as he laments with a lack of humor echoed not long since by an "ecumenical" missionary meeting in unhumorous Protestant New York, was it not?*

* Preface to Hooker, p. lxxvi.

† Bishop Wordsworth: Preface to New Testament, p. x.

* For Cranmer's words, see his Remains and Letters, Parker Society's edition, pp. 432, 433.

The first Protestant archbishop of Canterbury when Elizabeth set up the new establishment—Archbishop Parker—wrote that he did not mind whether or no the Queen's Establishment was to have any one called bishop. In a letter to Lord Burleigh: "Sir, because you be a Prince Councillor I refer the whole matter ... to your own considerations whether her Majesty and you will have any archbishops or bishops, or how you will have them ordered."

B. Coming down another half century (in 1675) to what are known as the Caroline divines, whom unknowing High Churchmen until lately have imagined "very Catholic," we find the seventeenth-century "High Church" Bishop Cosin declaring that no minister in Presbyterian orders had ever been reordained in the Church of England except one, who himself desired it. He is indeed strong for episcopacy, but as *bene esse* only. "You shall not find ... that I ever said presbyters had any power of rightful ordination in the judgment of antiquity; nay, you shall find the contrary, and that I greatly blame them; ... and that nothing but a case of necessity ... can excuse them."

So much for *bene esse*. But for *esse?*

"The question only is (*a*) whether there be such an absolute necessity and precept in that *Jus Divinum* [of episcopacy] in all places and at all times; ... (*b*) whether in such a case [of ordination by a college of presbyters], if you were a bishop, you would ordain the presbyter again or no; which was never yet done in the Church of England, but in Mr. Drury's case alone, and that upon his own earnest desire; ... (*c*) whether the Church of England hath ever determined the French and German ordinations by presbyters or superintendents to be null and vain, and hath not rather admitted them and employed them at several times in public administrations of the sacraments and other divine offices among us."

With approval, Cosin goes on to quote: "We must take heed that we do not, for want of episcopacy where it can not be had, cry down and destroy all the reformed churches abroad, both in Germany, France, and other places, and say they have neither ministers nor sacraments."*

So Archbishop Bramhall in the Irish Anglican Church.† He, at least, is a champion of essential episcopacy, said a wild-speaking modern Anglican. But I had just been reading: "I can not assent ... that either all or any considerable part of the Episcopal divines in England do unchurch either all or the most part of the Protestant churches.... They do not unchurch the Swedish, Danish, Bohemian churches; and many other churches in Polonia, Hungaria, and those parts of the world which have an uninterrupted succession of pastors, some by the name of bishops, others under the name of seniors unto this day.... They unchurch not the Lutheran churches of Germany, who both assert episcopacy in their confessions, and have actual superintendents in their practice, and would have bishops, name and thing, if it were in their power.... The true nature and essence of a church we do readily grant them; the integrity or perfection of a church we can not grant them."‡

And so can not one dispute at least come to an end? The reformed church

* Works. Lib. Aug. Cath. Theol. Parker, 1851. Vol. iv, pp. 448, 498, 501.

† "Vindication of Grotius," pub. 1672, after the author's death.

‡ Bramhall's works. Parker, 1844. Vol. iii, p. 517. Compare p. 532 and vol. ii, pp. 69, 615. Compare in the same sense Jeremy Taylor's works. Longmans, 1839; vol. x, p. 511. And for implication of the same, compare Laud's works, vol. ii, pp. 341, 417, and vol. iv, pp. 323, 324.

of England evidently means by orders something which it is possible may be conferred in *esse*, non-episcopally as well as episcopally. There need be no dispute: there really is none.

What the reformed churches mean by "priest," that indeed the Catholic Church allows reformed ministers to be. The further meaning of "priest"—that is, as the early Anglicans used to say of the pre-Reformation survivors, "Romish priest" or "mass-priest" (giving to them, as a matter of course, this latter old English Catholic title)—is one which the Church of England since the Reformation never wished to imply when speaking of its own clergy as "priests."

To end with an Anglican dictum: "There may be sometimes very just and sufficient reason to allow ordination without a bishop." So the judicious Hooker. But, again, let us add something better, even from him who spoke to his "dissenting brethren," and of his "Romanist adversaries"; let us add 'the words that I hung as a memorial before my eyes,' writes Father Fidelis of his former Anglican college president self—and does not his autobiography warn all with its title, "The Invitation Heeded"? These, then, are the Hooker words that guided one wanderer:

"If truth do anywhere manifest itself, seek not to smooth it with glossing delusions; acknowledge the greatness thereof, and think it your best victory when the same doth prevail over you."

It is the great nature, not the narrow one, that is keenest in discernment and that is most swift to recognize all that is fine or noble in any effort. There is no criticism so severe, so carping, as that of the person who could least accomplish the work he views with disdain. So true is this that absolute denunciation is almost invariably the produce of absolute ignorance.—*L. Whiting.*

The Gold Louis.*

BY FRANÇOIS COPPÉE.

WHEN Lucien saw his last note raked in by the banker, and rose from the roulette table where he had just lost what was left of his little fortune, he felt as if the earth was crumbling beneath his feet and he could scarcely stand.

Completely upset, he threw himself down upon the leather settee which extended around the room. For a few moments he looked vaguely around the place where he had wasted the best years of his life. He realized that he was ruined hopelessly; and remembered that a bureau drawer held the pistols which his father, General de Hem (then only a captain), had used so well at the attack on Zaatcha. Overcome by fatigue, he fell into a deep sleep. When he awoke, he judged, after glancing at the clock, that he had slept scarcely half an hour, and he felt an imperious desire to breathe the fresh night air. It was just a quarter to twelve.

Just at this moment old Dronski, a devotee of the gaming-table, came up to Lucien, mumbling something behind his dirty grey beard:

"Lend me just five francs, sir. I have not stirred from here for two days; and in that time 'seventeen' has not turned up. Laugh or not, as you please; but I would give my right hand if to-night at midnight that number does not win."

Lucien de Hem shrugged his shoulders; he did not have enough in his pocket to make this contribution, which the inmates of the place styled "the Polander's hundred sous." He stepped into the cloak-room, put on his wraps,

* Translated by H. Twitchell.

and passed down the staircase with feverish agility.

During the four hours that Lucien had been inside it had snowed steadily and the streets were white. The ruined gambler shivered under his furs and walked quickly along; but his steps were soon arrested by a pitiful spectacle.

On a stone bench covered with snow, which, according to the ancient custom, stood before the entrance of a hotel, a little girl six or seven years old was sitting, scarcely covered by a ragged black dress. She had fallen asleep in spite of the bitter cold, in an attitude of fatigue and abandonment; and her poor little head and delicate shoulders were bent in an angle in the wall and rested against the icy stone. One of the sabots the child wore had slipped off from her foot and was lying in front of her.

With a mechanical gesture, Lucien de Hem put his hand into his pocket. Then he remembered that a moment before he had been unable to find a single piece to give the errand boy at the club. Urged by an instinctive feeling of pity, however, he went up to the child and was about to take her in his arms and carry her to a place of shelter when he saw something glitter. He bent down. It was a gold louis.

A benevolent person, a woman doubtless, passing by, had seen the shoe lying before the sleeping child, and had given munificently, so that the child might still, in spite of her misfortune, preserve some confidence and hope in the goodness of Providence.

A louis! That meant several days of rest and ease for the beggar. Lucien was about to waken her to tell her of her gift, when he heard close to his ear, as in a dream, a voice—the voice of Dronski—murmuring the words:

"I have not stirred from here for two days; and for two days the 'seventeen' has not turned up. I would give my right hand if at midnight to-night that number does not win."

Then this young man of twenty-three, who had never done a dishonorable act, conceived a horrible thought. By a quick glance he assured himself that he was alone in the deserted street; then, bending his knees and reaching cautiously forward, he stole the gold louis from out the fallen sabot. Running back as fast as he could, he re-entered the gambling house, bounded up the staircase, thrust open the door of the accursed place, entered just as the clock sounded the first stroke of midnight, put the gold piece on the green cloth and cried:

"All on seventeen!"

"Seventeen" won! Lucien pushed the thirty-six louis on the red. The red won! He left the seventy-two louis on the same color. The red won again! He doubled the stakes twice, three times, always with the same success. A pile of gold and bills lay before him. He had won back the paltry amount, his last resource, which he had lost in the beginning of the evening. Now, risking two or three hundred louis at once, favored by fantastic fate, he was about to win back the patrimony he had squandered in such a few years. He played desperately, like a drunken man, a madman, and he won! In his heart was a burning pain: he was haunted by the thought of the beggar child sleeping in the snow,—the child he had robbed.

"She is still in the same place! Of course she is. In a few moments—yes, as soon as the clock strikes one—I swear it, I will take her sleeping in my arms; I will carry her home and put her in my own warm bed. And I will adopt her and love her as my own daughter, and take care of her always, always!"

But the clock struck one, quarter past, half-past, three-quarters past—and Lucien was still sitting at the infernal

table. Finally, a minute before two, the banker rose abruptly and said in a loud voice:

"The bank is closed, gentlemen! Enough for to-night."

Lucien bounded to his feet. Roughly repulsing the gamblers who crowded about him and regarded him with envious admiration, he hurried away and ran toward the stone bench. From a distance he saw the child under the gas-light.

"Thank God," he said, "she is still there!" He went up to her and took her hand. "Oh, how cold she is! Poor little thing!" He took her in his arms and raised her up. The child's head fell backward and she did not waken. "How soundly one sleeps at her age!"

He pressed her against his chest to warm her; and, seized with a vague anxiety, was about to kiss her on her eyes to rouse her; then he saw with terror that they were half open and were set and glassy. A horrible suspicion crossed his mind. He put his mouth close to the child's—no breath came from her lips. While Lucien was winning a fortune with the gold louis stolen from the child, she had died—died from cold!

Choking with anguish, he tried to cry out, and in the effort he woke from his nightmare and found himself lying on the settee in the club-room. He had dropped asleep shortly before midnight; and the porter, the last to leave at five in the morning, had left him to his evil dream undisturbed, out of sympathy for his misfortune.

The dim December dawn shone through the frosty panes. Lucien went out, pawned his watch, took a bath, ate his breakfast, and went to the recruiting office, where he enlisted as a private in the First Regiment of African Chasseurs.

To-day Lucien de Hem is a lieutenant. He has only his salary to live on; but it is sufficient, as he is prudent and never touches a card. It seems that he even saves something. A few days ago a comrade who was walking beside him in the steep streets of La Kasbah, saw him give alms to a little Spanish girl sleeping in a doorway; and he had curiosity to see just how much Lucien had given to poverty. He was not a little surprised at the poor lieutenant's generosity.

Lucien de Hem had placed a gold louis in the little girl's hand!

A Timely Encyclical.

THE Holy Father's encyclical letter on the Divine Redeemer comes with singular appropriateness during the season of Advent and on the eve of a new century of the Christian era. It is an exhortation for a revival of faith and piety throughout the world. The greatest need of the age in all nations, according to his Holiness, is a restoration of Christian sentiment and of the virtues of olden times. The prelates of the Church are urged to make still greater efforts to spread everywhere the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ.

The Father of the Faithful grieves over the perversity and ingratitude of those who, while retaining the name of Christian, live as though they had ceased to believe, and manifest no love for their Redeemer. Christ is shown to be the origin and source of all good, whose sacrifice was necessary for our salvation, and whose power alone can sustain us in the right. The condition of nations that have had no Christian illumination illustrates what the life of mortals becomes when Jesus Christ, "the power of God and the wisdom of God," has no place in it.

The benefits of the Incarnation are then recalled, and the transformation afterward wrought in the world is

shown to be the result of the preaching of the Gospel. Forgetfulness of these benefits and of the teachings of the Church causes men to fall back into the darkness of heathenism, and plunges society into the abyss of evils and calamities from which it had been rescued. Christ, being the way, the truth and the life, separation from Him leads to darkness, error and death. The keeping of His commandments entails a struggle against our passions and the allurement of external things; and there is need of firm resolution and constant endeavor. Every Christian ought to be disposed to suffer and deny himself for the sake of Christ. "Have we forgotten," asks the Holy Father, "what is the body of which we are members, and who is our Head? He having joy set before Him endured the cross, and He has given us His precept to deny ourselves. It is not to wealth and luxury, nor to worldly honors and power, that Christ has promised eternal happiness; but to patient suffering, to the desire of justice and to the clean of heart."

The law of Christ is next defined, and the obligation of all men to subject themselves to the Church, which is the embodiment of that law, is explained at length. By her ministry Christ supports our moral life, and we are led captive to His will and sovereignty. Those who would strive for salvation apart from the Church strive in vain. In a strong passage the necessity of maintaining the supremacy of God is insisted upon as the effective remedy for the healing of the nations. The masses have heard enough about the rights of man, declares the Pope; it is time they should hear of the rights of God.

At a time when the good impulses of so many Christians have been awakened, when piety toward the Saviour of mankind is so manifest throughout the world, the Holy Father holds that it would be easy to revive the spirit of Christianity. He calls upon all who glory in the Christian name to study to know their Redeemer. "Nothing can be more health-giving than His law or more divine than His doctrine." In conclusion his Holiness invokes the mercy of Almighty God, that He would not suffer those to perish whom He has redeemed by shedding His blood; that He would graciously regard this age, which has indeed been grievously remiss, but has suffered much, and bitterly too, for its transgressions; and that He would, benignantly embracing all peoples and classes of men, remember the word He spoke: "If I be lifted up from the earth I will draw all things to Myself."

Notes and Remarks.

The astonishing increase in the proportion of suicides in all civilized countries is the subject of a carefully reasoned paper by Mr. R. A. Skelton in the *Nineteenth Century*. The writer begins with an expression of astonishment that, in spite of the wonderful progress of mankind during the past half century, the individual finds life less enjoyable and more difficult than ever before. Wants and desires have been multiplied faster than the means of gratifying them; mechanical appliances have wrought injury to the workingman; the education of the masses has bred in them dissatisfaction with their social condition; the cost of living is higher than it used to be; the newspaper gives notoriety to the suicide; and finally Mr. Skelton lays much stress on the decline of faith as a potent cause of self-destruction. "The decline of religious feeling," he says, "has a direct bearing on the actual prevalence of suicide of an importance which it would be difficult to overestimate. The fear of after-punishment

or the hope of greater happiness in another world must have appealed to many a would-be suicide with a force of argument of which no other considerations would be capable."

The special season of suicide is the hot months; there are four times as many males as female suicides; the tendency to self-destruction increases with age, but declines at seventy-five; soldiers are the class of persons most subject to it; the town furnishes more suicides proportionately than the country; marriage acts as a safeguard against it, and drunkenness is a prolific source of the evil. These are facts, we may add, that are fairly well ascertained; and their importance to the moralist, as well as to the sociologist, is great.

One statement often made by Catholic writers of history—the statement that it was the bigotry of a member of the Continental Congress which prevented Canada from joining forces with the Revolutionary fathers in the struggle for independence—has been flatly contradicted by Mgr. Bégin, Archbishop of Quebec. That learned prelate declares that his predecessor, Mgr. Briand, alone prevented an uprising among the Canadians by "invoking the sacred principles of the respect due to the ruling authority, and stigmatizing with the name of 'rebels' those who allowed themselves to be allured." Again, during the war of 1812, according to the Archbishop, it was Mgr. Plessis who prevented the secession of our Northern neighbors. The old story that John Jay's bigoted reference to our holy faith as "a religion fraught with impiety, rebellion and murder in every part of the world" was the sole cause of Canadian unwillingness to join with the revolted colonies, was no doubt more plausible to American Catholics; but the statement of Mgr. Bégin seems nearer the truth. Moreover, the Archbishops of Quebec simply discharged their duty by appealing to the conscience of their flocks and reminding them of their duties as subjects of the Crown. The fact that Catholics figured so largely in the American Revolution had no influence with Mgr. Briand. It is only in the imagination of bigots and romancers that Catholics work together politically, like a secret society, receiving directions from Rome.

It is well to remember that if the fourth week of December brings with it a festival more joyous in itself and more replete with pleasurable reminiscences than perhaps any other in the liturgical year, the first three weeks of the month should be regarded by all Catholics as a period of exceptional interior recollection and external piety. The prelude to Christmas, Advent in the mind of the Church is a season during which we should take more than ordinary care to purify our souls by prayer, fasting, and the serious meditation of eternal truths. The fact that the old-time severity of the Church's canons relative to the outward observances during these days of preparation has been very materially relaxed, in nowise dispenses us from animating ourselves with the spirit of penance. Moreover, experience proves that our joy in the reception of the Babe Divine is strictly proportioned to the zeal with which we have 'prepared His way and made straight His path.'

Since his recent return to his native land Mark Twain has been the guest of honor at numerous dinners given by various literary and social clubs. His utterances on these occasions show that his peculiar vein of exaggerated incongruities and more or less piquant satire is not yet exhausted. Mr. Clemens has earned such genuine respect by

his energy in paying off the liabilities incurred by the publishing house of which he was a partner that we should like to hear that he intends to do something else that has been already too long deferred. He is getting well up in years now, and he should lose no time in proffering a public apology for the inexcusable irreverence, the approximate blasphemy, and the utterly rank bigotry that disfigure some of his earlier books. "The Innocents Abroad" may have set the continent in a roar, as was said thirty years ago; but it also set the fashion, still too common among America's professed humorists, of treating religion and sacred subjects generally with a flippancy and a lack of reverence as faulty from an artistic as they are pernicious from a moral point of view.

From a Canadian exchange we learn that Toronto boasts of a Presbyterian controversialist who is a veritable Don Quixote. "A few months," says the *Catholic Record*, "this gentleman, the Rev. Mr. Milligan, accused the Catholic worshipers in St. Michael's Cathedral of adoring colored lights." More recently he has asserted that Catholics adore graven images and are therefore guilty of idolatry. We cite the case merely as one of the variations of idiocy that occasionally become manifest in men otherwise sane. As a specimen of Presbyterian doctors of divinity at the end of the nineteenth century, Brother Milligan is remarkable, and, let us hope, unique.

Young women who have arrived at that point of civilization when people take even their pleasures sadly would do well to peruse an article in the *Fortnightly Review*, in which "Disillusioned Daughters" are shown a way to retrieve the old pleasures of life as our grandmothers, before the days of emancipation, enjoyed them. Where, asks the writer, are the sewing, the embroidery, the clear starching, the elements of cooking, and even the humbler matters of washing, ironing and dusting, with which the women of an elder day made life pass happily and well? And if women must do "head-work" why may they not devote their talents to creating draughts only in right places, and to conducting all the smell of cooking up the kitchen chimney? Why should the professional man with grown-up daughters be obliged to provide four or five maid-servants, and to chase after an indifferent cook or a careless parlor-maid?

Healthful employment for girls, economy without ugliness, and an immense advance in simplicity and beauty of living—these are only a few of the advantages to be looked for from a revolution in feminine education, which shall restore to domestic pursuits the honor that was theirs in the eighteenth century. Among the leisured classes it is not unlikely that the marriage rate would rise proportionately; for if girls were content to live more simply, men would be less afraid to enter upon the estate of matrimony. It is the growing number of the things which we can not do without that not unnaturally appalls many a well-meaning and possible husband.

Serious-minded girls might be lastingly influenced by the admirable article from which we have quoted; and though we like to think that no convent school omits the domestic accomplishments from its curriculum, and that no Catholic girl finds the duties of life wearisome, we are, nevertheless, glad that the article about the "Disillusioned Daughters" was written.

Recent French exchanges have much to say of the ministerial speech delivered a few weeks ago at Toulouse by M. Waldeck-Rousseau, President of the Council. Announced beforehand with not a little flourish; awaited throughout France with an interest such as is manifested in England when Lord Salisbury is expected to make, in a public discourse, some important announcement,

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as to governmental action; vaunted before its deliverance as a masterly exposition of the policy to be pursued in France,—the Toulouse discourse has fallen as flat as the proverbial pancake. "We expected," says one critic, "to see a monster arise; and, lo! 'tis an angry sheep that shows its teeth." As a matter of fact, a perusal of the speech in its entirety shows that the only point on which M. Waldeck-Rousseau is clear and distinct is in his declaration of war against Catholics in general and the religious congregations in particular. And his policy in that respect was already too well known to need any reaffirmation.

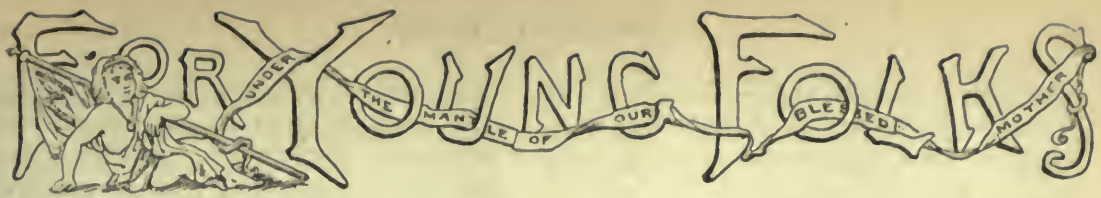
That was a timely word of advice given to Harvard students recently by Senator Hoar:

> We hear much in these days of the strenuous life. Your work is to be with the brain. Your education is not to fit you to hunt the grizzly-bear. Football and athletics are manly sports and have manly elements, but they belong to the period of youth and do not develop the brain. No high place can now be filled without good English, good speaking, the use of a foreign tongue, and good reasoning. You will probably get them in your undergraduate work, if you get them at all. They will lay the foundations for future work. The great things are done by men of ordinary, natural capacity who have done their best,—done their best by never wasting time.

A lack of energy in the pursuit of athletic honors is certainly not the characteristic of the typical American university of our day; and possibly a little more insistence on the necessity of a *studious* rather than a "strenuous" life would do the undergraduate body a world of good.

The Rt. Rev. Herman Joseph Alerding, D. D., was consecrated fourth bishop of Fort Wayne on the Feast of St. Andrew. Many prelates and a large gathering of priests were present at the impressive ceremony. The consecrating prelate was the venerable Archbishop Elder, who was assisted by Bishops Moeller and O'Donoghue. A thoughtful sermon was preached by Father Chartrand, of Indianapolis. The preacher struck the keynote to the new Bishop's character when he declared that Mgr. Alerding had never sought distinction, but had labored unceasingly to discharge worthily the hard, everyday duties of the priesthood. The new prelate is a worthy successor to the lamented Bishop Rademacher, and no one who has met him can doubt but that the church of Fort Wayne will be happy and prosperous under his leadership. The Bishop, on his part, will find the clergy of Fort Wayne a hard-working, zealous and enlightened body of priests. We congratulate the clergy of the diocese, and to the new Bishop we say *Ad multos annos!*

From all sides the Sisters of Notre Dame (of Namur) are receiving well-deserved congratulations on the formal dedication of Trinity College at Washington. So great an enterprise required a degree of courage and progressiveness of which American Catholics are legitimately proud. But the courage of the Sisters has been splendidly justified; for, despite the high standard of the entrance requirements, and despite the fact that at present students are received for the Freshman class only, the College was opened with more than twenty earnest young women matriculated. The course of studies as outlined by the Sisters is as advanced as that of any of the long-established women's colleges; and there is now no excuse, except original sin, for those so-called Catholic parents who send their daughters to Vassar and other colorless schools. Materially and intellectually, Trinity College is built on large lines, and Catholics will watch its progress with keen interest and satisfaction.



In Advent.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

NEAR the close of the year, when the nights are the longest,
And the moonlight lies pale on the snow-mantled earth,
When the rule of the Frost-King is felt at its strongest,
Comes Advent to herald Our Lord's lowly birth.

For a feast of such gladness as Christmas preparing,
The Church bids her children in fervor increase;
Bids them pray and do penance with ardor unsparing,
That so they may honor the sweet Prince of Peace.

While Advent endures, then, let each one's behavior
Contribute his heart with all grace to adorn,
Till he makes it a cradle wherein our dear Saviour
May gratefully rest on the fair Christmas morn.

Dot and Carrie.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

X.—Carrie Secures Help.

LEAVING Dickie, who was in great suffering, on the ground, Carrie sped off through the wood as fast as she could go. At first she got on well, but presently Dot lagged behind. It was hot and she was tired, and Carrie soon saw that she had made a great mistake in bringing the child with her.

"Yet what could I do?" she thought. "I could not have left her behind even if she would have stayed. She would have been frightened alone with Randy and Dickie, and the others were so far away. This fairy game was very nice, but we ought not to have separated so much. And we were wrong to have gone so far from Miss Brown. I'm sure mother won't be pleased. If I could only get to Lynswood and find some one to help us to carry Dickie to the wagonette it would be all right. Dot dear, do try to walk a little faster!"

But, declaring she could not walk another step, Dot threw herself upon the mossy grass and refused to move.

"I can't leave you, pet"—Carrie put her arms round her and kissed her little hot cheeks,—"alone in the wood; and I must go on and find some one to help us with Dickie."

The child raised herself slowly, and got upon her feet with a weary sigh.

"It's dreful far! I don't know how I'll do," she said, in a plaintive voice. "I wish I was a weal faiwy, 'tause then I'd fly."

"You mustn't try that, dearie. Think how poor Dickie fell when he was pretending to fly. But look, Dot, I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll take you on my back and carry you for a little while. Now just jump up on that bank and spring onto me."

"You couldn't, you couldn't! I's fat and heavy!" cried Dot.

Carrie looked round her in despair. There was not a soul near them. The great house was plainly visible through the tall trees; but all the windows and doors were shut, and no one was to be seen anywhere.

"And if there were crowds of people there I could never make myself heard," Carrie thought. "And I can't get on with this naughty little Dot. I really don't know what to do."

"I want my tea," said Dot, kicking some dry twigs about with the toe of her shoe. "I's *so* hungry! We're just 'ike the babes in the wood, Caway.

And pretty soon"—lying down on the grass and stretching herself out full-length—"the birds will cover us wis leaves. Poor 'ittle us!"

"Get up, Dot, and come along! You really are tormenting."

"It's so nice here. I'll west only free minutes. Now count."

But as she spoke Hoppy put his two hairy little paws upon her breast and began to lick her vigorously all over the face and neck.

"Oh, oh! naughty dod! Go away!" cried Dot, rolling over and over. "Don't lick me. Go away."

But Hoppy was not to be shaken off, and kept on licking and barking and grunting, as though doing his best to make the little girl understand that she was not behaving well.

"Tall him, Caway!—tall him away!" she exclaimed.

"Stand up and walk on and he'll leave you alone," Carrie answered. "It's *you* who are naughty, Dot."

"No: I's only tired." She rose slowly to her feet again, and looked with imploring eyes at Carrie. "Don't be coss. Ah!"—with a sudden shout of glee—"look up there at that carwige. Oh, do come"—raising a pair of clasped hands—"and take Dot, dear men!"

Carrie laughed, and, glancing toward Lynswood, saw the carriage, in which were seated Lord Raghan and Mr. Kerr, driving away from the door.

"As if a carriage could drive down here, you silly child! But I declare, Dot, that's father, I am sure! Has he been up looking for us or—oh, you must come quick!"

And, flinging her arms round Dot, she caught her up and staggered on with her toward the house.

But she tripped and stumbled and made but slow progress. The ground was rough and Dot very heavy; and at last, streaming with perspiration, Carrie had to drop the struggling child and sink exhausted to the ground.

"There!" cried Dot, pulling down her little frock and setting her hat straight. "You see you couldn't. I knew you couldn't take me far. I'll be at the house first!"

And, to Carrie's surprise, the little girl suddenly scampered on, Hoppy frisking and barking joyfully before her.

"That's splendid!" Carrie exclaimed. "Now we'll get there sometime soon." And, mopping her face, she ran after the wilful child.

Much sooner than she expected they reached a small side entrance that led into the back premises of the mansion; and, seeing that the door was slightly open, Carrie thought she might venture in and make her way round to the housekeeper's room, which she knew was on the ground-floor.

As the two little girls, followed by Hoppy, entered the yard and looked cautiously about them, a big mastiff sprang out of his kennel, ran about, barking furiously, and showing his great white teeth in a most alarming fashion.

Dot uttered a wild shriek, and, flying back to Carrie, clung to her skirts in an agony of terror.

"He's chained, pet—look!—by a great, strong chain. He can't touch us. Don't be afraid," said Carrie, reassuringly; though she was pale and shaking all over with fear as she crept along across the yard, keeping as far as possible from the angry dog.

Suddenly the door under a pretty porch, all grown over by green leafy creepers, opened, and a buxom-looking woman in a brown stuff dress, a black silk apron, and a neat white collar, came out into the yard.

"My patience alive!" she exclaimed, "what's got the dog? Twenty burglars wouldn't make him bark any louder or more furious. But, ah! here's what's the

cause of his fury. Two girls—dear little ones too—and a dog. Poor Brutus! It is no wonder you're shouting a bit, after all. Well, missies, and what can I do for you?"

"If you please, Mrs. Turner, I am Carrie Kerr, Uncle Will's—that is Mr. Huntley's—niece."

"My dear!" the good woman threw up her hands. "To be sure. Now I remember. But you have grown that tall, Miss Carrie, since you were here a year ago with Mr. Huntley that I didn't recognize you. And who is this pretty dear? I didn't know you had a sister."

"She's an adopted sister," Carrie said quickly. "We call her Dot."

"Oh, dear, dear! Well, I never! Four children—and poor—to go and adopt another," Mrs. Turner muttered under her breath, "is something that beats me. But, to be sure, it's nobody's affair but his own. Still—"

"I want you please to tell me where I can find a man who will come and help us to bring Dickie to the wagonette," burst out Carrie. "He's lying there in such pain and we're all too small to lift him, and—"

"Dickie in pain? Who's Dickie, dear; and why is he in pain?"

"We were all playing—the Huntleys and all of us—in the wood, and Dickie—he's my smallest brother," explained the little girl, breathlessly—"only six, you know,—climbed a tree; and as he was playing at being a clever fairy called Puck, he stood out on a branch and pretended to fly; but the branch broke and he fell and hurt himself so badly that he screams if we touch him, and we must get him home."

"To be sure you must." Mrs. Turner tucked up her skirts and, walking across the yard, called to two men who were chopping wood in a shed.

"Bill! Tom! you must go off at once with this little lady and help to carry her brother up here."

"Oh, no, not here, Mrs. Turner!" cried Carrie, pulling the woman's sleeve. "To the wagonette at the big side gate."

"Just as you please, dear. But"—to the men—"the little fellow has had an accident, and likely broke his arm."

"Then we'd best take this old door to carry him on," suggested Bill, laying down his hatchet.

"A good idea, Bill," said Mrs. Turner. "But hurry off at once."

"Where is he?" asked Tom, scratching his head slowly. "We've a powerful lot of wood to chop, and can't spend our time roaming the woods looking after strangers."

"But he's no strange child: he's Mr. Huntley's nephew," replied Mrs. Turner quickly. "And you know how our dear old master loved Mr. Huntley."

"Aye, aye!" said the man, with a surly grunt. "But that doesn't make me love Mr. Huntley's nevvy."

"But he's not far away, sir!" cried Carrie, clasping her hands and raising her blue eyes imploringly to his. "And if you only knew Dickie you'd love him. Everybody does."

The man's weather-beaten face lost its sullen expression and his mouth spread out in a broad grin.

"Would I, then, missy? Will you come and let me see if I would?"

"Oh, yes, yes! You are good. I knew you'd come!" Carrie exclaimed, joyfully. "I'll show you the way, and it will not take you long at all."

"Bring along that door, Bill,—that's it," said Tom, quite pleasantly. "And now, little missy, you just run on first and we'll follow."

"May I stay wis oo?" asked Dot, slipping her small hand confidingly into Mrs. Turner's. "I's so tired, and Caway goes so fast."

"Lord love you, my pretty lamb! Of

course you may stay," said Mrs. Turner, catching the little girl up in her arms, "I'll keep her till you come back, Miss Carrie, and give her a drink of milk. She's fairly done out."

"That will be kind," replied Carrie, gratefully. "She is tired, and I must run fast. You'll be good with Mrs. Turner, dear? I won't be long away. I'll come for you when poor Dickie is comfortably settled in the wagonette with Miss Brown."

"Didn't his lordship ask you all to tea, Miss Carrie?"

"His lordship? Who's he?" inquired Carrie, surprised.

"Lord Raghan. He sent me a message a while ago, telling me that he had invited ten children to tea; and when I heard you were all in the woods I felt sure he meant you."

"I don't think so," answered Carrie, shaking her head. "We don't know Lord Raghan,—at least—oh! but"—smiling brightly—"father knows him; for he was in the carriage with him driving off."

"To be sure, so he was," said Mrs. Turner. "Stevens told me so. Well, it's you he meant, I'm certain, dear; and I'll have some good tea for you when you come back. Miss Dot will help me to get it ready. So now off you go with the men. And maybe your little brother is not so badly hurt as you think. Small boys sometimes cry out for nothing at all. Perhaps he's only frightened."

"I hope so," answered Carrie, with a radiant smile. "Good-bye, Mrs. Turner! Good-bye, Dot!"

And, kissing her hand, she darted past the big mastiff, out of the yard, and away across the lawn into the woods, Hoppy scampering after her. The men, carrying the door, followed more slowly in her footsteps.

(Conclusion next week.)

Brave Barry.

A monument has recently been erected upon the Mountain of St. Bernard to the memory of a brave dog that during ten years saved the lives of forty persons lost in the snow. But about three years ago he performed his most remarkable deed of bravery. A little child was lying in a snowdrift in the sleep which so often precedes death from freezing; and Barry, finding him, seemed to realize the gravity of the situation. First he awakened the child by licking his face, then lay down and in some way made known to him that he would carry him to a place of safety. The little fellow understood, and on Barry's monument is a bas-relief of a dog with a child on his back. The forty-first person that Barry tried to save quite mistook the intention of his deliverer, and, being frightened perhaps, killed him with a stone. On the faithful dog's monument, in addition to the bas-relief, are these words: "Barry the Heroic saved the Lives of Forty Persons, and was killed by the Forty-first."

The Invention of the Baton.

Before the time of Lulli, orchestral conductors were in the habit of indicating the time to the players by stamping their feet or clapping their hands. Sometimes they would strike two shells together, as the old Greeks used to do. Lulli thought these methods awkward, and was accustomed to pound the floor with a staff six feet long. One day he brought it down upon his foot, bruising it so that blood-poisoning set in, and the illustrious musician lost his life as a consequence of his invention. Since that time the baton has been but a light stick,—a very eloquent one, though, in the hands of a skilful conductor.

With Authors and Publishers.

—An illustrated popular edition of the Abbé Huc's "Travels in Tartary, Thibet and China," has been issued by the Open Court Publishing Co.

—The gifted and unfortunate Oscar Wilde died last week in an obscure house in the Latin Quarter of Paris. According to the cable despatches he was received into the Church a few days before his death. *R. I. P.*

—Benziger Brothers' latest publications include two books of devotion, attractive in size, binding and printing, as well as in selection of contents. One is St. Alphonsus Liguori's most excellent little work, "Visits to the Blessed Sacrament"—a book never to be forgotten by any one who has made use of it. Its companion volume is a new "Manual of the Sacred Heart."

—The following brilliant description of the lighter work of John La Farge is by William Howe Downes, art critic of the *Boston Transcript*, in his new volume, "Twelve Great Artists":

With what power, ease, and joy he set before our eyes the opalescent splendors of that strange and romantic island kingdom, set in the midst of jewelled seas! Here were islets so ineffably delicate and fragile that they were more like golden dreams of the tropics than realities; and there were majestic empurpled mountains towering to the skies, their fantastic volcanic peaks caressed by the light that never was on sea or land, the consecration, and the poet's dream! How fascinating he makes the slow, rhythmic swing of the tufted palm-tree in the trade wind, the liquid throb of the far surf beating on the coral reefs, the gurgling, splashing, frolicking of the cascades slipping from the moss-covered rocks into their verdant, shadowy pools below!... The melting and vaporous stains of rosy dawns wafted across the tender bosom of the sky—something so ethereal and evanescent as to suggest the tone of pearls—are breathed upon the canvas by La Farge with a mastery of the greatest.

—No author of the present day has preserved anonymity one half so successfully as the remarkably clever woman who writes under the pen-name of Fiona Macleod. Except her publishers, it is not known that any one is aware of either her name or the place of her dwelling. Her shyness is refreshing in a period of strident self-revelation; and what is known of her has to be shrewdly guessed at from her writings, which English editors especially are so glad to publish. She does not like Calvinism, which, she says, has clouded the spirit and stultified the mind of the Highland folk, "making laughter as rare as a clansman landlord." And, reviewing Alexander Carmichael's recent volume of Gaelic folk-lore in the *Nineteenth Century*, she has a kindly allusion to "Father Allan Macdonald, of Evisgey, in South Uist, a priest who is not only beloved of his people and truly a father to them, but is an enthusiast in Gaelic lore and literature; who in his many years' ministration has collected what, if ever translated, will be almost as invaluable a treasure-trove as the 'Carmina Gadelica' of Mr. Carmichael."

—The American Book Co. has lately issued two books suitable for German reading classes. One, "Der Assistent," is a collection of stories by Frida Schanz, edited especially for the use of girls by A. Beinhorn, and is designed for those beginning to read German. "Der Meister von Palmyra" is suited to more advanced students, and has a literary value aside from its worth as a text-book.

—Mr. Edgar Fawcett is responsible for this statement regarding the earnings of British authors: "There must be many of their works on which from six months to twelve are spent, and yet whose financial earnings can not reach more than £15 or £20." In this country, as Mr. Fawcett points out, the prices paid for the best literary work are two or three times as large as those paid by English editors. Yet it is a striking fact that, though British penmen send considerable copy to American editors, nearly all their most serious work appears in English publications.

—Librarians will be glad to know that a translation of Fray Alonso de Benevides' "Memorial on New Mexico" (1629) will soon be issued in book form. The translator, Mrs. E. E. Ayer, is highly commended by so capable a judge as Mr. Charles F. Lummis, who has added some valuable notes. Fray Alonzo was a Franciscan missionary, and an original copy of his memorial is said to be "the rarest of all Americana." An inaccurate rendition made for his own use by Dr. Shea, and never intended for publication, was, it appears, unfortunately issued in the Bulletin of the New York Public Library at the close of last year.

—To many persons the name of Mr. William T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education, on the title-page of the new edition of "Webster's International Dictionary," would be sufficient evidence of the justness of the publishers' claim that it is "still the best." That the former edition of the "International" is an invaluable work there can be no question. All with whom it has been in use during the past decade must have felt

that the only notable improvement that could be made in it would be a supplement of such new words as merit a place in the language. This supplement, containing as many as 25,000 words, is now supplied by Dr. Harris. No man in the United States better qualified for the work could have been found, and no one could have made a wiser selection of needed assistants for so great an undertaking. By the addition of this supplement the International Dictionary of 1890 is brought down to the beginning of the new century. Those who use a dictionary constantly demand clear typography. The new plates that have been made for the whole book are excellent in every way. In making them the publishers have taken occasion to revise the body of the dictionary, thus rendering it one of the most accurate and complete works of reference in our language. It is not too much to say that for a one-volume dictionary Webster's International is now all that can be desired. G. and C. Merriam Company.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

A Troubled Heart, and how It was Comforted at Last. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* 75 cts.

The Rulers of the South; Sicily, Calabria, Malta. *F. Marion Crawford.* 2 vols. $6.

Francis, the Little Poor Man of Assisi. *James Adderley.* $1.25.

The Way of the World and Other Ways. *Katherine E. Conway.* $1.

The Beauty of Christian Dogma. *Rev. Jules Souben.* $1.35.

The Hidden Servants, and Other Very Old Stories Told Over again. *Francesca Alexander.* $1.50.

Days of First Love. *W. Chatterton Dix.* 25 cts.

The Judgment of Peter and Paul on Olympus. *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* 75 cts.

Lectures for Boys. *Very Rev. Francis Doyle, O. S. B.* 3 vols. $6.

Handbook to Christian and Ecclesiastical Rome. Three Vols. *H. M. and M. A. R. T.* $10.

The Spiritual Life and Prayer, According to Holy Scripture and Monastic Tradition. $1.75, *net.*

The History of the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ. *Rev. James Groenings, S. J.* $1.25, *net.*

A Priest's Poems. *K. D. B.* $1.25.

Alice of Old Vincennes. *Maurice Thompson.* $1.50.

Education and the Future of Religion. *Bishop Spalding.* 5 cts.

General Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures. *Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S. S.* $2, *net.*

Father Anthony. *Robert Buchanan.* $1.50.

The Soldier of Christ. *Mother Mary Loyola.* $1.35, *net.*

Where is the Church? *Rev. Charles Coupe, S. J.* 40 cts., *net.*

The Autobiography of St. Ignatius Loyola. *J. F. X. O'Conor, S. J.* $1.25, *net.*

The Testament of Ignatius Loyola. *E. M. Rix.* $1, *net.*

Sermons on the Blessed Sacrament. *Scheurer-Lasance.* $1.50, *net.*

A Form of Prayers. *Marquis of Bute.* 45 cts., *net.*

Sanctuary Meditations. *Fr. Baltasar Gracian, S. J.* $1, *net.*

Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption. *W. H. Mallock.* $3.50.

The Flowing Tide. *Madame Belloc.* $1.60, *net.*

A Son of St. Francis. *Lady Amabel Kerr.* $1.

Poor Dear Ann. *The Prig.* 75 cts.

The Bible and its Interpreter. *Rev. P. H. Casey, S. J.* 50 cts.

The Gospel Story. *B. F. C. Costelloe.* $1.60, *net.*

Studies in Church History. Vol. VI. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* $2.50.

Meditations on the Psalms of the Little Office. *Peregrinus.—Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.* 75 cts., *net.*

Currita, Countess of Albornoz. *Luis Coloma.* $1.50.

The Knights of the Cross. Vol. II. *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* $1.

A Journey with the Sun around the World. *Rev. William McMahon.* $2.

St. Jerome. *Father Largent.* $1.

Studies in Poetry. *Thomas O'Hagan, M. A., Ph. D.* $1.

The Church of Christ the Same Forever. *Rev. D. McErlane, S. J.* 50 cts., *net.*

Christian Philosophy — God. *Rev. John T. Driscoll, S. T. L.* $1.25, *net.*

The Heiress of Cronenstein. *Countess Hahn-Hahn.* $1.25.

The Nursing Sister. $1.25.

Jack Hildreth on the Nile. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.

Holy Mass: A Morning Paradise. *Very Rev. R. O. Kennedy.* 5 cts.

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LI. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 15, 1900. NO. 24.

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To Our Lady in Advent.

WHAT gentle brooding thought,
What mystery,
Must like an incense cloud
Have shrouded thee
In those sweet days of old,
When thou in silent love,
In bliss divine,
Within thy virgin heart,
God's chosen shrine,
Eternity didst hold!

The Rehabilitation of Woman in Japan.

By H. Francis McCullagh.

WHEN Baron Gros visited Tokyo in the year 1858 to conclude a treaty between France and Japan, the plenipotentiaries of the latter country did not confine themselves strictly to the matter in hand. According to a French missionary who accompanied the ambassador, and whose account appeared in the *Univers* of August 30 and 31, and of September 4, 1859, Prince Midzuno, the principal Japanese diplomatist who took part in the negotiations, opened his programme as follows: "Profoundly convinced as we are of the great learning . . . of his Excellency, we desire to converse with him on seas and climates, on the natural and the manufactured products of different countries, on war," etc.

This programme seems to be ample enough, but Prince Midzuno covered even more ground. He wanted, for instance, to know "what ceremonies ships observe when they meet at sea? Has not every French soldier a servant to carry his gun and his provisions? When it comes to attacking the enemy, is it not a subordinate who fires the gun while the real soldier fights with his sword? Is not the French army composed of battalions of brave men and battalions of men less brave?"

But nothing surprised the Japanese so much as the glowing account which the French ambassador gave them of the unique position women enjoyed in France. They asked, for example, about the Empress.

"We can quite believe," they observed, "that her heart is good; but—but—*is she educated?* We are told that there are able women in Europe."

"Able women! Why, *she* is so able that if our Emperor came to 'salute the age' [die], our well-beloved Empress would rule during the minority of her august son."

"Ah, that's a thing we have never been quite able to understand!" cried nearly all the Japanese present. "What is woman, then, in your country?... Why, 'tis society turned upside down."

"Among you, I regret to say—for it's a blot on your civilization and your fine character,—woman is nothing. She is little more, as one of your writers puts it, than a domestic. Among us woman shares all the cares of a family, of which she is, as it were, the guardian angel.

It is she who forms the heart and the character of the infant; it is she who often moderates the impetuosity of the husband, enlightens him and directs him by her wise counsels."

"Among you, then," returned they with a certain astonishment, "women are well educated?"

"Certainly; for how otherwise could they fulfil their high duties? The French ladies possess the knowledge necessary for their state, besides virtue and devotion even to heroism."

"But knowledge is useless to women. Knitting and a little of cookery are all they need know."

"Among you, perhaps."

"But to give woman such authority in the family is to put earth in place of heaven, the moon before the sun, to make the night supplant the day."

"Among you, perhaps, that is true,—the poor woman is truly night. But among us, woman being often the most far-seeing eye and always the most devoted heart, the French lady merits for every reason the respect we pay her."

"The astonishment of the Japanese on hearing this," says the missionary, "was extreme. All desired to see a French lady; and if they did not all go away convinced of the necessity of instructing their women, they at least brought with them from this interview the highest idea of the *dame Française*."

The recent ceremonial marriage of the Prince Imperial of Japan to her Highness Princess Sadako, and the circumstances attending it, are in curious contrast to the almost Mohammedan contempt of woman exhibited by Prince Midzuno and his *confrères;* they constitute, in fact, the first steps in a departure which, in the eyes of the philosophic observer, will be of more importance to humanity, than the late war with China. This is the first time that such a ceremony ever took place in the imperial family; for when an emperor or his heir thought fit previously to take to himself a wife or wives, he did it without any unnecessary fuss whatever; the addition of the lady or ladies in question to the imperial suite being merely announced as an official appointment, and not as a marriage.

The present Emperor has many wives, but he is nevertheless—or consequently—convinced of the superiority of the European customs in connection with marriage and the respect paid to woman. And since, in Japan, changes of all kinds come from above, he determined to make a new departure in the case of his son and heir, and to inaugurate that departure with a solemnity and an elaborateness of ceremonial that would make its influence felt in the humblest cabin in his Empire. There was no difficulty about the solemn betrothals, but the details of the marriage ceremony had to be specially invented for the occasion; and, however they may have struck foreigners, they have made a deep impression upon the Japanese.

It is a significant circumstance that a religious character was given to the ceremony in spite of the fact that the educated Japanese have no religion. The illustrious bride and bridegroom both came to the Imperial Palace for the occasion; it being arranged that the bride should reach her destination first, and have to wait, in the true old Oriental manner, for her intended. Both wore magnificent Japanese ceremonial dresses; and, after the ablution of hands required on all sacred occasions, they proceeded together to the sanctuary, followed by attendants, one of whom bore the sacred sword *Tsubo Kiri*. Entering the sanctuary, their Highnesses knelt before the altar in the inner circle and made offerings of *samagushi*.* His

* Branches of the sakaki tree, to which are attached slips of white paper, emblems of purity.

Highness next recited a marriage prayer specially prepared for the occasion; then both retired to the outer circle of the sanctuary, where they received the *omiki* * from the Masters of the Sacred Rites; after which they again made an obeisance to the altar. During the ceremony nothing was to be heard but "sacred music"; and this, according to the Japanese papers, greatly heightened the impressiveness of the scene.

After the marriage their Highnesses proceeded to the shrine dedicated to the imperial ancestors, where they made offerings of *samagushi;* and afterward paid their respects to the Emperor and Empress, while the bands thundered inside the palace and the batteries and broadsides of the army and navy roared outside. On rising from his throne at the conclusion of the proceedings, the Emperor proved how much he had at heart the proposed change by offering the Empress his arm in European fashion for the first time, amid the loud *banzais* of the court.

Some time after the newly-wedded couple set out on their honeymoon, exactly like a European pair. Enormous crowds, composed of men and women from all parts of the Empire, saw them pass; and it was curious indeed to observe the different ways in which the young students of the capital and the old people of the provinces paid their respects to them: the latter bowing lowly and not daring to lift their eyes till the son of a demigod and his bride had passed; the former cheering and waving their hats after the European fashion. But the new departure made probably a deeper impression on the rustics than on the Japanese cockneys, and the results may be far-reaching.

The intention of the Emperor is, as I have already hinted, to make marriage as sacred and woman as respected in Japan as in Europe, and this without calling in the aid of Christianity. That intention—in which I may remark, as a Catholic who has had considerable experience of Japan, I fear his Majesty will never succeed—is so obvious that it is hardly necessary for me to cite the metropolitan press in support of my statement. The leading journals of Tokyo attach very great importance to the new departure, both from the moral and the social point of view. They maintain that it shows "how deeply their Imperial Majesties recognize the sacred importance of the conjugal union and the duties arising out of it." They express deep gratitude to the Emperor for effecting so radical a change in the marriage customs of his family, "as it will have far-reaching effects upon the improvement of popular ideas as to the sacredness of the bonds of wedlock." It was rather strange to see Japanese papers invoking, as they did on that occasion, "the blessing of God" on the newly-married couple, and speaking in capitals of the sanctity of "Holy Matrimony."

The Japanese woman is, indeed, a fine type of humanity—much finer, many foreign residents will tell you, than the Japanese man. She is chaste, cleanly, most industrious, fond of home, and excessively devoted to her children and her husband. With regard to prettiness she holds a high place among the women of the world; and with regard to good manners she holds, I think, the highest place. Politeness is an instinct with her.

In some ceremonies in the Catholic Church—as, for example, of incensing—the acolyte bows to the congregation, which, as a rule, is largely composed of women, mostly poor. In any other country in the world no notice would be taken of this bow, which is part of the ceremony; but the Japanese women never fail to return it simultaneously

* Sacred wine.

and with interest. In country places, the weary foreigner, dreaming of assassins and rowdy students, is often surprised and inexpressibly charmed to come suddenly on a group of demure little girls in rainbow-colored raiment and with eyes as quick and bright-black as those of a young squirrel, who favor him with the most graceful courtesy it is possible to imagine.

But the Japanese woman is more than a mere ornament: she is gifted with mental powers of a high order. A good example of the Japanese business woman is Mrs. Asa Hirooka, of Osaka. This lady was founder and the actual guiding spirit of the famous banking firm of Kajima. She tided her establishment over the difficult Restoration days, when the gentlemen connected with the firm would probably, if left to themselves, have ruined it by their want of foresight and their failure to appreciate the changed condition of things. She was one of the pioneers in coal-mining, and now enjoys the reputation, to quote the *Japan Times*, of being "an eminently successful financier and business organizer." The same ably-edited paper points out that she takes a keen interest in educational matters, especially in those relating to her own sex; is at present promoting a university for girls; and, by way of giving practical encouragement to the movement in favor of female education, she employs many educated girls in her banks; and has opened a new department which she has placed exclusively in the hands of ladies.

Again, the Japanese woman is more than a mere business woman and good house drudge: she is truly a heroine. Her heroism may be latent; but, please God, Christianity will bring it out, as it has brought it out before. When the Christianity planted by St. Francis Xavier in Kynshu was rediscovered over sixty years ago, it was the faithful Japanese Catholic women who brought about its discovery, who managed to convey to the newly-arrived Pères des Missions Etrangères the glad tidings that the seed planted by the great Jesuit had not died. Who that has read the description can ever forget how they followed the French missionary into his church and told him, while he knelt in prayer, of the faith that had been handed down to them in secrecy for well-nigh three hundred years; of the Blessed Virgin, to whom they had never ceased to pray; of her Divine Son, whom they had never ceased to adore!

Before that, in the great persecution which marked the beginning of the seventeenth century, Japanese women were strongly represented among the martyrs; and their heroism was indeed worthy of all praise. Like the saintly mother of the Machabees, they implored their tortured sons to persevere to the end; they submitted to see their infants torn from their bosoms and murdered before their eyes; and they cheerfully knelt down themselves to receive the blow of the executioner.

Some of them emigrated to Siam, to the Philippines, and other countries; and one of those who went to the Land of the White Elephant had a strange career. She became the wife of one Constance Fauleon, a Greek sailor (who became a Roman Catholic, however,) and one of the most remarkable men of his time. He rose to the highest position that even a native of Siam could occupy in his own country; became the Richelieu, the Bismarck, and the Ximenes of the kingdom on the Menam. He afterward died for the faith; and his wife, who survived him some years, won for herself in a singular degree the respect of all who knew her. To the last she was a fervent Catholic.

I do not intend to deal, in a short paper like the present, with the wide

prospect opened to woman by the new civilization which Japan has adopted. The field is too vast. But the general impression made on my mind is that, in spite of the efforts of the Mikado and of sundry well-intentioned pagan reformers to improve her lot, woman will lose more than she will gain by the change. Civilization (?) has introduced to Japan the word *ouvrière*, or its Japanese equivalent, in the sense in which it is used by Michelet: *Mot impie, sordide, qu'aucune langue n'eut jamais, qu'aucun temps n'aurait compris avant cet âge de fer.*

When one sees women toiling half-naked alongside the men and under a burning sun at coaling steamers at Nagasaki and Kobe and Yokohama; when one enters a Japanese factory and finds that what is practically a state of slavery exists there, and when one hears of other places where real slavery of a horrible kind does exist, one realizes that the term "factory girl" as used in Europe is an honorable appellation when compared with what it means when used in Japan.

There is only one influence that can raise woman in Japan, and that is the influence that raised her in the early days of Christian civilization in Europe. I allude, of course, to the influence of the Church. Emperors may issue orders about new marriage regulations, and batteries may roar in honor of the completion of a new-fangled marriage ceremony; but, to my mind, the Sisters of St. Maur are doing more in a quiet way for the elevation of their sex than emperors and batteries.

SEEN from a distance and viewed as a whole, humanity can be loved without very much trouble. But those who truly love men are they who patiently endure individuals.

—*Saint-Marc Girardin.*

Truly Her Guardian Angel.

(CONCLUSION.)

AUGUST 6. In answer to my inquiries, Miss Featherstone said the only strange thing she felt was a suffocation at night, and that she had now adopted the custom of sleeping on a lounge near the window. "But don't tell this to my aunt," she added, hastily.

"Why?"

"She hates fresh air,—she says it is an English mania; and she goes into my room every night and closes the window and shutters."

"Indeed! But how do you manage?"

The girl hesitated a moment before answering, rather timidly:

"Mr. Neilson, are you a Catholic, may I ask?"

"Of course you may ask; and I am very glad to tell you that I have the happiness of being a Catholic, like my fathers before me."

"Then you will hardly think me superstitious if I tell you of a strange dream I have had?"

"No, my child. I have seen and heard too many strange things not to know that we touch on the supernatural oftener than we care to acknowledge."

"Well, now I have courage to tell you something that I have never spoken of before. I must preface it by relating to you a little of my convent life. The nun to whose care I was confided on my arrival in Princethorpe was held in very high repute for her sanctity and sweetness. Her name in religion was Sister Angela, and she instilled into my young mind a great love of my Guardian Angel; and this has ever since been one of my special devotions. She died when I was twelve years old; and before her death she obtained permission to give me a little stone-china angel, whose

hands are spread out in the act of blessing, while in the clouds at his feet is a little stoup for holy water. I prize this as one of my dearest treasures, and always hang it on or over my bed. The first night I experienced that curious feeling of want of air I had gone to my room about eleven o'clock—"

"I beg your pardon!—was it here or at the Manor?"

"Oh, at the Manor! I have never had these attacks any place else.

"On entering my room, I at once noticed that my angel was lying against the pillow, and thought the string had broken; but on examination found it was intact. I concluded it had slipped off the nail; so replaced it and went to bed as usual. I had slept perhaps an hour when I dreamed that the angel stood beside my bed and pulled me by the arm, making me a sign to rise; and that I followed him with great difficulty into my dressing-room, where he motioned to a couch and instantly disappeared. I awoke and found I was really in my dressing-room; and the window, which I remembered my maid had closed before she left me, was wide open. It was one o'clock; so I fetched a wrap, threw it over me and went to sleep. Next morning I returned to my bedroom early. (I rise often before my maid calls me at eight.) But on opening the door I found the room suffocating. Knowing that I had not unfastened the window catch, I did not go in, but dressed and escaped by the terrace. I left the door open between the rooms in order to ventilate the bedroom.

"As my aunt belongs nominally to the Greek church but is practically an infidel, I did not allude to my night's experience. But she started on seeing me, remarked I was very pale, and questioned me closely. I merely replied that my bedroom window had a very difficult clasp; then she grew cross and declared our English mania for air was most absurd, and that she considered my habit of sleeping with open windows very bad for the health. Since then she has made it a point to follow me into my room at night to see that the windows and shutters are barred. I submit for peace' sake. I know I shall not be in her house much longer. But I open the door between my bedroom and my dressing-room every night, leaving the window of the latter wide open; and whenever I feel the air oppressive in my bedroom I sleep on the couch in my dressing-room. I have had a feeling of security there since my dream."

We talked for a long time, and I believe now that the Colonel's suspicions were well-grounded. I must manage to sleep in the manor house, and examine Alys' room and the Lady Zara's. By keeping Alys here until the ball she will be safe. I must think over my next step.

August 10. Alys Featherstone has no organic disease. I examined her thoroughly yesterday. We are great friends. Her health is decidedly better, and Mathom agrees with me that she must never again be left with her aunt. We have planned that Lady Featherstone shall be induced to come here until the second day before the ball, when both ladies will proceed with the Colonel to Hasley Towers. I am invited, but shall feign some excuse; and in the absence of the chief conspirators it is strange if Hamet and myself can not fathom this mystery.

August 20. Lady Zara is here. Her son accompanied her hither, but went to London soon after. He will come down for the ball at Hasley Towers. We are all to go to the Manor on the 6th of September, sleep there that night, and next day go on to Hasley Towers. This morning Alys gave me a pretty medal of the Angel Guardian, which I promised always to wear; she showed

me her little statue, which I agree with her in venerating. Mathom hints at a match between her and young Lord Netterville. I should be glad; he is a fine young fellow, and manages to be here pretty often. We must be extremely cautious. Lady Zara will not see her plans upset without a struggle.

August 27. The Moat is full of people, and we have had some good shooting here. It is all very pleasant after life in India. I think I shall buy a place in this neighborhood, if I succeed in my present pursuit. Mathom mentioned a small property called "The Oaks," about ten miles from here, which he heard was in the market. I'll see about it. Alys is rapidly losing that pallid tint, and eats and sleeps well.

September 3. If all goes well, I trust my next entry will be "Victory." I had a novena of Masses begun yesterday, and have promised a marble statue of the Guardian Angel to the new church which Alys tells me she will build in Featherstone when she comes of age. She hopes to get the Benedictines to make a foundation there; it would be a blessing to the whole neighborhood.

September 7. The party at the Manor has just driven off to Hasley Towers, leaving me, with my faithful Hamet, master of the field. We arrived late yesterday evening. I warned Alys to sleep in her dressing-room; although a fragment of a conversation between Lady Featherstone and her son, which Hamet overheard, shows no present danger. Young Featherstone came here some hours before our arrival, and received us cordially. During the evening Hamet saw mother and son pacing up and down the avenue in earnest talk. Gliding from shrub to shrub, my dusky friend came within hearing distance only as they were about to separate; but the few words he caught were important.

"You must try to have patience," Lady Featherstone said impressively, "until we return; *then* we'll end this."

"What I don't understand," answered her hopeful son, "is why you have delayed so long."

"I have not delayed, Harold; nor can I understand why I have failed; however, my measures are so well taken now that I can not fail next time."

"And no risk?"

"None whatever. *Heart failure!*"

He laughed, and she glided away like the snake she resembles.

About an hour before we were to start Hamet called the Colonel, and, with a grave face, told him an old wound in my shoulder had reopened while I was making an effort to close a refractory bag; he had bandaged it, but it would not be safe for me to go to Hasley Towers. The Colonel expressed sincere regrets and insisted on remaining with me. I energetically refused to have any nurse save Hamet; so, assuring them I should be perfectly well when they returned (I could easily do so), and apologizing to the lady of the house for the trouble I was giving, with a light heart I saw them take their departure.

I have recovered marvellously; but must keep to my room for the next two days, for the sake of appearances. Hamet tells me the Greek maid and Mr. Featherstone's Greek valet have gone to Hasley Towers with the family; he has assured the remaining servants that they may all take a holiday on the 10th, and he will attend to me. The laboratory is locked; this evening he must take the impress of the lock and get a key made in Southminster.

September 9. Hamet has procured the key. I will examine the rooms to-night. The servants' quarters are far removed, and Hamet has slept in a room near mine since my supposed accident.

September 10. Great Heavens! what a fiend that Greek is! Now I know

all. Last night Hamet and I went into Alys' room. There was nothing unusual to be seen. The apartment is tastefully, even richly, furnished; and I wondered how she could feel a want of air in such a fine, lofty room, with three large windows. The bedstead is pretty and light, apparently; it is constructed of strong rods of polished brass, which run round the sides and foot in a scroll pattern, gradually rising toward the head until they form a fantastic knot of large white enamelled water-lilies, with big green leaves.

Somehow, the bedstead attracted me; and as I put my hand on the side to push it toward the light I found, to my surprise, it was screwed in its place. A cry brought Hamet to my side; and presently his keen eyes discovered a small orifice, not wider than that of a pipe-stem, in the lily bud which hung gracefully down beside the pillow. We traced the stem to the top of the bed, and then the agile Afghan swung himself up to the very apex, and found that the stem disappeared in the wall of Lady Featherstone's laboratory. Carefully marking the place it entered, we opened the laboratory door.

The room is small and arranged in the usual fashion. At first we saw nothing at all remarkable, except a long, flexible tube which hung from the wall and evidently corresponded with the brass stem that pierced the bricks. Immediately beneath it lay a long, rounded steel box, and the moment I saw it the whole diabolical plot burst on me. It was one of the tubes of carbon dioxide, or carbonic acid, such as are furnished to brewers; and merely required to be placed in communication with the overhanging tube, when the gas would rise and diffuse itself through the pipe until it escaped by the deadly lotus bud and stifled its unsuspecting victim. Every precaution was taken. A new and very intricate clasp had been placed on the window of Miss Alys' dressing-room; a stucco ornament lay ready to cover the orifice on the laboratory wall when the tube should be removed; and a green enamelled pistil lay beside it, to be inserted in the opening of the lily bud. Truly all was cunningly contrived, and well may Alys thank her Guardian Angel. We stole away, leaving no sign of our presence and carefully locked the door. Now to catch the would-be murderess in the act!

September 12. Thank God we have succeeded, and Alys has left forever that accursed woman's abode! On the afternoon of the 11th I awaited on the terrace the return of the party to the Manor. I was warmly congratulated on my recovery; though I still feigned the invalid slightly. Lady Zara complained of fatigue; her son, she said, had been called to London by an urgent telegram. (It looked better that he should be absent at the contemplated tragedy, I suppose.) Alys was radiant, and the Colonel seemed in excellent spirits. I was silent till after dinner; then when we were alone I told Mathom all. He was horrified and wanted to denounce the murderess then and there; but a moment's reflection showed him that moral conviction was not enough: it was necessary to have substantial evidence. My plan was simple.

When about to retire, Alys was told to go into her dressing-room, and, after dismissing her maid, to stay there and lock the door communicating with her bedroom. At the usual hour—perhaps a little earlier—we separated. When all was quiet Hamet stole into Alys' bedroom and placed beneath the lotus bud a little puppy which was condemned to drowning. It was no cruelty to give it a painless death. The Colonel and I waited in his room, which was near Alys'. At one o'clock deep silence reigned

throughout the house—when suddenly a very faint sound told us that it was time to enter the laboratory. We glided thither noiselessly; Hamet relocked the door, and we concealed ourselves behind a large Japanese screen which stood near the deadly apparatus. One gas jet diffused a faint light.

We waited in breathless silence for more than half an hour. Then the door was noiselessly unlocked and with a light step Lady Featherstone entered, carefully closing the door behind her. She turned up the gas, and through the crevices of the screen we saw her plainly. She had changed her dinner dress for a long, grey dressing-gown; her face was pale, her eyes glittered with a baleful light, and every movement showed a merciless deliberation. Without an instant's hesitation she screwed the orifice of the tube into the reservoir of carbon, and then adjusted some interior mechanism which was evidently meant to pump up the gas more quickly. As she stooped over her diabolical contrivance, Mathom and I glided from behind the screen and stood a few paces from her, in the full glare of the gas lamp. When all was arranged to her satisfaction she drew herself up, emitting a sigh of satisfaction; as she did so Mathom placed his hand on her shoulder and by a short twist brought her round to face her accusers and judges. I have seen many criminals of various nations, but the expression of baffled rage and malignity that distorted that awful woman's face will never leave my memory. One glance showed her all was up; and, folding her arms, she allowed Mathom to lead her to the library, where he pointed out to her the dead puppy which had just met the fate that had been intended for his ward.

I shall not write down the scene that followed. Lady Zara met Mathom's scathing denunciations with the most revolting cynicism, and dared him to bring to the scaffold the bearer of the Featherstone title. Her triumph, however, was short-lived. In a few biting words he told her that he had placed a detective on her track when he first began to suspect her; and the previous day had obtained conclusive proofs that she was no widow, as she pretended when she married Harold Featherstone; but the wife of the convict and brigand Sbakouloff, who was still alive. He gave her and her son (whose complicity was evident) forty-eight hours to leave England forever, declaring that Hamet should be her jailer until she landed in France. If she refused to go he would at once give in to Scotland's Yard the proofs of her bigamy and attempted murder. That settled the matter. She was liberally treated, and departed with all she could lay claim to and much more. May I never meet with another woman of that evil stamp!

* * *

There is little to add to the Doctor's Diary. Alys was told the facts, and legal steps were taken privately to nullify any future claims Harold Featherstone or his heirs might make on the family properties. Later on Dr. Neilson brought a fair young wife to the Oaks. Alys married Lord Netterville. They founded a Benedictine Monastery at the Manor, and built there a beautiful church, dedicated to the Angel Guardians; so that a centre of Catholic life was formed, which shed and still sheds its beneficent influence on all that district.

MUTUAL respect implies discretion and reserve even in love itself; it means preserving as much liberty as possible to those whose life we share. We must distrust our instinct of intervention; for the desire to make one's own will prevail is often disguised under the mask of solicitude.—*Amiel.*

True Love of God.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C. S. C.

My little children, let us not love in word nor in tongue, but in deed and in truth.—*I John, iii, 18.*

DOST love thy God in word and tongue alone?
Thou knowest nought of love save as a name,
Untouched thy spirit by its sacred flame;
To worship self and self's advantage prone,
E'en tho' thou cry "Lord! Lord!" in pleading tone,
Thy heart from Him is far. Its secret aim,
To win that chaff, the babbling world's acclaim,—
Thou seekest not God's glory, but thine own.

Who love in very deed and truth our God,
The works of love perform from day to day,
Are patient still beneath affliction's rod,
Nor seek each heavy cross aside to lay;
Contemn the world and self, and e'er implore:
"Lord, grant that we may love Thee more and more!"

The Virginity of Holy Mary.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

II.—Texts of Scripture and Comments.

THOSE texts of the Old Testament, of Exodus and Deuteronomy, did not contain a command or prohibition, but a promise. "As God promised that worldly-minded people that He would give them rain in due season if they observed His law," remarks Suarez, "so did He promise them the blessing of children." And to confirm this, in Deuteronomy, following on the quoted text that "there shall not be one barren of either sex," it is added: "Neither among men nor in your cattle." And Suarez aptly observes that "a precept could not be given to cattle." In the same way in Exodus, after the text "there shall not be in them any unfruitful or barren," God adds, "I will fill the number of thy days"; showing, as Suarez points out, that "both were promises of the divine bounty."

This blessing of fecundity, then, was promised by God as a reward of their observing His law; while the threat of sterility was held as a punishment of non-observance. It was this also St. Augustine was putting forward when he made use of the writings quoted; as well as showing therefrom the lawfulness of marriage against the heretics of his time, who denied it. He had in mind, besides, the command in the Old Law that when a married man died childless, his unmarried brother should marry the widow and raise up children, that the other's name might not pass away. Some brothers refused to do this, and there was a terrible curse in the Old Testament on such,—"Accursed be the man," and so forth.

We have it, on the authority of St. Ignatius Martyr and St. Ambrose, that Elias and Jeremias were virgins. St. John the Baptist was a virgin in the eyes of all men; and some say that he therefore fitly died preaching against immodesty. There can be no doubt that St. Joseph also was a virgin, remembering that he was selected to be the companion of the Virgin of virgins, and that it was God Himself who made the choice. Josephus tells us that the sect of Essenians were held in great repute with the Jews, and particularly for their observance of chastity. St. Bernard says that "in the eyes of God sterility was never a crime, but it came to be looked upon as a curse by the Jewish people."

We repeat the question: Was it before or after her holy espousal with St. Joseph that our Blessed Lady made a vow of virginity?

We look now to the New Testament, and we find there one thing which gives "rest for the sole of our foot." It is certain that when the Angel came she had already made the vow. Nothing else can reasonably explain the objection

that Our Lady at once raised: "How can this be, for I know not man?" The Fathers and theologians all declare this. "It is, in the first place, to be held, then," remarks Suarez, "that the Blessed Virgin had made a perfect and absolute vow of chastity before the conception of her Divine Son." St. Anselm says: "The Blessed Virgin was astonished [at 'thou shalt conceive and bring forth a Son'], *because she knew for a most certain fact that she was not to know man.*"

I love that saying of St. Anselm. It makes my mind happy to think that not alone did Mary make the vow of virginity in the first moment of her Immaculate Conception, as we shall see, but that the all-merciful God, the hundredfold Rewarder, set her heart at perfect rest with regard to it; that she received, like the aged Simeon, an answer from the Lord that she should not know man. When I consider her circumstances as an orphan and poor, I look on it as a most blessed thing that God should have fortified His timid, defenceless dove by making known to her that no human power should be able to prevail against her vow.

This saying of St. Anselm affords a clue—and I must make bold to say *the only clue*—to the difficulties surrounding Blessed Mary's vow. And we now come to the great difficulty of all—namely, the fact of her marriage with St. Joseph. The holy Gospel states the difficulty fair and square: "The Angel Gabriel was sent to a Virgin espoused to a man named Joseph."

Read all the Lives of the Saints, and you will not find that the Church has ever called a married woman a virgin. "A virgin espoused to a man"! In a sense, however, it is possible that she may be so called; meaning that she had been a virgin and that that virgin got married. But the difficulty lies in this: if she had taken a vow of virginity, how could she get married at all?

One word as to the Sacrament of Matrimony is perhaps necessary before going further. The lay-mind confounds two different things. Let us take an example. I buy a farm; the farm is mine. But I may never use it, and from the first may have had the intention of not using it. But the bargain is good, although I do not intend to use the farm; and my intention of not using does not nullify the contract. And to go further: the bargain is good even though the former owner of the farm will not take money from me for it; and the bargain is good and the farm is mine although I knew from some source beforehand that he would refuse the money. The contract was a real contract, provided we went through the necessary forms of making a contract.

All the objections and difficulties of those who say that Our Lady was not a virgin and that she had children—sons and daughters—after the birth of our Blessed Lord, are trifles compared to this difficulty about her marriage with St. Joseph. And for this reason let us listen to St. Thomas Aquinas, who says: "There was true and lawful matrimony between Joseph and Mary, so far as regards *the form*, which consists in the indivisible union of souls, consenting to preserve fidelity the one to the other; but not as regards the *end* of matrimony—namely, the generation and education of offspring."

There could be no true matrimony without the first; the second is not necessary. As was said above, there was an agreement on either side—as there must ever be in true matrimony—to give over the right, each, of one's own person into the absolute power of the other; but there was nothing to prevent Holy Mary being forewarned by God that the dominion which she

was about to give over would never be exercised. Here St. Anselm's blessed words come in: "She knew for a most certain fact that it was not to be."

I can not understand how the more than angelic conscience of Blessed Mary could, with a vow of virginity, consent to a true and lawful marriage unless she knew beforehand from Almighty God that that sacred and heavenly vow was not risking the slightest danger of being violated; nay, on the contrary, that there was the most assured declaration from God that it never should be.

And I am forced further to believe that there was shown to the Blessed Virgin that St. Joseph had made just such a vow as she had made. I may not be able to prove it to you, but I believe it myself. It is an extraordinary instance in the life of the human race: nothing was seen before like to it, and it is almost certain that there never shall again. It raises not alone the Blessed Virgin but St. Joseph with her far and away beyond all created sanctity.*

St. Augustine says: "Mary had made a vow of virginity; but because the Jews, up to this, rejected such, she was espoused to a just man, who was going to guard and not violently to take away what she had vowed."

St. Gregory of Nyssa: "The Blessed Virgin was given to St. Joseph in order that he would protect and guard and not take away her virginity; for her holy body being consecrated to God, should so remain unprofaned, like to a sacred gift dedicated to divine worship."

Suarez says: "If, then, the Blessed Virgin had from the beginning an immovable determination to observe virginity, she could not contract a true marriage without changing her resolution, unless God showed to her that Joseph would guard and not seek to violate her virginity. But that the Blessed Virgin had this resolution before her marriage is taught by St. Gregory of Nyssa, by St. Bonaventure, and all the Fathers."

Then Suarez goes on most beautifully to prove that Our Lady had made this vow from the beginning. "Because she had loved chastity with the greatest affection, and being desirous to imitate angelic purity, she had determined with her will to observe it inviolably, as far as it was possible for human nature to do so. It was also more perfect and more pleasing to God that this vow should have been made from the beginning. And, finally, many virgins even from their cradle have consecrated themselves to God; and much more is this to be believed of the Queen of Virgins, she who was their leader and most perfect model."

We see, then, how in this difficulty God guarded Mary "as the apple of His eye." It was necessary for her to be truly and really married; and it was necessary for her to be a virgin, and yet being a virgin and with a virgin's truth as well as with a virgin's heart to say as did Sara and Rebecca and Rachel, "I take thee for my lord and spouse." "And a woman is not the lord of her own body, but the man," says St. Paul.

It was necessary to be married—we sum up St. Thomas,—(1) for fear Our Lord should be considered illegitimate, and the Jews would have an excuse for rejecting Him and His holy doctrine; in order, moreover, that His genealogy might be reckoned up to David and Abraham;* in order that the Divine

* By the bond of matrimony Mary and Joseph are made *one heart and one will.* Hence it comes to pass that all things belong to them in common; and what is in the dominion and power of one belongs of a consequence to the other also. (Suarez.)

* The Jews kept their family registers as if they were something sacred. We have an instance of how scrupulously they were kept, and how

Child and Holy Mary might have a breadwinner and one who would protect them, as in the flight into Egypt; and St. Ignatius Martyr adds in order that the devil might not know the Child was divine; for if the devil knew the Child was God, he surely would be afraid to persecute Him personally, as he did at His birth and during His holy passion. (2) Holy Mary would be stoned by the Jews if she were a mother and not married. She could not, even if she escaped stoning, appear in public ever after, either herself or her Child, for shame. And we have in the anguish of St. Joseph the strongest natural proof that the Divine Child was conceived and born of a virgin mother.

The two greatest difficulties, then, that can be brought against the virginity of Mary are her real and true marriage with St. Joseph, and her becoming a mother and yet remaining a virgin. But these very difficulties, when examined, only bring out more prominently the blessed virginity of "the handmaid of the Lord." It was all a secret, hidden from all mankind as well as from us, until her cry was heard: "How can this be, for I know not man?"

That is full and entire testimony to her lifelong resolution—"to her vow," as Suarez says, "from the beginning, and to her determination to observe it to the end." For, think, if she loved virginity to such an extent as to refuse even to become the Mother of the Son of God, could you believe she was going to forfeit it afterward to become the mother of a son of man? I could not believe it, at any rate. It is only one who has not reflected on the infinity of God or on the virginity of Mary that could believe it, and I do not envy such a man his aims and his ideals.

But for fear Mary's testimony might not be sufficient, being the testimony of but one, we have it corroborated by St. Joseph, who was filled with anguish at her situation — this modest young girl, straight from the temple of the Lord,—and he was minded privately to put her away. But God from heaven, pitying His servant and guarding His holy Mother "as the apple of His eye," sent an angel to explain, to assure, and to comfort him.

We turn to St. Thomas once again. He says: "In her conceiving, in her bringing forth and ever after, Mary remained a virgin." And he gives the reasons: (1) Because of God the Father; (2) because of God the Son; (3) because of God the Holy Ghost; (4) because of the Holy Virgin herself; and (5) because of St. Joseph.

God the Father, being the father of her Son, would not "transfer His paternity to another"; it is as much as to say that anything dedicated to Almighty God should never afterward be turned to profane use.

God the Son came to take away all corruption; He was laid, as a child, in a manger rather than in a bed, because it was less typical or suggestive of sin; at His death He was laid in a tomb wherein no man was laid up to that, and, for reverence, never after; in Holy Mary's virginity He was wrapped for nine months; by analogy therefore, and by the adorable purity of God, we are forced to believe that the incorrupt could not corrupt her holy virginity.

God the Holy Ghost had exhausted, as we believe, the powers of the Divinity in decorating Holy Mary to fit her to become the Mother of God the Son. Now, it would be utterly dishonoring

scrupulously demanded, when on the return of the Jews from captivity those families were refused admission into the ranks of the priesthood who could not produce their family registers to testify that they were of the priestly tribe; although it was generally known and admitted that they did belong to the priestly race, as related in the Book of Nehemias.

to God the Holy Ghost that that shrine which He had so decked and prepared should become the abode of any other.

On the part of Holy Mary, it would have been most ungrateful if after 'He that is mighty had done great things to her,' she should not be content with such a Son. You have not a high opinion of men that can imagine such things; you do not envy them, neither do I.

Last of all, it wrongs St. Joseph to think that he would "dare," as St. Thomas says, "to profane her who was, as the angel revealed to him, Mother of God."

When we have these Fathers speaking so of Mary's virginity; when we have the saints and the Church in all ages believing and professing it; when we have every pure mind, not alone within the Church but outside of it, gladly lauding this sacred virtue of hers; when we have poets and painters and sculptors and writers taking as their model and extolling this amiable Virgin as the one rare, beautiful example of chaste womanhood, it matters little what those say who do not, perhaps, desire, who certainly do not seem to know, the excellence of this more than human, more than earthly, diadem. "They marry not, neither are they given in marriage," says the Saviour; "but they are like the angels of God."*

(Conclusion next week.)

* "As to the 'Brethren of the Lord,'" see THE AVE MARIA, Vol. li, No. 5.

SALVATION is declared, on the highest authority, to be a business of difficulty and even drudgery, if we would obtain the splendid prize offered; though a large class of "respectably-good" persons appear to have settled that it is an easy and light matter, to which occasional spare moments may be devoted.

—*Percy Fitzgerald.*

Dr. Martin's Wife.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LIFE'S LABYRINTH," ETC.

XXIV.—Two Interviews.

DR. MIDDLETON took the pipe from his mouth and laid it on the table; but the frown did not relax, nor was there any attempt at a smile from the compressed lips, working up and down in a grotesque fashion usual to them when their owner was perplexed or annoyed. Mrs. Martin knew the signs; nor was she surprised.

"Come in! Sit down!" the Doctor said, as she paused an instant in the doorway. He pointed to a rustic chair on the opposite side of the table.

"No: I will sit here," she answered, taking a seat on the step and leaning her head against the doorpost. "It is cooler and pleasanter in the open air."

"Mrs. Martin, does Maurice always write his letters as he did this one?" inquired Dr. Middleton, in a very sarcastic tone.

"What do you mean, Doctor? I don't think I quite understand."

"What I mean is this: does he always write to you and Marie at the same time—in the same letter? Does he never write to *her* separately?"

"He has always done so until the letter before the last," she replied. "But, really, all the world might read his letters to Marie. You know how different he is—from almost anybody else."

"I thought I did—until to-day," said the Doctor; "but I never realized how *altogether* different." His lip curled scornfully, while his dark eyes flashed. "I think he is a rascal—now—"

"Doctor?" interrupted Mrs. Martin, the quick blood mantling her cheek.

"I repeat it and I mean it! You may cast me out from your sanctuary forever, but I will have my say. He is

a rascal. He will marry that girl in Algiers. I would be almost willing to wager that he has already married her.'

Mrs. Martin made a gesture as though she wished to speak, but the old man silenced her with an imperative wave of the hand.

"Wait until I have finished: then you may have your say. But what excuse you can offer for such poltroonery as his I can not possibly imagine. It is needless to bring forward what his father and I were to each other, or what you and the boy have been to me. But long years ago I saw his weakness of character; saw, too, that you were not firm enough with him; that your mother-love closed your eyes to his defects. Did you ever oppose him in anything? Did you, I ask, ever deny him anything? Were you ever without palliation for his shortcomings?"

"You wrong me!" she sobbed forth. "I must speak. You know well that I have always seen his defects; that not a day of my life has passed which has not brought me regret that he was so unlike what his father would have had him be; so unlike him—so wholly unlike. But he was my all, my only one; his weaknesses were never vices you know. There is really no harm in Maurice,—none at all."

"No harm!" he said. "Is it no harm to cast aside a heritage of honor and labor and high ideals and heroic living and thinking, to rush hither and thither, grasping only the bubbles of existence, as he has always done? And is it no harm utterly to ignore the fine example of his father, his wishes, his desires, his ambitions for him—and yours? I know Maurice; I, too, have sometimes fallen under the spell of that boy's charming personality. There is a nameless attraction about him which it is difficult to resist. But you should have been firm: he should have been led in rigid places, with an iron hand."

"And could I have done that?" she said. "I am a woman. What kind of mother would I have been had I been capable of that? Would he have loved me? Would he have obeyed me through any motive save fear? And, then, grown older, he would either have become a hypocrite or openly defied me; for in such results the training you uphold must always end. But that would have broken my heart!" she sobbed, burying her face in her hands.

"Come! come!" exclaimed the Doctor, suddenly changing his tone. "I did not mean to be cruel—to you. But I could thrash that youngster into a mass of sore bones this moment with gusto. And he well deserves it. He will marry that fool girl over there; and then where are you?"

"Admitting that he does," she said—"which I will not,—but admitting it—we are here, Marie and I, where we shall remain. It will be an irony of fate; but he will have given *her* to me at least, and left her to me for my consolation."

"I see that you fear it—you fear it!" he replied, his tone softening still more as he saw her pale face uplifted, stained with tears. "Let us look at it calmly. I would not wound you unnecessarily, gruff and harsh as I may seem,—no, not for a kingdom. But this has to come. It is as sure as that you and I are sitting here in the sunshine, in this ruined old arbor, where Desmond often sat with us long ago, planning for that boy. It is bound to come; it will be a pricking thorn in your flesh forever. But you can't help that: you will have to bear it. And Marie—how will she take it? Is she very fond of him?"

"Ah, don't you know that she is?"

"Yes; but in my soul I believe she is equally fond of you. She is no lovesick girl, by any means."

"No, she is not. You are right. I do

not mind telling you that there have been times when, comparing myself with her — when I was young, I mean, — I could not help thinking there was something lacking in her love for Maurice, as equally so in his for her. True, in the beginning he was full of it: it seemed that no opposition would have shaken his resolution to marry her; and she was equally firm. But there has been an assured calmness of affection about both ever since that time that does not coincide with what one expects — or with what one has felt."

"Ah, so it is!" replied the old man. "It was ever thus with Maurice. Deny him what he wanted, and he would scale heaven and move earth to get it. Once his, no matter what it might be, he tired of it almost immediately. Am I right?"

"Yes, you are right."

"If you had not given your consent to the marriage, he would either have taken everything into his own hands and then tired of his bargain as soon as it was made, or else — and I think it more likely — if you had held out long enough he would have renounced his purpose of his own accord — after he had seen a new face. But in any case it is a good thing for the girl, if she will but realize it. It will have proved a blessing to you also, no matter how it turns out. *She*, at least, is yours for life. I have watched her: I know her."

"Oh, what you say is true, I admit," said Mrs. Martin. "Much of it is true. But let us hope that it will not be as you say, — let us hope so. Is it not natural for a young man to admire a beautiful face?"

"You may hope it, if it comforts you," returned the Doctor; "but I do not. Maurice will marry that girl. Get yourself ready to bear the bad news. And who knows, after all, if it really be bad news? Marie is a pearl beyond price. It would be a pity to have her thrown away on a trifler such as he. The other one may be more after his own kind."

"Don't! don't!" pleaded Mrs. Martin, lifting her hand. Her face looked pained and white, her eyes dry and burning. "Come!" she said. "Dinner is ready. I see Marie through the bushes. She is coming to tell us."

Walking leisurely up the path with what unconcern they might, they saw Marie approaching. She met them with a smile. Both looked embarrassed.

"I was about to call you," she said. "It seems almost a shame to go into the house this perfect day."

Her voice was calm and even, her face as placid as usual; they thought her unconscious of the situation, but she was not. With one quick glance she had read both hearts — apprehensive, sorrowing, disappointed. Putting her arm affectionately around Mrs. Martin's shoulder, she said:

"You are very pale, mother. Perhaps the heat is too great for you to-day. After dinner you must lie down. And then, if you like, Doctor, you and I will take a little row on the lake."

"I shall like it, my dear," answered the old man. "Where is the man, old or young, that wouldn't like to be rowed about by such dexterous yet dainty hands as yours?"

"Ah! now, flattery does not become you," she laughed. "First let me prove myself before you pay compliments."

With such light talk she kept the conversation from flagging at dinner. When the meal was over, Mrs. Martin complained of a severe headache and said she would lie down. Marie went with her, saw her comfortably settled on the soft lounge in her bedroom, and then went into her own room. Presently Mrs. Martin heard her moving about, humming a lively little French air.

"What are you doing, Marie dear?" she inquired.

"Getting ready to go out on the lake with Dr. Middleton," she said. "I have put on my short skirt, and have been looking for my gloves—foolishly enough, for I shall not use them rowing. But we shall drift about most of the time, I know. I don't think there is anything more enjoyable in summer than floating up and down the cool, shadowy water. By the time we have returned you will be well rested, mother."

She began to hum again. Mrs. Martin could hear the gay refrain echoing back through the corridor as she went down the stairs and out to the piazza.

"Poor child! she does not suspect," she murmured. "And if *she* does not, if *she* trusts him, why should not *I*, his mother?"

It was a ray of hope; she caught it eagerly, clasped it to her heart and would not let it go. Then a great wave of content seemed to envelop her; she closed her eyes and was soon in a deep and dreamless slumber.

"I am ready, Doctor," said Marie.

The old man had been dozing, but he was wide awake in an instant.

"And so am I," he replied, offering his arm. "You are in a great hurry," he said, as they passed down the garden. "For me, I like to linger among the roses. They are so sweet!"

"Pardon me, Doctor! I was a little absent-minded, perhaps. Now that I have you to myself, I was thinking of what I shall say to you when I get you in the boat."

"Ah!" laughed the Doctor. "Trying to make conversation, I suppose. That, at least, is not flattery."

She smiled brightly, but did not reply.

On reaching the water, he untied the boat, and presently they were afloat. It was a natural lake, fed by several deep springs; the water beautifully clear, overshadowed at this season of the year by heavy green foliage, which lined either bank. Very soon they found themselves in the centre of the stream. Laying down the oars, Marie said:

"Let us drift now. It is pleasanter, don't you think?"

"It is delightful," replied the Doctor. "It is the perfection of enjoyment."

"Yet, drifting through life,—would that be pleasant—to drift always?"

"For some natures, yes; for others, no. Not for yours or mine, Marie, we may be sure."

"And, yet, can one help one's nature altogether?" asked the girl.

"Not altogether,—certainly not, my child. But by energy and resolution one may supplement what has been originally denied."

"Yes, some persons might do it, but not all." She was looking dreamily into the water now, her hands folded.

He was beginning to understand, and he thought:

"She is a brave creature,—braver even than I suspected, and I gave her much credit."

Her cheek flushed, then paled and flushed again. There was a solitary tear on the drooping lashes. Once she tried to speak, but he saw by the contraction of her throat that she could not. She was still looking away from him; her lips trembled. In an instant she turned to him abruptly and said quickly:

"Doctor, tell me what I shall do for her? How shall I help her bear it? Do not inquire who or what, but only advise me. That is why I asked you to come here."

He hesitated a moment, pretending not to understand her.

"You think it is coming, then?"

"Yes, I am sure of it," she answered. "At first I did not think it; but I have been reflecting—and—I am sure."

"What of yourself?"

"Do not mind me. I am young: I can bear it. Her life is more than half lived. She had planned everything so different from what it will be now. She was so joyous, so full of hope for the future! And now—how will it be?"

"It may not happen. It may be only a passing fancy."

"A passing fancy—yes," she replied, calmly. "Nevertheless, it will happen," she said in a tone of conviction. "It may change his whole life. He may never come back here. She can not, she will not go there. He—they may not want her. What shall I do? How can I best comfort her?"

"By being to her what you now are—a kind and loving and companionable daughter," said the old man, laying his hand on hers. "You would not dream of leaving her?"

"No," she said, "I would not dream of it. She will surely need me now."

"You are not one of those high-strung, independent creatures who will not be beholden even to those who love them."

"No, I am not," she said again. "In the first place, I am of her own blood. She has been a true mother to me; no devotion of mine could ever repay what she has done for me. I wish to dedicate my life to her. If Maurice should return—well, then it might be different. But that is in the future."

"You mean with his wife?"

"Yes."

"He will not bring that creature here. But tell me: don't you love him?"

"I have loved him—yes. But since we have been separated I have learned to know him better than before—through his letters. The charm is not so great as it once was,—I will confess that; and it makes it easier. Yet I know that if he were here the wonderful magic of his presence would reassert itself and he would be as dear to me as ever. But perhaps you do not understand."

"I fully understand," said the Doctor. "I have always understood. I wish he had never been born."

"He has been the idol of his mother."

"Yes, and a disappointment as well. He will regret this freak."

"Perhaps not. It may be best."

"And it does not make you suffer?"

"Not as much as it will later. But I shall conquer all that. I am thinking only of her."

"And if it should not happen? If he should return, you would love him—you would marry him?"

"I think so; indeed I am almost sure. Maurice is very lovable: one can hardly resist him, even though one is satisfied of his capriciousness."

She was smiling now—through tears. How much of her calmness was real, how much assumed, the Doctor could not determine.

"You are an unusual girl," he said, after a short silence. "Do you think she suspects?"

"You were speaking of it a little while ago in the summer-house. I saw it in your faces," she said, with another bright, short-lived smile.

"Ah, how quick you are!" he rejoined. "I did not think you had guessed it. Well, we shall only have to wait now. What rascals are men! Pity the world can not get on without them."

"But if I could only keep her from suffering!" she said.

"No one can do that. She will cling to him through every storm. And it is but right, but natural. There is only one thing to do, as I said before: hide your own feelings—love her, comfort her, stay with her."

"That is what I wish—what I shall pray to have strength to accomplish."

"And you will succeed. But do not count too much on your own strength. It may hit you worse than you think—when it comes."

"God will help me."

"I trust He will, Marie dear. You deserve His help, and so does she—and His reward."

"It will be a reward to have done my duty and to have her affection. It has done me much good to talk to you, Doctor. Now let us turn back: it is growing late."

She gathered up the oars and rowed back quickly as she could against the tide; for they had drifted far. When they reached the landing-place the young moon was faintly shining in the sky.

(To be continued.)

The Vale of Tears.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

VII.—In Exile.

It's home, dearie, home,
And it's home you ought to be.

FULL well I knew I ought to be there, to have been there all the time, and never to have left it. My heart told me this a thousand times a day; everything hinted it, whispered it, or cried it out aloud. It was the refrain of every utterance, of every wish uttered, of even the unutterable. Night and day I heard it—heard it over and over, forever and ever repeated; though I stopped my ears and tried not to listen, for it seemed it would drive me mad. I was homesick; sick unto death for the love of home and the hopeless longing for it.

Hardly had the Golden Gate closed behind us, and the outline of the California coast vanished among the horizon clouds, when I wished myself at home. That was my one wish for the next two years; I might almost say that I had no other: it dominated my every thought, my every act; all that I saw or heard or hoped for was subservient to it. Yet for two long years I watched and waited in vain for the word that would have lifted me from the depths of despair and filled me with transports of delight.

For a long time it was my custom to test the intensity of my longing for home. I was often alone, though I was not of an unsociable nature; but when thoughts of home began to multiply and threaten to overwhelm me, the society of others seemed a kind of sacrilege, and I sought solitude and—alas! tears; therefore I was often alone.

It was at such times I was in the habit of very gravely putting the question to myself: If you could start for home to-day or to-morrow, or even within the week or the month, *provided* you were to lie down upon a railway track and allow a locomotive and a train of cars to run over you and crush your arm or your leg—or both arm and leg, so that you must lose them,—would you do it? Without a moment's hesitation I used to reply, "Yes, I would!" And then later, after thinking about it for an hour, and considering it in all its horrors, I used to say to myself firmly and finally: "Yes, I certainly would." And now after forty years, on recalling all the circumstances and my state of mind during those two years, I am perfectly sure that I would have done it gladly had it been required of me.

It is quite natural to suppose that my parents did not realize my mental suffering during those two almost interminable years. Had they done so they certainly would have permitted me to return to them in all haste. Every child is expected to grieve more or less when absent from its home. Most children become accustomed to the separation and adapt themselves to new conditions with commendable ease. But there are those whose souls are never weaned, who are never really detached from home,—who are ever there in spirit, wherever

their wretched bodies may be; who endure the heartache until it becomes unendurable, and who would suffer the sweat of blood were it given them so to betray their suffering; whose every day is dreadful, every hour an agony, every moment a dumb martyrdom. And they die the death! Intelligent investigators can assure you that many are the deaths from homesickness; that for some natures to be subjected to this malady is more to be dreaded than the seven plagues of Egypt.

I am well aware that there are those who have never known the tortures which were my lot; to whom the pain of parting is unknown; whose souls are not solitary and are hardly a subject for solicitude; whose involuntary estrangement results in nothing more serious than temporary dissatisfaction or dull discontent. It is only the undeveloped soul that is immune.

I trust I was not unappreciative in those dreary years; I know I was not ungrateful. How could I be? From the hour I left my home until I returned to it two years later I received nothing but kindnesses at the hands of all with whom I came in contact,—yes, there was one exception to the rule: Hyatt, the prize bully of Alexander, at whose quietus I so successfully assisted.

These kindnesses touched me to the quick. And perhaps it is best that they did so. Who does not know from experience the physical efficacy of tears? At the proper time and place, nothing is so entirely satisfactory as "a good cry." It may be nothing to boast of—and I am not boasting of it,—but the fact is that scarcely a day passed during the seven or eight hundred days of my absence from home without my having shed a few tears. I may add that I was not in the least proud of my accomplishment, for I did not think it manly; but was, on the contrary, quite ashamed of my lachrymose ability, and wished I had more self-control.

It was not my custom to stand tearfully upon the street corners, nor to bewail in public places, nor sob where sobs might awaken sympathy; nor was my voice ever heard in lamentations if I could help it. But sometimes I was overcome when I could not disguise the fact; and I was coddled and caressed as if I had been a babe, and a forlorn and abandoned foundling to boot. My plight—it was called *a plight* by my consolers—was often commented on, and more than once was the occasion of small indignation meetings, which, however, lacked the fallacious flurry of socialism, and usually adjourned in a mildly bedewed condition that well became the dwellers in that Vale of Tears.

So passed the two weary years at school in "the States." I had not hardened my heart nor "steeled" it nor even accustomed it to the life I was to lead; but I had become indifferent to my surroundings; I had abandoned all hope of return to my far-distant home, and resigned myself to circumstances over which I evidently had no control.

Then it was, and not till then, my Grandfather Freeman came to me one day with a bit of news, which he broke to me with much caution lest I might perish of sudden joy, I suppose. I was to return to California and at once. Not a day was to be lost. And so good-bye to school and schoolmates, and ho for California! That word, which, had it been uttered in season, might, as it were, have raised me from the dead, fell upon ears that were almost listless. I knew that at last I was to return to my home, but I did not seem to care much. Perhaps I did not realize what it meant to me. Perhaps I was stunned. Perhaps it had come too late to arouse fully the heart

that had fainted within me. I can not say. I do not care to reconsider the question now. I know only that the invisible cord that had bound me to that loved and longed-for home — a heartstring — had been stretched too long; it never wholly recovered from that tension; it never again vibrated as of yore to the thrilling, melting strains of "Home, sweet Home!"

(Conclusion next week.)

What He Needed.

THE Chevalier Gerard de Kampis was as proud as he was great. After his splendid castle was completed he gathered together all his friends and neighbors at a fine banquet. When the repast was served each guest, with one exception, arose and complimented the giver of the feast. Their host was the most fortunate man alive—that was the tenor of all the speeches. The silent man waited, but when the others had spoken he arose and said:

"Sir Knight, you are indeed fortunate, but you lack one thing."—"And that?" inquired the Chevalier.—"One of your doors should be walled up." The guests laughed, and Sir Gerard himself began to fancy that the speaker was mad. "Which door?" he asked, as if to humor him.—"That one through which your body will be carried when they bear you to your grave," was the reply.

A chill fell upon the assembly. Men set down their wine cups and turned pale. Then, one by one, they excused themselves and departed.

Sir Gerard changed his life. He walled up no door, but he lived after that banquet in such a holy way that when the time came for him to be borne from his grand castle he left a record behind him of which any man might well be proud.

Notes and Remarks.

Centenary celebrations serve one useful purpose—they are the best popularizers of historical knowledge. There is a large class of Americans—usually composed of people that have never injured their health by over-study—who think that free schools are as distinctly Protestant as cushioned pews, and who look sideways at Catholic friends whenever education for the masses is mentioned. These people must have been rudely shocked by a centenary recently solemnized in St. Peter's parish, New York—the hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the first free school of the American metropolis. For the school was established not by a municipality with unlimited capital behind it, nor by any of the wealthy Protestant sects of the city, but by poor Catholic immigrants. St. Peter's is the oldest church in New York, and well deserved a centenary celebration on its own account; but, as Father Lavelle declared in his sermon, "the brightest star in her crown of glory is that a Catholic free school was established here one hundred years ago." The celebration in New York has helped to popularize a bit of local history and to show how unwarranted is the assertion that the Church is opposed to the education of the masses.

It is always painful to find evidence of narrowness and bigotry in a Catholic publication. A broad, generous, kindly spirit ought to pervade everything and everybody that aims to represent the Church. A writer whose disposition is to pass over what is good in men and books and systems and to fasten on what he considers evil ought to put aside his pen until he has imbibed a different spirit. His services can well be dispensed with meantime. Think of

a Catholic editor so uncatholic as to object to our quoting a really excellent thought from Charles F. Goss on the ground that he is a Presbyterian minister, "a most subtle exponent of the 'new theology' of Ritschl, which is gradually undermining and displacing the old truths of the Presbyterian creed." We are advised to quote from different sources in future, and thus put a stop to what is characterized as *an abuse!*

Now, let us give a little piece of advice in return. Get out of the smoky hollow in which your city lies buried, dear brother. Hie to the broad prairies for a while and stretch your mind. Or ascend some mountain top and look upward and around. For a mental tonic there is nothing like it. Don't hurry down! The change will do you good—improve your digestion, enlarge your heart, and broaden your mind.

As an illustration of the inability of appreciating the Catholic point of view on the part of those outside the Church, the Rev. W. H. Kent, O. S. C., in an article contributed to the current *Dublin Review*, quotes some interesting words of Robert Louis Stevenson. This charming writer had observed in some Catholic church a notice, placarded by the Association of the Living Rosary, that "indulgences, plenary and partial, follow on the performance of the duties of the Association." After making a few of the usual Protestant remarks about indulgences, he proceeds as follows:

I can not help wondering, as I transcribe these notes, whether a Protestant born and bred is in a fit state to understand these signs and do them what justice they deserve; and I can not help answering that he is not. They can not look so merely ugly and mean to the faithful as they do to me. I see that as clearly as a proposition in Euclid. For these believers are neither weak nor wicked. They can put up their tablet commending St. Joseph for his dispatch, as if he were still a village carpenter; they can "recite the required *dizaine*," and metaphorically pocket the indulgences as if they had done a job for heaven; and then they can go out and look down unabashed upon this wonderful river flowing by, and up without confusion at the pin-point stars, which are themselves great worlds full of flowing rivers greater than the Oise. I see it as plainly, I say, as a proposition in Euclid, that my Protestant mind has missed the point, and that there goes with these deformities some higher and more religious spirit than I dream.

Father Kent's comment on these words is worth quoting. He writes:

It never occurs to Mr. Stevenson to question whether, after all, these things *are* "deformities"; whether the "ugly and mean" appearance of which he speaks does not arise from his own rather supercilious attitude. No: he has a "Protestant mind"; that is to him a sufficient explanation, and we get no other.... And for this we must admit a certain excuse. 'The teaching of the Church is an organic whole. Derange one part and another suffers. To take, therefore, a certain doctrine and isolate it, and then to try to understand it without knowing other doctrines, and without knowing the principle that binds all doctrine together, is like taking a sentence out of a book and trying to understand it without knowing the context. A doctrine, like a sentence, may be (and of course is) perfectly true and intelligible in its context, but extremely misleading when taken by itself. The teaching of the Church, again, which has been elaborated and worked over by generations of scholars and theologians, is hardly likely to be upset by the crude criticism of amateurs outside. If it is to be attacked with any success it must be attacked on first principles.

An honest Indian agent seems to be a pure idealization,—this is one of the points on which white men and red agree. It is so easy and so safe to beguile the child of the forest! But sometimes even Indian agents make mistakes and choose the wrong victims. A recent dispatch from Washington announced that Agent Getchel, of Devil's Lake Agency, South Dakota, had laid before the Department of the Interior a report charging the priests of the district with neglect of the small-pox quarantine in places where the epidemic raged. Here was a distinct accusation of insubordination amounting to a criminal charge. Bishop Shanley, of Fargo, in a note to the press, requested the public to suspend judgment pending

an investigation, and in due time discovered that the Agent's report was based upon hearsay evidence, collected from hostile sources and utterly without foundation. Mr. Getchel's letter to Bishop Shanley seems to indicate no religious bias, but it is hard to know what to say of the competence of a government official who collects old women's tales and bundles them off to Washington as a government report—especially when the report injuriously affects men whom the whole world must admire. As Bishop Shanley said in a public letter: "The life of the Indian missionary is full of great hardships. The men who devote themselves to that life are heroes, worthy of the highest praise. The shafts of calumny should not be aimed at them."

Among the many international congresses held during the past few months, a notable one was that on medical ethics, whose deliberations were carried on in Paris. One point insisted upon was that medicine is an honorable profession, not merely a money-making business; and that abnegation and charity should characterize the practice of a Christian physician. Two eminent examples of such virtues among French doctors were cited by Professor Lereboullet, who presided over the congress: the illustrious Recamier, who never accepted fees from the poor, and who used, between visits, to say his Beads for the intention of the patient whom he had just left and of him to whom he was going; and Dr. Cruveilhier, of whose generosity and charity a charming instance was given.

Having attended a poor woman for a month, Dr. Cruveilhier noticed that her husband, a poorly paid clerk, was growing uneasy at the thought of the doctor's bill. To relieve the man of his embarrassment without humiliating him, the good doctor had recourse to an expedient as delicate as it was generous. Noticing on the table an Algerian cloth worth perhaps three dollars, he exclaimed: "What a splendid table-cover that is! What a *superb* cloth!"—"Why, Doctor," said the man, "if you would like to have it—" The physician interrupted: "Like to have it! Of course I'd like to have it. Now, look here: you owe me forty dollars for my visits and your table-cloth is worth sixty. Here are twenty dollars: I take the cloth, and so we are square."

When sectarian missionaries write about Catholic missionaries the reader expects the usual thing, and is seldom disappointed. No sooner did news of the Boxer movement reach this country, for instance, than a multitude of reverend ladies and gentlemen publicly declared the uprising to have been due to the political aggressiveness of the Catholic missionaries. This sort of thing does the priests so little harm and seems to do the preachers so much good that one is not disposed to think about it seriously. It happens, however, that two unbiased writers of great authority have lately expressed a very different opinion. Herr von Brandt, in the *Deutsche Revue*, lays the chief responsibility for the uprising on the sectarian missionaries themselves. "The employment of unmarried women and young girls," and the spectacle of unmarried young people living and working and journeying together in public and private, are grievous scandals to the Celestials, whose notion of woman's sphere is so "old-fashioned." "The pure-minded may despise such misunderstanding; but in many cases it had more to do with the anti-missionary feeling in China than even the most bitter national enmity or any theologic difficulties." It is curious that the lamented Max Müller mentions this very

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thing in his article in the *Ninteenth Century:* "The European missions would send out not only married but unmarried ladies; and persisted in doing so, though warned by those who knew China that the Chinese recognized in public life only two classes of women: married women and single women of bad character. What good results could the missions expect from the missionary labors of persons so despised by the Chinese?"

Mr. Booker T. Washington, the recognized leader of the colored people of our country, uttered some notable thoughts before the Boston reading circle that bears the name of John Boyle O'Reilly. The Negro, he remarked, is numerically strong—there are eight millions of him in the Black Belt alone,—and it is idle to talk of deporting him. "Six hundred Negroes set out together on a recent day from Georgia for Liberia, in far-off Africa; but on the selfsame day six hundred Negro babies were born before breakfast." The black brother must be developed where he is found, and his development must be through industrial training. Marvels have already been wrought in some parts of the South through industrial schools: there are white men learning the secrets of scientific agriculture from the Negro, and borrowing money from him, and giving him mortgages on their farms. And hardly less than a miracle is Tuskegee Institute, founded by Mr. Washington to do for others what has been so well done for himself. From the *Pilot's* report of the lecture we quote this interesting passage:

> Mr. Washington rehearsed his dimly remembered infantile years, as a born slave, on a Virginia plantation. Then came that memorable day when, lifted in his mother's arms, he heard Emancipation proclaimed from the portico of the master's house, and his mother whispered, "We are free!" Then another sort of slavery in the mines; a conversation overhead about Hampden Institute and the possibility of education for a Negro; the long, hard tramp to this Mecca; the examination—in sweeping and dusting; the course achieved, the resolution to go down into the darkest South and do for the poorest and meanest of his race what had been done for him; the humble beginnings of Tuskegee Institute in an old disused hen-house; its development as a well-equipped, self-supporting school, with a great industrial department; and, with faculty and students, 1200 people in its shelter.

"There is a great future," says our excellent Boston contemporary, "for the race which in one generation of freedom has produced two such men as Booker T. Washington, the orator, and Paul Laurence Dunbar, the poet." Most true: and we may add that the position which the Negro may some day occupy in the financial life of the nation, if Mr. Washington's plans for the industrial education of the race are carried out, quite staggers the imagination.

Augustine Birrell's reference to Luther in the December *Century* is another illustration of the change which has come over the minds of men regarding the German heresiarch. Mr. Birrell says:

> Henry VIII. and Martin Luther are not ideal sponsors of a new religion: they were both masters of billingsgate and the least saintly of men. At times, in reading Luther, one is drawn to say to him what Herrick so frankly says of himself:
>
> Luther, thou art too coarse to love.
>
> Had Luther been a brave soldier of fortune, his coarseness might have passed for a sign of the times; but one likes leaders of religion to be religious; and it is hard to reconcile coarseness and self-will, two leading notes of Luther's character, with even rudimentary religion. To want to be your own pope is a sign of the heresiarch, not of the Christian.

This sort of history has not yet got into Protestant Sunday-school papers, of course; but it has penetrated almost everywhere else. And Mr. Birrell's reflection that "to want to be your own pope is a sign of the heresiarch, not of the Christian," is very true and very hard on a good many very nice people—including Mr. Birrell—who continue to show the "sign."

Notable New Books.

History of the German People. By Johannes Janssen. Translated from the German by A. M. Cristie. Vols. III. and IV. B. Herder.

Any extended eulogy of Dr. Janssen's great history, after the plaudits which experts in historical lore have unanimously bestowed on it, would be worse than futile. It is lawful, however, to express the deep sense of gratitude which Catholics owe to the translator who has made this monumental work accessible to the millions who speak only the English tongue. The difficulty of giving an accurate rendering of a text when so much may depend on the particular shading of a phrase, and when the original was measured with such scholarly exactitude, appeals even to the inexperienced reader; and the industry and genius required for the work are second only to those required for the production of the original text. The smoothness as well as the fidelity of this version is a matter on which we heartily congratulate the translator.

We welcome anew the opportunity of reminding Catholics that Janssen's history ought to be procurable in every public library in this country. For the first time a Catholic historian has told the story of the Reformation in Germany in a way which scholars of all shades of belief acknowledge to be masterly and conclusive. In Janssen the old Luther myths receive their death-blow; that wonderfully dramatic period which has transformed the face of Western civilization—for better in a few things, for worse in most things—is reconstructed and made contemporary with us; the Reformation is seen to have been chiefly a social movement, and the essential contentions of Catholic scholars for almost four centuries are found to be valid. If Janssen could be read of the people—and it rests with enlightened Catholics to say whether he shall or no,—the old Protestant controversy would indeed lose its meaning, and the road would be paved for that homeward march of the nations of which the omens are so many and so blessed.

Death Jewels. By Percy Fitzgerald. Burns & Oates; Benziger Bros.

Uniform in binding with "Jewels of the Mass" and "Eucharistic Jewels" is this latest book of Percy Fitzgerald's, reprinted from THE AVE MARIA. These jewels, or thoughts, are strung on the slightest of threads, and yet each one has so many facets that it must serve as subject for serious meditation. The author brings quaint bits of worldly wisdom into the same decade of thoughts with perfectly cut gems of doctrine; and as one reads and ponders, the nearness of death, its inevitableness, and the necessity of preparing for it, press upon mind and heart; and our daily petition, "Pray for us now and at the hour of our death," has a new significance There is a sense of reality about the examples cited by Mr. Fitzgerald, that brings the thoughts home to us; for the death of Mr. Faure, the President of the French Republic, the fire at the Paris Bazaar, and the loss of the Guernsey packet with its load of excursionists, are within the shortest memory, and serve to accentuate the words of Scripture: "At what hour you think not the Son of Man will come."

The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. By Henry Harland. John Lane.

An altogether delightful story of a Cardinal, an Englishman, and a Duchess. The Duchess is the most charming of heroines; the Englishman is a Protestant author as attractive as the Duchess; and the Cardinal is what the Protestant Englishman calls him, "a heavenly old man." The leading actors—and among them we must include Mrs. O'Donovan Florence, of whom we would gladly see more—are admirably compounded of seriousness and humor. The humor is everywhere; the seriousness is mainly in the attempt of the Duchess to convert the Protestant Englishman. A bit of dialogue will show how she sets about it:

"I envy you your strength of mind," said he. "But surely, though superstition is a luxury forbidden to Catholics, there are plenty of good Catholics who indulge in it all the same?"

"There are never plenty of *good* Catholics," said she. "You employ a much-abused expression. To profess the Catholic faith, to go to Mass on Sunday, and abstain from meat on Friday,—that is by no means sufficient to constitute a *good* Catholic. To be a *good* Catholic one would have to be a saint, nothing less; and not a mere formal saint either, but a very real saint,—a saint in thought and feeling, as well as in speech and action. Just in so far as one is superstitious, one is a *bad* Catholic. Oh, if the world were populated by *good* Catholics, it would be the Millennium come to pass."

"It would be that if it were populated by good *Christians*, wouldn't it?" asked Peter.

"The terms are interchangeable," she replied sweetly, with a half-comical look of defiance.

"Mercy!" cried he. "Can't a Protestant be a good Christian too?"

"Yes," she said; "because a Protestant can be a Catholic without knowing it."

"Oh—?" he puzzled, frowning.

"It's quite simple," she explained. "You can't be a Christian unless you're a Catholic. But if you believe as much of Christian truth as you've ever had a fair oppor-

tunity of learning, and if you try to live in accordance with Christian morals, you *are* a Catholic, you're a member of the Catholic Church, whether you know it or not. You can't be deprived of your birthright, you see."

"That seems rather broad," said Peter; "and one had always heard that Catholicism was nothing if not narrow."

"How could it be *Catholic* if it were narrow?" asked she. "However, if a Protestant uses his intelligence, and is logical, he'll not remain an unconscious Catholic long. If he studies the matter, and is logical, he'll wish to unite himself to the Church in her visible body. Look at England. See how logic is multiplying converts year by year."

"But it's the glory of Englishmen to be *il*logical," said Peter, with a laugh. "Our capacity for *not* following premises to their logical consequences is the principal source of our national greatness. So the bulk of the English are likely to resist conversion for centuries to come; are they not? And, then, nowadays one is so apt to be an indifferentist in matters of religion; and Catholicism is so exacting. One remains a Protestant from the love of ease."

"And from the desire, on the part of a good many Englishmen at least, to sail in a boat of their own,—not to get mixed up with a lot of foreign publicans and sinners,—no?" she suggested.

"Oh, of course we're insular and we're pharisaical!" admitted Peter.

In the end the Englishman is converted—so good a fellow deserved to be,—but it is the beauty of the Catholic life as personified in the Cardinal, and not anybody's argument, that moves him.

"The Cardinal's Snuff-Box" is one of the great "literary successes" of the day, at which we marvel somewhat; for the tone of it is so sweet and wholesome and Catholic. The ear detects only one jar—on page 250; with this exception, the insight and fidelity with which Mr. Harland has caught and interpreted one phase of Catholic life are astonishing.

Cithara Mea; Poems by the Rev. P. A. Sheehan. Marlier, Callanan & Co.

Father Sheehan's novels have created an audience for this volume of verse; his admirers having often suspected that an author from whose pen flowed such lofty and rhythmic prose must betimes fall under the fine frenzy. Let us say at once that the suspicion was well-founded; for in this dainty volume there is plenty of evidence to show that the creator of "Daddy Dan" is a poet,—a poet in *posse*, perhaps, rather than in *esse*. For some of these verses suffer from opacity, and others limp along with too many or too few feet or with uneven motion,—a surprising thing in an Irish poet. But the poetic temperament is unmistakably present and intense; and the refinement, the scholarly touches, the elevated sentiment, the insight into the heart of things, and the pulsing phrase of Father Sheehan's prose, are present here in Celtic abundance. Lacking technique as it often does, this book of songs is incomparably better worth reading than most of the verse of the day. Some of the themes are sacred and others secular; we find the latter, as a rule, a few shades better and more concrete than the former. As our readers are already familiar with the qualities of Father Sheehan's poetry—not so familiar as they would like to be, however,—we resist the temptation to quote from "Cithara Mea," which well deserves to be read through. The book is admirably published.

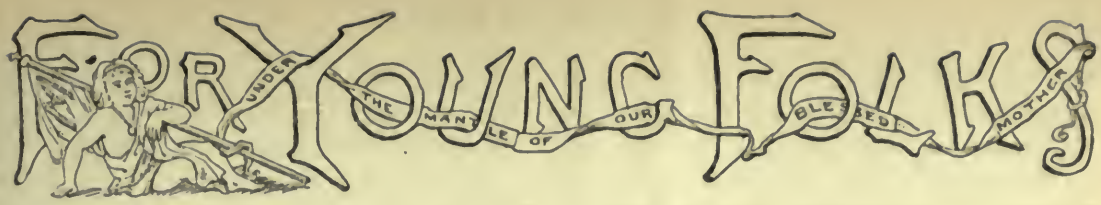
A General History of the Christian Era. By A. Guggenberger, S. J.

The author of this work is the Professor of History in Canisius College, Buffalo; his purpose is to supply a text-book "for Catholic colleges and reading circles and for self-instruction." Three volumes—of which this is Vol. I.—will complete the compendium; and as the third volume was the first to appear, the second alone remains unpublished.

That Father Guggenberger has devoted much hard and conscientious labor to this compendium is at once clear; as is commonly the case with manuals, an equal amount of industry and care would suffice for a much more pretentious work. The need of compression in a book like this is paramount; historical perspective is hard to observe; generalization is a tedious process, and the lack of concreteness is nearly always fatal to the vivacity and readableness of the narrative. But Father Guggenberger seems to have been pretty successful in avoiding these pitfalls, and he has produced a text-book which deserves to rank with Brueck's and other manuals of similar scope. The list of books for consultation and subsidiary reading, at the end of each section, will be valued especially by members of the reading circles and by home students.

Around the Crib. By Henry Perreyve. W. H. Young & Co.

From St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, New York, comes a charming brochure bearing the magic name of Henry Perreyve. That name can never be forgotten by any one who has read the biography of the young priest of God, so lovingly written by his teacher and friend, Père Gratry; hence a double power resides in the stories which go to make up the book. "Octavius" and "Noemi" have to do with the day before and the day after Christ's Nativity, and are filled with the spirit of the Holy Night; the first, "Octavius," is a soul-epic, with its last great chord the name of her through whom Redemption came—Mary.



A Thought for the Holidays.

I WONDER how many children to-day,
Who are housed and warmly clad,
Have thought of the poor who have no home
And whose little lives are sad?

Ah! if you would bring the blessing of God
On your Christmastide, be sure
The very best way is to open your hearts
In gifts for the suffering poor.

Dot and Carrie.

BY CLARA MULHOLLAND.

XI.—A Discovery.

"THAT'S a winning little creature, and no mistake. She just smiled on surly Tom and he became gentle as a lamb," said Mrs. Turner as Carrie disappeared. "I'm sure she's a little mother to you, Miss Dot."

"Caway's a durl, not a mudder!" Dot replied, with a scornful toss of her golden head.

Mrs. Turner laughed heartily.

"What a wise young person and you only about five! But she's good to you, dearie, and I am sure you love her very much?"

"Ess, she's dood. And I do love her. Will she soon be back adain, Mrs. Turner, please? I want her!"—her lips quivered. "I's lonely."

"Dear bless me! You mustn't cry. I've such nice things to show you. I've a pussy cat and some china sheep; a glass ball with a church inside, and when you shake it, it begins to snow; and I've a clock that says 'cuckoo!' So"—carrying her down a long passage to her own sitting-room—"you must not be lonely, but amuse yourself till Miss Carrie comes back."

"Oo have such a nice house. Are oo rich, rich"—spreading out her little arms—"like that?"

"Lord love you, no! I'm only a servant. This is Lynswood, and I am Lord Raghan's housekeeper."

"Is houseteeper same as housemaid, Mrs. Turner?"

"No, my pet,"—smiling. "Housemaid and housekeeper are quite different. A housekeeper is mistress, in a kind of way, in a big house and looks after the other servants."

"And has nice fings? When I's big"—with decision—"I'll be a houseteeper. I love to live in a boofle grand house. But what a nice puss! I never knew she'd be so nice." And, with a cry of joy, the little girl threw her arms round the great white cat that sat purring happily upon the hearth-rug.

From pussy Dot turned to the china lambs; and then to the glass ball containing the cathedral and the snow. With eager delight she listened to the cuckoo clock; and after a time, having drunk a cup of milk and eaten a piece of cake, her head drooped, her eyelids closed, and she fell fast asleep.

"There!" said Mrs. Turner, laying her on the sofa and covering her with her shawl. "She won't be lonely for a good while. The poor dear's worn out, and the rest will do her good. By the time the tea is ready and the children are here, she'll wake up, as the saying is, as bright as a button."

And, with a long admiring look at the sleeping child, Mrs. Turner opened the door softly and stole out.

Having interviewed the cook and

visited the larder, Mrs. Turner was standing in the morning room talking to Stevens about the laying of the tea-table, when across the lawn she saw Bill and Tom carrying poor little Dickie stretched out upon the door.

"God be praised! they're bringing the boy here!" cried Mrs. Turner. "And why, Stevens, there's Lord Raghan and Mr. Kerr and all the children."

And the housekeeper bustled away in great haste, her good-natured face quite red with excitement.

"I've spoiled the fun—the fairy game and all!" Dickie exclaimed plaintively, as they carried him up the stairs. "But, O papa, I'm suffering so much!"

"I know, dear; but you must be brave now," his father said, pressing the little trembling hand. "Yes, you have spoiled the fun. But the children forgive you; so you must be patient."

"I'll try, papa; and I'm sorry I was naughty. Carrie told me not to go up trees and I went, and—"

"You won't do so again. But see: here comes the doctor. He will make you more comfortable, my little man."

And Mr. Kerr stepped back to make a passage for the doctor, who at that moment came hurrying in.

"They won't want me now," replied Lord Raghan; "and my soul is full of a great longing. I must see that child and know the worst or the best at once. Carrie,"—taking the little girl's hand—"you love Dot and have been a kind friend to her. Come with me. If I am only a stranger to her she will be less frightened if you are with me."

Carrie smiled up into his face.

"Mrs. Turner says she is asleep," she whispered. "We must go softly."

"As softly as you please. One silent peep at her may be enough."

At the door of the housekeeper's room Mrs. Turner drew back a step or two; and Lord Raghan, holding Carrie's hand convulsively within his own, went in. On the sofa lay Dot, her cheeks rosy, breathing peacefully in deep sleep.

As his eyes fell upon the golden-haired darling, Lord Raghan uttered a cry, and, throwing himself upon his knees, sobbed out:

"My Dorothea! my lost child! My God, I thank Thee from my heart!"

And he pressed loving kisses on the softly-rounded cheek.

Dot opened her eyes, looked at him with a puzzled expression, then threw her arms round his neck.

"Papa—my own dear papa! I fought oo were never coming to me adain."

"I was a long time away, pet; but I have come at last."

And, bowing his head, Lord Raghan sobbed aloud.

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Without delay Lord Raghan made Mr. Kerr his agent. The pretty house that went with the post was but a short distance from Lynswood; so, although living with her father, little Dot was not separated from the Kerrs, and spent many hours every day in their company. And as the years rolled by and their childhood passed, the young people still continued to know and love one another dearly; but the truest, firmest friends to the last were Dot and Carrie.

(The End.)

Misery's Pear-Tree.

There used to be current many quaint legends whereby was taught the fact that death was a friend: that, however much we might love this beautiful world, we would think it a calamity if we were never permitted to leave it. Among these stories of our ancestors none is more forcible and to the point than that of Misery and the pear-tree. It appears, at first thought, irreverent to make our Blessed Lord one of the

actors in these queer little parables; but times and manners were once different from our own, and it is evident that no irreverence was intended.

Misery was a very poor woman, whose sole possession was a pear-tree; and the fruit it bore, her only means of getting a living. Now, it chanced that Our Lord was walking about the earth seeking food and shelter, and there was no one to entertain Him. At last He knocked at Misery's door; and she, poor soul, was moved with deepest pity and compassion when she looked upon His rough garments and saw the lines of weariness upon His face.

"Come in!" she said. "All that I have is yours." And she fed Him with food saved for her own supper, and sat up all night while He slept upon her tiny pallet of straw. In the morning He told her that He would give her whatever she asked in return for her hospitality.

"I have only one desire," she said,—"that the naughty boys may let my pear-tree alone; and I beg of you an answer to this wish: that once up in its branches they can not get down unless I am willing."

Her desire was granted. Whoever climbed her tree stayed there forever, unless she invited him down. And so her pears were safe; for the bad boys had no wish for such a lofty home.

At last one day a visitor who comes for all of us called to Misery.

"You must go with me," he said.

"Who are you?"

"I am Death."

"Well, Death, I won't go a step."

"Oh, yes, you will! Everybody goes at one time or another, and this is your time. So come at once."

"But I don't want to go. Please let me off. There are those who will be glad to take my place. I am poor and old and not very well, but I think I like living better than dying."

"You must go," said Death. "There's no getting out of it."

"Very well. But while I am getting ready won't you get up in that nice pear-tree outside and pick yourself a few pears?"

"Gladly," he answered. "I am very fond of pears."

So he quickly climbed into the tree, and Misery called:

"Now stay there until I tell you to come down!"

Death said he didn't mind staying there very much; and Misery thought: "What a great and blessed thing I have done for the world! Everyone can be happy now."

But, somehow, things didn't turn out that way. People grew old and feeble and wanted to die. The undertakers and gravediggers had very little to do, and many who were waiting for their relatives' money became very impatient. Worst of all, the world got so crowded that there was not enough to eat. At last there was a great riot, and angry crowds battered at Misery's door and begged her to let Death down from the tree.

Now, Misery, though she had such a sad name, was really a tender-hearted woman; and she felt sorry for all the people to whom her act had brought such suffering.

"I meant it for your good," she said; "but I see my mistake. And if Death will never come after me, I will let him loose again."

At that Death, who had grown very tired of pears and very sorrowful to see what a state mankind was in, gladly agreed to her condition.

"I will never come for Misery," he said. "She shall stay in the world."

"And that is the reason," the old legend invariably concluded, "that we have Misery always with us."

Royal Pupils.

The young King of Spain has no favor shown him in the schoolroom. In fact, he has to study rather harder than if he were just a common boy; for kings, to rule well, must learn many things. He has often winced under the long list of studies, and has told his teachers many times that he would willingly be something less than a king if he could omit some of them.

Recently he was walking with one of his instructors, and they chanced to see some heavy pieces of ordnance. The King was much interested in them and questioned his tutor concerning their mechanism and use at long distance. After the professor had explained this, he concluded by saying:

"Any good artillery officer is sure to understand all about ordnance. It is merely knowing trigonometry, and—"

"And shall I learn trigonometry and the other things?" interrupted the King.

"Certainly. There is no royal road to learning."

"Oh, I am so glad!" exclaimed the little King.

"What does your Majesty mean?" asked the tutor, in surprise.

"I mean just this," replied Alfonso. "Kings have to do things in the hardest, most disagreeable way; so I was afraid there was some royal way of learning gunnery. And if there was I'd have to learn it that way."

So you see that the life of a king is not always a happy one.

In connection with this story it may not be amiss to tell you of something that befell the present Prince of Wales when he was a boy at the University of Edinburgh. He was one of the pupils of the celebrated Lord Playfair, and one day the two were standing together near a caldron containing lead boiling at a white heat.

"Has your Royal Highness any faith in science?" asked Playfair.

"Certainly," was the answer.

"Then kindly wash your hands in ammonia," said the great scientist.

This the Prince did.

"Now," said Playfair, "will you thrust your hand in this boiling metal and throw out a portion of it?"

"Do you tell me to do this?"

"I do."

The Prince instantly did as he was instructed, throwing out the boiling lead with his bare hand, which remained entirely uninjured.

There is nothing at all strange about this circumstance to one who knows the secrets of science. If the human hand is perfectly free from dirt and grease, the moisture of the skin will protect it if it be thrust into lead heated to a white heat. We would not, however, advise any one to try the experiment; for if the temperature should be somewhat less, the venturesome one would not come off as well as the trusting Prince of Wales.

A Scared Lion.

Those who have a dread of being run over by a bicycle will not be astonished to learn that this swiftly-moving wheel can strike terror to the heart of the bravest beast. Mr. Lloyd, the traveller, tells us that once he was wheeling along a narrow road in Africa when he saw, just ahead, a big lion facing him and ready for a spring. On one side of him was a steep, rocky hill; on the other a deep ravine. Either way lay death. There was nothing to do but to go ahead, and that he did. He rang his bell, set up a shout and worked the pedals with all his might. The lion emitted a yell of fright and started for the jungle; and Mr. Lloyd slackened his pace and pursued his way.

With Authors and Publishers.

—Still another new novel by Katharine Tynan Hinkson has just appeared. It bears the fanciful title, "A Daughter of the Fields."

—We give praise to *St. Michael's Almanac*, published by the Society of the Divine Word. It contains a large amount of good reading and many interesting pictures.

—Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman's "American Anthology," so eagerly awaited by lovers of good poetry, has at last been published. It is a companion volume to "A Victorian Anthology," which appeared in 1895. The two books are uniform in shape, design, and editorial detail.

—A popular magazinist declares that it is "a well-established fact that the intelligence is keener and the mental faculties more active during the warmer season of the year." In support of his theory he cites the testimony of Lombroso, who found by careful statistics that "the majority of a representative selection of works of genius were conceived in spring and summer." Football, however, flourishes most during the winter season; hence our colleges select the summer months—which, according to the new theory, are fit only for study—for their vacation.

—New books of devotion appear every week. They may be classed as good, bad and indifferent, or practical, useless and unintelligible. Most of them require no notice from us. We like "The Practical Catholic in His Church and Home Life," a devotional guide in German, because it is by Father Hammer, O. F. M.; and we feel sure that secular Tertiaries of the Third Order of St. Dominic will be pleased with "The Daily Manual" prepared for their use by the Very Rev. Father Procter, O. P. It is neatly published by Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

—President Harper, of the University of Chicago, has made a pamphlet of his address on "The Prospects of the Small College," which educators will find viewy and interesting. Compressed into briefest space, the thesis of Dr. Harper is that the small college will continue to exist in diminished numbers, some ascending to a pitch of better equipment, others falling into the status of academies; that high schools will advance into the place of these latter, and that the entire educational system of our country will gain in symmetry and effectiveness in the transaction. Dr. Harper's address is of importance chiefly to college professors; but in a casual way he drops remarks which may, without his intending it, convince Catholic parents that their boys ought to be sent to Catholic colleges. The University of Chicago Press.

—To the series of biographies of the great French authors—the series really amounts to a history of France—Prof. Emile Boutnoux, of the Sorbonne, has contributed a masterly volume on Pascal.

—It has been discovered that a Chinese poem written about 100 B. C. bears a curious resemblance to Poe's "Raven," a poem that has always been regarded as especially original both in form and spirit.

—The Archbishop of Melbourne has been prevailed upon to publish in pamphlet form the series of articles on "The Morality of Medical Practice" contributed by him to *The Austral Light*. The articles are really an amplified review of a volume by Father Coppens, S. J., bearing the same title. Physicians and nurses can not ignore the matters here treated without criminality; and married people who seek to evade the duties of their state of life have need of just such a statement of those duties as the Archbishop has here very plainly, and withal very delicately, made. Benziger Bros.

—A book on Murillo has been added to the McBride Art Series. In order to render these books valuable as aids to art work, we think there should be fuller suggestions to the pupil. The pictures, too, might be printed better than they are and more appropriate mottoes chosen for them. "How little makes glad the hearts of God's children!" for instance, is hardly the thing to print under the familiar picture of two boys gorging themselves with fruit. The basketful at their feet recalls the quaint saying of Hiram Maxwell: "I have got only one way of tellin' when I've enough. I allus eats till it hurts me, then I stops while the pain lasts."

—Feeling sure that many persons who read the admirable discourse delivered by the Bishop of Peoria on occasion of the hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the Society of the Sacred Heart would wish to have it in separate form, we have republished "The Victory of Love" in a *brochure* of 62 pages. The Catholic Church as an organization to keep pure religious faith alive and active; the divine enthusiasm she inspires; what she has done for woman, and what, in return,

women, especially the army of consecrated virgins, have done and are doing for the cause of Christ, the work of the Society of the Sacred Heart in particular,—all this is eloquently set forth in Bishop Spalding's powerful, persuasive, informing and inspiriting discourse, which ought to find many readers everywhere.

—Maurice Francis Egan's essay on "The Ebb and Flow of Romance," published in the *Catholic University Bulletin*, has been reissued as a pamphlet. We quote a characteristic paragraph:

In English-speaking countries, the scientific realistic movement has spent its force. Reverence and mysticism are coming into vogue again, and with them the romance. A man who does not to-day assume that he would like to believe if he could is as much out of the fashion as the man who doubted Spencer or Huxley twenty-five years ago. And the more you believe, the more you are in the current of the stream. It is the old motion of the pendulum. Therefore the romance is king. Poetry is even coming into vogue; the poets are struggling out of their twilight, and it will soon be day for them. Everybody who is rich looks around for ideals, and everybody who is not rich hopes to acquire some as soon as he can afford to keep them.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. *Henry Harland.* $1.50.

Death Jewels. *Percy Fitzgerald.* 70 cts.

History of the German People. Vols. III. and IV. *Johannes Janssen.* $6.25, *net.*

Around the Crib. *Henry Perreyve.* 50 cts.

A General History of the Christian Era. *A. Guggenberger, S. J.* $1.50.

Cithara Mea. *Rev. P. A. Sheehan.* $1.25.

A Troubled Heart, and how It was Comforted at Last. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* 75 cts.

The Rulers of the South; Sicily, Calabria, Malta. *F. Marion Crawford.* 2 vols. $6.

Francis, the Little Poor Man of Assisi. *James Adderley.* $1.25.

The Way of the World and Other Ways. *Katherine E. Conway.* $1.

Handbook to Christian and Ecclesiastical Rome. Three Vols. *H. M. and M. A. R. T.* $10.

The Spiritual Life and Prayer, According to Holy Scripture and Monastic Tradition. $1.75, *net.*

The History of the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ. *Rev. James Groenings, S. J.* $1.25, *net.*

A Priest's Poems. *K. D. B.* $1.25.

Alice of Old Vincennes. *Maurice Thompson.* $1.50.

Education and the Future of Religion. *Bishop Spalding.* 5 cts.

General Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures. *Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S. S.* $2, *net.*

Father Anthony. *Robert Buchanan.* $1.50.

The Soldier of Christ. *Mother Mary Loyola.* $1.35, *net.*

Where is the Church? *Rev. Charles Coupe, S. J.* 40 cts., *net.*

The Autobiography of St. Ignatius Loyola. *J. F. X. O'Conor, S. J.* $1.25, *net.*

The Testament of Ignatius Loyola. *E. M. Rix.* $1, *net.*

Sermons on the Blessed Sacrament. *Scheurer-Lasance.* $1.50, *net.*

A Form of Prayers. *Marquis of Bute.* 45 cts., *net.*

Sanctuary Meditations. *Fr. Baltasar Gracian, S. J.* $1, *net.*

Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption. *W. H. Mallock.* $3.50.

The Flowing Tide. *Madame Belloc.* $1.60, *net.*

A Son of St. Francis. *Lady Amabel Kerr.* $1.

Poor Dear Ann. *The Prig.* 75 cts.

The Bible and its Interpreter. *Rev. P. H. Casey, S. J.* 50 cts.

The Gospel Story. *B. F. C. Costelloe.* $1.60, *net.*

Studies in Church History. Vol. VI. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* $2.50.

Meditations on the Psalms of the Little Office. *Peregrinus.—Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.* 75 cts., *net.*

Currita, Countess of Albornoz. *Luis Coloma.* $1.50.

The Knights of the Cross. Vol. II. *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* $1.

A Journey with the Sun around the World. *Rev. William McMahon.* $2.

St. Jerome. *Father Largent.* $1.

Studies in Poetry. *Thomas O'Hagan, M. A., Ph. D.* $1.

The Church of Christ the Same Forever. *Rev. D. McErlane, S. J.* 50 cts, *net.*

Christian Philosophy — God. *Rev. John T. Driscoll, S. T. L.* $1.25, *net.*

The Heiress of Cronenstein. *Countess Hahn-Hahn.* $1.25.

The Nursing Sister. $1.25.

Jack Hildreth on the Nile. *Marion Ames Taggart.* 85 cts.

Holy Mass: A Morning Paradise. *Very Rev. R. O. Kennedy.* 5 cts.



THE BIRTH OF OUR LORD.
(From an old print by P. de Corlonne.)

THE AVE MARIA
A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN
HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

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The Star of Bethlehem.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

A BRIGHT star, a strange star, so wonderful and new,
Clear shining in the wintry sky, deep, deep amid the blue;
Through the hush of midnight beaming,
While a weary world lies dreaming,—
A bright star, a strange star, so wonderful and new!

A clear voice, a clear voice—how sweetly doth it call,
Proclaiming glory unto God and peace and joy to all!
His flight from heaven winging,
I hear an angel singing;
A glad voice, a glad voice—how sweetly doth it call!

And swift feet, and swift feet—how eagerly they run,
Leaving their sheep upon the hills to hasten, every one,
To bow them low before Him,
To welcome and adore Him!—
O swift feet, O swift feet—how eagerly they run!

O white Star, O bright Star, O Star of Bethlehem!
The Mother pure, the Babe new-born—shine softly over them!
Through the frosty midnight beaming,
While all the world is dreaming,—
O white Star, O bright Star, O Star of Bethlehem!

THE evergreens suitable for Christmas decorations are the ivy, laurel, bay, arbor-vitæ, rosemary and holly. The mistletoe is excluded on account of its use in the religious ceremonies of the Druids. The holly has always held chief place of honor, and long before the birth of Our Lord the ancients used it as an emblem of the life which survived through the desolation of winter.

Mary in the Calendar.

BY DOM COLUMBA EDMONDS, O. S. B.

OUR LADY AT CHRISTMAS.



THE Roman Missal, the safest guide in all matters of devotion, again reminds the faithful that the first solemn Mass of Christmas is officially celebrated in the great Church of Our Lady which stands majestically in the midst of the Eternal City. This basilica is, in a way, the Bethlehem of the Latin Church; for it possesses within its walls the very manger in which the Infant Jesus was laid. The choice of this stational church for the Mass at midnight is a key to the rest of the Christmas liturgy; for it may be truly asserted that one of the chief characteristics of the whole of the public offices during Christmastide is the special honor shown to the Virgin Immaculate, through whom a fallen world received its Redeemer.

The custom of celebrating a special day in memory of Christ's Nativity is one which dates from the earliest ages of Christianity. From primitive times the Eastern Church solemnized the birthday of our Blessed Lord on January 6. Rome, however, with never-failing constancy, has always celebrated this event on the 25th of December. Dom Swithbert Bäumer, O. S. B., is of opinion that Christmas must have

been instituted in Rome some time after the year 243.*

Hippolytus may be cited as one of the earliest authorities in favor of the 25th of December. He lived in Rome during the first half of the third century, and must have had the best opportunities of learning the primitive traditions of the "mother and mistress of all churches." In a recently discovered commentary of his, on the Book of Daniel, quoted by Mgr. Duchesne, the date when Christ was born is set down as the 25th of December. A Roman calendar of the early part of the fourth century also inscribes the 25th of December as the Birthday of Christ.†

These facts suggest the existence of a very early Roman tradition on the point; and it has been maintained, not without some show of plausibility, that this tradition rests for its accuracy on the fact that in Rome were preserved the archives of the Empire, from which it would be possible to ascertain the true date when Christ was born. Tertullian is said to be an authority for stating that the Jewish archives were kept in Rome; and Pope Julius II. (A. D. 341) is accredited with having caused investigations to be made whereby the true date was established.‡

The "Apostolic Constitutions," a work dating from the third or fourth century, lays down this ordinance, which strengthens the tradition of the Roman Church: "Observe the days of the festivals, brethren, and in the first place the Nativity; and let this be celebrated by you on the twenty-fifth day of the ninth month."§

Pagan Rome also kept festival on the 25th of December. It was the *Natalis Invicti* (solis), the birthday of the sun; and the suggestion has been made that this influenced the Church in fixing Christmas on the same day. Be this as it may, one can not fail to see a striking parallel between the day of the winter solstice, when the sun is, as it were, born anew, and the *Sol Justitiæ*, the Sun of Justice, who was believed by the Roman Christians to have arisen for the first time upon the world on that day.*

The Feast of Christmas, then, must be regarded as essentially a feast of the Latin Church. Its institution dates from Rome about the end of the third century. From Rome it found its way into the East. When St. John Chrysostom was preaching to his people at Antioch in the year 386, he told them that Christmas had been introduced into that city only ten years before. These are his words: "We have received this date [December 25] from those who have an accurate knowledge of these things, and who inhabit that city [Rome]. For they who dwell there have observed it from the beginning, according to an ancient tradition; and they themselves have sent us certain information concerning it."†

On the other hand, the Greeks celebrated on the 6th of January a feast analogous to the Roman Christmas, but probably still older. It was called in Greek *Epiphania*, and commemorated not only Our Lord's birth but also His manifestation to the Wise Men and His baptism in the Jordan. Clement of Alexandria (A. D. 216) mentions the Vigil of the festival; and St. Silvia in her wonderful pilgrimage (A. D. 385) describes its celebration in the city of Jerusalem.‡

Just as Christmas was introduced from Rome into the East, so the Epiphany

* "Geschichte des Breviers."

† "Origines du Culte Chrétien," p. 247, Duchesne.

‡ Christian Antiq., Smith.

§ Apost. Const., Lib. v, 13. As the New Year was reckoned to begin after March 25, December would be the ninth month.

* Duchesne, Orig. Culte C., p. 250.

† Serm. in Nativ., vol. ii, p. 352; ed. Migne.

‡ Duchesne, Origines, p. 248.

found its way from the East into the West. This was accomplished at an early date; for we find the Council of Saragossa (A. D. 380) making mention of the Epiphany as being then a great festival in Spain.

Some time during the fourth century both feasts were universally accepted throughout Eastern and Western Christendom, except by the Armenians. The great result of this mutual acceptance was that Christmas became entirely devoted to honoring the Nativity, while the Epiphany was reserved for commemorating the manifestation to the Gentiles and the baptism in the Jordan. This still remains the practice of both East and West.*

THE VIGIL.

On the Vigil of Christmas there are special rites deserving of notice. At Lauds jubilant antiphons, sung as on festivals, predict the gladness that will reign on the earth the following morning.

In cathedrals and monastic churches, where the Divine Office is celebrated every day, it is usual to announce from the Martyrology, at the end of Prime, a short memorial of the saints and mysteries to be kept on the morrow. On Christmas Eve the announcement of Our Lord's Nativity is made with unwonted solemnity. The priest who makes known the glad tidings wears a cope, and is accompanied by acolytes bearing lights and incense, as for the chanting of the Gospel. After recounting the number of years at the time of Our Lord's birth from the creation of the world and the Deluge, from the birth of Abraham, from the exodus of the Israelites from Egypt, and from the anointing of David; likewise the number of weeks of Daniel's prophecy, and the number of the Olympiad, together with the date from the foundation of Rome; the cantor, in a tone similar to that of the Passion, continues: "In the forty-second year of the Empire of Octavian Augustus, whilst all the world was in peace, Jesus Christ, the Eternal God and Son of the Eternal Father, wishing to sanctify the world by His most gracious coming, nine months after He had been conceived by the Holy Ghost, was born of the Virgin Mary in Bethlehem of Juda, and was made man." At these words all present kneel or prostrate, out of reverence for so great a mystery.

In early times Christians prepared for the greater festivals by spending the previous night in watching and prayer; this is implied in the very word *vigil*. In course of time these vigils fell into disuse, and the name is now applied to the day instead of the night preceding the feast. On account of the midnight hour, when Christ was born, this ancient form of keeping vigil has survived at Christmas. The Office of Matins, which terminates at midnight, is extremely beautiful; four, at least, of the responsories are composed in honor of the Blessed Mother of God.

THE THREE MASSES.

One special feature of Christmas is the celebration of three different Masses. These Masses are arranged in the Missal for the hours of midnight, dawn, and daytime, respectively. This custom of celebrating more than one Mass on the same day by the same priest was formerly not unknown at certain other great festivals, such as January 1, Holy Thursday, and St. John Baptist.

The first Mass at midnight is part of the service which goes to make up the great Vigil. In early times, as now, Mass was offered up on Christmas night in the church at Bethlehem, another Mass being celebrated at Jerusalem in the daytime. The faithful returned to the Holy City in procession. The night Mass

* Ibid.

of Christmas was apparently introduced into Rome during the fifth century, probably from a desire to imitate the Church of Jerusalem.* The second Mass is certainly Roman in origin, being the stational Mass of St. Anastasia, a Roman martyr, whose commemoration belongs to the 25th of December. On the site of her house stands a church, in which the Pope used formerly to celebrate the second Mass.

The third Mass is really *the* Mass of the feast. The Introit bursts forth in gladness: "Unto us a Child is born; unto us a Son is given." Marténe, in his works on ancient rites, gives many interesting details of the splendor with which our ancestors in the faith celebrated this Mass, and the procession which preceded it. In monastic churches, at the procession all the monks were vested in copes; crosses, lights and censers were carried by acolytes; seven deacons and seven subdeacons were the bearers of relics or jewelled Books of the Gospels. Arrived in the choir, the chanters sang with a fivefold repetition the words of the majestic Introit quoted above.

The antiphons of the Office of Lauds deserve, at least, a passing notice. The first forms a dialogue, and in many churches during the Middle Ages was dramatized; the cantor chanted the opening words: "Whom have ye seen, O shepherds? Say, tell us who is it has appeared on the earth?"—A choir of choristers standing before the altar, with staves in their hands to represent shepherds, answered: "We have seen the Child that is born, and choirs of angels praising the Lord, alleluia! alleluia!"† The second antiphon is regarded as expressing the fulfilment of the Church's petitions then addressed to God: "The Mother hath brought forth the King, whose name is the Eternal; she hath both a mother's joy and a virgin's privilege; not one hath ever been like to her, or ever shall be, alleluia!"

The dignified and beautiful hymn at Lauds, full of allusions to the divine maternity of Mary, is from the pen of Sedulius, a Christian poet of the fifth century.*

Just as in Advent Our Lady's commemoration was made at Mass on all days not impeded by a double feast, so it is during Christmastide. At Lauds and Vespers, on the same occasions, the suffrage of the Blessed Virgin Mary proclaims her divine maternity as well as her inviolate virginity.

In this series of articles it has been the attempt of the writer to show that our Blessed Lady is a constant theme of liturgical praise throughout the entire ecclesiastical year. She is honored on New Year's Day as Mother of God, and the close of the year still finds her venerated under the same most glorious title. May the celebration of her festivals year by year, and those of her Divine Son, teach us all to have a more deep and more true conception of her place in the plan of salvation,—that great work first proclaimed on earth when the Archangel Gabriel saluted Mary with *"Ave Maria!"*

* Duchesne, Origines, p. 478.
† De Antiq. Eccl. Discip., c. xii.

* Hymnology, Julian.

GREAT minds are commonly humble ones; for humility is, after all, but a clear, comprehensive view of the gulf that divides self, as we are supposed to see it—as the Christian or even the philosopher sees it—from the ideal self that we are aiming at. The grandest minds are apt to realize this best, as the finest natures are sure to suffer most from the sense of failure, in virtue of their finer sympathies and higher aspirations.—*Kathleen O'Meara.*

The Defection of Timothy Bresnahan.

BY SARAH FRANCES ASHBURTON.

I.

THE house of Timothy Bresnahan was the neatest and prettiest in the little sea-side village where the inhabitants made sometimes a precarious and sometimes a plentiful living by renting rooms to tourists in summer, depending on the oyster beds for subsistence in winter. Timothy's wife Mary was the neatest and prettiest Irishwoman who sat in her own pew in St. Michael's every Sunday morning, and often on weekdays as well. Timothy himself — middle-aged, tall, grey, and gaunt of limb — was as good a Catholic as his wife, respected by his neighbors and liked by everyone who knew him.

Father Duniston, the young priest who had come to Sea View direct from the seminary, and was assigned to that small, insignificant place because of his delicate health, soon began, like his predecessor, to regard Timothy as his right-hand man. He was sexton, grave-digger, gardener, and factotum of every kind. He had a faculty for all sorts of mechanical work, even to the tasteful frescoing of the sanctuary walls and the regilding of tarnished candlesticks; and there was seldom a week in which the priest and his helper could not be seen planning some improvement to church, house or garden. They were most devoted friends. The young priest was quick to recognize the fund of good sense, natural intelligence, and mechanical ingenuity of his assistant; while he could not but sincerely admire his deep and unobtrusive piety. On the other hand, Timothy became warmly attached to the gentle priest.

"To see him at the altar sayin' Mass is to behold a saint from heaven above," he said to his wife, who shared her husband's admiration for their pastor. "If he only walks about the garden sayin' his beads, 'tis as good as a prayer to watch him. There's not a word nor an act nor a smile of him that doesn't seem like it's an offerin' from his heart to Almighty God."

"It's the truth you're sayin'," Mary answered. "I'm often fearin' he's not long for this world, he's so very good. God often calls the likes of him early out of pain and sorrow."

"Don't be thinkin' the like," Timothy would say, with ill-concealed irritation. "Such as he is needed, and badly needed; the Lord preserve him to us! 'Tis the pictures of St. Aloysius he reminds me of,—so holy and pure-lookin' he is."

"He's more like Francis Xavier," said Mary. "Do you mind that picture in the Jesuits' church in the city?"

"I do, and it's the very image of him," answered Timothy. "He'd make a fine missionary, so he would; but he'll never have the health for it."

It chanced, one evening in October, that Timothy went in to "the city" with a load of oysters. The consignee whom he had expected to meet was absent when he arrived, which fact necessitated his spending that night away from home. As he entered the yard early next morning, his wife was throwing open the shutters.

"You are home betimes, Tim dear," she said by way of greeting. "You must have made an early start."

"I did," he slowly responded, as he unharnessed the horse. "And it's sorry I am that I didn't get out of it before night fell, Mary."

"And why so?" she asked anxiously. "What went wrong?"

"No matter," he said. "I'm safe and sound, and that's enough."

She made no further remark, being a

discreet woman. There was something in Timothy's tone which forbade further questioning. They went in to breakfast, but he was still silent. All that day, between intervals of doing necessary chores, he sat on a bench outside the kitchen door with his head in his hands.

"Are you ailin' any way?" asked his wife toward evening, as Timothy still preserved the same attitude.

"No; but my heart is sore, Mary," he replied in a tone that implied great suffering of some kind.

"What is it, Tim. Won't you tell me what has happened?" she continued, sitting down beside him.

"I can't tell you, Mary,—I *can't!*" he answered, fiercely. "'Twould help no one, and it would be a great sin."

"A great sin!" she exclaimed. "Are you losin' your senses, man?"

"Maybe I am," he rejoined, rising to his feet and stretching himself to his full length with a groan. He turned away and she questioned him no further.

The next day was Saturday, when he was always busy about the church. Usually he took his breakfast very early and did not return to the house after Mass until his work was done. But to-day he slept later than usual.

"Aren't you goin' to Mass the day?" asked Mary, as he sat down at the table.

"No," he replied sharply, "I'm not goin' to Mass."

She saw him walking slowly across the fields a few moments later, in a dejected attitude which troubled her.

Father Duniston also found Timothy gloomy and silent; and, after several vain efforts to restore his customary cheerfulness, left him to himself. But the good priest was puzzled. Timothy had always been so uniformly happy and even in temper that he could not easily understand this moody reticence. But there were new surprises in store next morning, which was Sunday.

"I'm not goin' to church, Mary," said Timothy to his wife as she laid out her bonnet and mantle.

"Not goin' to Mass!" she exclaimed. "Are you sick, Tim?"

"No: I'm as well as ever I was in my life," he responded; "but I can't go to Mass in Sea View as long as—as long as—what was I sayin'? If I don't go here I'll not go anywhere. God forgive me, I'll not go anywhere!"

She remonstrated with him, but he would not hearken. Poor Mary had never prayed so fervently in her life as she did that morning. When Mass was over she hurried home, unable to meet the questioning of her neighbors, who must have missed Timothy from his accustomed place. When she reached the house dinner was all prepared, but very little of it was eaten.

After Vespers Mary sought Father Duniston in the vestry, and told him of Tim's strange behavior. He was at a loss to understand it, but advised her to be of good cheer, saying he would speak to her husband in the morning. Soon after breakfast he sauntered over to the house, wondering how best to find out what was troubling his good friend; but he had hardly reached the gate before Timothy, who was sitting under a tree near the walk, arose and accosted him.

"Good-mornin', sir!" said Timothy, touching his old brown hat with great respect. "'Tis no use beatin' about the bush; it's not my way. I know what you've come for as well as if you said it. And you needn't say it. I'm done with Mass and I'm done with priests, and what's happened to me is between myself and Almighty God. That's all I have to say, sir, and good-mornin'!"—turning suddenly from the priest, in whose face he could not have failed to read the pained surprise his words had excited. He strode away with mighty

strides and re-entered the little cottage.

Father Duniston slowly took his way homeward. Mary Bresnahan had seen what occurred from the window, and her fears now assumed a new aspect. Her husband must be going mad. Such an apprehension also crossed the mind of the priest. His dismissal had been final. He wondered much and prayed more for the misguided man, sincerely hoping that one day he would return to himself again.

Timothy's resolution could not long be concealed from his relatives and neighbors, among whom consternation was great and discussion rife as to the cause of his singular conduct. But, though he grew more thin and gaunt and unhappy-looking every day, he opened not his mouth either in excuse or explanation. The church was as well tended, the priest's garden as well kept, the bell rung as punctually; but Sunday after Sunday passed and Timothy went neither to Mass nor to Vespers.

There were those in the parish who thought Timothy ought to be speedily dismissed from the employ of the priest; but these were the least charitable. The majority considered it but a temporary aberration of mind,—an opinion that was apparently well-grounded; for the poor man seemed to have put aside his natural kindliness, and was becoming morose and averse to the society of those with whom he was wont formerly to mingle in the cheerfulness of common interests and diversions.

About this time Father Duniston also began to look troubled and anxious. The gossips of the village feared his health was growing more delicate; while others shook their heads and sighed, quite ready to believe that his frequent absences from home were due to some change in contemplation by the bishop. They would have been sore distressed to lose him.

II.

Late on the evening of the 21st of December Father Duniston knocked at the door of Timothy's cottage. The old man responded; stiffening, after a brief salutation, into a mental attitude of dignity, which betrayed itself in his face. For the first time it flashed across the mind of the priest that perhaps it was some imaginary offence of his own which had so transformed his friend. But he had no time to consider the subject in this new aspect at present: the need of the moment was urgent and must be met at once.

"Timothy," he began, without taking the chair which his host put forward, "you can do me a great service, if you will. I know of no one to whom I could safely confide its commission but yourself, because you are perfectly fit for it in every way, and I can trust you fully. Are you willing to oblige me?"

"Yes, sir, I am," answered Timothy, after a considerable pause. "You have done many favors for me and mine."

The priest sat down, motioning to the old man to take another chair, and to close the communicating door between the sitting-room and the dining-room, where Mary was moving about.

"Timothy," he said, "I can give you no greater proof of the confidence I feel in your discretion than by asking you to do this great service for me and explaining fully why it is necessary. I have a twin brother, so like myself in form and feature that our parents could scarcely distinguish one from the other. But, unfortunately, my brother was early led into dissipation and all that accompanies an abandoned life. He had a fine voice, joined an opera company, succumbed to all the temptations which beset such a career, and gradually sunk lower and lower until he joined a variety show. Finally he became insane and was confined in an asylum, from which

he escaped several months ago. They sent me word. I had detectives placed on his track. After a long search they found him and placed him temporarily in the hospital. There he became ill and recovered his reason. You may have remarked my frequent absences of late. Last evening he died, by the great goodness of God very repentant, and I hope forgiven. I want to have him buried at our old home in Delaware. The bishop will be here to-morrow,—there are the Confirmation children to be prepared for Christmas; the diocese is short of priests: I can not go nor ask to go. Timothy, will you take my brother's body to the burying-ground where all his family are lying? Outside of our old home, there is no one but yourself who knows this story,—no bishop, no priest, no friend. Will you do this for me, Timothy?"

While the priest had been speaking the face of the old man had undergone the most extraordinary changes. His mouth and eyes opened wide, large drops of perspiration bedewed his forehead, he grew pale, his lips trembled. As Father Duniston uttered the last words he leaned his elbows on his knees, buried his head in his hands, while groans and sobs convulsed his powerful frame.

"Ah, poor Tim!" thought the priest. "He has a sympathetic, faithful Irish heart, even more tender than I knew."

Timothy suddenly lifted his head and stood erect, roughly dashing great tears from his eyes with either hand.

"I'll go, Father,—I'll go," he said, falling on his knees before the priest. "And I'm cravin' your blessin' before I depart. I need it, God knows,—though I'm not deservin' of it."

As he blessed the old man, Father Duniston felt convinced that Timothy's defection was a thing of the past; realizing at the same moment that for the first time in all these months he had called him "Father" instead of using the aggressive "sir" of his recent strange aloofness.

When Mary heard that her husband was about to go on an errand for the priest, of the nature of which she was not informed, but which would keep him from home several days, she felt no curiosity to learn the particulars, so great was her joy at feeling that Timothy was "comin' to his senses," to use her own characteristic phraseology. "Thank God that you came for him, Father!" she whispered to the priest in the little lobby before his departure. "I *know* now that the backbone of Tim's foolishness is broken." And the priest agreed with her.

It was late on Christmas Eve when Timothy called on Father Duniston, his sorrowful errand accomplished. The priest opened to his well-known knock and ushered him to the parlor, on the other side of the hall from the room in which the bishop lay sleeping. Slowly and without interruption Tim related what had occurred during his absence: the rapid and safe journey to the old home, the kindness of the parish priest and former neighbors and friends, the burial of the prodigal but repentant son beside his father and mother. When he had finished Father Duniston extended his hand.

"I thank you, Tim, for all you have done," he said.

But the old man did not proffer his hand in return.

"Let be, let be, Father!" he said in a tone of great excitement. "I've my own tale to tell. 'Tis a shameful one, and I don't deserve the pardon of God or man. But I'll not sleep till you know it; then you may do what you like."

"I can not believe anything shameful of you, Tim," replied the priest, with a smile. "It was probably some erroneous

idea of yours,—some misunderstanding; and lately I have begun to think I have had something to do with it."

"You had all to do with it, Father,—barrin' what the devil himself had, and he had the most of it. Do you mind the night I went down with the first oysters? 'Twas in early October."

"Yes, I remember very well. It was the day after that you began to act so strangely."

"It was, Father. I was kept in town that night, owin' to the delay of the man the oysters was for; and, as I wasn't sleepy, I thought I'd take a walk along by the wharves before goin' to my bed. Somehow I got beyond my usual beat, and before I knew it I found myself on the block they call 'Hell's Half Acre,' on account of the saloons and dance-houses that's in it. As I was passin' along, and at a rapid gait too, to get out of the neighborhood, a door of one of them saloons was flung open, and in the midst of a crowd of drunken men and women, singin' a rag-time song, there reeled out a young man with *your* face, Father, and *your* figure, and your black curlin' hair, and your eyes and voice. I thought it was *you*, Father,—I thought it was *you!*"

The face of the priest grew white; he was unable to speak.

"I was like a madman," resumed Timothy. "I never closed my eyes that night. But I fought with myself all the way home, and I said: 'I'll go to the house, and if he's there I'll not believe it. I'll think it was an illusion of the devil; for he couldn't well get home this early from a carouse like that.' I saw Hannah comin' out of the vestry, and says I: 'Is the priest within?' 'No,' she answered me. 'He went to a sick call in the country last night, and there'll be no Mass this mornin'.' Then I was *sure*, Father. And you know all the rest—the black, bitter rest. Oh, the wickedness and the weak faith that could have brought me to such a pass to misdoubt that Almighty God could have made two men so much alike that even them that saw them every day couldn't tell them apart! But the devil entered my heart that day, and I neither prayed nor reasoned. I went wholesale in my stubborn rebellion; and I said to myself: 'If Father Duniston is a sinner and a hypocrite there's no good in priests, no good in religion, no good in all the world nor above it.' I used to say a few 'Hail Marys,' accordin' to an old custom, before beginnin' my work every mornin',—that's all."

The priest leaned forward and laid his hand on the old man's shoulder.

"Don't touch me, Father," he said. "I'm not worthy of pity or forgiveness. But the day before yesterday when I stood lookin' into that boy's dead face I rained tears upon it,—salty, burnin' tears that sprung from my very soul."

He was sobbing now, his whole frame quivering. The eyes of the young priest were wet.

"Tim, my good old friend," he said, "I have nothing to forgive, and God has forgiven. We have sorrowed and now let us rejoice; for our sorrow has been turned into joy. See, the clock is on the stroke of midnight: it is Christmas morning. Go, and God bless you; and may His peace and good-will be with you this day and forever and ever!"

The old man sank to his knees.

"I will, Father,—I will," he murmured. "But before I go, before I face Mary this blessed Christmas mornin', let me make my confession; for I'm longin' to kneel beside her at the Holy Communion."

BETWEEN expediency and right purpose there is simply no question at all. The strength of all the hosts of heaven is with him who is faithful to the right.

—*L. Whiting.*

The Vale of Tears.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

VIII.—Home Again.

COULD I have had my way, I should have ended my career as a schoolboy in a blaze of glory. The illuminations might not have rivalled those of a Venetian night, nor could they have been named in the same day or evening with any Feast of Lanterns; but I should have taken leave of Alexander and all that has made it a sweet and lasting memory in a more dramatic fashion. Why should I not invite everybody to a picnic or a garden party and in the last happy moment say farewell? I never knew why. My grandfather did not feel called upon to explain, and of course I did not ask for reasons when I knew there must be good ones.

The truth is I did not have time to ask any questions, or to think of any to ask. I was snatched away on the instant, between the noon dinner and the six o'clock bread-and-butter-and-jam. I awoke as one who is serving his time in a house of detention might awake; began my monotonous daily round as usual; but within eight hours my whole life-plan had been changed. I had waved a farewell to Alexander—there wasn't time to say it,—slept in Attica, and on the day following was on the train bound for New York and booked to sail at once for California.

It seems that my father had sent the price of my passage and a request for my immediate return, expecting that some friend of his was to take passage by the same boat and that I was to be entrusted to his care. Hence the sudden departure.

I was to pass through Alexander on my way to Batavia, where I transferred to the train for New York. Somehow, my schoolmates became aware of the fact—I was so dazed that I hardly knew it myself,—and when the cars stopped for a minute at the small way-station I was fairly mobbed by the boys and girls who had come to say "Good-bye." They brought flowers and fruit and books to read, and two or three notes were slipped into my hands or my pockets to be opened and read later in the day. It was all very unexpected and not a little confusing—and in a flash it was all over. I think I shed my last tear on that occasion; and it was so large, so loyal and so loving it might have swamped a crocodile.

Now, it being relegated to the past, those school-days in Alexander began to glow; they were suffused with a kind of radiance that grew richer as the hours flew by, and it was long before I ceased to think of them with tenderness, and sometimes even wish that I might live them over again. Lizzie—where is she now, I wonder? And her big sister, Lady Effie, who between the New York seasons used to rusticate at home, and who first taught me how to finger the ivory keys? It was a staccato polka that most attracted me, and this I used often to execute automatically on the cover of my desk or the writing-table lest I should forget it. What has become of the Lady Effie? Alas! she is older than I, if she still survives; though I would not breathe this to any one, not for the world! And Lina! My fondness in her case was beyond the comprehension of the most discerning. She was not vicious, neither was she of "frightful mien"; her eyes had never focused—this was all; yet had she been other than she was, she could not have attracted me more, nor even half so much; for I could sing of her as the poet sang of that monster, Vice—

> Familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

And those old chums, Dicky Waite—I know that he was in the War of the Rebellion and that I addressed a sonnet to him, being then much addicted to the sonnet; and Edgar Montgomery, and Charlie Blossom? Edgar was called swarthy; he was olive-tinted and reminded me of the young Mexicans with whom I was familiar in California. Blossom was a blonde—one of those fat ones, overblown,—but one of the best-natured fellows that ever breathed. These I never saw again, and for almost twice a score of years I have not heard of them.

After fifteen years I revisited Alexander. With the impressions then awakened fresh upon me, I wrote and published a sketch entitled "Once and Again." I saw but four familiar faces on this occasion, two still recognizable as those of old schoolmates. I was told that when I returned to Attica—as I must in order to take a through train for any town of any consequence,—I should surely find my dearest foe, Hyatt, at the station; he was a truckman, and his truck was always there, awaiting freight, on the arrival of the trains. Having secured my seat, I watched the platform at the Attica station; and just as we were about "pulling out," my eye fell upon the unmistakable Hyatt. He had not changed much; the lines of his face were harder and deeper, the flow of tobacco juice more copious. He was standing near the window as the train slowly passed him, and I managed to catch his eye; then, giving him the broadest smile of recognition in my whole collection, I said: "Halloo, Hyatt!"

Of course he did not know me from Adam. He had not seen me, perhaps had not thought of me, for fifteen years—not since the day when I sought to exterminate him and came mighty near doing it, had we cared much for each other's society. This was my last revenge: to cry him "Hail and farewell!" in a single breath; to dazzle him with my most engaging smile and then to vanish forever, and leave him wonder so long as he lives who on earth I was. Rather a good joke that—if indeed the fellow ever gave me a second thought, and, unless he is very much changed, he probably did not.

Arriving in New York on Saturday, I could not take ship for California before Monday. Grandfather Freeman, who had seen me registered at an hotel, my ticket purchased, and the landlord of the house at which I was to pass two days in the metropolis sufficiently interested to promise that one of his porters should see me safe on board my ship on the day of sailing, said "Good-bye" to me with an air so impressive I was for some hours in a melancholy frame of mind. Business had compelled him to return at once to his Attic wilds; and on leaving me alone in the first city and the worst seaport of the States, he probably pictured me a prodigal son at sixteen, possessed of a lively imagination and a susceptible heart now subject to all the snares of the devil.

He had laden me with injunctions as long as the moral law; and had shifted upon the shoulders of the Boniface a responsibility almost too much for a hotel-keeper to bear. However, my grandfather had no sooner left me to the tender mercies of an all-enduring Providence than I struck into Broadway and explored it from end to end,—not so difficult a task in those days. The gentleman in whose charge I was placed had either faith in my ability to take care of myself or I was completely forgotten. We never exchanged a syllable nor even a glance, so far as I know, until he sent me away with the porter to the pier in the North River where I was to take ship for Aspinwall. Day and evening I was on Broadway, afternoon

and evening at the theatre; though had my grandfather been with me I should certainly not have been allowed this indulgence. But my parents never objected to my seeing good players in good plays; nor, later, did they oppose my becoming a member of a dramatic company in California, where I made my *début* as Arthur Apsley in "The Willow Copse," when the late W. C. Couldock was playing "Luke Fielding," a part he made famous before he identified himself with that echo of it, "Dunstan Kirk" in "Hazel Kirk."

In New York I saw Laura Keen—she who was playing in "Our American Cousin" when President Lincoln was shot in his private box at Ford's Theatre in Washington. And I also saw James Wallack, the father of Lester Wallack,—but this is ancient history. These names are now graven in memorial marble.

I was to have had a chaperon on the voyage to California, as if I had been a schoolgirl; but, to my amusement, upon sailing I found myself unprotected. Many a lad has gone to sea at an earlier age and had to work his way as cabin-boy or apprentice before the mast; so there was nothing remarkable in my predicament. For the first time in my life I felt a sense of absolute freedom and relished it heartily.

In the confusion which prevails when a passenger ship is getting under way, I was swept down into the steerage, and treated as a steerage passenger is very apt to be treated—was sure to be treated in the early days of isthmus travel. For twenty-four hours I was in bedlam. I had nothing to eat, I had no place to sleep. I found a cask of water from which this herd of human cattle drank ravenously, and there quenched my thirst at intervals. In the dead of the night I stowed myself away among heaps of luggage and dozed at intervals till dawn. What a wretched night that was,—wretched inasmuch as we were all wretched wretches, retching as the ship rolled in the hollows of the sea!

I have travelled in many lands and voyaged upon many seas; my lot has been cast with "all sorts and conditions of men," and I can honestly assert that I have never seen the meaner side of human nature more unblushingly betrayed than in the hold of that ship by those California-bound steerage passengers on that first night out from New York. But, it may be added, much can not be said in praise of any landsmen at sea; all a man's selfishness and all a woman's whims are apt to come to the surface then and there. In that general upheaval of the elements where the centre of gravity is sooner or later sure to be unseated, one makes strange discoveries in one's fellow-voyagers, and is often made unhappily acquainted with undreamed-of characteristics now seen for the first time even in those with whom one may have been long familiar.

I was small for my sixteen years and not naturally intrusive. No wonder my wants were little heeded; as for one's rights, they had to be fought for, and I had had enough of fighting even then.

As soon as the purser had seen the first and second cabin passengers well bestowed, the steerage was set in order; and I, with my ticket in hand, was safely deposited in the cabin where I belonged. Experience has taught me this—it has taught me many things, but nothing of which I am so certain,—the uncivilized races of the earth are the polite races; the so-called savage can give High Society and even Propriety pointers. The exquisite etiquette of the Samoans, Tahitians, and Hawaiians of old was bred in the bone; they could not be uncivil—they did not know how.

By the time we had sighted Colon—then better known as Aspinwall—there were those who had begun to take

an interest in me, and I felt quite at my ease in all the flurry that suddenly possessed the ship. We were to debark, enter the train and secure a seat, if possible; then we were to cross the Isthmus of Panama, be shipped to our steamer on the Pacific, and there once again be sorted out and deposited in our several pigeon-holes for another voyage of twelve or fourteen days. We did it without losing a man, woman or child; but the loss of luggage was alarming. Of course trunks, boxes and the heavier freight were checked through from New York to San Francisco; but there was not one of us who was not burdened with valises, bags and bundles. All these got hopelessly mixed; and some of them, no doubt, were stolen; for they were seen no more.

In that fatal list of "Lost, Strayed or Stolen" my carpet-sack led all the rest. It was a real and a roomy carpet-sack, such as it would be difficult to duplicate to-day; a deep, long, rather narrow sack, that when open yawned its whole length and breadth, making a startling exposition of its contents. There were rubicund roses as big as cabbages in the pattern of it, and flat, brass nails in the bottom of it, and a big key for the lock of it,—and yet it went astray.

With it went the latest souvenirs of schooldays that were no more; and a manuscript book filled to the covers with carefully engrossed copies of my complete poetical works—all as yet unprinted, and to remain guiltless of print forever; and my private diary, wherein I had set down from day to day—almost from hour to hour—my joys and sorrows, hopes and disappointments, and many an opinion of men and things expressed very freely and without a moment's hesitation; and many a page was blurred, perchance, with tears.

There was an ambrotype of Miss Effie taken especially for me in all the splendor of New York attire, at the very height of the season; and letters of farewell penned in all haste at the very last moment and thrust into my hands and my pockets in that moment of parting at the station in Alexandria. Ah, me! all gone, and gone I knew not whither, and have never known and never shall know so long as I live.

I have brooded over that loss in secret, and winced when I thought how some one might be making merry over my miseries as recorded in that all too honest and outspoken journal. As for the verses, I put on a brave front and pretended not to care. My infantile philosophy I called to my aid; perhaps it did its best to soothe and comfort me. Had not Marcus Aurelius said long before my time, "All is ephemeral,—fame and the famous as well"?

So I came home again to California, and the five years that followed were fraught with youthful anxieties. They were years of chance and change. In them I twice struck out manfully in search of a vocation—but the results of these earnest efforts I must consider later, in book fourth of these memoirs. It is sufficient to say that never since those far-off days have I passed five years in any locality without change of scene or calling; and through life my occupations have been chiefly avocations, as much from necessity as choice.

My schoolboy days were over. This fact I fully realized, for I had resolved upon it. My reasons for so doing I can make known hereafter. It was not without a pang that I turned from the fond indulgences of boyhood in the hope of finding fuller happiness in self-support and a declaration of independence. Any young man of feeling will readily appreciate my state of mind during the period of transition through which I was about to pass. How often my mind reverted to the pleasures of

the past, though not unmixed with pain; while my heart throbbed to the lines of that unappreciated poet, Winthrop Mackworth Praed, while I recalled these stanzas of his delightful "School and Schoolmates":

Long years ago!—how many a thought
Of faded pains and pleasures
Those whispered syllables have brought
From Memory's hoarded treasures!
The fields, the farms, the bats, the books,
The glories and disgraces,
The voices of dear friends, the looks
Of old familiar faces.
.
Where are my friends? I am alone;
No playmate shares my beaker:
Some lie beneath the churchyard stone,
And some—before the Speaker;
And some compose a tragedy,
And some compose a rondo;
And some draw swords for Liberty,
And some draw pleas for John Doe.

(The End.)

Dr. Martin's Wife.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LIFE'S LABYRINTH," ETC.

XXV.—The Expected Happens.

IT had never entered into the minds of those simple people to think that even though Maurice should have succumbed to the fascinations of the Algerian beauty, and inspired in her a corresponding sentiment, there might be obstacles in the path of their attachment, such as parental opposition or the like. In their opinion he had a clear field before him, with nothing more difficult to accomplish than the preliminary steps to a marriage which his mother felt certain would take place speedily.

Dr. Middleton's declaration had made her suspicions a certainty. She dreaded the arrival of the mail, fearing to have her anticipations confirmed. She would not allow herself to think of any possible future which might result from this sudden upheaval and change of all the roseate plans she had been forming since she had taken Marie under her protection. Her heart began to harden against her son; all the accumulated disappointments of years now stared her in the face; she felt humiliated and ashamed.

Marie went calmly about her ordinary duties, her mood always cheerful, and her attentions to her adopted mother redoubling themselves as the days went on. Mrs. Martin tried to be hopeful, but her worn face and sorrowful eyes belied her earnest efforts. There was an ominous stillness about the house,—a presage in the air, which soon began to affect Bridget also, and on which she was not slow to remark.

"When will you be expecting to hear from Master Maurice, ma'am?" she inquired one morning, when Marie had gone into town to do some shopping.

"We ought to hear very soon now," said Mrs. Martin. "It is some time since he has written."

"And is he talking of coming home soon, ma'am?"

"No, Bridget. He did not intend returning for some months. I thought you knew that."

"Well, I did; but I thought maybe the plan was changed. 'Tis a foolish thing having him stay over there so long, and yourself and Miss Marie here at home waiting for him."

"He wishes to do some more work in Paris first," said Mrs. Martin.

"Learning to paint, is it? I'm told there's the greatest kind of professors in America now that could teach him anything he would lack; though that can't be much, ma'am, judging by the beautiful little pictures you brought over. Do you think he's quite made up his mind to pursue it for a living, ma'am? And will it get him a good living? Because if it does I don't know but it's far better than wearing one's life and strength out as his father did

before him. And I believe there's not the same feeling again painters and the like there used to be years ago. Sure long ago—in the old country at least—'twould be a great disgrace for a young gentleman to take to the like. But it's all to one's taste, no doubt. And things is strange, anyway. Look at young Louis. They say he'll be a fine doctor. His grandfather is so proud of him he can't say a word on any other subject. Poor old man! he deserves all the luck he can get. 'Tis beautiful to think of how he's remembered Master Desmond and cared for his grave these long years. It's a perfect mound of greenery, that's what it is."

"He is a fine old man," rejoined Mrs. Martin; "and his grandson promises to be his pride and consolation in every respect. Yes, things fall out strangely in this world, Bridget."

She sighed, and the old woman looked at her sharply.

"Is there anything troubling you, ma'am?" she asked.

Mrs. Martin evaded the question.

"If Maurice had only done as his father and I wished and expected, he need not have worked too hard. It would not have been his way to do so: he is not like his father."

"Signs on, he's not, ma'am; but he is a very nice boy, with a winning way that no man or woman could hold out long against. I'm thinking 'tis all for the best. Sure with them eyes of his and that smile all the women patients would be falling in love with him. One ought to be let follow the bent that's in him, provided it isn't a wrong bent. And 'twill bring him a good living, ma'am, I'm thinking. And sure he's not trusting to that."

"It depends a good deal on himself, I suppose, Bridget," said her mistress.

"If I was you, ma'am, I'd be for having them married soon. No one can tell the traps and snares that's set for young men in foreign parts. I'd have him home at once, and let them be married without delay. 'Twill be for the best, ma'am."

"I would like it myself," said Mrs. Martin. "Oh, is there anything in the world I would like as well!" she continued with emotion. "Bridget, pray, pray that it may come to pass!"

The old woman now saw that her fears were not groundless.

"Tell me—tell me," she asked, "is there any bad news?"

Mrs. Martin could no longer resist. It was a relief to pour the tale of her fears into the sympathizing heart of her old friend and servant. Bridget listened without making any comments, until Mrs. Martin paused. Then she said:

"Have him home, ma'am, as soon as you can fetch him. Have him home."

"No letter would reach him before a fortnight, and what excuse could I make for such a summary proceeding?" asked Mrs. Martin.

"Letter!" exclaimed Bridget. "Who talks of a letter? Cable him this very day. He'll think yourself are dying, ma'am, and he'll come immediately. Once he gets away from them villains that's trying to seduce and trap him, the poor boy will come to his senses. I mistrusted something when I heard he was writing the both of you letters conjointly. It worried me ever since, ma'am. It isn't the way with lovers to do that."

"Your idea is a sensible one, Bridget," said Mrs. Martin, a new light in her eyes. "My fears may have been groundless, but in any case it will be better for Maurice to come home at once. I am convinced of that. Is Louisa in the kitchen now?"

"She is there taking a bit of bread and butter after her and me washing the blankets. They're drying fine in the

yard. Shall I send her for old Peter?"

"Yes, and let her go without delay, Bridget," said Mrs. Martin.

Louisa summoned her father, and Mrs. Martin dispatched him to town with a note to Dr. Middleton containing her instructions. The cable to Maurice consisted of but two words—"Come home." She asked the Doctor to bring her an answer as soon as one came.

When Marie returned from the city she was surprised to see the change in Mrs. Martin's appearance. Her first words were: "Has there been a letter?" But when Mrs. Martin answered in the negative, she felt at a loss how to account for her cheerfulness.

The next morning Marie was in her own room when she heard the sound of wheels. Looking out of the window, she saw the Doctor's buggy; but that was no unusual thing.

"Well?" inquired Mrs. Martin as the Doctor entered the room.

"He can not come," answered the old man. "I suspect he is married."

"Oh, do not say that!" she cried. "Why do you think it?"

"Who thought of the cable?" he said. "It was a good idea, so far as it went."

"Bridget. But tell me, Doctor,—tell me! I can not wait."

"There is little to tell," he rejoined, tersely. "I sent the dispatch. After four hours the answer came. Here it is."

She quickly took the paper from him. It contained a question—"Are you ill?"

"And then?" asked Mrs. Martin.

"I was tempted to cable a lie, but thought it useless. So I said, 'No'; and early this morning I received this."

He gave her another slip bearing the words: "Can not. Letter."

"The boy is married!" he exclaimed, throwing himself into an arm-chair. "There is nothing more to be done. He has made a fool and an ass of himself. Ten to one, these people are tricksters and sharpers, who have inveigled him into marrying that girl. She must be an adventuress. I thought so from the first. No self-respecting young woman would ever get herself up in the style he describes. You are fated to sup more sorrow than ever you foresee. Try to brace yourself to it, my dear friend; and thank the good God that, though you have lost a son, you still have a lovely and loving daughter."

From any one else the words would have seemed brutal, but Mrs. Martin knew that they covered the most sincere regret and disappointment. She did not reply, but wept silently, while the Doctor walked nervously to and fro.

Presently Marie came downstairs and was about to enter the sitting-room. But the ominous silence deterred her. Then she walked about the garden for an hour. When she returned to the house the Doctor had gone, and Mrs. Martin had retired to her room, saying that she felt ill. Bridget, too, when she sought her in the kitchen, seemed strangely silent and oppressed. Marie felt that the blow had fallen, and wondered why they had kept it from her. In mercy, perhaps,—surely in mercy; but she felt deserted and alone.

In the afternoon Dr. Middleton made his appearance again, this time with a letter. Marie met him in the hall.

"Where is your mamma, dear?" he asked in the kindest of tones, looking at her sorrowfully as he spoke.

"She has not been down since before luncheon," Marie answered. "O Doctor, surely something is wrong! What is the matter, please?"

"This," he said, taking her hand, and leading her into the cool, half-darkened parlor,—"this, which I found on my desk. It is from Maurice: he is married, and wrote me to break the news to those whom it most concerned. Being the poltroon that he is, he had not

the courage to tell the disgraceful facts himself. He is a cad and a coward. Put him out of your mind. Never regret him. You have been saved by a wise Providence from a very undesirable fate. And now is the time to show yourself a heroine, Marie. Be good to his mother. Be her comfort, her prop, her life. Time softens every blow. It will soften this for both of you."

Her eyes met his with a long, slow pathetic glance, while the color came and went in her cheeks.

"I will be brave," she said, simply. "I will try to comfort her." And she turned away.

Dr. Middleton went in search of Bridget, whom he sent to her mistress with the request that, if she were able, he would like to see her in the library; if not, he would go up. She came down in a little while, looking pale and ill, and very much worried.

"Our fears are confirmed," he said. "Maurice is married. Shall I read you the letter in which he announces it, or do you wish to see it yourself?"

"Yes, read it. I could not," Mrs. Martin replied, trembling as she stood. "I am too ill."

"But you must sit down," he said, all his gruffness gone as he led her to a rocking-chair. Seating himself near her, he began to read as follows:

ALGIERS, April 22, 18—.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND:—I have gone to you in many difficulties—I come now in the worst one of all. I was married yesterday to the most beautiful creature in the world. As my mother reads to you all my letters, I have no doubt but that you already know who she is, and so forth. I am well aware that, from every sensible and manly point of view, my conduct is inexcusable; and I shall make no effort to palliate it, save one. For some time I have felt that the affection existing between Marie and myself was becoming—how shall I designate it, except brotherly and sisterly? Marie—never impassioned, though an angel—perhaps because she *is* an angel, does not feel, never has felt, for me the intensity of affection which my Miriam feels. And I, in my turn, have never known the real meaning of *love* until within the past fortnight. And yet I readily admit that I have not behaved honorably to Marie. Still, it is for my mother I care most. She is so high-strung, so sensitive,—how can I make my peace with her! Will you help me to do it—unless you condemn me utterly? Ask Marie to forgive me. I wish to hear by her own hand that she does, that she has no regrets. And my mother—I wish the same assurance from her; though I know it can not come just yet.

I could hardly do otherwise than I have done without acting as false and dishonorable a part on the one hand as it may appear I have already done on the other. I should only have made three persons miserable. Whatever your own feelings toward me, my dear old friend,—your sincere affection for my mother will prompt you to do the right thing in this matter. I will write to her soon—after she has had time to become accustomed to the unwelcome news. I think I owe it to myself to say that my wife knows the whole story of my engagement to Marie. I have concealed nothing from her. Tell this to my mother; it may reconcile her in some measure. And tell her also I love her with all my heart.

MAURICE.

The Doctor laid the letter on the table. Mrs. Martin rose to her feet and raised her eyes to heaven.

"God pity me!" she cried. "God help me to forget my degenerate son!"

"No, no!—not that!" said the Doctor, hurriedly. "You are overwrought: you

do not know what you are saying. Try only to forget what he has done."

"I never can—I never wish to!" she continued. "I shall not write to him; I do not wish to hear from him. His remittance will be sent as before. I am shamed and humiliated. How can I ever lift up my head? How can I ever tell that innocent girl what he has done? How will she bear it?"

"Marie knows it. She will bear it bravely—for both. She will be the staff of your old age; as truly your daughter as if she had married that unfortunate boy, who does not even realize his own infamy. I do not wonder at your exaggerated feelings. Time will soften them,—time will soften them. And so it ought to be. But *I* lay no embargo on myself as to when and how and what I shall write to him. *I* need not soften anything, and I shall not. I strongly suspect he has been tricked and duped, as I said before. I shall write to the United States Consul and find out all about those people. I assure you I shall not be gentle in my dealings with that young reprobate. And, oh, how from the bottom of my heart I pity *you!*"

He had been sitting with his head partly hidden in his hands as he talked. The room seemed very still; he looked up suddenly. She had not heard him—she had fallen back in her chair, white and rigid as the dead.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Poet's Christmas Card.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

FROM costly gifts by Fate debarred,
Yet rich in all good-will,
The rhymester sends his "Christmas card,"
A mission sweet to fill:
To proffer kindly wish and prayer
That peace with thee may bide,
And Joy's bright rays make all thy days
One lasting Christmastide.

The Virginity of Holy Mary.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O. KENNEDY.

III.—A Blessed Inheritance.

MARY took her vow of virginity before the Incarnation; that we deduce from the Gospel. It was before her marriage; that we have from the Fathers. It was "from the beginning," according to Suarez, who sums up the teaching of the Fathers. Now, what is meant by "the beginning"? It means the beginning of her reasoning powers. If there was any moment in which, while Mary had the use of her reason, she was not a vowed virgin, she was for so long in a less perfect state than she otherwise would have been; and that we can not admit in the Blessed Mother of God.

I love what St. Liguori says: that Mary had the use of her reason from the first moment of her Immaculate Conception. Indeed, the use of reason seems a necessary corollary of the Immaculate Conception. I do not say that one could not exist without the other; but it does appear to me that God, who gave the Immaculate Conception, gave also as its counterpart the full use of reason; and such a fulness that the united intelligence of all the saints and Fathers and theologians could not equal it.

Let me lay down two examples to help me to explain what I am going to say. (1) St. John the Baptist in his mother's womb was purified and obtained the use of reason, so that "he leaped for joy"; knowing by the use of his rational powers, enlightened from on high, that blessed was the Fruit of Mary's womb. (2) It is believed by many that the Holy Innocents received the momentary use of reason in their mothers' womb; that they were then

shown the Child Jesus, were shown the eternal reward for confessing Him, and were asked to shed their blood for Him and instead of Him; that they consented, and were therefore *really* martyrs.

These things being so, I come to the conclusion that Holy Mary had the full use of her reason from the first moment of her existence. This Suarez means by his phrase *a principio* — from the beginning. He says that "other virgins made this vow *from their cradles*"; suggesting thereby that Mary made it earlier than her cradle — viz., from her mother's womb. And this St. Liguori lays down as a fact scarcely to be questioned, that she had the use of reason from the first moment of her existence. This is the growing and more common opinion of all holy writers regarding Blessed Mary's use of reason; and that the powers of her reason and the knowledge with which God at that moment endowed her soul were beyond not alone the capacity of all men — saints, theologians, priests, bishops, and popes, — but beyond the intelligence of even the highest angels in heaven.

I believe that, with that amazing and inconceivable intelligence at the first moment of her existence, God did at that very moment unfold to her the heavenly beauty of all virtues, but especially the infinite and eternal beauty of this queen of virtues; that, with that divine breath that enraptures whatsoever it breathes upon, He disclosed to her His marvellous and especial love for all who would practise it; and made known to her that no one could be dear to Him who did not embrace it either in desire or in act; but that those who embraced and practised it, and particularly those who vowed it, won and attracted His heart; that He would rest in their bosoms while on earth, and that they would rest forever in His in the heavens; then I believe with her amazing and inconceivable intelligence she vowed that pearl of her soul to the chaste God of the heavens; and then did God the Father embrace her as His (now) living daughter, God the Son as His chosen mother, God the Holy Ghost as His elect spouse. Then did the angelic hosts cry out in wonder: "Who is she that already goeth forth as the sun, beautiful as Jerusalem? We will make to thee, O Immaculate, golden ornaments interwoven with silver!"

Let us listen to St. Anselm: "Thus this tender and delicate Virgin, sprung from the royal stock, and most beautiful, turned her whole attention, her whole love, her whole desire to this: that she might by perpetual virginity consecrate herself body and soul to God; for she knew that the more chastely souls observed this sacred virtue the higher did they soar toward, and the more nearly did they approach Him who is chastest of all, — nay, chastity itself."

St. Ambrose: "Adam was created of virgin mould; Christ came forth of a virgin mother. The material dust of the former was not yet torn up [i. e., dug or ploughed]; but the maternal secret of the latter was never violated. Adam was moulded by the hands of God from clay; Christ by the Spirit of God was created in the womb."

Suarez says that Our Lady's body was entirely free from this taint; but in another place he compares it with Our Lord's adorable body, and says: "Holy Mary's was not so free as Our Lord's." There would thus seem to be a contradiction; but the seeming contradiction only brings out the truth more pointedly. The adorable body of Our Lord was just the same as if Adam had never fallen. "Christ took human nature without sin," St. Thomas observes, "*in that purity in which it existed in the estate of innocence*." The body of our Blessed Lady was not such

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as "existed in the estate of innocence," but such as existed after the fall; and God, by a miracle, destroyed that taint in her flesh, according to the words of the Canticles: "Thou art all fair, my love, and there is not a spot in thee."

Oh, what a blessed inheritance we have in Blessed Mary and her Divine Child! Even if Redemption be not taken into account, what would the world and the ideals and temporal gladness of man be if we had not Mary to look up to, holding as her babe the God of the universe in her arms! What would sweet Christmas be without the Divine Babe and the Virgin Mother! Don't you believe that the happiness of our homes and the festive joy that fills our hearts at that holy season come to us from the blessed and more than angelic happiness of Mary giving her first embrace to her Divine Child? Was it not to see Him and her that the multitude of the heavenly army left their thrones—for heaven had no such sight,—and, enraptured with what they saw, burst forth into song, "Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good-will"?

And be sure that was only the first note of their inspired song; there was more in it, but Mary did not tell it to the Evangelists. And do you know why? Because it praised herself; for if the Angel bowed to her and saluted her as "full of grace" before she became the Mother of the angels' God, with what salutations did they address her when she brought Him forth as her "first-born Son"?

But Holy Mary had no control over the prophets of the Old Testament, and she had none over the Fathers of the Church. And those prophets and these Fathers are to-day "a multitude of the heavenly army." Let us listen to their Christmas song.

Isaias: "A virgin shall conceive and bring forth." All the Fathers, Greek and Latin—St. Irenæus, St. Justin, Eusebius, St. Athanasius, St. Gregory, St. Basil,—cry out with one voice: "A Virgin hath conceived and hath brought forth!"

Isaias again: "As a branch shall He arise before Him, and as a root out of a thirsty soil." And Origen: "As a rod or branch from a tree, so shall Christ, without any admixture, arise from a Virgin." Jeremias: "A new thing the Lord hath created on the earth: a Woman shall encompass a Man." St. Cyprian: "He uses the word *created* to show that God alone was the author of this conception; and he calls it a 'new creation,' for never was the like heard or known." Lactantius: "Christ as God had no mother, and as man had no father." Numbers: "Aaron's rod blossomed." St. Bernard: "Without root and without moisture, but by the sole power of God it brought forth blossoms; so did the Virgin bring forth her Divine Son." Deuteronomy: "The earth brought forth bread, whose seed no tiller cast on the ground." St. Augustine: "The Virgin brought forth the bread from heaven, and no human hand cast its seed in the ground."

"It was not fitting," says the author of "The Imperfect Work," "that the Son of God, when being born, not for Himself but for man, should be born according to man; because man is born in flesh, that he should be subject to corruption; but Christ is born in flesh, that He would cure corruption. As, therefore, it would be entirely illogical that a corruptible man should be born of an incorruptible virgin, so would it be entirely illogical that the Son of God, who was born for the express purpose of curing corruption, should, nevertheless, at His birth be the cause of that corruption in His Mother."

(The End.)

Notes and Remarks.

The distinctive spirit of Christmastide is peace and good-will. If ever there is a season when enmity, rancor, bitterness, hostility of any kind, is peculiarly out of harmony with the mysteries commemorated in the Church's liturgy, it is surely during the octave of Holy Night. If there is one place where even the most indifferent Christian should blush for his animosity toward his fellowman, it is beside the lowly Crib of Bethlehem. An unforgiving spirit, the desire for revenge for real or fancied grievances, the averted glance, the refusal to greet former friends or acquaintances at all, the hundred and one methods of manifesting utter unwillingness to condone the offences of our brethren and let bygones be bygones,—all such action, incongruous in a professing Christian at any time, is monstrously inappropriate on the natal day of the Prince of Peace. "You know not of what spirit you are," said Our Lord to the Apostles who wished to avenge a slight proffered to their Master; and we certainly ignore the spirit of Christmas and the lessons it should teach us if we can not from our heart forgive our bitterest enemies, and infuse conciliatory love and genuine sympathy into the tones with which we wish each member of the social circle in which we move a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

The rapid disintegration of the various Protestant sects that has been going on of late years has surprised no one who ever seriously examined the dogmatic basis of these different bodies. Logically, they are all doomed to division and subdivision, to unending rupture, discord, and disunion. A tendency that is attracting considerable notice at present is visible in another non-Catholic body, the Jews. The decline of religious feeling among the followers of Judaism has become so marked that Dr. Hirsch, the editor of the Jewish *Reform Advocate*, admits that "unless family affliction induce a temporary personal interest in the ordinary services, our members are content to support the synagogue by proxy." More than this, he declares, or fears, that "among the majority of the Jews of this day Judaism has largely shrunk into a memory and stands for nothing vital." The last clause is undoubtedly correct of both Judaism and Protestantism. The only really vital religion of to-day and to-morrow is that of Jesus Christ and His earthly Vicar, the Roman Pontiff.

The Congregation of Indulgences and Relics has just issued a decree announcing a universal act of homage to Jesus Christ, the King of Ages, on the last night of the old century and the first day of the new. The privileges for New Year's Day, 1900, are regranted. All the faithful who shall have confessed and received Holy Communion and shall have offered prayers for the intentions of the Pope, during any hour they may choose, in any church or chapel where the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, from midnight of Dec. 31 till noon on Jan. 1, may gain a plenary indulgence. It is for the bishops to decide where and for how long a time between the prescribed space of twelve hours the Blessed Sacrament may be exposed.

The astonishing lack of perspective in the daily press received fresh illustration when the death of General Martinez Campos was chronicled in a few lines because pages were required for the latest football game or prize-fight, and columns had to be spared for sensational murders, divorce-suits, ward-politics,

and the "Daily Hint from Paris." As soldier or statesman, General Campos has been prominently identified with every important event in the history of Spain for the past thirty years. The re-establishment of the monarchy is in large part his work, and more than once his genius confounded the calculations of the most astute statesmen of Europe and prevented the loss of some of Spain's most valued possessions. Had his counsel been heeded in the case of Cuba, when he recommended home rule for the island, the most disastrous chapter in Spanish history would have remained unwritten; but the mob spirit triumphed in Madrid, as it often does in other capitals, and the Spanish people are now thinking the results over very seriously. Campos — so Juan Pedro writes in the *Pilot* — had more influence with the sovereigns of Spain than any other man; yet in no single instance did he use his immense power to further any of his personal ambitions or to acquire wealth. He died a "poor Spanish general," devoutly as he had lived, mourned alike by royalty and the statesmen and populace that learned his worth too late. May he rest in peace!

General Mercier's broaching, in the French Senate, the subject of a possible invasion of England by France will scarcely be interpreted by sane people as a menace to the existing peace between those two great powers. Fifty years ago, however, such a speech would have created something like a panic in both countries. When Louis Napoleon successfully executed his *coup d'état* in 1851, and became Napoleon the Third, there was a very general impression in England that the ruler who spoke of himself as "representing a defeat" had it in mind to essay the avenging of Waterloo. And a similar impression prevailed in 1859 when the French Emperor announced his determination to go to war with Austria. The sentiment of vague alarm then prevalent throughout England was voiced by Tennyson in the lines: "True, we have a faithful ally, but only the devil knows what he means." Most people to-day know what General Mercier means—to exploit a name that attained considerable notoriety in the Dreyfus affair, and pander to the intermittent hatred which has always animated certain of the French classes toward *la perfide Albion*.

The California millionaire whose will provides that his infant daughter shall, twenty years hence, come into full possession of his fortune, "if she has led a proper and virtuous life," has probably ensured some singular litigation on the Pacific slope in the year 1920. Just what constitutes in the eye of the law, even nowadays, a proper and virtuous life, would perhaps be difficult to ascertain; and two decades from the present time the question will hardly be more readily soluble. If the baby is a Catholic, possibly the safest plan for her guardians to adopt would be to enter her as a pupil, as speedily as may be, at a convent school, and allow her to remain there for a full graduate and post-graduate course. If that doesn't keep her "proper and virtuous," her chances of possessing the millions will be small.

As an organization having a membership of 81,000, the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America may well have a voice in determining the scope of the proposed federation of Catholic societies existing in this country. The executive council of the Union met recently in New York, and decided that the C. T. A. societies would join the federation, provided the platform of the

latter should embrace these principles: The independence of the Holy See, the advancement of religious education, and the maintenance of the apostolate of the press for the dissemination of sound ideas of Catholic doctrine. There seems to be no good reason why the three principles should not be adopted. They embody actual, living issues of pre-eminent importance. The more closely the Catholic laity identify themselves with the movement to foster religious education and disseminate good Catholic literature, the better will it be for the Church and our Republic as well.

In this the day of the ubiquitous reporter, it behooves public speakers to speak by the book. Failure to do so is sure to be followed by criticism kindly or otherwise—more frequently otherwise. A case in point is that of an Episcopal clergyman who, in a sermon recently delivered in New York, stated that "Pennsylvania was the only colony where there was freedom in religion. Although people fled to this country to escape religious persecution, they inflicted persecution on one another when they got here. This was true of all the colonies except the one Penn founded." This perversion of history could not fail to evoke a protest; and, accordingly, a correspondent of a New York daily quoted, for the benefit of the clergyman and the hearers and readers of his sermon, this passage from Bancroft on Maryland:

> Its history is the history of benevolence, gratitude and toleration. The Roman Catholics who were oppressed by the laws of England were sure to find a peaceful asylum in this quiet harbor of the Chesapeake; and there, too, Protestants were sheltered from Protestant intolerance.

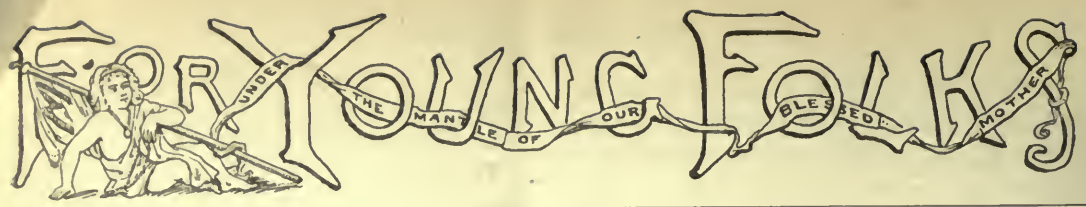
The correspondent further relieved his feelings by concluding his letter thus:

> Shame on any Christian by name or profession, or on any lover of religious liberty, who, knowingly and through religious hatred, forgets to hold the name of the immortal Lord Baltimore in praise and benediction! Ultra-Protestant as I am, I abhor such conduct.

This rather severe arraignment vexed the soul of one of the offending clergyman's curates, who forthwith replied to the criticism, claiming for his superior "a mind eminently broad and catholic in the best sense of the term"; adding: "The sermon in question was delivered without manuscript; if there was any mistake made in overlooking the truly noble conduct of the Roman Catholics in the colony of Maryland, it was a mistake to correct, not one to rebuke."

The young curate's point is not well taken. The critic corrected the mistake and (very properly) rebuked its maker. The sermon was the annual one delivered by the chaplain of the Pennsylvania Society. It was clearly the business of the preacher to get up his subject thoroughly, and not give out glittering generalities or haphazard assertions.

Señor Robledo, who lately complained in the Spanish Chamber of Deputies that the education of King Alfonso is being unwisely directed, since the youthful monarch is being "taught to obey, not to rule," shows himself singularly deficient in knowledge of human nature, and of the philosophy of history as well. Obedience to lawful authority is a lesson that is indispensable to all men, and not least so to youths who are destined to become rulers of others. The obedient soldier makes the best general, the obedient sailor the best admiral, the obedient monk the best abbot, and the obedient prince the best king. Properly to command, one must have known how to obey; and if young Alfonso's education is not more open to criticism in other respects than it is on this score, the people of Spain need waste no time in lamenting the formation that is being given to his character.



Christmas Night.

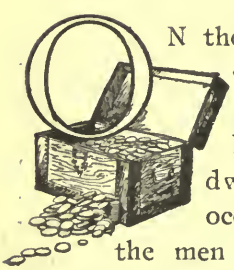
O MOTHER, didst thou fear the dark
That first cold Christmas night,
As hard it pressed without the cave
In envy of thy Light?

And didst thou people all the dark
With strange and formless fears,
As, far away, the city's sounds
Fell harsh upon thine ears?

Ah, no! within thy mother-arms
Thou hadst the Source of light,
And angels' songs were in thy heart
That holy Christmas night.

A Modern Santa Claus.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.



IN the outskirts of a great city there once stood two very tall tenement houses, each the only dwelling on the block it occupied. In them lived the men who worked in the lead-factory not far distant, which, with others of its kind, was one of the chief industries of the town. Although the workmen were engaged in an occupation which was injurious to health they were, for the most part, poorly paid. White-faced and depressed in appearance, these people simply existed: they could hardly be said to live. And they had not much to live for, poor creatures! True, many of them had wives and children, but these were in the same pitiable condition as themselves. There was no school in the neighborhood, and the little ones spent the greater part of their time on the streets, where neither their minds nor morals were improved.

Between these two tall buildings, at the corner of the street, in the middle of a pretty little garden, stood a neat cottage of two rooms, where lived a widow and her two children, Godfrey and Martha, a boy and girl of eleven and nine. She had seen better days, but was now forced to obtain a livelihood by house-cleaning and washing,—very laborious work for a delicate woman. But weakness of the eyes prevented her doing any less menial employment; and very glad indeed she was when at the end of the week she could show a dollar or two over and above the sum required for the daily needs of the little household. Up at dawn and patching and mending until midnight, was the routine of Mrs. Huggins' life.

Her children were very different from the others in the neighborhood. They were quiet and reserved, as clean and decently clad as was possible to their condition; for which reason it may well be inferred they soon became odious to their neighbors, who, while not using violence against them, often made them a target of ridicule and sneers as they passed to and from the school which they daily walked two miles to attend.

One morning the children were on their way to school when they met a stout man in seedy clothes coming out of the nearest tenement house. He had a large wart on his nose, which gave him a comical appearance.

"Good-morning, youngsters!" said the stranger, pleasantly. "Shall we walk on together?"

"If you please, sir," replied Martha demurely, at a nudge from her brother, who was too bashful to reply.

"And what are you doing in this neighborhood?" the man continued. "You don't live hereabouts?"

"Yes, sir, we do," answered the little girl again, after a vain look at Godfrey. "We live in that cottage at the corner of the street."

"It looks something like the Garden of Eden might in the Desert of Sahara," said the man, with a merry laugh. "I've been wondering who lived there. You see I haven't been here long myself."

"Mother loves flowers," said Martha. "They're such a comfort, she thinks."

"As we are neighbors, we must get better acquainted," remarked the man. "It's a pity two such nice little children should live among the vagabonds that infest this part of the town."

"Oh, they don't mind us very much!" rejoined Godfrey. "And we never did mind them. Mother told us not to. We never answered back, and now some of them are very nice to us. There's a lot of clever boys and girls among them."

"I believe you," answered the man. "That's what brought me here."

The children did not understand him; and, though they both looked up at him with questioning glances, he did not explain further.

As the little party turned the corner they encountered a crowd of boys who at once began to make very lively and not complimentary remarks upon the disfigurement of the stranger's nose. Shamefaced, Godfrey and Martha did not dare to look around; but when they had passed the objectionable group, and ventured to glance at their companion, his face wore the same expression of placid cheerfulness.

They parted at the next corner; but from that time forward it was not unusual for the trio to pursue their walk city-ward two or three mornings of every week. In this way the stranger learned a great deal of their history, though they knew nothing more of his than they had learned the first day. He came and went, always in shabby attire. Apparently, he was as poor as his neighbors; and, so far as they knew, had no employment. Once Godfrey and Martha saw him hailing a cab at the corner of a street some blocks distant from the tenements. But when they wondered to each other as to his possible destination, their mother bade them hold their peace and not meddle with the business of their neighbors.

There was never much flavor of the Christmas holiday in the tenements; this year less than ever, for times were dull and work slack. Those among the residents who were fortunate enough to be able to lay in a shoulder of pork or even a couple of pounds of sausage for the Christmas dinner were the envy of their neighbors. In the little cottage a garland of holly berries with their beautiful green leaves made a cheerful picture through the shining window-panes, which Martha had polished inside and outside till they were as bright as the green glass and its grimy casings would allow.

The children and their mother sat beside the fire, cracking nuts, their large, rosy apples toasting on the hearth. The widow was telling the two, as she had told them every Christmas Eve since they could remember, the story of Bethlehem; and they were listening to every word which fell from her lips as though they heard it for the first time. Poor they were and humble, but not a happier group clustered about the Christmas fire that night than the widow and her boy and girl. While they sat contentedly thus together, an unwonted incident had occurred in the tenements adjacent. It began on the top-floor of one of them by the doors on either side of the long narrow corridor being violently thrown open from without,

whereupon a large package was cast into each room, and the door closed again with a loud slam. As the aforesaid packages burst open in transit to the floor, showers of toys and candies fell from the yawning thick brown paper which had enveloped them. When the dwellers in the various rooms opened the doors again in order to discover the source of these mysterious gifts, they beheld bulging sacks lying at the thresholds, which, on being hauled into the light and unfastened, revealed goodly supplies of potatoes, meat, flour, and various other commodities.

These sights so amazed the poor people that for the moment they forgot to wonder where they came from; though one or two among them declared they had seen a tall figure in a shaggy coat and wearing a long, white beard rapidly descending the stairs, and heard a wagon rattling down the street. The same thing occurred throughout both tenements, which were soon alive with the loudest and most cheerful excitement they had ever known. It was a long time before the hubbub subsided.

One kind-hearted old woman, on the top-floor of the tenement where the newcomer lodged, made bold to try his door, only to find it locked. There was no tempting-looking sack outside it either; and she hobbled away, saying to herself: "Ah, poor man, it seems he was forgotten! But, please God, we'll spare him a taste of our own store to-morrow."

Such a happy Christmas as they spent in the tenements next day had never before been dreamed of.

.

"My, what a blast! And I did not hear the wind blowing!" exclaimed Mrs. Huggins, as the door rattled on its hinges and then flew open, while at the same instant a gigantic figure, clad in a long fur overcoat, pointed fur cap and immense rubber boots, fell headlong across the door-sill, scattering an armful of packages in wild profusion. Before it had time to right itself, in an awkward effort to regain its feet, the long grey beard and mask fell off, revealing to the mother and children the face of—the man with the wart on his nose.

"Ho! ho!" he gasped, as he vainly clutched at the false face, which rolled toward Godfrey. "I didn't anticipate any such ending as this to my little frolic. I didn't indeed. I was merely trying to have a little fun on my own account, being a lonely and a lonesome man; but it seems it wasn't to be kept a secret. You'll find a few little toys and candies in those packages, ma'am," he continued, turning to Mrs. Huggins. "They will please the children, I think."

Then, dropping into the rocking-chair, he drew off his rubber boots and flung them in one corner. Underneath he wore good strong, comfortable shoes.

"By George, this rig is very hot!" he went on, removing his fur coat. "Now, by your leave, since the cat is out of the bag, madam, I will spend the rest of the evening with you and these pleasant, well-behaved children."

"Do, sir; do! You are very welcome," replied Mrs. Huggins. "And thank you sincerely for the presents. Speak up, children, and thank the gentleman."

"They're not used to my strange way of falling in upon them," laughed the man; "but we'll be great friends again in a moment, after I've lugged in the bag outside the door."

So saying he departed, soon returning with a sack filled to bursting with provisions sufficient to last a month. In five minutes they were all chatting gaily; and the church clock was pealing ten as the man with the wart on his nose rose to take his leave, after having promised to eat his Christmas dinner with his new friends. He made but one

condition: that if, as was likely, they should hear of anything unusual having occurred in the tenements, they were not to reveal his identity,—a promise which all three made most willingly, and faithfully kept.

After the man had left them the next evening, and they sat beside the dying fire recalling the pleasant events of the day, Godfrey inquired:

"Mother, where in the world do you suppose he got all those things? They must have cost a trunk full of money. There is not a family in the tenements that did not get loads of things. And to think that no one even suspects who it was!"

"I imagine some rich and eccentric man employed him to distribute them," said the widow. "It does not do to be too curious. It is enough for us to know that we have spent a happy and plentiful Christmas, and to thank our dear Lord for having sent us so good and kind a friend."

.

'Tis Christmas Eve again. But the tenement district—how transformed! In a large, roomy, comfortable two-story building recently erected on a vacant lot near by, a "Social Settlement" has been established, and the whole place seems to have been changed thereby. There is a school for the children, and a day nursery for the very little ones whose mothers are forced to leave them during the day while away at work. There is a small infirmary for sick children, who are waited on by ladies who leave their homes to minister to the wants of their poorer brothers and sisters. There is also a sewing-room, where the matrons and larger girls are taught to cut and fit and baste and hem and gather. Later there will be a cooking-school; and they are talking of an evening school for the working men and boys.

To-night the large and beautiful hall on the ground-floor is filled with happy men, women, and children; some of them participating in the Christmas exercises, all sharing in the bountiful gifts which depend from the enormous Christmas Tree on the platform, blazing with light and color. Too soon it is over,—the first glimpse of fairy-land some of them have ever seen.

Suddenly Miss Montague, the resident matron, appears upon the platform, while following close behind her lumbers up Santa Claus once more. The hall is filled with the subdued murmur of many voices, and presently the matron raises her hand.

"I have first to announce," she says, "that the benefactor of this settlement has appointed your neighbor, Mrs. Huggins, to take charge of the sewing department of the house, a position for which she is fully competent. I am sure you will be glad to hear it."

Loud cries of approval followed this announcement; and the glances and smiles of the crowd were directed to the spot where the widow and her two children were sitting.

"And there is something else—more important still, which will please you all very much. We have long wished that the originator and benefactor of this good work should make himself known, but up to the present time he has chosen to keep in the background. At last, however, he has consented to reveal his identity. In a moment you will have the pleasure of knowing him who has given his time, his labor and his money in this most worthy cause." Then turning to the figure beside her, she added smilingly: "Mr. Santa Claus, will you kindly remove your mask?"

The crowd quickly bent forward, every soul in the silence of eager expectation. From out the wide and shaggy sleeves a great hand appeared and went up

slowly, lifting the curiously pointed cap, to which were attached the mask and long, white beard. And then, as the multitude recognized the grizzled curly locks and rugged features, a cheer which shook the house to its foundations arose, as there stood revealed before them, his countenance radiating the pleasure and satisfaction he felt at the sight of those glad, uplifted faces—the man with the wart on his nose!

Legends of Our Lord's Nativity.

There are many beautiful legends referring to the birth of Our Lord. For instance, we are told that night overtook the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph three miles from Bethlehem, and that an angel appeared to guide them along their way. He led the holy travellers to a cave where in bygone ages Jesse, the father of David, had sheltered his sheep.

Another version says that they came at night into Bethlehem, where they vainly knocked at every door asking for shelter. The inn was full; but the porter, hearing that Joseph and Mary were of the royal house of David, showed them a stable hollowed out of the rocks, which was near the khan. After helping Mary to dismount, St. Joseph led her into this cave. Then he took a lantern and went in search of some charitable person who would come to their assistance.

When he had gone a short distance St. Joseph turned around and cast an anxious glance at the cave where Mary was to find shelter. Suddenly he saw a bright light flash down from heaven; and as she entered the cave, the light seemed to pass in with her, filling its space with the radiance of noon, and shining steadily. This miraculous light is said to have beamed there as long as Mary remained in the cave, and to have surrounded her with dazzling splendor.

Amazed by this portent, St. Joseph looked around him. All nature seemed to stand still as if some great event was about to happen. This state of general suspense and hushed expectancy, which seems so fit at this auspicious time, has been set forth in inimitable beauty and delicacy of expression by Milton in his Hymn in honor of the Nativity.

A few moments later St. Joseph met a woman, to whom he gave a hasty explanation; and she at once turned to accompany him back to the cave. But during the short absence Mary had given birth to our Redeemer, whom the angels surrounded and were the first to worship. They were allowed this privilege because they had been chosen to bear witness to His coming.

Mary now wrapped her new-born Babe in swaddling clothes and laid Him in a manger. As His head touched the hay which formed His bed, the vegetable world also bore witness to His divinity. We are told that the dry, rose-colored sainfoin was immediately restored to life and beauty, and began to expand its pretty flowers, which lovingly twined into a soft wreath around our infant Saviour's head.

To My Nieces and Nephews.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

NOT the worth of the gift but the motive that prompts it
Is the source of our joy when remembered by friends;
Would we give others pleasure, we need but small treasure
Of silver or gold to accomplish our ends;
For of kind words and thoughts each may give without stinting,—
And of such your affectionate uncle gives here:
For your welfare a prayer with a hope that you'll bear with
His "Right Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!"

With Authors and Publishers.

—We learn from the *Weekly Register* that the literary remains of the Marquis of Bute include a number of essays on miscellaneous topics. They are being prepared for early issue.

—The December number of the *North American Review* contains two beautiful poems with the Blessed Virgin as the theme, the author being Miss Nora Hopper. Nothing heretofore done by this charming Irish writer seems to us so admirable in both spirit and technique.

—The death of Mr. Thomas Arnold has served to remind many persons of his admirable "Notes on the Sacrifice of the Altar," which we remember to have recommended, on its first appearance, as one of the best books in the language on the sacred subject of which it treats. Nothing more desirable could be found to put into the hands of non-Catholics who attend Mass.

—Holiday books for young folk include "Little Missy," by Mary T. Waggaman; "The Queen's Page," by Katharine Tynan Hinkson; "The Mysterious Doorway," by Anna T. Sadlier; and "Old Charlmont's Seed-Bed," by Sara Trainer Smith. Each book has an attractive frontispiece and a cover that will commend it to children. Published by Benziger Brothers.

—The *Daily Palladium*, a newspaper of New Haven, Conn., has been sued for $6000 damages because it lost the MS. of a lecture on church music. Prof. Parker, who brings the suit, is head of the department of music at Yale. He places the intrinsic value of the MS. at $1000, and says that his financial loss in not being able to deliver the lecture is $5000. Our sympathy is with the editor of the *Palladium;* and we trust that the jury will cut down the figures considerably, even if their verdict goes against him. A thousand dollar lecture is a novelty in this literary age.

—While our Catholic publishers are glutting the market with new and often useless and sometimes hurtful books of devotion, several well-known secular houses are reprinting the old Catholic classics. To the long list of such publications, Messrs. Methuen, of London, have now added L'Estrange's translation of Cardinal Bona's "Guide to Eternity," with an introduction and notes by Canon Stanbridge, an Anglican divine. We may also mention Savonarola's Meditations on Psalm LI., translated into English by the Rev. Dr. Perowne, Master of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge; and Caxton's "Golden Legend," or Lives of the Saints, in seven dainty volumes; edited by Mr. F. S. Ellis.

—For serious readers a most satisfactory review is the *International Magazine*, published at Burlington, Vt. It has an able editor and a remarkably strong advisory board, representing nearly all the Occidental countries. The contents are varied and modern, and they are scholarly without losing the quality of readableness.

—Members of the Irish Texts Society are rejoicing over its latest publication, which comprises the poems of Eogan O' Rahilly, the foremost Munster poet of the eighteenth century. Hitherto his work has been known only by a few printed specimens. The present edition is accompanied with an English version, introduction, grammatical and historical notes, by the Rev. Father Dineen. O'Rahilly was an enthusiastic Jacobite, and most of his poems are ardent denunciations of English rule.

—Most teachers of English composition nowadays hold that from the earliest study of this branch the first aim should be to encourage natural expression of connected ideas on the part of pupils. Upon this theory W. H. Maxwell and G. J. Smith, both prominent in New York city educational work, have arranged their new book, "Writing in English," the fourth volume in "Maxwell's English Course." The exercises seem well chosen, and altogether the book is worthy of commendation. The American Book Co.

—From time to time we have noticed the verses of Mr. Denis A. McCarthy hidden modestly away in the corners of our newspapers and magazines. The author has now gathered them into a pleasing little volume entitled "A Round of Rhymes"; and though the verses are not of surpassing excellence, they are quite as deserving of publication as much of the poetry that sees the light in these prosaic days. They run on musically enough, and their sentiment rings true; most of them have love or patriotism for their theme, and the author has skilfully avoided both hysterics and heroics. Mr. McCarthy, we understand, is a young man, and his first volume is distinctly promising.

—Very special praise is due to Father Thomas C. Middleton, O. S. A., for his precious "Notes on the Bibliography of the Philippines," which forms Bulletin No. 4 of the Free Library of Philadelphia. Father Middleton's MS., by the way, encoun-

tered even worse vicissitudes than the original of Carlyle's "French Revolution," destroyed through the carelessness of John Stuart Mill, and rewritten with infinite patience by the crusty old Scotch philosopher. The MS. of these "Notes" was first inadvertently destroyed by the printer to whom they were originally sent for publication. A second copy was made, only to perish in the great fire which destroyed the printing-house of the J. B. Lippincott Co. Better luck attended the third venture, fortunately; and book-lovers have here, thanks to Father Middleton's patient industry, a store of interesting data hitherto accessible only to the specialist. We may mention, as illustrating the delicious tidbits afforded by these "Notes," that there are twenty-seven distinct dialects spoken in our new possessions; and that a catalogue of Philippine literature, prepared by Signor W. E. Retana, lists as many as three thousand separate works. The earliest known specimen of Philippine typography was Padre Blancas' Tagalese grammar printed in 1610, the first three pages of which are occupied by a hymn to the Blessed Virgin. Thus books were printed in the Philippines ten years before the Pilgrim Fathers set foot on Plymouth Rock.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. *Henry Harland.* $1.50.

Death Jewels. *Percy Fitzgerald.* 70 cts.

History of the German People. Vols. III. and IV. *Johannes Janssen.* $6.25, *net.*

Around the Crib. *Henry Perreyve.* 50 cts.

A General History of the Christian Era. *A. Guggenberger, S. J.* $1.50.

Cithara Mea. *Rev. P. A. Sheehan.* $1.25.

A Troubled Heart, and how It was Comforted at Last. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* 75 cts.

The Rulers of the South; Sicily, Calabria, Malta. *F. Marion Crawford.* 2 vols. $6.

Francis, the Little Poor Man of Assisi. *James Adderley.* $1.25.

The Way of the World and Other Ways. *Katherine E. Conway.* $1.

Handbook to Christian and Ecclesiastical Rome. Three Vols. *H. M. and M. A. R. T.* $10.

The Spiritual Life and Prayer, According to Holy Scripture and Monastic Tradition. $1.75, *net.*

The History of the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ. *Rev. James Groenings, S. J.* $1.25, *net.*

A Priest's Poems. *K. D. B.* $1.25.

Alice of Old Vincennes. *Maurice Thompson.* $1.50.

Education and the Future of Religion. *Bishop Spalding.* 5 cts.

General Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures. *Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S. S.* $2, *net.*

Father Anthony. *Robert Buchanan.* $1.50.

The Soldier of Christ. *Mother Mary Loyola.* $1.35, *net.*

Where is the Church? *Rev. Charles Coupe, S. J.* 40 cts., *net.*

The Autobiography of St. Ignatius Loyola. *J. F. X. O'Conor, S. J.* $1.25, *net.*

The Testament of Ignatius Loyola. *E. M. Rix.* $1, *net.*

Sermons on the Blessed Sacrament. *Scheurer-Lasance.* $1.50, *net.*

A Form of Prayers. *Marquis of Bute.* 45 cts., *net.*

Sanctuary Meditations. *Fr. Baltasar Gracian, S. J.* $1, *net.*

Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption. *W. H. Mallock.* $3.50.

The Flowing Tide. *Madame Belloc.* $1.60, *net.*

A Son of St. Francis. *Lady Amabel Kerr.* $1.

Poor Dear Ann. *The Prig.* 75 cts.

The Bible and its Interpreter. *Rev. P. H. Casey, S. J.* 50 cts.

The Gospel Story. *B. F. C. Costelloe.* $1.60, *net.*

Studies in Church History. Vol. VI. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* $2.50.

Meditations on the Psalms of the Little Office. *Peregrinus.—Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.* 75 cts., *net.*

Currita, Countess of Albornoz. *Luis Coloma.* $1.50.

The Knights of the Cross. Vol. II. *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* $1.

A Journey with the Sun around the World. *Rev. William McMahon.* $2.

St. Jerome. *Father Largent.* $1.

Studies in Poetry. *Thomas O'Hagan, M. A., Ph. D.* $1.

The Church of Christ the Same Forever. *Rev. D. McErlane, S. J.* 50 cts., *net.*

Christian Philosophy — God. *Rev. John T. Driscoll, S. T. L.* $1.25, *net.*

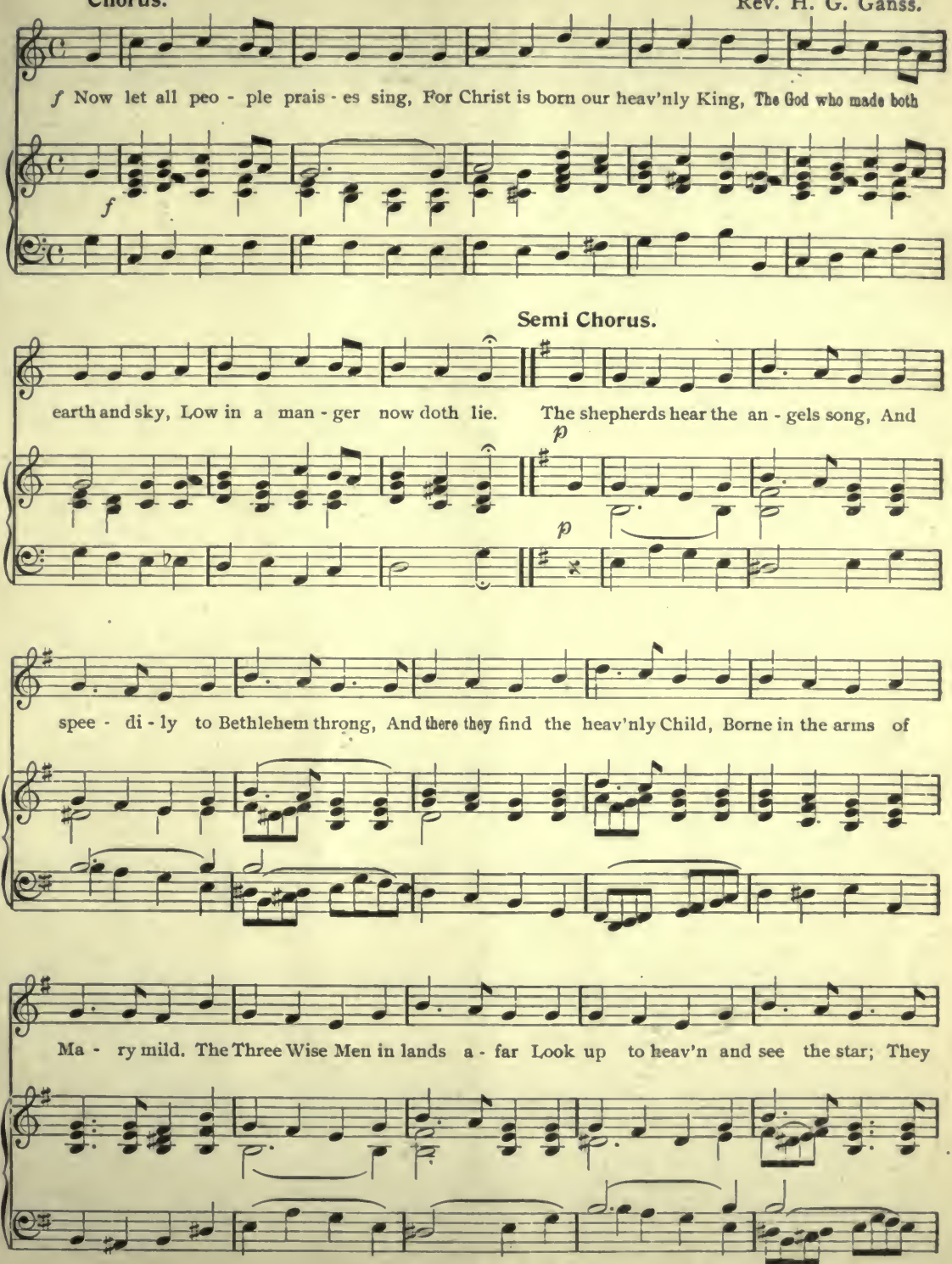
The Heiress of Cronenstein. *Countess Hahn-Hahn.* $1.25.

The Nursing Sister. $1.25.

NOW LET ALL PEOPLE PRAISES SING.

(Christmas Carol.)

Chorus. Rev. H. G. Ganss.




come to wor - ship at His feet, And bring him off - 'rings as is meet.
rit.
Chorus.
Now let all peo - ple prais - es sing, For Christ is born our heav'nly King, The
ff
God who made both earth and sky, Low in a man - ger now doth lie, The
God who made both earth and sky, Low in a man - ger lies.

THE AVE MARIA

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN

HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED.—ST. LUKE, I., 48.

VOL. LI. NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 29, 1900. NO. 26.

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New Year Vows.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

OF all who, when this year was new,
Constrained past folly and sin to rue,
Professed once more the allegiance due
To Christ the All-forgiving,
How many—nay, rather, alas! how few
The vanished months as they now review
Can claim they have kept their promise true?
How many for Christ are living?

Thy New Year pledge wouldst thou not betray,
But uphold it firm in each hottest fray
'Gainst foes who thine overthrow essay,
'Gainst *thyself*, thy worst foe ever?
Know this: the New Year begins each day;
Through each in turn must thou watch and pray,
Else thy vows will but prove of brittle clay,
And thou wilt keep them never.

"Ring Out the Old, Ring In the New."

BY ALICE WORTHINGTON WINTHROP.

When all things were in quiet silence, and the night was in the midst of her course, Thy Almighty Word, O Lord! came down from heaven, from Thy royal throne.

HOW many among us, as we walked beneath the stars to Midnight Mass on the last night of last year, remembered these words in the liturgy of the day? Christmas had come and gone. The shepherds had seen the glory of the heavens, had heard the voices of angels. In solemn troops they had left their flocks of sheep untended to offer their simple, pagan homage at the Manger in Bethlehem, where shone the brightness of the true light,—a light that shall shine upon us to the end of the world.

We also had kept vigil in the watches of the night, praying that "we who are filled with the new light of Thy Incarnate Word may show forth in our works what by faith shineth in our minds." We also had knelt beside the Manger until the day broke, and had added our feeble "Alleluias" to the song of the multitude of the heavenly army sent in the darkness to proclaim: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good-will!"

This message came back to us again and again, not as words only, but materialized in deeds of kindness, of charity, of self-forgetfulness. If the season failed in some ways to carry out its high purpose in our lives, it, at least, induced us to sympathize with and to relieve the needs of others; and from the tender heart of the Babe in Bethlehem and of Mary, His Mother, loving thoughts and gentle words and generous gifts were borne to many desolate homes and hearts.

In that mirror which we call memory are reflected all our faults and failures and our few good deeds ere they are brought before the dread tribunal of God's justice and of our own conscience. The bitterness of truth betrayed, the shame of unworthy deeds, the "cry of the human" for that which humanity can not give; the sorrows of death and loss until God shall have trans-

muted anguish into patience and earthly bereavement into hope of immortality; the keener agony when we wake to find that sin has lodged itself, as in an impregnable fortress, in the souls that we have given to this world and that we believed we had given to God,—all these sufferings are reflected and renewed in this magic mirror until, unlike the Lady of Shalott, we would fain take refuge in the shadows of life, if therein is peace. But we seek in vain for peace where there is none. Even amid the din of the world we must hear the cry of the children, of the cruel ignorance of the young, of those who have been borne down and trampled in the struggle for mere life; in the pitiful wail of the aged, to whom ceaseless drudgery has failed to bring the hope of resting from their labor.

Even the music of noble thoughts and great deeds, as this world knows them, can not still these voices. It needs indeed the songs of the heavenly choir, the vision of the multitude of angels which are always about us, to enable us to endure the anguish of humanity and our own. And this were insufficient—the sanctity of His holy ones, all the tenderness of His Holy Mother, were of no avail without the knowledge that "He was bruised for our iniquities, He suffered for our sins; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and by His stripes we were healed."

And—O great miracle!—in spite of the sorrow and suffering of this world, He can and does give, even here, not only the knowledge of sin and death but the conviction of immortality; not only peace but joy; not only faith but hope. In the "quiet silence" of the last night of the year He came down from His royal throne "clothed with beauty, clothed with strength; He hath girded Himself with power." "God hath established the world, which shall not be moved." The past—the trivial, cruel, ignominious past—is over. He hath made all things new. God's throne, prepared from of old, is established in our hearts; and He who is from everlasting has, in His love, come to reign over us.

He came to reign over what is, for many reasons, a "new earth." He has added to His inheritance a new year, and what we feel to be a new century. In the present, with its terrible wars, its wonders of material growth and of scientific discovery, He seemed to rule His people as in the days of the patriarchs—with His sword and His power and His lightnings. Is it too much to hope that in the new century we may see the fulfilment of His beauty, His justice and His love? To those who follow close to Him, He does, no doubt, show these mysteries of His Godhead in all His acts. But many of us, His disciples, follow Him, like Saint Peter, afar off; and we would gladly see and show to those poor pilgrims, weary wanderers who faint by the wayside in the darkness, the light and beauty of His divine countenance.

Indeed, already we can discern in this His world a new spirit, a new hope, a renewed faith in God and in humanity. He reveals Himself in many ways; and the recurrence of time and season and epoch may, like rain and hail, fulfil His word. It is even given to us—as it is not always in this world—dimly to perceive how His miracles are wrought. If wars have desolated many homes, and ruined even more lives than they have destroyed, have they not brought a stronger sense of our responsibility to our fellowmen, a belief in our own capacity for heroism which prolonged peace had almost erased from memory? If the agnosticism of the end of the century has made a desert in souls wherein fair flowers of piety might have

yielded fragrance and borne fruit, we see that it may be—as it has been in the past after ages of doubt—that in the new era the impulse toward the truth will be stronger than ever; that the cry of the spirit out of the darkness, the imperative need of humanity for an ideal beyond and above itself, may, by that mysterious pulse of the spiritual world which beats through all ages, draw countless souls to the Beauty of ancient days, "ever ancient, yet ever new."

Like Saint Christopher, the new era longs instinctively to serve its ideal of greatness, of strength, of power; and there are floods of many waters to be passed before its burthen can reach the shores of the Promised Land. To Catholics, above all others, has come a sense of solemn responsibility. The acquisition of our new possessions has brought us face to face with problems complicated by the results of centuries of civil misrule. There are wounds to be stanched in our own body politic. God's poor are lifting up their hands in supplication; there are wrongs to be righted; there are little children to be rescued and educated. But the childhood of nations also appeals to us for enlightenment; the honor and glory of our holy Church must be upheld by the strenuous efforts of each and all of us. Only God's grace and His strength can avail us to meet the new conditions, the new needs, and even the new hopes which have come to us.

We have been under the cloud,—we have passed through the sea. We wear the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation; and the sword of the spirit, which is the Word of God. The time has come for us to put on the whole armor of God, and to stand, having our loins girt about with truth, having on the helmet of faith, and our feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace.

The Story of the Galway Cross.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

YULETIDE again! Yet how unlike the Yuletides memory revels in! Here, noise, bustle, and business; there, serenity. Here, rushing crowds, cross when not hilarious, and always ill-mannered; there, home-folk and friends. Here, Christmas on the surface; there, Christmas in the heart. Sweet, happy Christmas Days in the old house that overlooked the white road leading, with many ups and downs and wide, sweeping curves, to little Glen Mary! Visitors, expected and unexpected, would drop in; quiet voices discussed dear and familiar topics in the shadowy rooms; while in the kitchen, where Dina ruled sovereign mistress in the midst of plenty, was pleasing confusion.

Among the unexpected visitors which one Christmas Eve brought us was little Jerry Mahony, the dry-goods peddler. The short December day had closed in an early, gray-faced twilight. It was weird out of doors, and it was pleasant in the low-ceilinged room where the great wood fire was throwing its tender, flickering light over the little crowd of home-folk and guests. We had often that autumn discussed the circumstance of Jerry's non-appearance, and had ceased expecting him; hence he came unannounced; and his kindly "God save all here!" as he entered the room was the first herald we had of his approach.

Dear little old man! How cordial was his welcome and how whole-souled was his appreciation of it! We moved our chairs aside, after all had shaken his cold hand, to give him his own place before the centre of the hearthstone. A confusion of inquiries and replies; faint sounds from the kitchen; fainter sounds from the stableyard; sighing of the

wind among the naked-locust trees, and a rustle of the dead leaves beneath; then, some time after, the soft Irish voice filling our ears.

The weather was fine indeed, God be praised! (If the snow had been piled a foot deep before him, Jerry would still have praised God.) But had any one noticed the ridge of gray clouds that lay northwest at sunset? Yes, one had noticed it and did not like it; neither did Jerry. He thought, as he looked at it, of a great storm that had swept the coast of Galway one night—a Christmas night, too, alas!—many years before. The herald of that storm had been just such another ridge of gray clouds as the one which lifted its ominous form above the crimson-tinged horizon of our peaceful Kentucky landscape. There was no danger for us, so far inland; but God help the ships and fishing smacks when the storm breaks over the water, and God comfort the hearts of the watchers on shore! And yet out of such desolation God sometimes works His great miracles in human souls, as He did on that memorable Christmas Eve on the barren Galway coast.

A slight leaning forward of figures in the crimson firelight; a drawing closer of little chairs to the knee of the speaker; eyes, young and old, turning the battery of their glances on the kindly, weather-beaten face; then over the expectant hush flowed the soft Irish voice, telling the group of listeners how on that night long ago God brought back one of His black sheep to the fold.

The weather had been unusually severe. The fishermen first fretted, then grew anxious, then desperate; for Want was creeping up to the lowly homes, huddled together on a narrow strip of ground that the sea's constant hands, whether in caressing touches or fierce beating, had almost detached from the mainland. The danger of their position had often been pointed out to them. They were warned that some day the friend singing dreamily at their doors would swiftly, suddenly, relentlessly, turn into a foe bent upon their destruction. They would go—yes, they would go some time—farther back on the land: they would put themselves out of reach of the sea some time. So they dallied, for the gray neck of earth was home. These low houses had been built years ago, and generations of their name and blood had opened their eyes to life and closed them again under these low roofs. But now as the high winds lashed the waves into white fury and the boats lay idle, while gaunt Hunger's shadow fell upon their threshold, they saw their double peril, and it was decided to move in the spring. Afterward the storm abated; the white anger left the face of the sea; calm, alluring as of old, it lay about them, and its hoarse, shouting voice fell into whispering. The sun, too, parted with his sullenness and smiled from his amethystine realm upon the great waters, the barren cliffs, and those humble dwellings.

Joy came back to the hearts of the fisher-folk. "We can go out to-day," they remarked; "and, God willing, we'll have plenty for Christmas." They went and returned with laden boats, and the children oanced and the women sang and the men forgot their late misgivings. The following day, while the older men returned to the sea, the younger men would start in the best boats for the Galway fish-markets, and in exchange for their produce they would receive money wherewith to replenish the depleted larders and bring Christmas cheer to the remote hamlet.

Long before dawn that Christmas Eve the people were astir. Sunrise was the hour set for departure; but as each door opened and the men, women and

children poured out into the rose-tinted pearl of morning, it was not toward the cove where the laden boats lay that they turned their faces, but toward a cross which stood upon a slight eminence back of the houses. Summer sun and winter wind, rain from above and spray from beneath, had spent themselves upon it; sighs of breaking hearts had beat against it; tears had poured their bitter flood over it; but as it stood that morning, so had stood, to the memory of the oldest inhabitant, that black, solitary cross, with its white, anguished figure of the dying Redeemer. So long ago that it was even then a legend, a ship on its way to Liverpool from foreign ports had been driven leagues out of its course by an equinoctial storm, and in sight of that bleak, wind-swept Galway coast, had gone down with its rich embargo and precious freight of human souls.

Of all its passengers—their number who shall tell?—only one escaped: a man, washed up on a broken spar to this strip of friendly land. There a fisherman had found him lying with outstretched arms and white face. No word he uttered was understood by the peasants. They ministered to him, then sent an escort with him to Galway and forgot him. But one day, some months later, the stranger reappeared among them, and with him some workmen who carried a large cross. Where the man had been found the cross was planted, facing the sea; then they departed as unexpectedly as they had come.

The news spread abroad, and from far and near the people flocked to visit the cross. In awed groups they stood before that picture of sublime sacrifice; then, impelled by a power beyond their understanding, they bowed head and knee to pray for that soul whose need was greatest, as an inscription at the pierced feet bade them to do. When some families of fishermen decided to leave the nearest village in search of new habitation, the memory of the cross lone and sorrowful on this strip of land drew them to build their low houses at its feet; and it became their tabernacle, their church. At its base, when the priest came from the adjoining parish, they built a rude altar; under one of its outstretched arms they knelt to receive pardon for their sins; before it they bowed down during the celebration of the Mass; and there the waters of baptism were poured upon the heads of their children, and the words of benediction fell upon the newly wedded.

When affliction came to a heart, at the foot of the cross its sighs resounded; when joy became a soul's portion, there prayers of thanksgiving ascended. Look toward it from dawn till midday and some figure was outlined against its black base; the sunset light poured upon some suppliant, and the sombre cloak of night as often shielded a prostrate form. Over them it rose, with that bent head and those outstretched arms, awful in its loneliness, fit companion for that gray sweep of barren land behind, that stretch of lonely sea before.

The fishermen returning at night saw that grave, still figure before their eyes, as they sought the blue smoke of their dwellings; the white ships that scud past like wraiths of the mist, caught a fleeting glimpse of the tall cross, and the mariners were comforted. Over it the sun poured his radiance and the moon shed her splendor; soft summer breezes whispered about it and winter blasts howled; men smiled and wept; but changeless under elemental powers and before human emotions the great cross stood, with the face bent over the land and arms stretched toward the sea.

Toward the cross, their ark of the covenant, now moved the group of people. But one stood apart, with a

curl upon his lip and a mocking light in his eyes. Seeing him, some let the indignation of their hearts harden their faces; but others pitied and sighed. One—a girl, with a figure like a fawn in its grace and a face like a flower in its beauty—slipped her fingers from the clasp of a man's strong hand and went to the scoffer.

"Denny,"— her voice was tender, like a June breeze when it is swaying the clover blossoms—"don't stand there with that look on your face, those thoughts in your heart. Come and join me, Denny, in my prayers for you and for the others."

"Pray to a wooden cross? Not I!" And he laughed bitterly.

"O Denny dear, don't you know well it's not to the wooden cross we pray, but to the Lord Jesus who died upon it?" cried the girl, her tear-dimmed eyes fixed upon the young man's face.

"Whether a wooden cross or the Lord Jesus, 'tis all one. And Denny McCue doesn't bend knee either to the cross or Him that died upon it!"

"O God of mercy save us!" said the girl, crossing herself. "May the meek and merciful Saviour, who died upon the cross for you and me, forgive you those dreadful words, Denny McCue!"

He caught her hand.

"Aileen! Aileen, say good-bye!" he whispered, in a soft, subdued voice, his eyes lingering upon the face of the girl.

"Good-bye, Denny! And God keep you, although you deny Him, and bring you safe home!"

"Aileen! Aileen!" he went on, "love me as I love you. Come away with me. He doesn't love you as I do. Come away with me, my—"

But the girl wrenched her hand from his clasp and flew back to the sheltering presence of the crowd.

The flush on her face, brought there by maidenly indignation, did not escape the eyes of him whose hand she had relinquished to speak to his cousin. He forced his way to her side and drew her back. His face had an angry expression on it as he asked:

"What did he say to you, Aileen?"

"Oh, the old answer: that he would not join us in our prayers!" she said evasively, but her tones were trembling.

"The scoundrel!" said he. But Aileen lifted a protesting hand.

"Pity him and pray for him, Maurice; but don't revile him," she pleaded.

"Why are you always defending him to me? Why are you always taking his part with others? He's a disgrace to our good old name; a disgrace to the village—a black sheep!"

"God loves the black sheep as well as the white ones, Maurice," she said, and her voice was full of unshed tears.

"Nobody else notices him but you. Is it because of his handsome face?"

She was very patient, that fisherman's daughter.

"No, Maurice, but because of his soul. We can't win him back by slighting him, treating him with scorn. That's not the way our Saviour dealt with sinners."

The young man was silent, abashed; but the demon of jealousy had fastened its tooth in his heart, and its hold is long and tight. The people were beginning to kneel before the old cross.

"You seem to care more for his soul than for mine—why?"

She crushed back her quick woman's anger. Oh, in the face of this hour's parting she must be gentle, patient!

"His soul needs my care, yours does not. That's why."

"Sometimes I think if he were different you would—".

The girl stopped, and, lifting her face, looked him full in the eyes. For a moment he met her gaze; then:

"Forgive me, Aileen darling, that I wrong you even in my thoughts!"

"I forgive you, Maurice; but don't doubt me,—don't doubt me!"

Then they, too, knelt and joined in the prayers. For a minute, perhaps, the lone watcher stood motionless, his eyes fixed upon one figure among the kneeling throng; then he turned on his heel and, with the sneer on his lips, the mocking light in his dark eyes, strode to where the boats lay, gently rocked by the waters.

"You'll be back early, Maurice?" the girl called.

"Yes, Aileen, God willing," he answered.

"And you'll be kind to poor Denny on the way and bring him back safe?" she whispered; for the cousins were to go together in Maurice's new boat. For an instant his eyes clouded, then he smiled.

"Yes, Aileen, I'll bring the black sheep home safe," he said.

A stranger coming upon the hamlet an hour later would have thought it deserted; but occasionally low doors would be opened and women's forms would be silhouetted against the indistinct background. Their eyes would sweep the sea and sky. The former was still, the latter clear save for a low ridge of clouds stretched far along the horizon toward the northwest. As the day advanced that ridge of clouds began to extend itself and grow higher—lead-colored at the base, pearl-gray at the summit. The sea began to rock and croon its weird lullaby. Still no alarm was felt by the watching women as they noted the change.

But suddenly, unexpectedly, the light of the cottages grew dim. Then every doorway showed its anxious face. Where the line of distant cloud-mountains had stretched, now rose a near wall of darkness. High it rose and higher; built up, quickly, fearfully, by the mighty hands of the wind. Soon the gasping day was smothered in its blackness. As the gloom of unnatural night fell, the sea, as if it had waited for this cloak in which to hide its treachery, began to rock violently; then wave mounted on wave until it seemed a wall of water rose to meet a wall of cloud.

With one accord, the helpless women and children flew to the foot of the cross. Oh, piteous were the pleadings that went up from those tortured hearts for fathers and sons, husbands and lovers, far out on the merciless deep! The white anguished face seemed to bend over them in unutterable love and sympathy; but the roar of waves and sound of wind grew louder, drowning the words of the praying women. Night black and impenetrable on the land; night black and awful on the deep. The minutes crept by like years, each weighted with its overpowering load of misery. Yet they were silent, those women, except when they prayed; for the sea teaches its lesson of quietude, which is strength, to those who dwell with her. They set the candles in the windows, lighted the few lanterns, armed themselves with the life-saving ropes—and waited. But as they thus waited, Age threw her gray shadow upon young faces and laid her whitening hands upon brown heads, and Life taught little ones its sorrows and fears. Then a faint cry was borne to them. Some one was in sight of home. They swung their lanterns and lifted answering voices. The wind and wave only laughed in mockery. Again they waved the lights and called out encouragement. But there was no reply from the blackness before them. Whose loved ones had gone down, with their eyes on the beacon light of home?

Hours passed. The storm increased in fury; still the women stood by the sea, waiting and praying. Again came the sound of voices, louder, stronger. Again went back the answering cry, while numb hands swung the bright lights. The

voices came nearer, and the women prayed; then a wave lifted up and flung almost at their feet a boat, to whose futile oars two fishermen clung. In the next minute two women held their husbands in their arms, while three others crouched on the sands to hear the dire tidings that the fathers of their children were lost. The fate of the other boats the two men could not tell. Warned by the rising cloud, they had all started for shore; but the storm had overtaken them, dispersed them, and only the Ruler of the deep could bring them again together.

The men sent the women to the houses with the children. All obeyed except Aileen. She had no mother to soothe her sorrow, no child to need her care. With a rope and one of the discarded lanterns, she stood resolutely, with her face toward the south. She heard the two men talking; but their words fell meaningless upon her ears, until a surging noise, that made itself heard above the roar of wind and wave, forced itself upon her attention. It was the tide coming in, not with swinging feet and sighing voice, but with bounds and roars, like a herd of wild beasts on the scent of the prey. Then from the dark world of water she heard her name called.

"He's come! He's come!" she cried, and ran forward. The men followed. The light of the lanterns made a path of white across the blackness and showed a boat struggling to reach the shore. The men flung out their ropes. They fell short of the boat. The sailors strove to push their bark forward. The waters hid them one instant; in the next it lifted the boat on high, as if hesitating whether to dash it into a watery grave or against the friendly land. Now the light shone well upon it. The two men in the boat were Maurice and Denny.

Suddenly a boom like the bursting of a thousand shells!

"My God, the sea is on us!" shouted the men on shore, and Aileen felt herself dragged backward. She wrenched herself free. The boat was nearer now. Her light showed her plainly the white face of Maurice, the dark eyes of his cousin Denny. One she might save, both she could not. A swift prayer for strength and courage, then she flung out the white rope—to Denny.

"Don't doubt me, Maurice! Don't doubt me!" she cried piteously over the water. Then she felt the water against her feet; she twisted the rope about her frail body and ran toward the houses. Those women who had heard the men's warning were flying with their children toward the mainland. Still clutching the end of the rope, Aileen ran. The water was now to her knees—now to her waist—now she was battling to hold her footing. Shrieks of drowning women and children rang in her ears, but the water swept her onward. Once more she swung her lantern on high. Its light showed her the tall crucifix, half submerged. She made an effort to reach it, then the waves lifted her and carried her with them to destruction.

The next morning the priest, on his way to one of his many chapels, was met by a woman who was coming to him with the news of the hamlet's destruction. He turned aside from his original path and, whipping his horse into a hard gallop, soon arrived at the scene. Of the dozen or more snug cottages that had stood yesterday, white-faced, against the sea not one remained. Some were carried off by the waves, others lay a heap of ruins; but unmoved, unharmed, stood the tall black cross. With something akin to awe in his heart, the priest dismounted and walked toward the emblem of redemption. As he drew near he saw a man's arm thrown about the base. A few hurried paces brought him to the cross

and left him looking down upon the upturned face of a living man. But he gave no sign of cognizance of the priest's approach. He was unaware of it; for the dark eyes were fixed, in death-like stare, upon the white agonized face above him.

"Denny!" called the priest. "Denny!"

Then the right hand was withdrawn from its vise-like grip on the left, and was pointed toward that carved face, as Denny McCue cried out:

"Look at Him—Him—God!"

The priest bent down.

"Denny!" he called again.

"Look at Him—Him—God!" repeated Denny, his long arm still lifted.

The priest looked toward the face of the wooden figure, and for the first time the soul that had guided the carver's chisel forced itself, in all its undying power, upon him. No wooden figure it was now, but man's highest conception of Divine Love that looked down upon them; and he knelt in reverential awe as the poor creature lay in paralyzing fear. Then the priest drew down the arm, and laid a soothing hand across the staring eyes.

Afterward, when his mind grew clear and his memory returned, Denny told how his cousin Maurice had caught the rope Aileen had thrown, and thrust it into his hands; then the waves swept them from the boat and parted them. He felt himself being drawn in, and so clung to the rope, helping himself all he could. On, on, on,—then the waves flung him against something upright, firm. He thrust out his arms and clutched it, and knew that it was the cross. The waters beat against it, upon him; but he clung to it, his clasp reaching up higher and higher until he was clinging to its transfix beam,—until he felt the cold face and crown-thorned head against his face; then the subsiding waters bore him down gently, leaving him clinging to the feet of the cross in security, as he had clung to its arms in peril of death.

Ten years later Denny, a soldier of the Cross, was passing over the Atlantic to plant in the wilds of British America the once derided standard of the Master he had repudiated and despised.

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"God be praised!"

Thus the oldest and most pious of the listeners supplemented Jerry's story. Doubtless, Dina, fuming in the kitchen over the delayed supper, echoed the thanksgiving. But over all the cheer of those following hours hung the picture of that lone figure of the Crucified, with the repentant one clinging to its feet, as the Christmas morning broke gray and cold upon the bleak, wreck-strewn coast of Galway.

The Dying Year.

BY M. E. M.

LINGER yet a little while,
Lovingly I pray you!
Wrinkled brow and sunken eye
Still to me are dear;
For I knew them smooth and bright;
And would fain delay you
From the bitter storm and cold,
Trembling, dying Year.

Turn to me that withered cheek,
Once more to caress it;
Many a time upon your breast
Sweet repose I found.
Whate'er toil or care was mine,
One to share and bless it
Never failed me while your feet
Marked the circle round.

Hark! It is the midnight bell!
Peace and rest betide you!
Through the darkness speeds a youth,
Singing brave and clear,—
Now he hastens, now he comes,
Now he kneels beside you:
Give him *Benedicite*,
Gentle, kind Old Year!

Dr. Martin's Wife.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A LIFE'S LABYRINTH," ETC.

XXVI.—Reconciliation.

MRS. MARTIN was ill for several weeks with nervous prostration. She did not seem to suffer, but would lie passively from day to day, unable to lift her head; receiving mechanically the nourishment which was pressed upon her by those more anxious than herself to see her strong and well again.

If it had not been for Marie at this critical time, the little household would have fallen to pieces. Bridget, who was really very old but had preserved her health and strength remarkably until now, began to grow feeble rapidly. The double calamity of Maurice's defection and the collapse of her mistress had crushed her brave spirit. She was no longer herself — indefatigable, cheerful, hopeful; but was like one stunned and enfeebled by a terrible blow.

Louisa was soon installed as general factotum by Marie, who was now thrown entirely on her own resources in the management of the domestic affairs. And right capable did she prove herself in the great emergency. Filled with solicitude for her adopted mother, and realizing how much depended on her, she resolutely put aside all regrets on her own account. Both Mrs. Martin and Bridget accepted the situation as perfectly natural, never questioning her arrangement of the household affairs, and deferring entirely to her judgment in everything. She had feared that Bridget would not relinquish the household duties she had performed so faithfully; but the old woman made not the slightest objection. Her sole thought seemed to be for the health of her mistress, by whose bedside she came to sit early every morning, and whom she watched as jealously and tenderly as a parent does a sick child. She was of great assistance and comfort to Marie in the long days and weeks that followed the humiliating news which had prostrated the disappointed mother.

Dr. Middleton came every day, finally taking up his temporary abode in the village in order to be near his patient, whom he seemed unable, by any device, to rouse from the apathy into which she had fallen. He had written to Maurice, not sparing him, and telling him the news of his marriage had so prostrated his mother that she could not write. Nor had he any reason to expect that she would write later, the Doctor went on; though time might restore her health and soften the resentment she felt so strongly against the offender.

As soon as he received this letter, Maurice wrote to Marie, making no allusion to his marriage, but asking her to keep him informed of his mother's condition, and to direct his letters to the Parisian studio where he had formerly worked. This surprised her somewhat. She had imagined he would remain in Algiers. However, she replied, saying that Dr. Middleton would continue to send him news of his mother's health, and that therefore there could be no need of her writing. She also added that as soon as Mrs. Martin was able, she felt assured she would write herself. Her surmise proved correct: no sooner was the patient able to sit up than some of her former energy seemed suddenly to return. She sat down one day and wrote a long letter to Maurice, the contents of which she mentioned to no one. Short letters were exchanged at intervals afterward. His remittances were sent punctually and as punctually acknowledged.

As Mrs. Martin's recovery progressed, Bridget seemed to fail; and in the flurry of the first winter's snow they laid her

to rest at the feet of the master she had loved. Her death left a great void in the household. Mrs. Martin and Marie grew closer to each other every day. A few weeks later old Peter died; and his daughter Louisa, who had until then lived at home though doing the work at the Red House, took up her abode with them. Her son, young Louis, was still in New York, pursuing his studies.

One day, early in spring, Mrs. Martin requested Dr. Middleton to select from her husband's library any books which might be useful to the young man; and, having sent them to him, she disposed of the remainder. Thus was the last link broken which had bound her to the hope that at some future day Maurice might develop a desire to study his father's profession. The action was significant: it showed how deeply the blow had struck, and how completely she had broken with the past. She never spoke of her son; and as the months went by she began to resume her usual duties with a quiet patience nearly allied to cheerfulness, which lifted a great weight from the heart of the young girl whose life was entirely devoted to her.

Her acquiescence in the situation was, however, nothing more than an outward mask of composure. At times she wept passionately, her soul filled with longing for the boy who had so outraged and disappointed her deepest affections,—times when she felt herself unable to exist any longer without seeing him; times also when she would inwardly resent the apparent calmness of Marie.

But Marie was not aware of these feelings: Mrs. Martin never betrayed them; and, after having given way to them for a season, she would reproach herself, and redouble her kindness and affection for the patient, gentle young girl, who suffered indeed, but silently and with the beautiful endurance of an heroic, uncomplaining nature.

After a time even Dr. Middleton's resentment grew less bitter; and it was only a hesitation to add more to her already weighty burthen that prevented him from telling Mrs. Martin all he had learned regarding Maurice's hasty marriage. From the American Consul in Algiers, who was an old acquaintance of his, he had received the information that Jebson *père* was an adventurer—a gambler, who had made use of his daughter's beauty to decoy rich young men into his toils, only to release them after he had fleeced and robbed them. The girl was not bad, the Consul had written; most persons had thought her an unwilling participant in her father's infamy; and, so far as her anomalous position would allow, she had the respect and sympathy of those who knew her.

It appears that Jebson had welcomed Maurice effusively, thinking him to be one of those rich young Americans who desire nothing more than to get rid of their money as soon as possible. But when he learned his mistake, he had not been slow in forbidding his daughter to give him any encouragement. The warning, however, came too late; and the sequel was an elopement, and the subsequent discovery of the real character of his father-in-law; after which Maurice returned to Paris with his wife, where he resumed his work. Part of this the Doctor learned from Maurice himself, who now wrote to him regularly in order to obtain news of his mother. He seldom mentioned his domestic affairs, but the Doctor suspected that he was not very happy.

In the third year of his marriage Maurice wrote thus to his mother:

"My wife is dead. I must break up my household; and I take the liberty of sending you a replica of something you prize very highly. I know you will welcome it, dearest mother; and who knows but that later you may once

more open your heart—the heart I have so deeply wounded—to me, who still love you with all that is left of mine?"

"Now that she is dead he can find room in his affections for me—for us!" she said, bitterly. "Until now he has had never a loving word for me."

"I do not think he has ever forgotten or that his affection for you has grown less," said Marie, tenderly. "Remember, mother, you positively forbade him to write any information concerning himself or his affairs."

"And was not that natural?" Mrs. Martin replied. "How can *you* defend him, Marie my child,—you whom he so grievously wronged?"

"I only wish to be just. Maurice loves you and you are longing for him: your heart is breaking for him. As for me, I can go away."

"You shall not go away!" exclaimed Mrs. Martin, passionately. "You shall not even think of it. Then would my heart be broken indeed. As for him, he could not make me suffer any more than he has done."

"Ah, you mistake!" said Marie. "No doubt he, too, has suffered, and has profited by his experience. Maurice will be changed when he returns."

Marie had been kept informed by the Doctor and knew things of which Mrs. Martin was entirely ignorant. And she believed what she said.

"Yes, no doubt he does suffer, now that his wife is dead,—that is, if he still continued to love her after three years."

"Put all bitterness out of your heart, I beseech you!" said Marie, clasping the overwrought woman in her strong young arms. "God is preparing the way: do not reject your son."

And she did not. Having confessed the longing which possessed her soul, she awaited the future with the greatest anxiety, yet feared to be too precipitate in cancelling all that had passed. For, as her sister-in-law had said, she was not a woman easily to forget injuries; and the dearer the hand that inflicted them, the deeper the blow.

One day, some three weeks later, Louisa brought up a card. It bore the name of Mrs. Green; but until Mrs. Martin entered the parlor she did not identify it with that of the lady with whom she had had so slight an acquaintance in Paris.

"You do not remember me, perhaps?" said the visitor.

But, to her surprise, Mrs. Martin had recognized her immediately.

"I have just arrived from Paris, where we have been living for the past three years," she continued; "and I am the bearer of something from your son, whom I knew very well there. It is something most precious, which he has honored me by entrusting to my care."

"I thank you very much!" said Mrs. Martin. "He wrote me of it. But tell me—oh, tell me how he is and how he is looking! Tell me all."

"Shall I tell you all?" inquired her visitor, coming closer. "Yes, I will,—all that you do not know or even suspect. I am in Maurice's confidence; in some slight degree I have tried to take your place. I am aware of your grievances, Mrs. Martin; and I have sympathized with you. But your poor boy, too, has suffered and deeply."

Then she told the sorrowing mother all that had befallen Maurice and his wife.

"At first they were happy enough," she went on; "but the wife soon became a confirmed invalid, with all that the term frequently carries with it. She was querulous and dissatisfied, craving constant change and expensive luxuries; neither of which he could give her with his limited income, which, in order to gratify her expensive tastes, he was obliged to supplement by very hard

work. I became acquainted with them through a mutual friend. I never saw patience or sweetness equal to his, no matter how unreasonable or selfish his wife's demands might be. He realized that he had been the victim of an infatuation; it taught him the folly of his ways, and he nerved himself to endure in a Christian spirit the pain and misery it had brought upon him. All he has gone through has ennobled him, I do assure you. He is a fine man now,—a son of whom any mother might be proud; a son to whom the most exacting mother could forgive the faults and errors of the past. After the death of his wife he told me his whole story, and it was a sad one. He concealed no circumstance of his 'base conduct,' as he termed it; and fully realizes that almost any punishment meted out to him would be just. He is tired of Paris—of expatriation. He wants to come home, Mrs. Martin. He awaits but a sign from you."

"Poor Maurice! poor boy! I have never dreamed of it as it has been," murmured Mrs. Martin, as she wiped the quickly falling tears. "Oh, I thank you for having been kind to him!"

"No one could be less than kind to *him*," said Mrs. Green. "But the girl,—she is with you still? It was hard for him to mention her. 'The angel' was the only name he ever gave her, always pronounced with a reverence that I could not understand. The darkest hour had a ray of joy in the knowledge that he was fully expiating his great fault."

"Ah, my poor Marie! She has been the light of my eyes, my staff, my one comforter. I will call her."

She left the room, soon returning with Marie, who was looking lovely in a simple dark blue gown, which set off her delicate complexion and heightened the brilliancy of her large dark eyes.

"How could any man have renounced this charming creature for the other!" thought Mrs. Green, as the young girl greeted her with an entrancing smile.

Presently they were talking like old friends. At length Mrs. Green arose and said:

"I can not stay any longer to-day; but, if I may, I will be glad to come again. However, I must fetch Maurice's souvenir from the carriage."

"Oh, have you brought it?" asked Mrs. Martin. "Is it a picture, perhaps? Is it heavy?"

"It is a picture, but it is not heavy," she said, as she hurried from the room. "Do not stir," she continued, when they would have followed her. "I wish to surprise you."

They soon heard a murmur of voices outside, and in a few moments Mrs. Green reappeared, radiant and smiling. Behind her came an old woman, leading by the hand a beautiful boy about two years old.

"O Stephanie!" cried Marie, throwing her arms around her. But Mrs. Martin, with an exclamation of joy, fell on her knees in front of the child, crying and laughing.

"Maurice—Desmond! It is Maurice's boy. It is Desmond's face—those are Desmond's eyes. O my son! my son! my darling baby!"

Now she was kissing and fondling him, while the little fellow pulled at her hair and said:

"Ganma, O nice, *putty* ganma!"

Then it was Marie's turn; and soon the women were gathered about him, caressing him by turns; while he sat, gravely smiling, serious and thoughtful beyond his years.

"Yes, yes," said Stephanie, when the tumult had subsided a little. "I came to Monsieur Maurice when he sent for me to Deux-Roches. My old heart bled for him in his dire distress, and my brother was very sorry for him."

"And Monsieur Maurice, Stephanie? Is he well?" asked Marie. "And when is he coming home?"

"That I can hardly say for certain," replied Stephanie, glancing archly from the girl to the elder lady. "But one thing I *can* say—that it will be as soon as two women who love him and whom he loves best will send for him."

"I think it will be soon, Stephanie," said Mrs. Green.

"It will be this very evening," said Mrs. Martin, taking the boy in her arms and placing him in front of the picture which hung over the mantelpiece. It was the portrait of her beloved husband, painted when he was about the same age; and the boy was truly a replica of the picture.

"*This* one *will* be a doctor," said Mrs. Green. "He is not in the least like his father and in no way resembles his mother. I predict that he will be a second edition of your noble husband."

"Who is it, precious one?" asked the grandmother, pointing to the picture.

"'Esmond!" the child replied, thinking it was his own portrait.

"Yes, it is Desmond," she went on. "And you are Desmond. Oh, may you grow to be as like him in heart and soul as you are his living image!"

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Maurice's pictures are bringing him fame and money. He has a studio in town, where he spends about half his time, employing the rest in horticultural pursuits; for, under Dr. Middleton's tuition, he has become quite a successful amateur gardener. This employment of part of his time was made necessary by the state of his health when he returned from Paris, where he had labored and suffered more than any one but himself will ever know. His idolized wife is his strength and inspiration, and he is well aware of the fact; as is his mother also, to whom she is hardly less dear.

There are times when Mrs. Martin can not understand or sympathize with his gloomy moods—the result of the sting of remorse for his past cruelty and ingratitude. But his wife is always prepared for them and tolerant of them. Whenever she sees indications of this restlessness she at once lays aside her duties and suggests a little journey, in which Maurice acquiesces. Then they go away together—sometimes through the length and breadth of their own land, sometimes abroad, seeing new places and new faces—until, the restless spirit laid, Maurice turns his steps toward home with a peaceful and joyous heart.

There are two children at the Red House now. Little Marie resembles both father and mother; but the boy is like no one but the other Desmond whose picture hangs above the mantel, of whose goodness he is never tired of hearing, and whom he longs to imitate in every particular.

The children are both very dear to their grandmother; but it can not be denied that she holds the boy a little nearer, a little dearer, than his sister. And who can blame her? On the day she first looked upon his beautiful, innocent face the shadows which had so long encompassed her began to fall away from her sorrowing soul. Who can blame her? For in the boy steadily growing in years and character before her adoring eyes, she renews once more the joys, dreams and aspirations of her life's ideal days, so suddenly clouded in their first bright bloom. In the development of little Desmond's character she can feel that what she vainly hoped for in the father will be realized in the son; and the atmosphere of peace and love and happiness by which she is surrounded forever renews the promise of her youth.

(The End.)

A Hero in a Soutane.

AMONG the curates who some thirty years ago were attached to the Church of SS. Paul and Louis in Paris was a Spanish priest whose unusual height, splendid head of black hair, and grave countenance, somewhat swarthy in hue, invariably attracted attention. From his general bearing and style of carriage one could readily guess that he had formerly carried a sword; hence it was no surprise to learn that Father Capella, as a brave cavalry officer, had distinguished himself on many a field before entering the priesthood.

After spending some years as a curate at SS. Paul and Louis, where he was universally esteemed, Father Capella was appointed pastor of a little parish in the environs of the French capital. His parishioners, almost all market gardeners, speedily learned to venerate and love him. His kindness and his soldierly frankness soon overcame not only all prejudices but all antipathies. Once his acquaintance was formed, it was impossible to withhold from him the tribute of profound esteem.

Falling seriously ill, Father Capella was visited by almost all his flock; even the least practical Catholics made it a point to call at the presbytery and inquire as to his condition. On the eve of his death, after the last Sacraments had been administered, and while he was offering to God the sufferings of his agony, which was imminent, a man hastily entered and said to him:

"Father, Mr. X, whom you know well, is very ill. It is even said that he is going to die. We are at a loss what to do, for he refuses to receive any priest. The parish priest of M—— went to see him, but Mr. X turned his back on him and would not say a word."

"What a pity! So fine a fellow, too!" replied Father Capella. "Ah, if I were not myself dying I would go, and perhaps would get a better reception!"

"Ah, *you*, Father! The man loves and esteems you too much to treat you like that. But, alas!—"

He did not finish the sentence. A sublime thought inspired the priest. Raising himself with a mighty effort in his bed, he clasped his hands and exclaimed: "My God, I beseech Thee grant me still a little strength!" After a moment of recollection, he suddenly addressed those who surrounded him. "Dress me!" he said to them.

Not one stirred. Listening to the dying man's voice, which had recovered the tone of command, they thought him delirious, and so remained passive.

"Dress me, I say!" he repeated, with an accent of authority that there was no resisting.

Exclamations of astonishment were heard on all sides; but the moribund, whose residue of life seemed to have taken refuge in his indomitable will, held out his trembling arms and legs, already numbed with the death-chill, so that his orders might be obeyed.

"And now," said the priest, "carry me quickly to the sick man."

"Good heavens! he will die on the way!" was the despairing cry of the bystanders.

Paying no attention to their remarks, Father Capella ordered his oil-stocks to be brought to him. When his sick-call bag was found, he said briefly: "Now take me, and hurry!"

With indescribable emotion, several of the men carried him to the house of Mr. X, his body limp as a cloth in the wind. The soul alone lived and reigned, permitting neither cry nor plaint nor even a sigh throughout the painful passage. At last they seated him by the sick man's bedside.

"My friend," said Father Capella, in an agitated tone, "we are both going

to appear before God. A few hours more and all will be over with us. Are you not willing that we should make the voyage together? Here I am, come to give you succor in this last hour."

An inarticulate cry escaped the sick man, and, unable to utter a word, he seized his pastor's hand and reverently raised it to his lips.

"My friend," continued the priest, "the time is short. Trust yourself to me and don't refuse to make your confession."

Subdued and quite overcome by such heroic faith, Mr. X burst into tears, and exclaimed:

"Oh, yes, yes: I'll willingly confess to you, who are so good to me!"

A heavenly smile passed over the pastor's lips. He waved the bystanders aside. The two dying men conversed in whispers for some minutes; and then, with a supreme effort, the priest raised his hand above the head of the penitent and pronounced the words of absolution.

Calling next for the holy oils, he said to one of the neighbors: "Take my arm and guide my hand." The man did so, and the sacred unctions were applied. The divine act accomplished, Father Capella bent over him whom he had just anointed and murmured with a sigh of relief: "*Au revoir*, my friend! And let us pray for each other. Now, Lord," he added, in a firmer tone, "Thou wilt let Thy servant depart in peace!"

A few hours later he was dead.

Dear Christ.

BY THE REV. P. J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

DEAR Christ, You left Your paradise
To wash away our sin:
We barred the doors against You, Christ,
And would not let You in.

Dear Christ, You would abide with us—
But, ah, there was no room!
We nailed You to a cross, dear Christ,
And left You in the gloom.

A Grave Responsibility.

IF one wishes a striking illustration of the awful responsibility of standing between a human soul and its convictions he can find it in the words uttered by the unfortunate Oscar Wilde upon his death-bed. "I would have been a better man," he said, "if my father had not prevented me from becoming a Catholic." There is reason to believe that this is true; that, instead of being a byword in two continents, his name would have been an honor to his race and nation, if Bigotry had not stepped in and said, "A son of mine shall not be a Catholic." Instead of a clouded life, there would have been one in which honor dwelt and honor reigned.

The apostle of æstheticism repented at the last; but even God's great mercy does not wipe out the lasting effects of one's misdoings. Probably the sharpest pang of his last days was caused by the remembrance of the unwholesome influence he had wielded over those who were attracted by his winning personality. We can call back yesterday's floating thistle-down perchance, but not one word or deed that has begun its work for good or ill.

The case of this erring and unfortunate man is doubtless an extreme one, but it has its counterpart in some degree in thousands of homes where those who rule aver, "No Catholic shall be one of this household." All the victims of this pitiless mandate do not achieve an unenviable notoriety; in fact, most of them continue to lead blameless lives and suffer in patient silence; but it is no less true that a certain proportion, thwarted in their dearest wish, cease to listen for the Divine Voice.

The intensity of the malignant persecution which converts to the Catholic faith often suffer can be fully realized only by those who have had experience

of it. It is relentless and unreasoning, and its persistence almost passes belief. It is inconceivable how parents and others in authority, usually professing some sort of religious faith themselves, can and do drive souls away from peace,—yea, ofttimes from Heaven. One may become an agnostic or an infidel, a Theosophist—a sectarian of any sort, without encountering much opposition; but the announcement of an intention to join the Catholic Church is almost sure to raise a storm of refined persecution.

But there are, happily, lights upon the picture. Everywhere there are indications that intolerance is growing less, and that the kingdom for which we pray is swiftly and surely coming.

Letting by Candle.

IN several towns in England an old custom exists called "selling by candle." But it is letting or leasing, not selling; and the piece of property is meadow land called "the church acre." A candle is lighted, and one inch below the flame a pin is inserted. To the one who is bidding as the pin drops out the property belongs. Sometimes the letting takes place every year; at Chedzoy, every twenty-one years. At one place the grazing rights are annually let in the same strange way. The auctioneer produces the old record book and then asks for bidders. "Get on, gentlemen: the candle's burning!" is his exhortation in place of our "Going, going, gone!"

Pepys in his diary refers to selling by candle: "After dinner we met and sold the fellowship milks. Here I observed one man cunninger than the rest, that was sure to bid last and to carry it; and, inquiring the reason, he told me that just as the flame goes out the smoke descends, which is a thing I never observed before; and by that he do know the instant when to bid last."

Notes and Remarks.

Ten thousand murders were committed in the United States during the last twelve months; and upon this gruesome fact the Chicago *Times-Herald* observes that "the task before the church, the schoolhouse, the home and the state is big enough to stagger human optimism and Christian courage." This is hardly an inspiriting reflection with which to open the new century, but it is a chastening one with which to close the old. Everybody but the politicians knows that the earnest practice of religion is the fountain of morality. As a rule men act out consistently the principles they really hold. If religion ceases to be operative on human life, the fear of detection is the only force left to subdue the master-passions of men; and this force, as priests and policemen know, is hopelessly inadequate. Creedless churches, creedless schools, and creedless homes will produce a new generation of criminals to be sent to the jails or the gallows by a creedless state? The American people are not yet ready to apply the only adequate remedy to a growing evil already grown gigantic; but if we can not have Christian schools, at least we can cry aloud and spare not till conviction pierces the densest or the most reluctant intellect. The ghastly figures we have quoted ought to inspire us all with zeal for the spread of right ideas about education, and with a holy desire to labor by teaching and example to make America Catholic.

The active crusade against vice that is now being waged in New York, the inevitable crusade that periodically stirs up the respectable classes in each of our larger cities, incidentally accomplishes one good: it emphasizes the increasing necessity on the part of parents for

vigilant supervision of their children. The Catholic father or mother who can not but be cognizant of the baleful revelations made by the press as to the night-side of life on the city streets, and who, nevertheless, allows young boys and girls to remain away from home until late hours without definite knowledge of their whereabouts, can scarcely be excused. Such culpable imprudence merits severe condemnation from the pastors of these negligent parents. A cheerful home-life, or the atmosphere of a society under church direction, must be provided not only for younger children, but for youths and maidens who have entered upon the grown-up period of existence. It is surely possible for Christian people to preserve their children from personal contact with vice, and the obligation to do so is a serious one.

The leader of the French ministry, M. Waldeck-Rousseau, has sent to all the prefects of France a circular letter which practically informs these functionaries that they must not only fulfil the duties of their office, but must also, in the sphere of their personal conduct, manifest identity of views with the government. "The example of attachment to the institutions which it is their function to serve is their first duty," says the circular; "and the conformity of their conduct with the principles that inspire the government will be the best evidence of that duty's accomplishment." Stripped of its diplomatic phraseology, the letter means: 'Messrs. Prefects, the government doesn't believe in having French children brought up in the religious schools. See to it that you withdraw your own children from such establishments, or you will be speedily replaced by officials more in harmony with our principles.' If the prefects possess the courage of their convictions, they will, of course, disregard the implied threat; but it is to be feared that too many of them will hasten to show themselves quite subservient to the iniquitous rulers who, in the name of liberty, are striving to reduce the Catholics of France to the most intolerable politico-religious slavery.

The closing days of the nineteenth century naturally rouse thoughtful people to both retrospection and introspection; and we observe with pleasure that even that self-righteous abstraction, the Anglo-Saxon race, is examining its conscience. Discussing the corruption that has followed on the inordinate love of wealth in England and America, Lord Beresford, that stout champion of Anglo-Saxonism, writes in one of the current magazines: "This is the danger which menaces the Anglo-Saxon race. The sea which threatens to overwhelm it is not the angry waters of the Latin races or of envious rivals, but the cankering worm in its own heart; the sloth, the indolence, the luxurious immorality, the loss of manliness, chivalry, moral courage and fearlessness, which that worm breeds."

The New York *Sun* has a habit of bringing to bear on the various religious movements which from time to time occupy public attention, a close and incisive logic that unerringly penetrates the most specious sophistries and lays the very heart of the matter bare to the most ordinary understanding. In the proposed revision of the Westminster Confession of Faith by a committee of the General Assembly of the Presbyterians, the *Sun* sees the demand for an "up-to-date" creed, the prevailing distaste for the doctrine of hell, and widespread discontent with the strong food thus far offered to the members of

the Presbyterian body. Revision, however, is logically impossible, unless the sovereignty of God and the doctrine of retribution be done away with; and hence a supplementary creed is looked upon as the probable outcome of the committee's labors.

This action on the part of one of the most influential of the sects is another proof of the weakening of religious conviction that is noticeable in all non-Catholic denominations. So far as the particular body in question is concerned, the *Sun* truly says: "If the Presbyterian church survives the displacement of the Westminster Confession, it will be as a radically transformed body, its old distinction gone and the reason for its existence lost."

If a good half of the claims which Mr. John P. Holland makes for his submarine boat prove substantial, his invention will mark an epoch in modern history. When the first torpedo-boat goes into action, the inventor is confident "she will bring us face to face with the most puzzling problem ever met in warfare"; for it will be impossible for a hostile force either to protect itself from her or to destroy her. Here is a bit of Mr. Holland's enthusiasm:

> She can pass by anything above or beneath the waves, destroy wharves and shipping and warships at anchor, throw shells into the city, and then make her way out again to sea. She can lie for days at the bottom of the harbor, leaving only when she has used up all her stored power except what is required to carry her back to the open, where she can come to the surface a speck on the water. She would never have to expose herself for more than a second at a time during all her work of destruction in the harbor. This would be when she rose to discharge her gun to shell the city. The recoil of the gun would send her down again and out of sight.... Her torpedoes she could discharge without coming to the surface at all.

The objection that the boat is unavailable for service in foreign waters because unsuited for a long trip is to be answered in the most practical way. Mr. Holland will cross the ocean in his boat "before long." He will not be sea-sick either; for on rough days he will travel under-seas. However, the most interesting promise made by this remarkable man is that "nations with seaports will have to refrain from making war." In this case God speed the submarine boat! Our government has already purchased the *Holland* and seven others of similar construction are building.

It is curious to note how similar are the conditions of the Church in Australia and in the United States. The public school grievance, entailing double taxation for the education of Catholic children, is common to both countries; and there, as here, the growth of the Church in this century has been amazing. As in some of our Western States, the priests of Australia often drive from twenty to forty miles between Masses on Sunday, besides preaching and hearing many confessions. "Breakfast for them is not usually available till two or three o'clock in the afternoon," says the Madras *Watchman*. But in one important respect our Australasian brethren are better off than we; for Catholics down there, though they constitute only one-fourth of the population, have literally come to possess the land. Most of them own large farms containing thousands of rich acres. This is a matter on which—in the light of experience in this country—we are disposed to congratulate both the clergy and laity of Australia.

The general outlines of the career of the late Thomas Arnold are familiar to the public through his published autobiography. Like the Palgraves, the Arnolds were of Jewish origin; their families had borne the names of Cohen and Aaron.

The *Tablet* notes the coincidence that, in the same generation, both these families consisted of brothers of singular distinction, one of whom in each family joined the Church, left it, and returned to it again with a fervor intensified by temporary estrangement.

Mr. Arnold relates that on a Sunday in October, 1854, after years of religious uncertainty, he received special help and consolation from a passage in the First Epistle of St. Peter. Subsequently a deep impression was made on his mind by the casual reading of the life of St. Brigit of Sweden at a country inn where he had to pass the night. The festival of the saint, whose life he happened to read as it seemed by accident, fell on the same day in October on which a decisive change had been produced in his mind by suddenly remembering the words of St. Peter. The impression which this coincidence made upon Dr. Arnold was indelible.

An audience that filled Carnegie Hall, New York, recently, listened to an exposition of Confucianism by Wu Ting-fang, Chinese Minister to the United States. The Ethical Culture Society whom he addressed were told in what the doctrines of Confucius differed from those of Christ, and were informed that the former are the better. Confucianism, said its distinguished disciple, is not properly a religion; its author would be called now an agnostic. The system aims to make men good members of society, and has nothing to do with the supernatural, the spiritual, or the life beyond the grave. Mr. Wu's argument would seem to be that Confucianism is better than Christianity because it is something very different.

As was to be expected from a Chinaman able enough to represent his empire at Washington, the Minister did not fail to instance the glaring inconsistency between Christian doctrine as laid down in the Gospel and Christian practice as illustrated by Christian nations and Christian missionaries:

> "Love your enemies," is Christ's command. But at this moment Christian missionaries are crying for vengeance by bloodshed; Christian armies are devastating, ruining, burning, pillaging; and are not pausing in their progress to discriminate between friend and enemy; are not forbearing to carry away anything they can lay hands upon. What a vast gulf there is between profession and practice!... No trail of blood marks the progress of Confucianism. We have sent no missionaries with armies to follow them if trouble should occur, as it must inevitably occur with aggressive proselytizing.

And, unfortunately, Mr. Wu did not remind his audience that there are Christians and Christians, missionaries and missionaries. He did not express himself so fully as he sometimes does.

If we were permitted to believe that the end justifies the means, we should propose a vote of thanks to the pastor of the M. E. Church in San José, Cal., for his ill-informed onslaught upon the efficacy of prayer; the reason being that the clergyman's fluent observations provoked a wholly admirable statement of the relationship of Prayer and Natural Law from Father Joseph Sasia, S. J. In so ancient a matter nothing fresh can be said, but old things can be said freshly. Here, for instance, is Father Sasia's answer to the assertion that prayer for temporal blessings is unreasonable, because it demands a suspension of the natural law:

> In the first place, is it really true that whenever a miracle is performed some natural or physical law is actually interrupted, tampered with and suspended in its ordinary activity and course? I confidently answer that such is by no means the case. Let me explain this by a simple, homely illustration. A ball is pitched into the air. According to the ordinary course of nature—or the natural law of gravitation,—it will soon fall to the ground if no superior force intervenes to hold it up. If some one from the window stretches out his hand and catches the ball, of course it will not fall. Now, no one will say that here

the law of gravitation is violated, changed, interrupted, suspended or destroyed, as some have asserted; for here there really occurs nothing of the kind.... Now, if for the human hand we substitute the invisible power of God, who certainly can do more than any created agent or force, we shall have exactly the same result: the ball will not fall, and thus the ordinary effect of gravitation would in this particular instance be neutralized and prevented by a superior force; but no physical force or natural law is suspended. Gravitation continues to act the world over and through the immensity of starry space without any hindrance or interference whatever, though, owing to the intervention of a superior force, some of its particular effects are at times suspended. And there is nothing absurd or repugnant in this; for, as we learn from mechanics, it is a law of nature that the superior force or agent should prevail over the inferior.

In the *fin de siècle* number of the *North American Review*, Mr. Frederic Harrison discourses about "Christianity at the Grave of the Nineteenth Century." Mr. Harrison's contention is that the English-speaking peoples "have been sinking of late to meaner ideals, to coarser ways of life, to more vulgar types of literature and art, to more open craving after wealth, and a more insolent assertion of pride and force." He weighs Christianity in the balance and, of course, finds it wanting. In themselves and as finalities his criticisms are of little value; but as affording the clergy a chance to see themselves as others see them, these paragraphs are worth reprinting:

We have been dwelling to-day on the evil things in our modern life—on the chase after money, the rampant love of gambling, the extravagance, the coarseness, the materialistic spirit growing on all sides. What have the churches done to purify and check all this? Who would care if they did try? Who would believe them in earnest in doing so? What were they doing and saying yesterday? They were offering up, from ten thousand altars, prayers to the God of Battles to bless our arms—that is to enable us to slaughter our enemies and possess their land. Not a voice comes from the official churches to raise a doubt as to the justice and Christian charity of those who have thrust England into a wanton war of spoliation. Not a word is breathed from their pulpits of respect for the brave civilians who are defending their homes and their freedom. These republicans, we are told, gather round their hearthstones, whole families together—fathers, sons, and grandsons.—kneeling in prayer (they do sincerely believe in their God and His readiness to hear them); and their wives, sisters, and daughters arm them for the front. And ere they engage in battle, their camp rings with hymns of prayer and praise. At home, our own preparation for war is sounded in slang from drinking saloons, which is echoed back in pale and conventional litanies from the altars of the State Church. This is how Christianity works out in practice at the close of the nineteenth century.

This State Church and the creed, to the husk of which it still clings, never seem so hollow or so corrupt as in the part they play in some national crisis, such as an unjust war. Whilst sober men of all parties and opinions can feel some doubt or even searchings of heart; whilst soldiers, statesmen, and the public are open to remonstrance, the only order of men which is ever ready to supply the majority with hypocritical glozings is the official priesthood. It sinks till it becomes the mere domestic chaplain of the governing class,—a sort of black police that has to stand by the government, right or wrong. "Theirs not to reason why," as the poet says. It was an Archbishop who told us, the other day, that God Himself "made battles." Improving upon the old Hebrew war-songs about the God of Battles, we are now told that the God of Mercy is the author of war, as a means of grace toward a higher morality. Why, no medicine man, no witch-finder in Central Africa, hounding on a savage chief to exterminate a neighboring tribe, would utter a more atrocious blasphemy!

We regret that the clergy often speak and write in a way to warrant this criticism; but it is a jaundiced eye that guides Mr. Harrison's pen, nevertheless. Christianity is alive and healthy, if the prophet of Positivism will look for it in the right place. We advise him to dip into Bishop Spalding's admirable discourse "The Victory of Love"; it is an ideal antidote for pessimism.

The London *Tablet* notes another feather in the cap of the Catholic University of Fribourg. A member of its faculty, Professor M. Lerch, has just been awarded by the French Academy the "Grand Prix des Sciences Mathématiques"—a gold medal and 3000 francs—for his researches in the theory of numbers.

Notable New Books.

The Dhamma of Gotama the Buddha and the Gospel of Jesus the Christ. By the Rev. Charles Francis Aiken, S. T. D. Marlier & Co.

It is a great pleasure to call attention to this learned and useful work. The attempts of Bunsen, Seydel and Lillie to show that Christianity is but a pale reflection of Buddhist teaching and morality have influenced many fluent writers in the newspapers and magazines, and helped to keep alive the craze for Buddhist instruction that breaks out in many large cities during the hot months. Such a work as Dr. Aiken has provided for us was urgently needed to fill a gap in Christian apologetics, and to supply both priests and laymen with a plain and conclusive statement of the case.

The book opens with an account of Brahmanism, its sacred books, its social, ritualistic and moral code, and its philosophy. From Brahmanism sprang Buddhism, which is succinctly but very comprehensively expounded, and in a style that makes the reading a delight. The founder, the law (dhamma), the Buddhist Order (sangha), the history and the sacred books of Buddha are severally treated; and this part of the work, like that devoted to Brahmanism, has a value quite apart from controversy. Part III., however, is at once the most difficult, the most important and the best executed portion of Dr. Aiken's treatise; for, unlike those Christian apologists who seem to grant many of the contentions of Seydel, Dr. Aiken classifies the alleged resemblances between Buddhism and Christianity into three groups: exaggerations, anachronisms, fictions. In other words, some of these "parallelisms" are pure inventions; others are obviously the effect of Christianity upon later Buddhism; and in the case of a small group of genuine *data*, the parallelism is absurdly exaggerated. This part of the work is masterly. We congratulate Dr. Aiken and the Catholic University, for whose students the volume was prepared, on this most useful and creditable contribution to Christian apologetics. The publishers also deserve a word of thanks for this handsome book.

Donegal Fairy Stories. By Seumas MacManus. McClure, Phillips & Co.

Mr. MacManus has become widely known by his efforts to give permanent form to the stories told beside the winter fireside in Ireland. It has not been a difficult work: he had only to catch and repeat, with the fidelity of a phonograph, the words of the shanachies who, as he himself says, "have kept alive for us—through love of country and love of story-telling only—the fine ancient tales of our race from age to age." There is always a special charm in folk-lore, representing as it does the earliest workings of the imagination of a people; and the Celt, being supremely imaginative, has permitted his exuberant fancy full play in these primitive stories. What marvellous feats of strength and cunning they portray! What abundance of giants and fairies and charms! What exquisite poetic justice! For the giants and the pernicious hags and the wicked tyrants are always killed, and Shamus never fails to win the prize for which he battles,—not to speak of the riches that complete his happiness.

The stories selected by Mr. MacManus are extremely enjoyable, and he has certainly not spoiled them in the telling. We wish we could speak as favorably of Mr. Verbeek's very clever illustrations, many of which convey the impression that the artist used a chimpanzee for a model. The text of Mr. MacManus deserved better treatment.

The House of Egremont. By Molly Elliot Seawell. Charles Scribner's Sons.

We have been having so many American historical romances of late that the group is rising into the dignity of a school. "King Noanett," "Janice Meredith," "Richard Carvel," "To Have and to Hold," "The Choir Invisible," "Alice of Old Vincennes," and many others, make up this school; and now Miss Seawell adds "The House of Egremont" to the number. The material in Miss Seawell's story has to do with certain followers of James II. and William of Orange; but since the author is an American we classify it with these books.

In the current *North American Review*, Mr. William Dean Howells has a clever article on these "New Historical Romances," and he does not like "the horrid tumult of the swashbuckler swashing his buckler." Since Mr. Howells is a wise man, the prudent reviewer might do well to take a hint, go over among the elect, and pitch into "The House of Egremont" from a love of pure art and all the other virtues; but, without abating our reverence for Mr. Howells, we may say there is clever work in this romance by Miss Seawell, and why should she not get a hearing? Pure art is so rare that we should be grateful for mixed art. Stories like hers have touched the public heart widely, and opened

innumerable pocket-books, to the delectation of publishers; and "The House of Egremont" is better than at least two of the six romances mentioned above.

Whatever your opinion on the romancer's art, you will find this book interesting from beginning to end, not gory, and clean enough to be sent as a gift to any reasonable nun. There is, of course, a plenty of perfectly chaste romances and novels that are as stupid as an amateur's solo on a piano; but "The House of Egremont" is not by any means to be set in that category.

Much may be said against historical romances, and not a little may be found that is in their favor. The presence of real characters throws an atmosphere of actuality over the story that would be missing in pure fiction of equal technical strength. If historical fiction deals with a period remote enough, or with persons obscure enough, to allow fiction and fact to be blended without instant detection; or if the historical part is used merely as a framework on which to set the doing of purely imaginary beings, the historical romance moves smoothly for the ordinary reader, despite the maledictions of historians and some critics of literature who are authorities. Miss Seawell has discreetly used history as a framework, and in so doing she has made a King James that even Irishmen would not hate.

A perfect romance is one that, observing certain differences which distinguish prose-fiction from the drama, would resemble the Shaksperian romantic drama in its three qualities of characterization, treatment of incident, and depth of passion. There is good characterization in "The House of Egremont." Roger Egremont grows gradually until he takes quite definite outline; and he is not absolutely handsome, physically or morally. There is a secondary character, Bess Lukens, which is set forth with a skill for which Miss Seawell should be congratulated. The action is always interesting, without ever running over into foolish wildness of adventure: the situation where Hugo Stein and the Prince of Orlamunde kill each other is very cleverly done. The story is that of a Jacobite gentleman who is put out of his possessions into jail, then into love with a princess in France, then into his possessions and marriage, and happiness forever afterward, as always happens when a person marries.

His First and Last Appearance. By Francis J. Finn, S. J. Benziger Bros.

A new book by Father Finn is always to be welcomed; for he has in an unusual degree the faculty of making fiction helpful to young people. There is no necessary connection between devotion and dulness, either in literature or in life; and for him who is called there is an apostolate of the pen as well as of the pulpit. For young folk especially, a story may be more impressive than a sermon. We do not know of any author who is doing for non-Catholic children exactly what Father Finn has for years been doing for our boys and girls. There are plenty of books of beasts and nursery rhymes and Henty stories; but the little people who read the books of this zealous priest-author can not fail to derive inspiration as well as entertainment from them. We do not think that the volume under review is the very best of Father Finn's books; but it is as "good," as the boys will say; and the girls will think it "real lovely." Prof. Himmelstein seems to have appealed most both to Father Finn and to the illustrator, Mr. Svendsen; for the dear old musician is the most striking figure in both text and illustrations. Isabel is a splendid type of the unselfish Catholic girl so often met—thank God!—in real life; and the children are natural and attractive.

At the Feet of Jesus. By Madame Cecilia, of the Dames de St. André. Burns & Oates.

This series of conferences is dedicated to members of the League of the Sacred Heart, and it is arranged to serve either for spiritual reading or as points for meditation. Our Lord's humanity is the general theme of the instructions, and all that He went through as man is set forth as an incentive for our closer imitation of His suffering life. The conferences are preceded by a few simple directions to those who find difficulty in meditating, and to whom the very word meditation suggests an impossible task. The summary which concludes each chapter should serve as a guide to those who have not yet learned how to arrange properly their points for reflection.

The Life of Our Lord. By Mother Mary Salome. Burns & Oates.

This Life of Our Lord breathes a love of Him of whom the author writes, and a love of children for whose benefit the book is published. The prophecies which were gleams of light along the dark years of expectation; the beautiful Mother of the King; the Infant King, His deeds of love and power, His enemies, His sufferings and death, and His glorious resurrection,—all are brought vividly before the mind as the touching story is told.



On New Year's Eve.

DEAR Angel Guardian at my side,
Dear watcher of my years,
How faithful hast thou been to me
In childhood's hopes and fears!

While I—forgive me, Angel dear!—
Thy presence oft forgot;
And though thy voice in warning rose,
I heard, but heeded not.

But now I promise, Angel guide,
Thy gentle voice to hear;
Forget the past, and guard my steps
Through all the coming year.

Mrs. Floyd's Angel.

BY JOHN AUSTIN SCHETTY.

MRS. FLOYD lived upstairs, Mrs. Jones downstairs, and Mr. Howe next door. Mrs. Jones took precedence over Mrs. Floyd because she had lived there the longer, and Mr. Howe took precedence over them both because he was the owner. He wisely left the larger house to his tenants and lived in the small one next door. His place had a neat little lawn, with a few dainty flower-beds arranged along the edges of the fence. There was one part of the fence built with a broad, flat top, whereon bloomed several pots of pretty geraniums. When Mrs. Floyd saw Mr. Howe bending solicitously over them, she made the mental remark that he was a very humane man; he seemed to think so much of his flowers. At the same time she wondered if he were a bachelor or a widower. It was really hard to tell.

The next day Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Floyd met. And in the space of a few minutes the second lady confided to the first that she was a widow; but she was not quite bereft,—no indeed. No one could be bereft with a child like hers—a perfect angel! The angel—as angels are wont to do—appeared at that moment and stood by her side without even so much as the whir of wings. He was about ten years old, with a small, rather dwarfish figure and such a meek air! It was positively lovely. If he were born in a Sunday-school, it could not have been improved upon. The insinuating smile that hovered about his thin, prim lips no doubt seemed very celestial to Mrs. Floyd, though to some it would have appeared sly. To complete the angelic effect, this paragon hovered about on a pair of spindle-legs that were certainly suggestive of the spiritual. Mrs. Jones, who liked quiet boys, thought this one a wonder, and asked if he went to Sunday-school.

"Tell the lady. Say 'Yes, ma'am,'" said Mrs. Floyd, tenderly.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the angel, most dutifully.

"And you love it very much, I hope?" inquired Mrs. Jones.

The angel seemed inclined to balk a trifle at this, but a quick glance from his mamma made him conclude that he did.

"Yes, ma'am, I like it very much; but lots of the others don't."

"That's because they are not all as good as you, dear," said his mamma, sweetly. "It seems almost a waste of time—don't you know?—to send him, he is so good naturally," she continued to Mrs. Jones. "Ah, if all boys were but like him what a paradise earth would be! How I pity some mothers!"

"Mamma, may I go out for a walk?" asked the angel at this juncture.

"Yes, if you do not stay too long."

He did not bound off as most boys would,—not a bit of it. He walked off sedately; steadied, no doubt, by the angelic sweetness of his mind.

Mrs. Floyd sighed, and Mrs. Jones said:

"He seems different from other boys. Most of them are so rough and noisy."

"Archibald never was,—never!" said Mrs. Floyd. "Would you believe it? Even when he was a baby he exhibited that same sweetness—that same blessed innocence I call it. And he would not tell a lie for the whole world, I am sure. Oh, he is the greatest consolation to me! But do you know even he, good as he is, has been libelled?"

Mrs. Jones seemed thunderstruck and exclaimed:

"No!"

"He has," said the other, with a saint-like air of resignation. "People have told me tales about that dear little saint that would make your hair rise. Of course nothing could shake my faith in him. But it only shows the lengths jealousy will lead some people."

"Isn't it awful!" said Mrs. Jones, feelingly. "Now, I love to think well of everyone. My little niece is coming to visit me in a few days. She is the dearest child! Just about your little boy's age, too. It will be so pleasant."

"I am sure Archibald will like her: he doesn't care for boys at all."

So in a few days the two tenants came to be on quite an intimate footing. Mr. Howe as yet made no effort to cultivate an acquaintance, which Mrs. Floyd determined to remedy; for she was a person who always sought to know everyone in the shortest possible time.

One morning she happened to be in the vicinity of the geraniums when Mr. Howe came up. There was an exchange of greetings at once.

"You are fond of flowers, I see," said Mrs. Floyd.

"Yes, ma'am, I am," answered the old gentleman rather gruffly, holding a broken stem of the geranium in his hand. "I only wish other people had some respect for them."

"Why—" began the lady.

"Yes," said the old man. "This branch was broken off by some vandal some time yesterday afternoon. You see it has quite ruined the plant. Now, what pleasure can any one take in doing such a thing as that?"

"I am sure I don't know," said Mrs. Floyd, sympathetically. "Are there any bad boys about here? Boys, you know, will do almost anything."

"Yes, some of them will," replied the other with energy, looking keenly at her. "There's no doubt about it."

"I have only one," continued the lady; "but I am glad to say he has none of the bad habits that characterize most boys. If my dear child were here I am sure he would be almost ready to weep at such vandalism. Ah, here he is!"—as the boy came toward them. "Archie, this is Mr. Howe."

"How do you do, Mr. Howe?" asked the angel, sweetly.

"Some bad person has cut this lovely geranium," said his mother. But Archie wept not.

"Did they cut it with a knife, Mr. Howe?" he asked, innocently.

"I don't know," said the old man, shortly. "Now, look here, young man; just tell any boys you happen to know that if I catch them about my plants, I'll cut their heads off with this,"—he held up a large garden clipper.

Archie smiled piously and composedly. His sharp little eyes closed to a slit and his pursed lips tightened a trifle as he said: "I'll tell them, Mr. Howe."

"You'd better," said Mr. Howe briefly, but energetically.

A little later Mrs. Floyd retraced her steps. The angel hovered near.

"I don't like Mr. Howe," he said.

Mrs. Floyd herself thought him an unduly irascible old gentleman. The fact that he had not seemed impressed with the angel pained her, too. She was glad, therefore, when Mrs. Jones appeared. Mrs. Jones, however, had her own sad tale to tell.

"Dear me," she said, "I have been so annoyed! Dollie, my pet cat, you know, came bounding in this morning with its tail tied to one of its legs."

"What cruelty!" cried Mrs. Floyd.

"Oh, I felt so bad I just sat down and cried!" said Mrs. Jones.

"I believe you," said Mrs. Floyd, which was very good of her indeed.

"I got quite badly scratched untying the tail," continued Mrs. Jones. "But I don't care so long as I did untie it."

"It must have been some of those boys at the corner," suggested Archie, with his insinuating smile.

"You dear little angel," cried Mrs. Jones, hugging him, "*you* wouldn't do such a cruel thing! It must have been those boys. But Mr. Jones is going to see about it."

"I hope he gets them!" cried Archie.

"They ruined Mr. Howe's geranium, too," said Mrs. Floyd, as she proceeded to tell that story. "And, do you know, I think he's a very queer old man? He was real short with Archibald here. I hope he's a Christian."

"I don't know," said Mrs. Jones. "We asked him to join the church, but he said he was ashamed of half the Christians he knew; so we let him alone."

Mrs. Floyd was shocked, but she felt that explained the whole circumstance, and simply remarked:

"He certainly is peculiar. But I hope he will live in the righteous way."

Righteous ways, however, seemed for once to have departed for good from the vicinity. But two days later Mrs. Jones was in hysterics because of the happenings to her unfortunate Dollie. That unlucky beast came scurrying in one afternoon with nothing less than a withered bunch of geranium tied to its tail,—the very piece that Mr. Howe had found a few days before. Of course the lady, despite her distracted state, could not suspect Mr. Howe. But who was the culprit? Mrs. Floyd said, "Those boys!" while Mr. Jones expressed his intention of "pulverizing them" if he caught them. He sat up one whole night animated by this amiable sentiment; but the only thing he caught was a bad cold, which retired him for two days. Mrs. Floyd feared that something might happen her own dear Archibald next. Mr. Howe might have said, had he cared, that he had a suspicion; but he did not say anything of the kind.

A few days later things seemed to have dropped back to their wonted calm. It was a warm afternoon, and Archibald Winter asked his mamma if he might go out. She said "Yes" a little testily, for she had a headache. The angel went out and sauntered down the street. He was feeling in good spirits; and when a moment later a little boy about half his own age came bounding down the street, Archibald threw out his foot and sent him sprawling, just for fun. No one saw the circumstance. In fact, his field of adventure, to his regret, was limited; for there seemed to be scarcely any one about. Accordingly he wandered farther on, down a thinly settled street, where there were many vacant lots. He was bored, and to relieve the situation he drew forth a pack of cigarettes! His dear mother would never have believed it, but that is exactly what he did. And more: this angel lit the cigarette and puffed at it with an air of enjoyment. When it was finished he turned toward home.

Suddenly he espied a little girl of his own age standing enrapt before a store window. She was dressed very becomingly, and had two long braids of hair. In her hand she held a paper bag, filled with something purchased at the grocer's. It was the bag that caught the angel's eye and instantly caused a definite plan to form in his fertile brain. The little girl was thoroughly absorbed in the window. The angel wished for nothing better. There was no one near as he stole by. Then—celestial being that he was—just as he reached her, his hand shot out, touched hers with a quick, light blow—and down went the bag! He knew by the sound they were eggs, but wisely forbore to look. Instead, he hurried around a near-by corner; while the little girl, after a moment of blank amazement, burst into a torrent of tears. A man darted out from the store, looking sharply up and down the street. But there was no one to be seen and no one to console the distressed little lady.

Meanwhile Archibald Winter Floyd pursued the even tenor of his way, and in due time arrived at his own place. He entered the yard, looked sharply at Mrs. Jones' windows, then at his mother's, and then at Mr. Howe's. There seemed to be no one about. "Perhaps they all have headaches," thought the lad, gleefully. An irresistible impulse led him toward the geraniums on the fence. For some moments he stood idly near them, gazing at Mr. Howe's windows. Then, with his eyes still fastened there, he felt down among the plants. Ah! he grasped a stalk! One quick pull—it was off! Then—ah, then!—some one had hold of the angelic Archibald and was shaking him as a terrier shakes a rat,—a furious old man, and the furious old man was Mr. Howe! Even in his mad gyrations, which made the fence and the garden and all the rest of the scenery seem like a biograph picture gone mad, the bewildered Archibald was conscious that it was Mr. Howe. But where—oh, where had he come from? The angel, so absorbed in the aspect of things forward, had quite forgotten the possibility of things rearward; and this was the result. Mr. Howe was so very much in earnest that at first he could not talk: he could only sputter and gasp. At length he grew coherent.

"You smirking little—hypocrite!" he vociferated; then another shake.

"Lemme go!" blurted forth the angel, sullenly. He was badly shaken up, and tried to adjust his collar, which felt as though it would absorb his ears.

"Phew!" said the old man in disgust. "You smell of those vile cigarettes! You're certainly a nice assortment."

In a few moments Mrs. Jones arrived. And immediately following came Mrs. Floyd.

"What is it all about?" she cried; then, perceiving, she gave a gasp and caught Mrs. Jones for support.

"Oh, it's my angel boy," she wailed, "in the hands of that old iconoclast!"

"O Mr. Howe—please, sir,—his mother will die! Oh, don't kill the child!" cried Mrs. Jones, almost hysterically.

"Who's killing him? I'm not!" said Mr. Howe. "If his mother half killed him at times she'd be better off. Look here!" And he held up the boy's hand with the broken stalk still clasped in it. Archibald promptly dropped it, and his mother could truthfully say she never saw it in his possession at all.

Mrs. Jones gasped and thought of her cat. Mrs. Floyd emitted a series of piping shrieks.

"Now, look here, ma'am," said Mr. Howe with energy. "If you just calm down a bit I'll give you all particulars, with a bit of advice as well. I've solved the mystery of the ruined plants, and it's as I suspected. This very meek boy

of yours, with his tendency to weep at the desecrations has deliberately set out to ruin other people's property. He did it with malice aforethought, and here's proof convincing enough."

"My angel!—O my poor, fatherless innocent!" cried the weeping mother.

"I can't believe it yet," said Mrs. Jones.

"Nonsense! If you don't believe it very soon," said Mr. Howe, "he'll open your eyes. The only angel he's apt to be at the rate he's going on will be an absconding bank cashier. See that smirk! It tells the whole story. I knew it the minute I saw him. Double-distilled piety oozing out of him, apparently. Now, I could bring him before a justice if I cared." (Mrs. Floyd cried: "Archie, my darling!") "However, I won't do it this time. But the least you could do as a mercy to him would be to trounce him yourself, ma'am."

"Oh, you heartless infidel!" exclaimed Mrs. Floyd. "Leave him free at once, sir! Oh, this will kill me!"

Just at this juncture the attention of the company was diverted by another incident. A little girl came into the garden, crying desperately. In her hand she held the remnants of a paper bag. Mrs. Jones saw her and gave a shriek.

"Clarrisse! My poor darling, what has happened?"

"Oo-oo-ooh!" sobbed Clarrisse. "A boy—a—a—a—boy knocked the bag—out—out—of—of my hand!"

"And broke all the eggs?" asked Mrs. Jones, in a stricken tone.

"Yes! And—and—oh, there he is—auntie! There he is!"

"Where?" demanded Mrs. Jones.

"There, with the man!" said the little girl, pointing to the angel.

"Oh, what a base libel!" cried Mrs. Floyd, in heartrending tones.

"I dare say it's true, ma'am," said Mr. Howe; "though it's worse than useless to ask him."

"My poor lamb! he wouldn't tell a lie for the world," continued Mrs. Floyd.

"It's a great shame—that's all about it—to do such a thing!" cried Mrs. Jones, promptly drawing away from her neighbor. "This poor child! I shall tell Mr. Jones. And my poor cat!"

"I believe in Archie's innocence, in the face of everything," said his mother, with beautiful earnestness. "Archibald darling, did you break Mr. Howe's plant? Did you knock the bag out of this little girl's hand?"

Mr. Howe let him go and the angel stepped forward.

"No, ma'am. Of course I didn't," said the angel coolly.

"I knew it!" said Mrs. Floyd, with a holy calm that proved she did. "I don't want any other testimony,—that is enough. Come, my love!"

The whole proceeding left Mr. Howe speechless, while Mrs. Jones gasped her appreciation. Mr. Howe, still speechless, went into the house; and presently everything was all serene.

The Floyds soon moved to other quarters, however. No doubt the angel had been libelled dreadfully.

A Master of Harmony.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

"Abt Vogler," of all Browning's poems, is the one best loved by musicians.

> But God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear;
> The rest may reason and welcome: 'tis we musicians know.

Lovers of music read and love and understand these words; then they say, "Who was this Abt Vogler? When did he live? Where did he live?" To them we reply: Abt Vogler was very much alive once. He was a Bavarian, a great organist, a rare composer, and withal a warm-hearted, kindly, gentle, and

devoted priest. The public is cruel and fickle. It was in danger of forgetting Abt Vogler until Browning wrote his wondrous words.

The little lad whom the poet would not let the world forget was born at Würzburg, on July 15, 1749, and was christened George Joseph. His people were poor, and his path of life was from the first, as for many another genius, thorny and bare of comfort. He was a child of high instincts, and his heart went out in two directions—toward music and toward God. He loved music all the more for loving God so well; he loved God all the better because of the divine harmonies to which his soul was attuned.

Many of the greatest musicians have been precocious children, and George was no exception. There are many stories told of the early blossoming of his genius, and of them this seems to me the sweetest.

One night he played from dusk to dawn upon the harpsichord, and the other lodgers, naturally, complained. The mother of George remonstrated with him; but he managed to forget, as boys ever will, and kept on playing, actually driving away many of the occupants of the building. "My mother upbraided me bitterly," he said when an old man, "and I tried to be sorry; but I couldn't. The room where I played was poor and dark and dingy; but I felt that angels were there, making it light and beautiful and glorious. How could I feel sorry, when if I had gone to bed and slept I should have missed the angels!"

Little George was only ten years old when he invented a new method of fingering, which was commended by the great musicians of his day.

Writers have wondered what drew the young organist to the religious life. As if it could be anything but the divine call to obey the heavenly vision. His attendance at the Jesuit college and his years of service in the church choir were only some of the appointed helps toward God's desired end. And here it may be said that the long course of his school-life is unmarred by any record of escapade or disobedience or moral fault. He was always known as the "good little musician."

If he had a grave fault it was his propensity for roving. From the time he was twenty he was never long in any place. Under the patronage of Karl Theodor, the Elector Palatine, he went to Italy, going from town to town, studying music, especially that characteristic of nations, and delving with absorbing interest into the principles of theology. At Rome he was ordained priest and given many offices of trust, among them that of Papal Chamberlain; but before long we hear of him back at the court of Karl Theodor, who appointed him chaplain of the palace.

At Mannheim his pronounced success and unusual musical theories excited the jealousy of his contemporaries, and even the great Mozart was not above attempting to belittle his powers. But the sweetness of the Abbé's temper was unchanged. He never retaliated or retorted or appeared to care.

It was at this time that he founded the first of his famous schools, to which pupils flocked from admiration of his methods and in which they stayed out of love for their master. Never was there a more patient and painstaking instructor. His pupils were to him not only his dear friends but his spiritual children, the objects of his unceasing devotion. As teacher, he set forth in hitherto unknown ways the principles of the concord of sweet sounds; as priest, he consoled and warned.

But his one weakness, the spell of the wandering foot, overcame him again,

and he once more set out for far lands. We hear of him even in America and Africa; and following in his wake there were ever tales of his extraordinary improvisation as well as his knack of imparting musical knowledge. He could even inspire others to do what he could not do himself; for, although he left no conspicuous works behind him, he was the teacher of Von Weber, Meyerbeer, and others as pre-eminent.

His operas appeared at intervals, and were greeted with varying approbation. One of them, given at Paris, was so great a disappointment to the audience that the curtain was rung down before it was finished. At that the Abbé had recourse to his customary solace and went to Greece for a year. When he got back the tide had turned and he found himself the fashion. In 1786 he again set out on his travels, visiting Sweden (where he was made Kapellmeister to the King), Russia, and England.

The "musical instrument of his invention" to which Browning refers was undoubtedly a sort of portable organ, something like an orchestrian, and could be packed into the space of nine cubic feet. He was continually experimenting with the mechanism of the pipe organ, and is said to have introduced organ pedals into England.

The wild social upheaval of the latter part of the eighteenth century was in many ways a profound trial to the Abbé Vogler; and, taking Weber with him, he started on another of his journeys, during the progress of which he again visited Paris, where he was received with intense enthusiasm. At one organ recital over fifteen thousand livres were received, which amount he promptly turned over to the poor. Then he fled. The shadow of revolution still hung over Paris, and his sweet and sensitive nature thrived only in the sunshine.

The rest of his life is only a record of teaching, organ playing, and doing good wherever an opportunity presented itself. He had the pleasure of meeting the greatest tone-masters of the world, and on one occasion engaged in a friendly musical contest with Beethoven, in which the Abbé held his own bravely.

His declining years were very happy ones. Perhaps his best work was given to the school at Darmstadt, which he founded after the evening's shadows were creeping on. There Von Weber and Meyerbeer and Gänsbacher joined him. They all lived together—the Abbé and his "three sweet boys," as he called them; the Abbé being, perhaps, more a boy than any of them. Their life was calm and joyous and regular. In the morning Abbé Vogler would say Mass, then the lessons would begin. On his birthday and other anniversaries the "boys" would compose odes in his honor, praising "Papa Vogler," as they loved to call him. They were all with him when he died. "He will ever live in our hearts," wrote Weber.

He left many compositions, but he was not in sympathy with the tastes of the age, and it failed to hold him in remembrance. Still his influence is felt to this day, and he does not miss the praise men failed to give. He was one of the greatest organists of the world; his immense hands—he could stretch two octaves easily—being of marked service to him. At improvisation he has seldom had an equal. He walked in his own path, not that beaten by mediocre men whom the world has crowned. He paid the penalty which all must pay who dare to be brave and true; but in the truest sense his life was a triumph, for it was lived for Almighty God.

ERRORS such as are but acorns in our younger brows grow oaks in our older heads, and become inflexible.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

With Authors and Publishers.

—The death was announced last week of Michael G. Mulhall, the eminent statistician. He was also a journalist and writer on scientific subjects. "The Progress of the World" and "Dictionary of Statistics" are his most important works. *R. I. P.*

—Marches, at least good marches, are always in demand in schools; and we feel sure that "On the Links," attractive in name, will prove so in reality. The trio part is especially taking. We recommend this production by Miss H. B. Churchhill. It is published by H. P. Vogel, New York city.

—"Lives of the Saints for Children," a little compilation by Th. Berthold, with twelve illustrations, neatly published by Benziger Brothers, should be a welcome addition to juvenile books; and it is especially timely, now that the holiday season is upon us. The Lives are brief, but they will at least make young readers acquainted with the holy servants of God; and in later life they will become friends, when experience will have taught the wisdom of what is folly to the world.

—In "Rosary Links," by the Rev. W. Lescher, O. P., (published by R. & T. Washbourne) a beautiful chaplet is woven in Our Lady's honor,—a chaplet of inspiring thoughts on the great Dominican devotion. The history of the devotion opens the little volume, and it is, perhaps, the least satisfactory of the chapters. "The Art of the Rosary," its educational value, its ethical teaching by way of its art principles, its splendor of order, its purposeful repetition in color and tone,—all are presented with a persuasiveness that could be born only of love for the Mother of God. The part devoted to a summary of indulgences granted to the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary is itself eloquent of the excellence of this form of prayer; for it shows in what esteem it was held by the Sovereign Pontiffs who enriched it.

—"Elements of Spoken French," by Mr. M. N. Kuhn, Tutor of French in Harvard, is a handbook in pronunciation, and is intended for pupils who have studied French for a length of time, and has as object the enlargement of their vocabulary and the improvement of their pronunciation. (The American Book Co.)—Another good text-book from the same publishing house is "Elements of Physics," by Messrs. Henry A. Rowland and Joseph S. Ames. It is well written, and the illustrations illustrate; but the authors have presumed a knowledge of mathematics on the part of the general student which he does not usually acquire till the year after he has mastered the elements of physics. For students with a knowledge of geometry and trigonometry, the book will be very serviceable.

—The Rev. Lawrence Moeslein, C. P., is doing much to make church music what it should be, and his efforts deserve well of choir-managers. His latest publication is entitled "Mater Dolorosa," and contains thirty-four compositions of real merit; among them may be mentioned a devotional "Stabat Mater," "The Vision of the Wounds," responses for the Mass, and the hymns of the Church appointed for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. J. Fischer & Brother, publishers.

—An important contribution to the history of the "little wars" in Central and Western Africa has been made by Captain A. Hilliard Atteridge, whose name came into prominence in connection with the Dongola expedition of 1896. Two lectures by this very capable writer have been published in the *Journal* of the Royal United Service Institution; and though the lecture dealing with the French expeditions is not wholly original, being compiled chiefly from French sources, it will afford many English readers a store of minute information not hitherto accessible to them. Of the Dongola expedition, which forms the subject of the other lecture, Mr. Atteridge is specially competent to write. Maps and statistical tables enhance the value of the text.

—The following hint to young writers is from the leading literary review of America:

> The manuscript of a novel which not long ago created a considerable stir and enjoyed all the success that it deserved, and possibly just a little bit more, was for a long time withheld from the publishers simply because the author could not invent a satisfactory ending. He ransacked his brain, he mentally went over all the stock climaxes of fiction, he juggled his characters with industry and energy, but somehow, try as he would, he could not make the matter come out right. At last, thoroughly baffled and in utter disgust, he lopped away the six or eight closing [sic] chapters, and sent off the MS. practically unfinished, writing "Finis" at a point where the story itself was practically in abeyance. It was thus that the book was published: and, to his amazement, the professional critics, one and all, laid especial stress upon the climax *as an admirable bit of artistic work.*

The editor of the *Bookman* will surely agree that a manuscript containing "six or eight closing chapters" would be improved by a division at any point whatever.

—Mr. Charles F. Lummis declares that his ancestors were "hard-faced and hard-fisted Puritans," and that he himself will never be a

Catholic; still no other American writer has labored more earnestly and successfully than he to inspire Americans with a proper appreciation of the Spanish pioneers and the brave *padres* who accompanied them. In the course of an interesting "talk" to the Newman Club of Los Angeles, Cal., reported in the *Tidings*, he rehearsed this very interesting bit of literary history:

Here I hold the first book of poems by an American Indian. It came out in 1581, by Garcilaso de la Vega, one of the Inca Indians of Peru. He not only published that book in 1581—some one was considerate enough to leave a copy where I could get it,—but he published his very voluminous, not over-reliable, but well-written, commentaries on the Incas, in 1605; and had the impudence to write a history of part of our own country (Florida), and for its time not bad. Then I have at home what was not printed until forty years ago, but written before 1588 by the Mexican Indian, Fray Diego de Duran—a ponderous history, in two full folio volumes, of Prehistoric Mexico, with scores of elaborate illustrations. These were American Indians and under the Church which is "an enemy to knowledge."

We have observed that the Spanish pioneers in this country are very heartily despised by people who probably could not tell what parts of the country were settled by them; it is left for gentlemen and scholars like Mr. Lummis and Mr. Guernsey to admire them as they deserve.

The Latest Books.

A Guide to Good Reading.

The object of this list is to afford information concerning important new publications of special interest to Catholic readers. The latest books will appear at the head, older ones being dropped out from time to time so as to make room for new titles. In this way the reader will always have before him a complete guide to current Catholic literature. As a rule, devotional books, pamphlets, and new editions will not be indexed.

Orders may be sent to our Office or to the publishers. Foreign books not on sale in the United States will be imported with as little delay as possible. There is no Catholic bookseller in this country who keeps a full supply of books issued abroad. Publishers' prices generally include postage.

The Dhamma of Gotama the Buddha and the Gospel of Jesus the Christ. *Rev. Charles Francis Aiken, S. T. D.* $1.50.

The House of Egremont. *Molly Elliot Seawell.* $1.50.

Donegal Fairy Stories. *Seumas MacManus.* $1.

At the Feet of Jesus. *Madame Cecilia.* $1.

His First and Last Appearance. *Francis J. Finn, S. J.* $1.

The Life of Our Lord. *Mother Mary Salome.* $1.

The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. *Henry Harland.* $1.50.

Death Jewels. *Percy Fitzgerald.* 70 cts.

History of the German People. Vols. III. and IV. *Johannes Janssen.* $6.25, *net.*

Around the Crib. *Henry Perreyve.* 50 cts.

A General History of the Christian Era. *A. Guggenberger, S. J.* $1.50.

Cithara Mea. *Rev. P. A. Sheehan.* $1.25.

A Troubled Heart, and how It was Comforted at Last. *Charles Warren Stoddard.* 75 cts.

The Rulers of the South; Sicily, Calabria, Malta. *F. Marion Crawford.* 2 vols. $6.

Francis, the Little Poor Man of Assisi. *James Adderley.* $1.25.

The Way of the World and Other Ways. *Katherine E. Conway.* $1.

Handbook to Christian and Ecclesiastical Rome. Three Vols. *H. M. and M. A. R. T.* $10.

The Spiritual Life and Prayer, According to Holy Scripture and Monastic Tradition. $1.75, *net.*

The History of the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ. *Rev. James Groenings, S. J.* $1.25, *net.*

A Priest's Poems. *K. D. B.* $1.25.

Alice of Old Vincennes. *Maurice Thompson.* $1.50.

Education and the Future of Religion. *Bishop [illegible]lding.* 5 cts.

General Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures. *Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S. S.* $2, *net.*

Father Anthony. *Robert Buchanan.* $1.50.

The Soldier of Christ. *Mother Mary Loyola.* $1.35, *net.*

Where is the Church? *Rev. Charles Coupe, S. J.* 40 cts., *net.*

The Autobiography of St. Ignatius Loyola. *J. F. X. O'Conor, S. J.* $1.25, *net.*

The Testament of Ignatius Loyola. *E. M. Rix.* $1, *net.*

Sermons on the Blessed Sacrament. *Scheurer-Lasance.* $1.50, *net.*

A Form of Prayers. *Marquis of Bute.* 45 cts., *net.*

Sanctuary Meditations. *Fr. Baltasar Gracian, S. J.* $1, *net.*

Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption. *W. H. Mallock.* $3.50.

The Flowing Tide. *Madame Belloc.* $1.60, *net.*

A Son of St. Francis. *Lady Amabel Kerr.* $1.

Poor Dear Ann. *The Prig.* 75 cts.

The Bible and its Interpreter. *Rev. P. H. Casey, S. J.* 50 cts.

The Gospel Story. *B. F. C. Costelloe.* $1.60, *net.*

Studies in Church History. Vol. VI. *Rev. Reuben Parsons, D. D.* $2.50.

Meditations on the Psalms of the Little Office. *Peregrinus.—Rev. George Tyrrell, S. J.* 75 cts., *net.*

Currita, Countess of Albornoz. *Luis Coloma.* $1.50.

The Knights of the Cross. Vol. II. *Henryk Sienkiewicz.* $1.

A Journey with the Sun around the World. *Rev. William McMahon.* $2.

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